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THE

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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1896.

DOCTOR NIKOLA*

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood and Louis Wain.

INTRODUCTION.

MY DEAR WILLIAM GEORGE CRAIGIE,

I have no doubt at all as to your surprise, on receiving this letter, after so long and unjustifiable a period of silence, from one whom you must have come to consider either a dead man or at least a permanent refugee. When last we met it was on the deck of Tremorden's yacht, in the harbour of Honolulu. I had been down to Kauai, I remember, and the day following you, you lucky dog, were going off to England by the royal mail to be married to the girl of your heart. Since then I have heard, quite by chance, that you have settled down to a country life, as if to the manner born; that you take an absorbing interest in mangel-wurzels, and, while you strike terror into the hearts of poachers and other rustic evil-doers, have the reputation of making your wife the very best of husbands. Consequently you are to be envied and considered by such awful barbarians as myself the happiest of men.

While, however, things have been moving thus prosperously with you, I am afraid I cannot truthfully say that they have behaved so well for me. At the termination of our pleasant South Sea cruise, just referred to, when our party dismembered itself in the Sandwich Islands, I crossed to Sydney, passed up inside the Barrier Reef to Cooktown, where I remained three months in order to try my luck up on the Palmer Gold Fields. This proving unsatisfactory I returned to the coast and continued my journey north to Thursday Island. From the last-named little spot I visited New Guinea, gave it my patronage for the better part of six months, and received in return a bad attack of fever, after recovering from which I migrated to Borneo, to finally bring up, as you will suppose, in my beloved China.

Do you remember how in the old days, when we both held positions of more or less importance in Hong-Kong, you used to rally me about my fondness for the Celestial character and my absurd liking for going *fantee* into the queerest company and places? How little did I imagine then to what straits that craze would ultimately conduct me!

В

But we never know what the future has in store for us, do we? And perhaps it is just as well.

You will observe, my dear Craigie, that it is the record of my visit to China on this particular occasion that constitutes this book; and you must also understand that it is because of our long friendship for each other, and by reason of our queer researches into the occult world together, in the old days, that you find your name placed so conspicuously up on the forefront of it.

A word now as to my present existence and abode. My location I cannot reveal even to you. And believe me I make this reservation for the strongest reasons. Suffice it that I boast a little farm of close upon five thousand acres, in a country such as would gladden your heart, if matrimony and continued well-being have not spoilt your eyes for richness of soil. It is shut in on all sides by precipitous mountain ranges, on the western peaks of which at this moment, as I sit in my veranda writing to you, a quantity of cloud, tinted a rose pink by the setting sun, is gathering. A quieter spot, and one more remote from the rush and bustle of civilisation, it would be difficult to find. Once every six months my stores are brought up to me on mule-back by a trusted retainer who has never spoken a word of English in his life, and once every six weeks I send to, and receive from, my post office, four hundred miles distant, my mails. In the intervals I imitate the patriarchal life and character; that is to say, I hoe and reap my corn, live in harmony with my neighbour, who is two hundred odd miles away, and, figuratively speaking, enjoy life beneath my own vine and fig-tree.

Perhaps when the cool west wind blows in the long grass, the wild duck whistle upon

Perhaps when the cool west wind blows in the long grass, the wild duck whistle upon the lagoons, or a newspaper filled with gossip of the outer world finds its way in to me, I am a little restless, but at other times I can safely say I have few regrets. I have done with the world, and to make my exile easier I have been permitted that greatest of all blessings, a good wife. Who she is and how I won her you will discover when you have perused this narrative, the compiling of which has been my principal and, I might almost say, my only recreation all through our more than tedious winter. But now spring is upon us, clad in its mantle of luscious grass and accompanied by the twitterings of birds and the music of innumerable small waterfalls, and I am a new man. The snow has departed, the swallows are working overtime beneath the eaves, and to-morrow this book goes off to you.

Whether I shall ever again see Dr. Nikola, the principal character in it, is more than I can tell you. But I sincerely trust not. It is for the sake of circumstances brought about by that extraordinary man that I have doomed myself to perpetual exile; still I have no desire that he should know of my sacrifice. Sometimes lying awake in the quiet watches of the night I can hardly believe that the events of the last two years are real. The horror of that time still presses heavily upon me, and if I live to be a hundred I doubt if I shall outgrow it. When I tell you that even the things, I mean the mysteries and weird experiences, into which we thrust our impertinent noses in bygone days were absolutely as nothing compared with those I have passed through since in Nikola's company, you will at first feel inclined to believe that I am romancing. But I know this that by the time you have got my curious story by heart all doubt on that score will have been swept away.

One last entreaty. Having read this book do not attempt to find me, or to set my position right with the world. Take my word for it, it is better as it is.

And now, without farther preamble, let us come to the story itself. God bless you

And now, without farther preamble, let us come to the story itself. God bless you and give you every happiness. Speak kindly of me to your wife, and believe me until death, if there is such a thing,

Your affectionate friend,

CHAPTER I.

HOW I CAME TO MEET DR. NIKOLA.



was Saturday afternoon, about a quarter past four o'clock, if my memory serves me, and the road, known as the Maloo, leading to the Bubbling Well, that single

breathing place of Shanghai, was crowded. Fashionable barouches, C-spring buggies, spider-wheel dogcarts, to say nothing of

everv known genus of 'rickshaw, bicycle, and pony, were following each other in one long procession towards the Well. All the European 3ortion of Shanghai, and a considerable percentage of the native, had turned out to witness t h e finish of the paper hunt, which, though not exciting in itself, was important as being the only amusement the settlement boasted that afternoon

I had walked as far as the Horse Bazaar myself, and taken a 'rickshaw thence,

more from pride, than because I could afford it. To tell the truth, which will pop out sooner or later, however much I may try to prevent it, I was keeping up appearances, and though I lay back in my vehicle and smoked my cheroot with a princely air, I was painfully conscious of the fact that when the ride should be paid for the exchequer would scarcely survive the shock.

5 Faplers

Since my arrival in Shanghai I had been more than usually unfortunate. I had tried for every billet then vacant, from those choice pickings at the top of the tree among the high gods, to the secretaryship of a Eurasian Club of communistical tendencies located somewhere on the confines of the native city, but without good fortune. For the one I had not the necessary influence, for the other I lacked that peculiar gift of obsequiousness which is so necessary to success in that line of business.

In the meantime my expenditure was going remorselessly on, and I very soon saw that unless something happened, and that quickly too, I had every prospect of finding

myself deprived of my belongings, sleeping on the Bund, and finally figuring in that Mixed Court in the Magistrate's Yamen, which is so justly dreaded by every Englishman, as the debtor of a Cochin China Jew. position was not a cheerful one, look at it in whatever light I would, but I had experienced it a good many times before, and had come out of it, if not with an increased amount of self-respect, certainly without

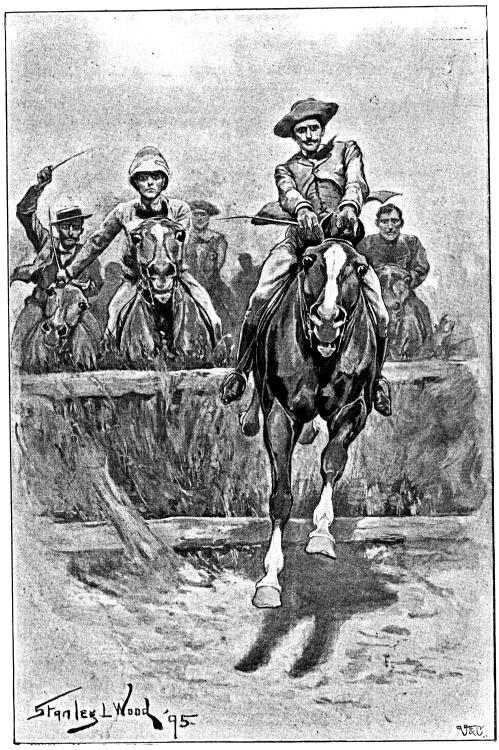
> any very great degree of personal embarrassment. Arriving at the

Well I
paid off
my coolie
and took
up a position near
"the last
j u m p,"
which I
n o tice d

was a prepared fence and ditch of considerable awkwardness. A moment later the horses came at it with a rush, some cleared it, some refused it, while others, adopting a middle course, jumped on the top of it, blundered over, and finally sent their riders spinning over their heads into the mud at the feet of their fairest friends. It was not exactly an æsthetic picture, but it was a very amusing one.

When the last horse had landed, thinking the sport over for the day I was in the act of moving away when there was a shout to





"The horses came at it with a rush,"

stand clear, and wheeling round again, I was just in time to see a last horseman come dashing at the fence. Though he rode with considerable determination, and was bent on putting a good finish to his day's amusement, it was evident his horse was not of the same way of thinking, for, when he was distant about half a dozen yards from the fence, he broke his stride, stuck his feet into the mud, and endeavoured to come to a standstill. The result was not at all what he had expected; he slid towards the fence, received his rider's quirt, viciously administered, round his flank, made up his mind to jump too late, hit the top rail with his forehead, turned a complete somersault, and landed with a crash at my feet. His rider fell into the arms of the ditch, out of which I presently dragged him. When I got him on the bank he did not look a pretty sight. but on the other hand that did not prevent him from recognising me.

"Wilfred Bruce, by all that's glorious!" he cried, at the same time rising to his feet and mopping his streaming face with a very muddy pocket handkerchief. "This is a fortunate encounter, for do you know I spent two hours this morning looking for

you?"

"I am sorry you should have had so much trouble," I answered; "but just at present my doings are a little uncertain."

He winked knowingly, and then turned to his horse, which had struggled to his feet

and was gazing stupidly about him.

"Let me first send this clumsy brute home," he said, "then I'll find my eart, and if you'll let me I'll take you back to town with me."

We saw the horse led away and, when we had discovered his dogcart among the crowd of vehicles waiting for their owners, mounted to our seats and set off—after a few preliminary antics on the part of the leader—on our return to the settlement.

Once comfortably on our way George Barkston, whom I had known for more than ten years, placed his whip back in the

bucket and turned to me.

"Look here, Bruce," he said, flushing a little in anticipation of what he was about to say, "I'm not going to mince matters with you, so let us come straight to the point; we are old friends, and though we've not seen as much of each other during this visit to Shanghai as we used to do in the old days when you were deputy-commissioner of whatever it was, I think I am pretty well conversant with your present condition. I

don't want you to think me impertinent, but I do want you to let me help you if I can."

"That's very good of you," I answered, not without a little tremor, however, as he shaved a well-built American buggy by a hair's breadth. "To tell the honest truth I



"He did not look a pretty sight."

want to get something to do pretty badly. There's a serious deficit in the exchequer, my boy. And though I'm a fairly old hand at the game of poverty I've still a sort of pride left, and I have no desire to figure in the Mixed Court next Wednesday on a charge of inability to pay a Eurasian landlord twenty dollars for board and

lodging."

"Of course you don't," said Barkston warmly; "and so, if you'll let me help you, I've an idea that I can put you on to the right track to something. The fact is last night there was a chap in the smoking-room at the club with whom I got into conversation. He interested me more than I can tell you, for he was one of the most curious beings I should imagine who has ever visited the East. I never saw such an odd-looking fellow in my life. Talk about eyes—well, his were—augh! Why, he looked you through and through. You know old Benwell, of the revenue-cutter Y-chang? Well, while I was talking to this fellow, after a game of pool, in he came.

"Hallo! Barkston," he said as he brought up alongside the table, "I thought you were shooting with Jimmy Woodrough up

the river? By the way, have you seen ----" He had got as far as this before he became aware of the presence of the man with whom I had been talking. Then his jaw dropped; he looked hard at him, said something under his breath, and, shaking me by the hand, made a feeble excuse, and finally fled the room. Not being able to make it out at all. I went after him and found him looking for his hat in the hall. "Come, I say now, Benwell," I cried; "what's up? What on earth made you bolt off like that? Have I offended you?" He led me on one side, so that the servants should not hear. and having done so said confidentially: "Barkston, I am not a coward; in my time I've tackled Europeans, Zulus, Somalis,



"'I don't think twice, I bolt!"

Malays, Japanese and Chinese, to say nothing of Manilla and Solomon boys, and what's more, I don't mind facing them all again; but when I find myself face to face with Dr. Nikola, I tell you I don't think twice, I bolt! Take my tip and do the same." As he might just as well have talked to me in low Dutch for all I should have understood, I tried to question him. but I might have spared myself the trouble for I could get nothing satisfactory out of him. He simply shook me by the hand, told the boy in the hall to call him a 'rickshaw, and as soon as it drew up at the steps jumped into it and departed. When I went back into the billiard-room Nikola was still there, practising losing hazards of extraordinary difficulty.

"I've an opinion I've seen your friend before," he said as I sat down to watch him. "He is Benwell of the Y-chang, and if I mistake not Benwell of the Y-chang remembers me."

"Have you ever met him before," I asked,

surprised at the calm way he spoke.

"Yes," Nikola answered; "I have had the pleasure of being in Mr. Benwell's company once before. It was in Saigon." Then with peculiar emphasis: "I don't know what he thinks of the place, of course, but somehow I have an idea your friend will not willingly go near Saigon again." After he had said this he remained silent for a little while, then he took a letter out of his pocket, read it carefully, examined the envelope, and having done so turned again to me.

"I want to ask you a question," he said, putting the cue he had been using back into the rack. "You know a man named Bruce, don't you? A man who used to be in the Civil Service, and who has the reputation of being able to disguise himself so like a Chinaman that even Li Hung Chang would not know

him for a European?"

"I do," I answered. "He is an old friend of mine. And what is more he is in Shanghai at the present moment. It was only this

morning I heard of him."

"Bring him to me," said Nikola quickly.
"I am told he wants a billet, and if he sees me before twelve to-morrow night I think I can put him in the way of obtaining a good one." Now there you are Bruce, my boy. I have done my best for you."

"And I am sincerely grateful to you," I answered. "But who is this man Nikola, and what sort of a billet do you think he

can find me?"

"Who he is I can no more tell you than I can fly. But if he is not the first cousin of the old gentleman himself, well, all I can say is that I'm no hand at finding relationships."

"I am afraid that doesn't tell me very

much." I answered.

"What's he like to look at?"

"Well, in appearance he might be described as tall, though you must not run away with the idea that he's at all a bigboned man. On the contrary, he is most slimly built. Anything like the symmetry of his figure however I don't remember to have met with before. His face is clean shaven and is always deadly pale, a sort of toad-skin paleness that is worse than any other lack of colour. His eyes and hair are as black as night, and he is as neat and

natty as a new pin. When he looks at you he seems to look through the back of your head into the wall behind, and when he speaks you've just got to pay attention whether you want to or not. All things considered, the less I see of him the better I shall be pleased."

"But what on earth can he want with

"He's Apollyon himself," laughed Barkston, "and wants a maître d'hotel. I suppose he imagines vou'll suit."

By this time we had left the Maloo and

had entered the town again.

"Where shall I find this extraordinary man?" I asked as we drew near the place

where I intended to alight.

"We'll drive to the club and see if he's there," said Barkston, whipping up his horses. "But putting all joking aside, he really seemed most anxious to find you, and as he knew I was going to look for you I don't doubt that he will have left some message for one of us there."

Having reached the Wanderers' Club. which is too well known to need any description, Barkston went inside leaving me to look after the horses. Five minutes later he emerged again carrying a letter in his

"I'm sorry, Bruce," he said, with a disappointed expression upon his handsome face. "Nikola was here until ten minutes ago; he's gone home now, but has left this note for me. If I find you he begs that I will send you on to his bungalow without I have discovered that it is Fere's old place in the French Concession, Rue de la Fayette, you know it, the third house on the right hand side, just past where that renegade French Marquis shot his wife. you would care about it I'll give you a note to him, and you can dine, think it over quietly, and then take it on yourself this evening or not, as you think best."

"That would be the better plan," I said. " I should like to have a little time to collect

my thoughts before seeing him."

Thereupon Barkston went back into the building, and when he returned, in something under a quarter of an hour, he brought the letter he had promised me in his hand. jumped up and took the reins, the Chinese groom sprang out of the way and we were

"Can I drive you round to where you are

staying?" he asked.

"I don't think you can," I answered, "and for reasons which would be sure to commend

themselves to you if I were to tell them. But I am very much obliged to you all the same. I'll think the whole matter carefully out this evening, and if I approve, after dinner I'll walk over and present this letter personally."

I thereupon descended from the dogcart at the corner of the road, and having again thanked my friend for the kindness he had shown me, bade him good-bye and took

myself off.

Reaching the Bund I sat myself down under a tree and dispassionately reviewed the situation. All things considered it was a pretty complicated one. Though I had not revealed as much to Barkston, who had derived such happiness from his position of guide, philosopher and friend, this was not the first time I had heard of Nikola. Such a strange personality as his could not expect to go unmarked in a gossip-loving community such as ours, and all sorts of curious stories had accordingly been circulated concerning him. Though I knew the East too well to place credence in half of them, it was impossible for me to prevent myself from feeling a considerable amount of curiosity about the man.

Leaving the Bund I went home, had my tea, and about eight o'clock donned my hat again and set off in the direction of the French Concession. It was not a pleasant night, being dark and inclined towards showerv. The wind blew in fitful gusts down the streets and whistled the dust like hail against one's face. Though I stood a good chance of obtaining what I wanted so much-employment, I cannot affirm with any degree of truth that I felt easy in my mind. Was I not seeking to become a servant of a man who was almost universally feared, and about whom the most curious stories were circulated? This thought in itself was not of a reassuring nature. But in the face of my poverty I could not afford to be too squeamish. Leaving the Rue de la Paix on my left hand I turned into the Rue de la Fayette, where Nikola's bungalow was situated, and having picked it out went towards it.

The compound and the house itself were in total darkness, but after I had knocked at the door a light came slowly down the passage towards me. The door was opened and a China boy stood before me holding a candle in his hand.

"Does Dr. Nikola live here?" I inquired in very much the same tone as our boyhood's hero, Jack of Beanstalk climbing fame, might have adopted when he asked to be admitted to the residence of the giant Fee-fo-fum. The boy nodded, whereupon I handed him my letter and ordered him to convey it to



"A China boy stood before me."

his master without delav. With such celerity did he complish his errand that in less than two minutes he had returned and was beckening me to follow him. I accordingly accompanied him down a long passage towards the door of a small room on the left hand side.

Through this I passed, and it was immediately closed behind me. There was no one in the apartment and I was thus permitted an opportunity of examining it to my own satisfaction, and drawing my own conclusions before anyone entered.

As I have said it was not large, nor was its furniture, with a few exceptions, in any way extraordinary. The greater part of it was of the usual bungalow type, neither better nor worse. On the left hand side as one entered was a window, which I observed was heavily barred and shuttered; between that and the door stood a tall book-shelf filled with works on almost every conceivable subject, from the elementary principles of Bimetallism to abstract Confucianism. A thick matting covered the floor and a heavy curtain sheltered a doorway on the opposite side to that by which I had entered. On the walls were several good engravings, but I noticed they were all based on uncommon subjects, such as the visit of Saul to the Witch of Endor, a performance of the magicians before Pharaoh, and the converting of the dry bones into men in the desert. A clock ticked on the shelf of the bookcase, but with that exception not a sound disturbed the silence of the room.

I suppose I must have waited fully five minutes before my ears caught the sound of a soft footstep in an adjoining apartment, then the second door opened, the curtain which covered it was drawn slowly aside and a man, who could have been none other than Dr. Nikola, entered. His description was exactly what Barkston had given me, even to the extent of the peculiar eyes and, what proved to be an apt illustration, the white toad-coloured skin. He was attired in faultless evening dress, and its deep black harmonised well with his dark eyes and hair. What his age might have been I could not possibly tell, but I afterwards discovered that he was barely thirty-four. He crossed the room to where I stood, holding out his hand and saying—

"Mr. Wilfred Bruce, I believe?"

"That is my name," I answered, "and I believe you are Dr. Nikola?"

"Exactly," he said, "I am Dr. Nikola, and now that we have settled that much, let us get to business."

So saying he moved with the peculiar walk that always characterised him across to the door by which he had entered, and having opened it signed to me to pass through. I did so and found myself in another large room, possibly forty feet long by twenty wide. At the farther end was a lefty window the material of which looked to my eyes, very much like stained glass; the walls were hung with Japanese tapestry and were ornamented with swords, battleaxes, two or three specimens of Rajput armour and a quantity of exceedingly valuable china. The whole apartment was lit by three hanging lamps of rare workmanship and design, while scattered about the room were numberless cushioned chairs and divans, beside one of which I noticed a beautifully inlaid huga from Istamboul.

"Pray sit down," said Dr. Nikola, and as he spoke he signed me to a chair at the farther end. I seated myself and wondered what would come next.

"This is not your first visit to China, I am given to understand," he continued as he seated himself in a chair opposite mine and regarded me steadfastly with his extraordinary eyes.

"It is not," I answered. "I am an old resident in the East, and I think I may say I know China as well as any living Englishman."

"Quite so. You were present at the meeting at Quongsha's house in the Wanhsien on the 23rd August 1889, and you eventually assisted Mah Poo to evade capture by the mandarins the week following."

"How on earth did you know that?" I asked, my surprise quite getting the better

of me, for I had always convinced myself that no other soul, save the man himself, was aware of my participation in that affair.

"One becomes aware of many strange things in the East," said Nikola, hugging his knee and looking at me over the top of it, "and yet that little circumstance I have just referred to is apt to teach one how small after all is our knowledge of each other's lives. One could almost expect as much from brute beasts."

"I am afraid I don't quite follow you," I

said.

"Don't you," he answered. "And yet it is very simple after all. Let me give you



"Dr. Nikola entered."

a practical illustration of what I mean. If you see anything in it other than I intend the blame must be upon your own head."

On a table close to his hand lav a large sheet of white paper. This he placed upon the floor. He then took a stick of charcoal in his hand and presently uttered a long and verypeculiar whistle. Next moment without any warning an enormous with fur as black as his master's coat, leapt down from somewhere

on to the floor and stood swishing its tail before us.

"There are some people in the world," said Nikola calmly, at the same time stroking the great beast's soft back, "who would endeavour to convince you that this cat is my familiar spirit, and that with his assistance I work all sorts of extraordinary magic. You of course would not be so silly as to believe such idle tales. But to bear out what I was saying just now let us try an experiment."

Here he stooped and wrote a number of figures up to ten with the charcoal upon the paper, duplicating them in a line below. He then took the cat on his knee, stroked it

carefully, and finally whispered something into its ear. Instantly the brute sprang down, placed its right fore-paw on one of the numerals of the top row, while, whether by chance or magic I cannot say, it performed a similar action with its left on the row below.

"Twenty-four," said Nikola, with one of

his peculiar smiles.

Then taking the bit of charcoal once more in his hand, and turning the paper over, he wrote upon it the names of the different months of the year. Placing it on the floor he again said something to the cat, who this time stood on June. The alphabet followed, and letter by letter the uncanny beast spelt out "Apia."

"On the 24th June," said Nikola, "of a year undetermined, you were in Apia. Let

us see if we can discover the year."

Again he wrote the numerals up to ten, and immediately the cat, with fiendish precision, worked out 1875.

"Is that correct?" asked this extraordinary person when the cat had finished his performance.

It was quite correct, and I told him so.

"I'm glad of that. And now do you want to know any more?" he asked. "If you wished to know I might perhaps tell you your business there."

I did not want to know. And I can only ask you to believe that I had very good reasons for not doing so. Nikola laughed softly, and pressed the tips of his long white fingers together.

"Now tell me truthfully, what do you

think of my cat?" said he.

"One might be excused if one thought

him superhuman," I answered.

"And yet, though you think it so wonderful, it is only because I have subjected him to a curious form of education. Do you know, Mr. Bruce, I should be very interested to find out exactly how far you think the human intelligence can go; that is to say, how far it can penetrate into the regions of what is generally called the occult?"

"Again I must make the excuse," I said, "that I do not quite follow you."

"Well then let me place it before you in a little simpler form. If I may put it so bluntly, where should you be inclined to say that this world begins and ends?"

"I should say," I replied—this time without hesitation—"that it begins with birth and ends with death."

"And after death?"

"Well, what happens then is a question of theology, and one for the parsons to decide?"

"You have no individual opinion?" "I have the remnants of what I learned

as a bov."

"I see; then you of course believe that as soon as the breath has forsaken this mortal body a certain indescribable part of you, which for the sake of argument we will denominate soul, leaves this mundane sphere and enters upon a new existence in one or other of two places?"

"That is certainly what I was taught,"

I answered.

"Quite so; that was the teaching you received in the parish of High Walcombe. Somersetshire, and might be taken as a very good type of what your class thinks throughout the world, from the Archbishop of Canterbury down to the farm labourer's child who walks three miles every seventh day to attend Sunday school. But in that self-same village, if I remember rightly, there was a little man of portly build whose adherents numbered precisely forty-five souls: he was called Father O'Rorke, and I have not the slightest doubt. if you had asked him, he would have given you quite a different account of what becomes of that soul, or essence, if we may so call it, after it has left this mortal body. Tobias Smallcombe, who preaches in a spasmodic windy way on the green to a congregation made up of a few enthusiasts, a dozen small boys and a handful of donkeys and goats, will give you yet another, and so on through numberless varieties of creeds to the end of the chapter. Each will claim the privilege of being right, and each will want you to think exactly as he does. the same time we must remember, if we would be quite fair, that there are not wanting scientists who assert that, while all our friends agree that there is a life after death—a spirit world in fact—they are all wrong. If you will allow me to give you my own idea of what you think, I should say that your opinion is that when you've done with the solid flesh that makes up Wilfred Bruce it doesn't much matter what happens. But let us suppose that Wilfred Bruce, or his mind, shall we say—that part of him at any rate which is anxious, and thinks and suffers—is destined to exist afterwards through endless æons, a prey to continual remorse for all misdeeds: how would he regard death then?"

"But you've got to prove that he does so continue to exist," I said.

"That's exactly what I desire and intend to do," said Nikola, "and it is to that end I have sought you out, and we are arguing in this fashion now. Is your time very fully occupied at present?"

I smiled.

"I quite understand," he said. "Well I have got a proposition to make to you, if you will listen to me. Years ago, and quite by chance, when the subject we are now discussing, and in which I am more interested than you can imagine, was first brought properly under my notice, I fell into the company of a most extraordinary man, who was originally an Oxford don, but he went wrong and was afterwards shot by a Balmaceda at Santiago during the Chilian war. He had also lived for many years in North-Western China. He possessed one of the queerest personalities, but he told me some wonderful things, and what was more to the point, he backed them with proofs. would probably have called them clever conjuring tricks. So did I then, but I don't now. Nor do I think will you when I have done with you. It was from that man and an old Buddhist priest, with whom I spent some time in Ceylon, that I learnt the tiny fact which put me on the trail I am now following up. I have tracked it clue by clue, carefully and laboriously, with varying success for eight long years, and at last I am in the position to say that I have my thumb upon the key-note. If I can press it down now and obtain the result I want I can put myself in possession of information, the magnitude of which the world-I mean the European world of course—has not the slightest conception of. I am a courageous man, but I will confess that the prospect of what I am going to do almost It is neither more nor less frightens me. than to attempt to penetrate, with the help of certain Chinese secret societies, into the most extraordinary monastery that you or any other man ever heard of, and when there to beg, borrow, or steal the marvellous secrets they possess. I cannot go alone, so must find one man to accompany me; that man must be one in a thousand, and he must also necessarily be a consummate Chinese He must be plucky beyond the average, he must be capable of disguising himself so that his nationality shall never for a moment be suspected, and he must go fully convinced in his own mind that he will never return. If he is prepared to undertake so much I am prepared to be generous. I will pay him £10,000 down

before we start and £10,000 when we return, if return we do. What do you say to that?"

I didn't know what to say. I wanted money more than I had ever done in my life before, and this was a sum beyond even

my wildest dreams; I also had no objection to adventure, but I must confess this seemed too foolhardy an undertaking altogether.

"What can I say?" I answered.
"It's such an extraordinary proposition."
"So it is." he said. "But as I

take it, we are both extraordinary men. Had you been one of the rank and file I should not be discussing it with you now. I would think twice before I refused if I were you; Shanghai is such an unpleasant place to get into trouble in, and besides that. vou know.next Wednesdavwill

He said this with such an air of innocence that for the moment it did not strike me to wonder how he had become ac-

see the end of your money."

quainted with the state of my finances.
"Come," he said, "you had better say yes."
"I should like a little more time to think it

over," I answered. "I cannot pledge myself to so much without giving it thorough consideration. That would not be fair to you."

"Very good, then. Go home and think about it. Come and see me to-morrow night at this time and let me have your decision. In the meantime if I were you I would say nothing about what I have spoken to you to anyone."

I assured him I would not, and then he rose, and I understood that the interview was over. I followed him into the hall, the black cat marching at our heels. In the veranda he stopped and held out his hand, saying with an indescribable sweetness—

"I hope, Mr. Bruce, you will believe that I am most anxious for your companion-

flatter you, I simply state the truth when I affirm that you are the only man in China whose cooperation I would ask. Now goodnight. I hope

ship. I don't

you will come to me with a favourable answer to-morrow."

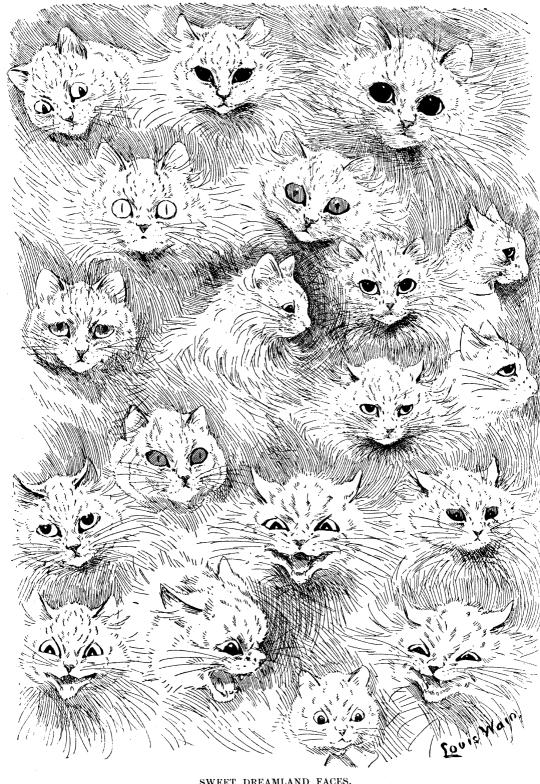
As he spoke, and as if to emphasise his request, the black cat, which up to that time had been standing beside him, now came

over and began to rub its head, accompanying it with a soft purring noise, against my leg

"I will let you know without fail," I said, "by this time to-morrow evening. Goodnight."

(To be continued.)

DR. NIKOLA'S



SWEET DREAMLAND FACES.

CHILDREN OF THE TIMES.



From a photo by]

[Hana, 443 Strand, W.C.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair,
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



When man shall work his will no more,
And only woman have her way—

(To wear the clothes her brothers wore!)
If for strange cause of chance so strange
Should any unto you appeal,
This for sad answer you shall make:

"It all came of a little wheel!"

Yea! all in vain for many a year,
By agitation and by bill,
Quite constitutional and slow,
Had woman sought to have her will,
Yet gained it not, though gallant men
Fought many a toughly-won repeal;
No, 'twas not constitutional—
It all came of a little wheel.

It was not dress reformers, no!

Nor any change in changeless laws,

Nor Meredith, nor Ibsen, was

Of this effect the effective cause;

It was a very trivial thing,

O lady of mercurial heel,

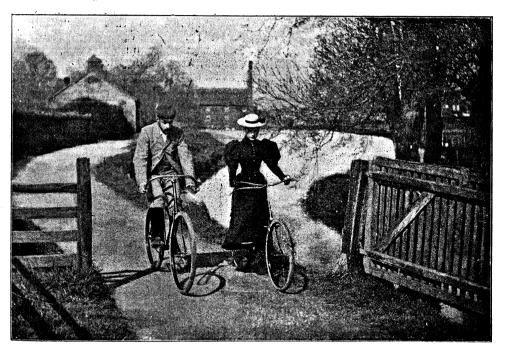
That set your swaddled stockings free—

It all came of a little wheel.

Ah! Herrick, what a sight for thee!
Gone the tempestuous petticoat—
Tempestuous breeches now she wears,
And, yes, thy Julia has a vote.
She rides about the land alone,
Perched on two rings of whirling steel;
Yes, that is how it came about—
It all came of a little wheel.

She rides in fair and flushed pursuit
Close on the wheels of fleeing males,
A very fleet and fatal flower,
She patchoulis the country gales,
A moving Araby, with snare
Of scent the ploughman's heart to steal,
Fair as she walks, but fairer thus:
It all came of a little wheel.

Ah! thus the sigh from many a heart
Of many a future man shall rise,
Yea! hearts are broken on that wheel
That like a sudden fairy flies,
Now in pursuit and now in flight,
And now—oh, see the darling kneel
To mend a "puncture"!—pretty sight!—
It all came of a little wheel.



From a photo by]

[Charles Knight, High Street, Newport.

"Fair as she walks, but fairer thus."

THE LARGER CATS.

BY GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.



HERE can be but little doubt that with the majority of the British public the members of the *Felidæ* or cat tribe are first favourites. The majestic appearance of the lion, with its

sleek tawny skin and flowing mane, the stealthy but graceful movements of the gaudily striped tiger, and the spotted and rosetted coats of the leopard and jaguar, all appeal strongly to our sense of what is grand and beautiful in animal life, and as no other section of the mammalia can be said to come up to such a standard, or as a class can be found to show so much of that essentially British quality, pluck, when brought to bay and facing enormous odds, we not only place the Felidæ first in our estimation, but we find one of them representing us wherever our national flag flies, and the British lion has become a power in the history of the world such as no other animal is ever likely to attain to.

That this well-known creature is not

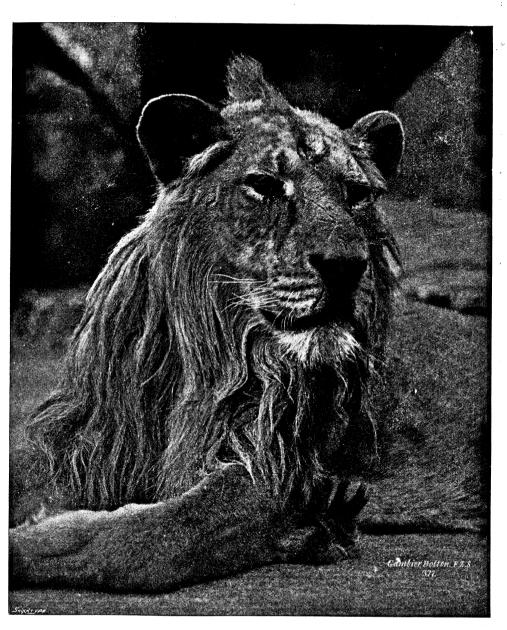
From a photo by] [Gambier Bolton. SKULL OF BRITISH LION: A SPECIES NOW EXTINCT.

merely the mythological creation of a patriotic people is freely admitted by scientists, for at one time lions were very common in these islands, and the portion of a skull which is shown in our illustration is that of one of these extinct British lions as compared with that of a modern lion, the similarity being remarkable.

Even to-day the geographical range of the

lion is an exceedingly wide one for it is found not only over the whole of the African continent, from Cape Colony in the south to Abyssinia and Algeria in the north, but it is found in some parts of Asia as well, but in ever decreasing numbers, in fact so scarce has it become in India that it may be said to be almost extinct in that country, and sportsmen, it is said, are not permitted to shoot the few remaining specimens. mess-room story tells how on one occasion, not fifty years ago, a certain royal prince was spending a few days with a well-known Indian Rajah, and after everything that could be done in his honour had been successfully carried out he expressed as his one great wish the hope that he would be able to shoot an Asiatic lion before leaving the district. where he had heard that a few were still to be found. Blank dismay filled the faces of all present, but with many a sigh and (internal) curse of despair his host promised that his wish should be gratified if it were possible, and gratified it surely was, but the royal sportsman's ardour was somewhat damped when on examining the dead lion at his feet he discovered that its claws were all gilded in his honour!

And this slaughter, which has nearly exterminated the lion in Asia to-day, is being repeated in Africa at the present time, for wide as is their range and vast as is that continent, their doom is sealed. Civilisation is advancing by leaps and bounds from every point; each year sees the circle narrowing and closing in more tightly round them, whilst added to all this, innumerable shooting parties, bent on lion killing, are pouring into the country from every side, so that it is now only a question of time before we hear of their complete extermination, and future generations will have to depend on paintings and photographs from which to get their ideas of what the king of beasts was really like. We may go even farther than this and say that we are now within measurable distance of the time when all these things will have become accomplished facts, and there can be but little doubt that the individual is alive to-day who will have the questionable honour of being known to posterity as "the man who killed the last lion." To give some idea of their value at the

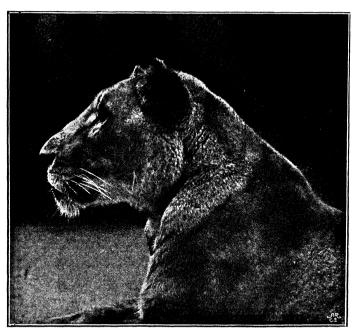


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[From a photo by Gambier Bolton.

AN ASIATIC LION.

present time, the lion "Toby," at Antwerp. cost £300 last year, and £100 each has been refused for his cubs. (A picture of "Toby" appears as our frontispiece.) Many persons still cling tenaciously to the now exploded theory that there is more than one breed or variety of lion, talking and writing of Cape, Abyssinian. Nubian and Algerian lions: and not content with this they make still worse confusion by dividing the vellow-maned from the black-maned, and the (so-called) maneless lion of Asia from the African lion. But scientists are agreed that there is but the single race, that both vellow and black-maned cubs are produced in the same litter and constantly inhabit the same district, whilst the maneless lions of Asia are now admitted to be nothing but individual specimens which had not reached full age; for although maneless adult specimens have occasionally been reported, yet many well-maned examples have been killed in Asia, and others have been exhibited alive in zoological collections both in Europe and abroad, where they have



From a photo by]

AN AFRICAN LIONESS.

not only developed manes of considerable length but, as shown in our illustration, very much longer than those carried by the average African lion, although, strange to say, they rarely carry more than a tuft on the top of the head between the ears, this being the very spot from which the majority of

African lions often develop an extraordinary growth of mane when in captivity; the celebrated "Hannibal 2nd," of Clifton, near Bristol, having such a heavy top-knot that he was in total darkness when it fell over his eyes, and in consequence of this he was often safely handled by strangers when he came near the bars of his cage to drink.

Animal painters, who of course work only from captive specimens, are continually falling into this trap, and they are greatly to blame for showing us portraits of lions, presumably in their native haunts, bearing full-flowing manes that would do credit to many a menagerie lion, for they ought to remember that when wild they carry comparatively but little mane as a rule, their constant fights with each other, not to mention the thick jungle which they often inhabit, with its thorny creepers and densely matted undergrowth, all tending to keep the growth of the mane down to reasonable limits, just as we see in the case of a long-haired sporting dog when in full work; and out of a roll of

fifty lion skins scarcely half a dozen will bear manes in any way approaching the length and beauty of those shown us by artists, standing or lying amidst their natural sur-

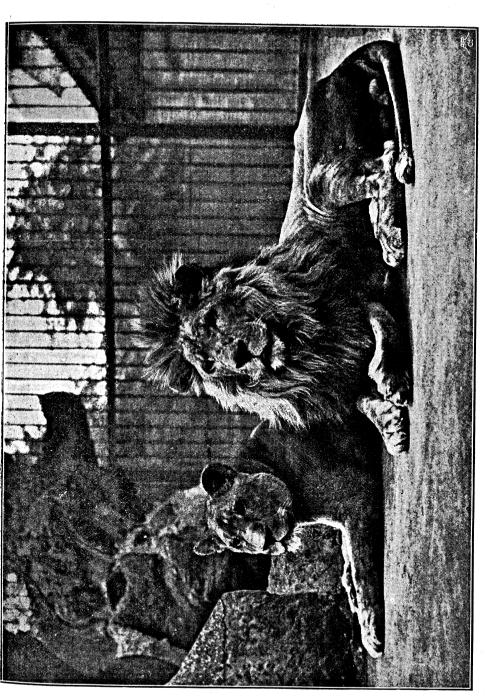
roundings.

Owing to the scarcity of the lion in Asia fights between tigers and lions in their native wilds are of the greatest rarity nowadays, and even in captivity very few well authenticated cases are on record; but two of these are absolutely genuine as the writer can testify, although they do not help us much towards the solution of the problem as to the respective strength of the animals as, strange to say, in each case one of the combatants was a lioness. In one of our British travelling menageries a few years ago, owing to a foolish

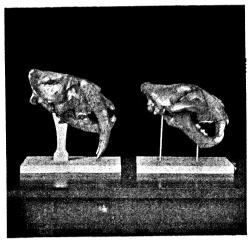
blunder on the part of some of the attendants, a tiger was found to have forced the door which separated him from a large lioness, and on the keepers rushing into the tent a terrible sight met their gaze for the two creatures were rolling over and over in a deadly struggle, blood was

Gambier Bolton. .

[Gambier Bolton.



flowing freely and the appalling growls and smothered roars were only surpassed by that still more terrible sound the crunching and smashing of bone, which, when once heard in connection with any of the larger carnivora, can never be forgotten. However they got out the heated irons which are kept in readiness in case of accidents of this kind, and by repeated prods and burns the combatants were at last separated when, to the astonishment of all present, it was seen that the lioness had escaped with scarcely a scratch, whilst the tiger was in such a plight that eventually he had to be destroyed. On the other hand, in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens not long ago two native keepers were left in charge of a lioness placed temporarily in a cage adjoining that of a tiger whilst the superintendent went to his dinner. The men. it appears from the statement of an evewitness, in their "child-like and bland" way proceeded to bet on the age and strength of the lioness, and to settle their dispute they raised the door which separated the animals, who in an instant were locked in a deadly struggle. So terrified were the keepers at what they had done that both



[Gambier Bolton. From a photo by SKULL OF SABRE-TOOTHED BRITISH TIGER.

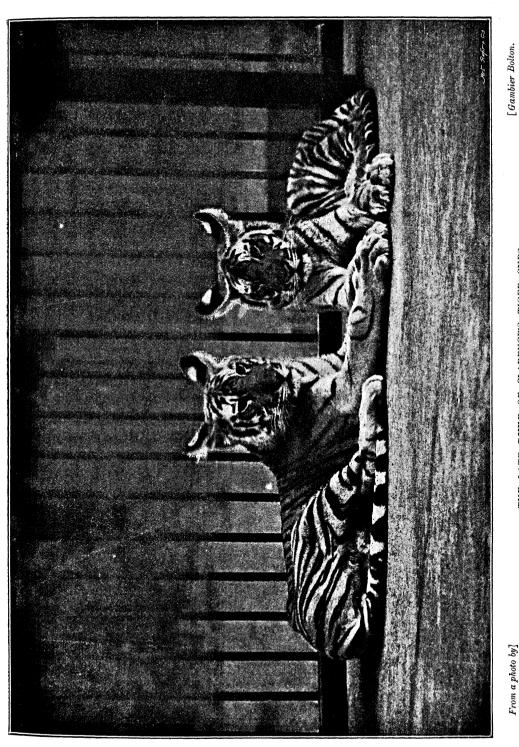
fled precipitately and were never seen in the gardens again, and on the superintendent hastening to the spot he found that although the tiger was only slightly wounded the lioness was in her death throes, and in a few moments she breathed her last. we are still in the dark as to the respective strength of these animals, although most naturalists are agreed that the average lion is no match for the average tiger, being not only generally smaller but much slower and more clumsy in his movements.

Beautifully as the tiger is marked and graceful as are his movements vet few persons who have studied the two animals would ever think of placing him above the lion in their estimation, for putting aside other points, the lack of a mane alone at once takes away the dignity and majesty with which we always connect the king of beasts. Possibly too his gorgeous markings of yellow, black and white have something to do with this, and whilst admiring his pluck when brought to bay, his cat-like movements and the cold cruelty lurking in the depths of his eyes, yet one is tempted to regard the tiger as a brilliantly coloured tyrant despot of the jungle rather than a dignified monarch like the lion, fit to be placed at the

head of the animal kingdom.

The tiger's geographical range, though scarcely so vast in actual distance covered as that of the lion, is still a very wide one having as its southern limits the islands of Java and Sumatra, they then extend northwards through the Malay Peninsula, Burmah and Siam to China and up into Southern Siberia, from thence crossing Assam they range into India from Cape Comorin in the extreme south right up to the Himalaya Mountains, so that to describe the tiger as an inhabitant of the hot plains and steaming jungles only is altogether wrong for they are quite as much at home in the snows of Siberia, and their fossil remains have actually been discovered within the Arctic Circle. The great sabre-toothed tiger inhabited not only India, South America, Italy, Germany and France, but Great Britain as well at one time, and if we may judge by their skulls and other remains which are now and then brought to light in this country, they must have been even more terrible in their destructiveness than their modern relatives, for their huge canine teeth hung down far below the lower jaw, in the same way as do the so-called "tusks" of the walrus to-day, but of what possible use these great fangs could have been to them is a mystery which will probably now remain for ever unsolved.

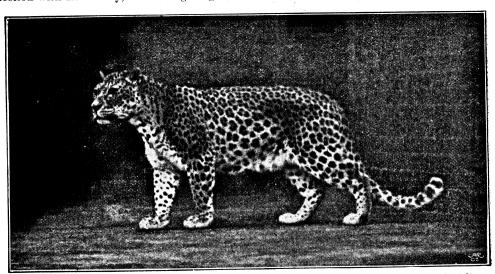
Few more striking instances of the pluck of the tiger when brought to bay, have ever been recorded than the fight between a captive tiger and forty-six elephants which Mr. Crauford saw in Cochin China, where they are very fond of torturing these animals. A large and freshly caught tiger was fastened to a post by a rope thirty yards



long. Whilst wrapped up in a strong net his claws were cut and his mouth sewn up, yet this brave brute, and in all the agony and torture he was enduring, flung himself again and again upon his huge enemies until many of them slunk terrified away, and the tiger was only killed at last by the tossing he got from some of the larger and more plucky elephants.

· Comparatively few persons have any idea of the enormous number of lives sacrificed each year to the striped monarch of the jungle and mountains, and it would seem not only incredible but absolutely untrue were not the following figures supported by the evidence given in one of the Government Blue Books, for we read there, and in connection with India only, that a single tigress

cattle alone and ever afterwards confine their attentions to human beings, causing, as we have seen, enormous loss of life in any district which they may select as their head-And as Sir Samuel Baker points quarters. out, the average Indian native makes but a poor meal for a hungry tiger, so that after killing and eating certain portions of one of them he will leave the remainder and interview another victim as soon as possible: and added to this it must be borne in mind that in many parts of India the man-eater is looked upon with a certain amount of awe and superstitious reverence by the natives which prevents them killing it, so that it is scarcely to be wondered at that in that country the sacrifice of human life should annually amount to something appalling in its numbers.



From a photo by]

PERSIAN LEOPARDESS.

[Gambier Bolton.

had stopped all use of a public road for weeks and had killed no less than 127 natives from a single village before she was shot, whilst for the six years previous to the publication of the report tigers had killed no less than 4218 people in Bengal alone, to which may be added the astounding fact that the lions, tigers, leopards, bears and snakes of India are annually responsible for the deaths of about 20,000 human beings and 70,000 cattle.

Man-eaters, as pointed out by Sanderson and others, appear to commence their downward course by cattle stealing, from this they become used to the sight of the natives in charge of the herds and so lose all fear of man, thence finding how easily their human unarmed victims are killed they leave the

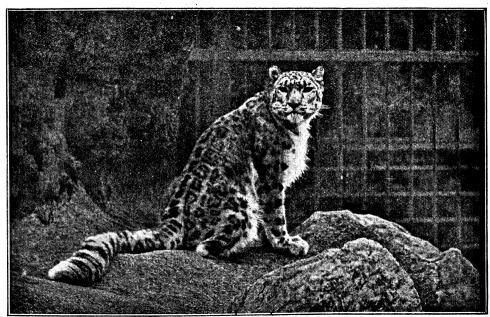
The leopard, often miscalled the panther by uneducated persons, in one respect at least is even more dreaded by the natives of Africa and Asia than the lion and tiger, for in addition to its wonderful activity and the love of killing for the sake of killing only and not to satisfy its hunger, which causes immense damage to the flocks and herds, it is a splendid climber, and not only has the unpleasant habit of dropping down on its victim from the branch of a tree, but also of climbing up after the natives—who sit on roughly made platforms about 7 feet from the ground guarding the crops from the attacks of monkeys and birds-killing vast numbers of human victims in this way every year.

The leopard's range extends throughout

nearly the whole of Africa, thence into Palestine, Arabia and Syria to Persia, India, Ceylon, Burmah, the Malayan region and up into China, and it is said even to Japan. The skins may easily be identified, for, as pointed out by Mr. Blandford, whilst the African leopard has smaller and more solid spots than those of the Indian animal, the Persian leopard—an illustration of which we give, as it is extremely rare in captivity—has a much longer fur than either, whilst the tail is not only longer but very much thicker, and it is not the yellow-fawn colour of the others, resembling rather the whitish-gray colour of the ounce.

The so-called black leopard is nothing but

by their parents, many instances are on record where the man-eating leopard has proved himself an even more terrible scourge in a district than the man-eating tiger, Captain Forsyth mentioning one which simply devastated the northern part of the Seoni district, killing about 80 persons before he was shot, whilst Major-General Burton writes of quite a small one which, during two years in the neighbourhood of Nagpore, killed over 100 women and children, generally at the time when they went to the wells for water. In the collection at Regent's Park the leopards may often be seen to go through a series of perform-



From a photo by

OUNCE, OR SNOW LEOPARD.

[Gambier Bolton.

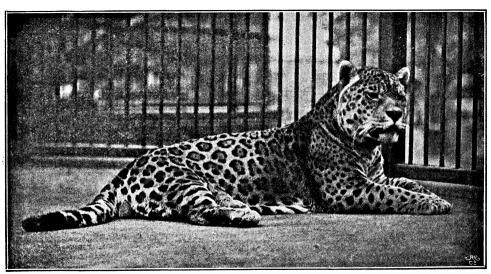
a melanoid form of the others, cubs both black and spotted being born in the same litter just as we often see in the case of the domestic cat, and when looked at in certain lights the spots show plainly through the general blackness of the coat, so that although at present only discovered in Asia it is entirely wrong to class them as a distinct species. The pure white leopard is extremely rare and very few have ever been met with, but that such creatures do exist has been proved beyond a doubt. To describe the leopard as an animal not given to man-eating, as has lately been done by a well-known writer, is, to say the least of it, absurd, and although often confining their ances when children are near their cages unattended by adults, rolling on their backs or lashing their tails in the hope of drawing the child within reach of their cages; but accidents of this kind are prevented by the strong outer railing which keeps the public 6 or 8 feet away from the cages, although in spite of all this a dreadful accident happened there some years ago when a boy about nine years old was caught by a black leopard and dreadfully mutilated about the head and face, a man who was with him at the time only saving him from an even worse fate by pluckily ramming his umbrella down the leopard's throat.

The ounce or snow leopard is extremely

rare in captivity, for living as it does 6000 to 18,000 feet above the sea-level in the mountainous districts of Central Asia, it does not bear warmer climates well, and the specimen given in our illustration is only the second one ever brought to England, although they have been known to scientists for quite a The colour of the coat at the time that this photograph was taken was a silvery white, but recently it has become tinged with vellow; the black spots are much larger than those of the leopard, whilst the fur is very dense on the body and remarkably long on the tail, appearing in the photograph to be greatly exaggerated, whereas it is a perfectly correct rendering of it. Very little indeed is known about their habits, but whilst prevreported of over 12 feet long, this of course being a very exceptional length, the average being about 9 feet 6 inches.

The colour of the jaguar varies almost as much as that of the leopard, but the usual ground-colour is a yellow-brown; but even this varies considerably in different specimens, some being much lighter and yellower, inclining even to white, whilst according to Baron Humboldt there is a very dark variety, and as we know from the specimen now at the Hamburg Zoo, even all black ones are occasionally discovered, but these are extremely rare.

A glance at our two illustrations of the leopard and the jaguar will show the distinguishing feature by which one may always



From a photo by]

A JAGUAR.

Gambier Bolton.

ing on sheep and goats, and even ponies at times, it has never been known to attack man, and this particular specimen was so tame that for many months it was kept in captivity in India, fed and attended to by a lady.

The jaguar of America is often called the tiger there, as it is the largest of the cat tribe inhabiting that continent, and there would seem to be a certain amount of truth in this title for it, if, as Baron Humboldt points out, the one he met with during his travels was larger than any stuffed specimen of the tiger in the European museums at the time when he was writing; and cases are on record where the dead jaguar has measured over 7 feet in length, which is nearly the size of a large and full-grown tigress, tigers having been

be recognised from the other, for on the back and sides, and generally wherever open spots or rosettes are found on the jaguar, there will be noticed one or more spots in the centre of each, and whilst these rosettes form in nearly every instance a complete circle, those of the leopard are nearly always not quite complete. There are still people to be found who cling to the idea that the jaguar is nothing but a leopard, although the two animals are quite unlike each other, as will be seen if the photographs are studied closely, for the tail is very much shorter in the jaguar, he is larger and much more clumsy and heavy in his movements; he has shorter and much stouter limbs and thick body, with short round face, not to mention the peculiarity of his voice, which

is a sort of bark and quite different from the coughing roar of the leopard, which may often be heard in the early morning in

zoological collections.

The man-eating jaguar is quite as great a pest as any of the other larger cats when once they take to the habit, and they kill off the natives and woodcutters by hundreds every year, whilst Darwin, referring to their cool pluck, mentions the case of a jaguar which, finding a church door open in Santa Fé, strolled in. A "very fine and large" priest coming in soon after was promptly killed, his assistant, wondering what on earth had detained his superior for such a long time, went to search for him and was promptly killed too; another priest then went to look for his friends, and only just escaped from the jaguar's charge by rushing from one pillar to the other, and then hastening from the church he locked the door, and by pulling off some of the roof the jaguar was eventually shot.

These animals are generally supposed to be absolutely untameable, but the specimen in our illustration was purchased as a cub by Lady Florence Dixie, in Corrientes, and became perfectly tame, lying about on the lawn at Windsor with a collar and chain attached, just like any dog, until one day he strolled into the park by himself and rumour says had a very good time amongst the deer, but soon after his recapture he was sent to the Regent's Park collection where he lived for many years, but whether through im-

proper food when young or insufficiency of exercise at that time, he could boast of absolutely the worst pair of bowed front legs that the writer has ever seen on any specimen of the *Felidæ*, and under these circumstances it was thought wiser to photograph him when lying down.

We may sum up the larger cats as animals which, though as a rule avoiding human beings, especially white ones, will all at times take to man-eating and then prove themselves a scourge and a pest in any place that they have selected as their headquarters: animals not only constantly fighting amongst themselves but waging incessant and deadly warfare amongst nearly every other class of animal, and this not only on terra firma but. like the leopard and jaguar, in the trees or even in the water also, for the latter at least is in the habit of killing tapirs and waterloving rodents, not to mention fish and turtles, whilst often himself coming to grief when seized by the nose by an alligator who draws him under.

Whilst admiring their indomitable pluck when brought to bay, their colouring, shape, grace of movement and general appearance, we cannot but feel enmity towards them when wild as a class, and although perhaps thinking that the world will not be quite so beautiful without them, yet we know perfectly well that where civilisation is to exist the larger cats must be killed off to the very last specimen, as the two cannot exist for long together, and so their final doom is sealed.

THE SEE-SAW OF TIME.



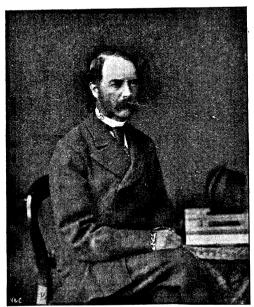
From a photo by

THE YOUNGEST RULING QUEEN IN EUROPE: HER MAJESTY QUEEN WILHELMINA OF THE NETHERLANDS.

(AGED 15.)



From a photo by [Fernando Du Bas. THE YOUNGEST RULING KING IN EUROPE: HIS MAJESTY ALFONZO XIII OF SPAIN. . (AGED 9.)



From a photo by]

[Russell & Sons.

THE OLDEST REIGNING KING IN EUROPE: HIS MAJESTY KING CHRISTIAN IX OF DENMARK. (AGED 77.)



From a photo by]

THE OLDEST RULING QUEEN IN EUROPE: HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA. (AGED 76.)

THE GROWTH OF RUGBY FOOTBALL

BY J. F. RAMSAY.

Illustrated by J. AYTON SYMINGTON.



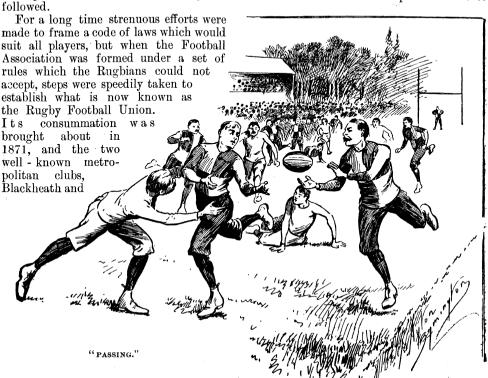
it can be demonstrated—a task I attempted a month or two ago in the columns of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE—that Association football has become a great national

pastime, it is as equally easy to prove the same thing with regard to the Rugby game.

Which is the most popular code need not be discussed within the limits of this article, but it can easily be seen that whereas football under Association rules is held in high favour in some towns, Rugby is equally popular in others, while in some cases we can find the rival codes flourishing side by side. It would probably require a plebiscite to ascertain which game commanded most supporters in Lancashire. Yorkshire, although considered the hotbed of Rugbyism, is almost solely given over to its great rival pastime in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, Rotherham, Barnsley, Doncaster, and other towns on the southern side of the county, and in the metropolis we find each code very much followed

Richmond, had the honour of taking the initiative steps. From that time the gulf between the two games has gradually widened, and in spite of the prognostications of some people, it has been found that there is plenty of room for both, as both have prospered.

It would be invidious to draw a comparison between the two games. Public opinion on the merits of each is clearly divided. On the one hand you can be informed with emphasis that "there is only one game of football, and that is not Rugby," while on the other a similarly emphatic statement can be had from equally trustworthy sources with regard to the Association code. One remark may however be made on the subject. rules of the Rugby game are more difficult to understand thoroughly than those of Association, and a Rugby match is much more difficult for the novice to follow. This is not an unmixed evil. The apparent simplicity of the Association game has led many thousands of people to imagine that they are fully conversant with all the nice points of the code





after witnessing two or three matches, and perhaps without even taking the trouble to read the rules. In the same way I am of opinion that there are many Association referees even whose knowledge of the rules is most superficial, and these causes have led to most of the scenes which have disgraced the Association football field during past years and enabled the cynics to coin another phrase for the English language—"Referee baiting." Not that I wish to imply that there are not many competent Association referees; I only wish to remark that there are several poor ones.

Of course the same slur is cast on the Rugby game, but not in anything like the same ratio is it deserved. Rugby referees are mostly old players, gentlemen in fair positions in life, who officiate for the love of the game, give their decisions with promptitude, and whose rulings are generally accepted without a murmur by the players. In this statement I am supported by one of the very greatest authorities on the Rugby game, Mr. Rowland Hill, who at the annual meeting of the Referees' Society spoke in distinctly favourable terms of the improvement shown in Rugby refereeing, although he at the same time expressed regret that there was not a corresponding improvement in the conduct of the spectators.

The modest fashion in which the Rugby Union was established can be gleaned from the first balance-sheet. The income amounted to £7 for the year and the expenses reached £5. The membership comprised 33 clubs. What a change has taken place since that

time! There are now about 460 clubs on the membership list, and although the Union disburses some hundreds of pounds per year in charity a substantial sum has been invested in Consols.

Naturally at the commencement most of were London organisations. Amongst the number were Blackheath. Richmond, Marlborough Nomads, Clapham Rovers, Epsom, Civil Service, and the Wasps. distinguished Scottish clubs also joined, viz., the West of Scotland, Edinburgh University and Glasgow Academicals, but naturally, on the formation of a Scotch Union, these organisations transferred their support to their home organisation. The second year of the Union brought forth an accession of strength in the shape of the Harlequins, Oxford University, Wigan, Liverpool and Manchester, and soon almost every club of note in the country had been enrolled under the banner of the Union. The excellent results achievable from an association of this character were soon observed by the sister Thus in 1873 we find Scotland combining her clubs under one central government; in 1875 Ireland followed suit; and lastly, in 1880, was brought about the Union of Wales.

From the foundation of these Unions sprang the international matches for the Rugby championship which is now annually fought out between the four countries forming the British Isles. The first international game was played between England and Scotland in 1871, at Edinburgh, when the Scots won by a goal and a try to a try. In the following year the English representatives reversed that verdict in London, and up to the end of the season of 1895, when Scotland surprised us by beating what was considered one of the best teams that had

been put into the field for England for years, the record of the Rose against the Thistle was eight wins against seven, with seven draws.



"A DROP KICK."

During the years 1888 and 1889 no international matches of any description were played owing to a dispute arising from a difference in the rules of the different countries, which has since been settled by the formation of an International Board.

On the establishment of the Irish Union in 1875 annual matches were commenced between Ireland and England, of which England has won sixteen, Ireland two, and one has been drawn. It is only fair to say that although generally beaten the Irishmen have always come up smiling and played a good forward game, their weakness being mostly apparent at back. They scored their first victory in Dublin in 1887 and their second at Blackheath in 1894. In the latter year, for the first time, "the wearers of the green" were champion nation, as they also beat both Scotland and Wales.

The matches with Wales were instituted in 1880, and beyond the season of 1882, when "the Taffies" were opposed to a team selected from the North of England only, and the two years of the dispute before referred to, the struggles have been kept up annually, England securing nine victories to two, with one drawn game. The Welsh, like the Irish, have had one great year. It was that of 1893 when they defeated the three other countries by a new development

of back play, which has since been generally adopted all over Great Britain.

In 1874 were inaugurated a series of annual games between picked teams of the North and South. In these contests the Southerners have shown a marked superiority on results, having secured fourteen victories to eight, while three matches have been These contests are regarded as drawn. trial games for the selection of the English team of each particular season, and the results probably do not give a fair representation of the strength of the North. In the South nearly all the good men have hitherto been connected with few clubs, and this has enabled the Southern Selecting Committee to put into the field year after year teams of men who thoroughly knew one another's play. On the other hand in the North there are many more clubs who have undeniable claims to be represented, and the result has been that the Northern fifteens, as compared with the Southern combinations. are essentially scratch ones, however good the players may be individually.

The annual struggle between Oxford and Cambridge at Rugby football has always been one that has attracted considerable



"TACKLED"

attention, and more often than not the result has upset all previous calculations. Still the balance of victories has not been great to either side, seeing that the Dark Blues have

only won eight matches to seven, with seven From 1881 to 1884 Oxford secured four victories. This was largely due to the adoption of an improved style of play, which enabled what was known as Vassall's team to maintain an unbeaten record for nearly three seasons against the best clubs in the country. In the following season (1885) Cambridge came to the front again, and they in turn claimed victories in four successive years. Another interesting series of games, which were commenced in 1870, are those between Yorkshire and Lancashire. These afford another instance of the closeness usually shown in such contests, as up to the present Yorkshire only claim ten successes as against eight by Lancashire.

Cup competitions are the exception rather than the rule in Rugby football, although Yorkshire County hold one of the largest contests of that description in existence, beyond the Association Cup. There has been instituted however in England a County Championship, in which the counties, within certain areas, are pitted against each other, and afterwards the group winners play for the honour of champion county. In 1889, when no international matches were decided, a match, Champion County versus the Rest of England, was inaugurated and has been kept up ever since. During those years Yorkshire have been champion county six times, and on four occasions have beaten the Rest of

England team. In Rugby football, as first played in public schools, the sides generally consisted of an indefinite number of players, while in international and club matches, twenty men aside took part. The change from 20 to 15 (the number now played) occurred in 1877 at the request of Scotland. The alteration was desired because club secretaries often found a difficulty in putting a full complement of players into the field. A more open style of play naturally followed. At one time it was customary to have merely one three-quarter The decrease in the number of players, with proportionately greater chances for fast individual play, led to the introduction of two three-quarter backs, principally for defence, and two full backs. Subsequently we saw the introduction of three three-quarter backs and the reduction of the number of backs to one once more. These were the positions of four players, with the remainder of the team made up of two half backs and eight forwards, until 1893, when Wales, who some time previously had introduced what is now known as the four three-quarter back system

-reducing their forwards to eight in number in order to carry it out-managed to win the championship by beating all the other countries. This led at once to the introduction of the system by the other countries into their club. county and international games. In making this hurried change no doubt many clubs were too precipitate, as in several cases, except in the way of defence, this extra man behind the forwards was wasted. This was very noticeable in the London Scottish, a club who can on occasion command the services many of Scotia's best international Yet with four three-quarter backs it was a common sight to see those players attempting the old style of attack—a long punt up the field into touch, with the idea of giving the forwards a chance to show their scrummaging powers. Still many clubs and players are rapidly learning the lesson taught us by the Welsh, and good three-quarter backs will probably be much more plentiful in the course of a season or two. The work of the half-back has also undergone a change. With a big pack of forwards in front of him he had many more opportunities of getting the ball and making a run for the opposing goal

line. But the new condition of things has led to the introduction o f rather lighter though faster forwards, with the result that the half-back nowadays has to confine himself largely to the task of the getting ball when it leaves the scrummage, and passing it the out to three-quarters. When his side is being beaten forward is a task of

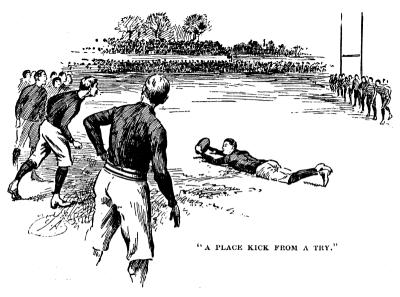


no small difficulty, as he is very often collared before he has the opportunity of completing his task.

The forwards in the first instance were merely looked upon as so many pushers. Weight and strength were required to drive the opposing side back. In those days the game was not nearly so attractive as it has since become. A system of short passing was first introduced amongst the forwards. This innovation was brought to perfection by Blackheath and a few other clubs. Then we had developed a system of long low passing by Vassall's famous Oxford team, which enabled them, as we have before remarked. to defy defeat for three seasons. Ireland has generally shown us some fine forward play in the international matches. Their forwards are usually of the tall, lean and wiry type. who are useful both in the scrummage and. in the open. In 1894, when they secured the championship, they gave a display of both feet and hand work, when they beat England at Blackheath, that simply upset all the English back play. Last season the English team promised to give us an exhibition of forward play which had never previously been excelled. They were all selected from Southern clubs because of the splendid fashion in which they utterly routed the Northerners in the North and South match. They continued this form against both Ireland and Wales, but on meeting Scotland showed an awful falling off, and the Scots, in something like the old style, with a good solid pack and safe work by the backs, gained a meritorious victory.

It is generally considered in Rugby football circles that the game is now going through a crisis. It has been an open secret that for some years many of the Northern clubs have been making payments to their players for loss of time through playing in matches, and

offering inducements to good players to leave small clubs and throw in their lot with those whose coffers were larger and better filled. The Rugby Union legislated for the prevention of these practices, whereupon a large Northern section of the members of the Union two years ago attempted to pass a resolution legalising the payment of players for loss of working time. In this they failed. and this year, the Rugby Union Committee having framed more searching laws for the suppression of professionalism, some twentytwo of the larger clubs in Yorkshire, Lancashire and Cheshire resigned their membership of the Union and formed what is now called the Northern Union, in which payment for the loss of working time through playing football is allowed. The Rugby Union promptly branded them as professionals, but up to the present the new Union has not attempted to go beyond the modest lines on which they started out, although they have radical changes on hand in other directions. such as the further reduction of the number of players on a side to twelve and the introduction of a round ball instead of the eggshaped one at present used. The new Union as at present constituted is only a small body. and is not likely to grow fast. Whether they have enough vitality to live and thrive remains to be seen, but at present they do not threaten much harm to the Rugby Union, so that no fear need be felt that the County Championship will not be played. or that England will not be able to make a respectable show in the international matches.



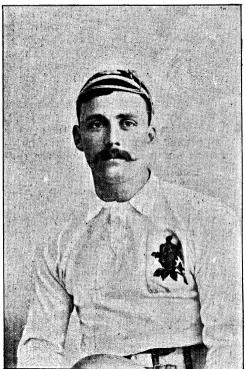
FOUR FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS.

By A. GIBSON.



last season's form, Mr. J. H. E. Fegan, of Blackheath, was generally admitted to be the best three-quarter back in England. He received his International Cap for the first

time last season, and played in all three international matches with conspicuous success.



From a photo by

[R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

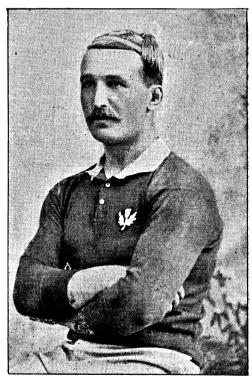
ENGLAND: J. H. E. FEGAN.

Not since Mr. A. E. Stoddart was at his best has a stronger runner taken part in the game. On the offensive he is seen at his best, but he has never thoroughly mastered the passing game. This season he has captained Kent County in the championship matches. Mr. Fegan, who is a Londoner, is still young enough to improve his passing as well as his defensive abilities, when he would assuredly rank with the greatest of modern three-quarter backs.

Scotland has long been noted for her sturdy scrummagers, and no more typical forward could be found than Mr. R. G. McMillan.

who captained the Scottish fifteen that beat England at Richmond last season. Mr. McMillan, who is now engaged in business in London, learned his football at Merchiston College—that well-known Scottish nursery of Rugby footballers. After leaving school he joined the West of Scotland Club, where he at once distinguished himself. He gained his first International Cap in 1887, and has been invited to take part in every national contest since then. Although not a giant in weight or stature, he can accomplish as much hard work in the scrummage as most men, besides using his feet with great effect in loose play.

Dai Morgan, the clever international half-back, was born and bred at Llanelly. Like most of his club-mates, he learnt his football with the "Seaside Stars," a local combination, which, after a remarkably long run of success, amalgamated with the town club some three years ago. Dai Morgan is seen at his best behind the "scrum" when he has Ben Davies



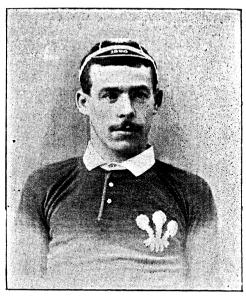
From a photo by]

[R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

SCOTLAND: R. G. MOMILLAN.

as a partner, which fact, unfortunately, the Selection Committee of the Welsh Rugby Union overlooked last year. He was first reserve to his club-mate in the first of the

years of age. Since then he has represented his native country no fewer than eight times—four against England, three against Scotland, and one against Wales.

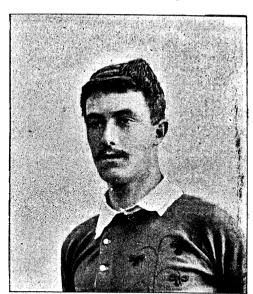


From a photo by]
WALES: DAI MORGAN.

[Morgan, Llanelly.

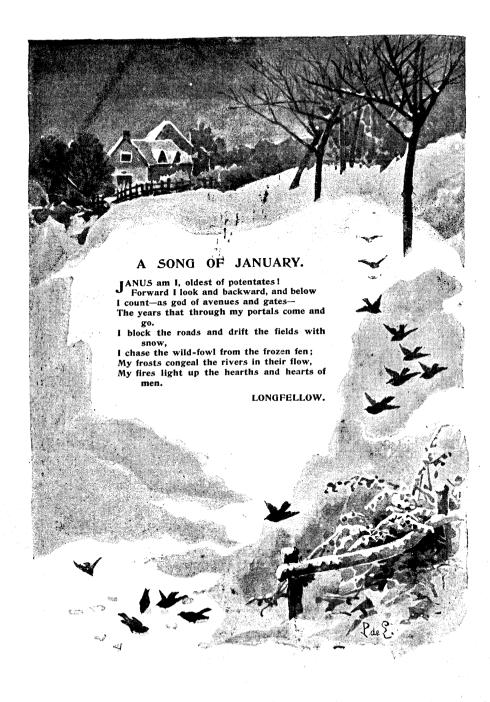
Welsh International engagements last season, and subsequently obtained his Cap. He is as plucky and deadly in his tackling as he is smart and tricky in passing. Of medium stature, he weighs about 10 st. 7 lbs. He is a genuine young fellow, and as much liked as any of the "Scarlet Runners."

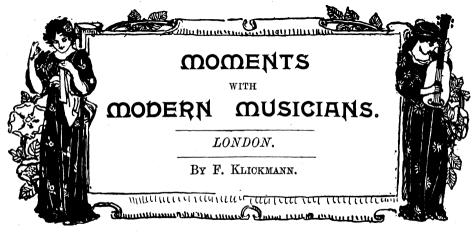
It is doubtful whether Ireland has ever produced a more capable half-back than Mr. B. B. Tuke, who gained his first International in 1890, when barely nineteen



From a photo by] [R. W. Thomas, Cheapside. IRELAND: B. B. TUKE.

His strong points in play are great activity, clean passing, and sure collaring. His splendid physique is eminently suited for the vigorous work of a half-back, but he is a scrupulously fair player, and never uses his strength in any but a perfectly legitimate manner. Ben Tuke, as his friends name him, learned most of football in Ireland, but for some seasons he has been associated with the Coventry Club, where he is very popular.





If the music of the year that is past may be taken as a forecast of the year that is before us, 1896 will be a brilliant musical success in England. New names and new

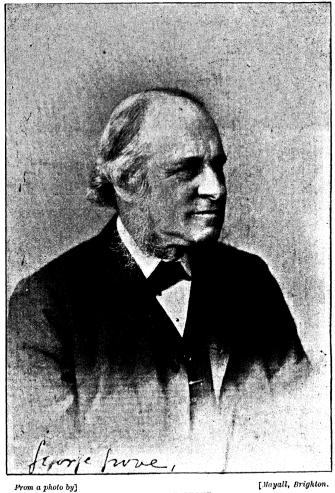
works are whispered, but of these it would be premature write just yet. It is impossible to gauge beforehand artistic the value of composer or performer. Time enough for that when they have placed their claims before the public.

To the music lover, both amateur and professional. there are perennial joys, however, which year after year are welcomed with only an increase of enthusiasm as time goes on. As a nation, we are always ready to give a hearing to names. but we never let them replace the old friends, the musicians who have won our admiration by the sheer force of genius, and by the disinterested way they have worked for the cause of

their art.

And it is to thesemen and women that we naturally look for the greater proportion of the music that will fall to our lot during the coming year.

It is curious that one's thoughts first of all should turn to a man who is neither composer nor a per-Yet former. most certainly Sir George Grove must be the first musician on our list to whom we wish a happy New Year in the very best sense of the Sir word. has George done as much for music as any man living, yet,



strange to tell, he is an amateur, and what is more, music is only a very small item in comparison with the whole of his life work. To the general musical public he was at first merely an initial. G. was a letter found at the end of wonderfully interesting analyses of classical works in the programme books at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere. People began to find that G. was more instructive and entertaining to read than the majority of magazine articles, and there were many

ardent mnsicians who carefully hoarded every scrap wrote. he But Sir George did not confine his labours to programme books. His famous expedition to Vienna, in company with Sir Arthur (then Mr.) Sullivan, and the discovery of the precious Schubert MSS, are now matters of history. He has always worked indefatigably to gain a proper appreciation for Beethoven. Schubert, and Mendelssohn in this coun-As

try. As
Director of the Royal College of Music Sir
George had a wide field for work, and came
into touch with all sorts and conditions of
hard-working students, whom he helped
and encouraged on every possible occasion.
His enthusiastic love for music is most
contagious, and many students have been
aroused by it to work with an earnestness
that has been the making of their lives.
At the time of writing Sir George is busy
upon his work on Beethoven's Symphonies,

which it is expected will be published early

in the year.

"At least I think it will be ready about then," Sir George said; "but it is difficult to tell. I always worry over a sentence after it is in type. I keep altering and altering. I am always so very dissatisfied with everything after I have written it." And then he added: "Don't expect too much from the book. It isn't what I would like it to be. I am afraid you will be disappointed." Yet I

do not think we shall be. Sir George Grove has never disappointed us yet.

The name of Sir Arthur Sullivan is a natural auence to that of Sir George Grove. Two such friends must not be far apart in our pages. The worldfamous composer is without a doubt the most popular all our mu-He sicians. throws himself with remarkable zest and energy into whatever he undertakes to do. At the Leeds Festival his per-



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

sonality in itself works wonders, while his untiring activity surmounts every difficulty that can possibly be imagined. What his work for this year will be it is impossible to say. At present he is engaged upon the Ballet music that is to be produced at the Empire. Also there are rumours of a new Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Possibly by the time this is in our readers' hands one of these works may be an accomplished fact.

"Why doesn't Sir Arthur Sullivan write



From a photo by]

[Negretti & Zambra. MR. AUGUST MANNS.

another 'Golden Legend'?" a correspondent wrote to us the other day. We have not space to answer our readers' kind queries, as a rule. But I will answer this one here.

We really do not know—we can only echo the question, "Why doesn't he?" Undoubtedly one great obstacle is the difficulty there is in obtaining a suitable libretto. No work, with the exception of the "Messiah," and perhaps "Elijah," is more popular than the "Golden Legend" in this country, and very few works have ever taken such an immediate hold upon the public.

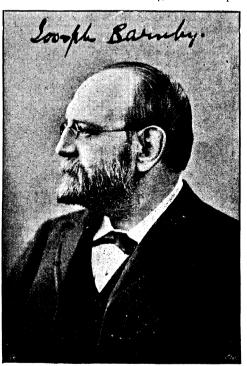
Sir Joseph Barnby was speaking to me quite recently about the popularity of the "Golden Legend" at the Albert Hall. The financial receipts are a very fair index as to the rate of esteem in which a work is held. At a Royal Choral Society concert nothing pays so well as a performance of the "Messiah." This by far and away eclipses all other works, from a monetary point of view, and next to that comes the "Golden Legend"—though even this will fluctuate sometimes, according to who may be the soloists.

After the "Golden Legend," "Faust," and "Elijah," there is a steady fall off in the general monetary appreciation of choral works.

Yet choral singing is our strong point as a nation. Sir Joseph Barnby is more calculated to speak on this subject than perhaps any other musician. He is of the opinion that we are going to do greater things in the future than we have ever done in the past. He also has very high hopes for the future of music in Wales. Welsh choral singing, he maintains, is scarcely second to that in Yorkshire. If the Welsh choirs will only centralise and solidify their efforts, great things may be expected from them.

A South Wales Choral Festival is announced to take place next June. If the committee show as much wisdom in their other arrangements as they have done in their choice of a conductor, success is inevitable. Sir Joseph is already extremely popular in Cardiff, and the greatest satisfaction was expressed on every hand when he once again consented to take charge of the lâton at a Welsh musical festival.

Nothing gives one a better idea of the immense strides music has made among the amateurs of to-day than the present condition of affairs at the Guildhall School of Music. There are now just upon four thousand students studying there, and about seven thousand lessons in all are given there per



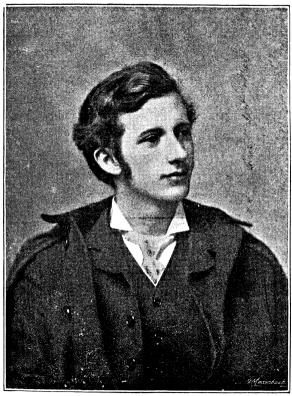
From a photo by]
SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

[Lombardi & Co.

To a little girl in Forest Hele not the He name of Ference Florence to the Polace came Looking at one, Manns by name, Offen wielding a little stick, Thight and Left now olow now quell Ever some that happy day Night and Morn did Florence say: Gould I but have his autogrash, Evernose my heard would lugh Such was the substance of your I've met your wish, you'll now feel (Xugushkann May 2 - 18

week. When we recollect the high standing of the teachers and the excellence of the instruction given, and also bear in mind that the greater proportion of these students are amateurs, it augurs well for the future of music in England.

Sir Joseph Barnby has not only remodelled the greater part of the working of the Guildhall School of Music since he took the reins of office in his hands, but he has also become something more than merely a nominal Principal to his students. A



From a photo by]

[Maclure, Macdonald & Co. MP. HAMISH MACCUNN.

little story came to my hearing the other day which will give a better idea than anything I could say of the universal affection in which he is held.

A Guildhall student had, after completing her studies, gone out to Texas to a musical appointment. Last year, it will be remembered, Sir Joseph had a severe illness, and at one time the gravest doubt was entertained as to his ultimate recovery. Bad news travels very quickly, especially when it is not true, and in due course report was rife in Texas that the Principal of the Guildhall School of

Music was dead. The following Sunday in church the congregation rose, and in all solemnity Barnby's Nunc Dimittis was sung as the funeral anthem most fitted to the occasion. Next week the report was contradicted. Sir Joseph was on the fair road to necovery, the papers announced, and when Sunday again came round the anthem chosen was Barnby's Te Deum. "And we were so glad," added the student, as she related the little episode.

On the whole I have come to the con-

clusion that conductors, as a race, are kinder to struggling young musicians than any other of the members of the profession. But it may be that I am distinctly prejudiced in this matter by the remembrance of many. many kindnesses perpetrated by that king among conductors. August For kind-hearted patience Manns. and ceaseless work on behalf of rising musicians he has no equal. often wonders, when watching him conduct a rehearsal and then a long concert afterwards, whether he ever gets tired. A visit to his sanctum in the Crystal Palace only increases one's amazement. Music books and scores all around the room one naturally expects to see, but the piles upon piles of letters waiting to be answered give one a peep through a fresh door into the arena of work in the midst of which the great conductor lives. Pinned up about the walls are innumerable letters making appointments, cards, and all sorts of memoranda, which must be kept ready to hand. There are petitions from singers and pianists begging a hearing, instrumentalists desiring engagements in the band, young and unknown composers with works which they are sure will astonish the universe could they but get them performed.

course there are a great number of letters which have to answer themselves in time. It is simply an impossibility for all the requests to be granted; yet it is surprising how many letters Mr. Manns does manage to write, considering all the other work he gets through. The letters he writes to his intimate friends are oftentimes lengthy and unique curiosities. Perhaps one of the most interesting I have seen is one he wrote to his friend and fellow-worker at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Alfred J. Eyre, who was a prisoner indoors owing to illness. This

epistle was written in rhyming couplets of alternated Italian, German, French, and English. Instead of underlining words he placed *sforzando* accents above them. He concluded with the hope that the invalid would soon be well, and then keep so "For ever; FOR EVER." A large

of the curious letters he sometimes receives, and remarking what odd things people will often write and ask.

"Yet sometimes one gets very interesting ones," said the white-haired musician with a sudden little laugh. "I received one this morning that was very pretty. It was from



From a photo by]

DR. JOACHIM.

[Russell & Sons.

crescendo sign was over these words, and they were respectively marked mezzo-forte, forte, fortissimo.

I was turning over some music books not long ago when I came upon an inscription which I thought far too good to be hidden away for ever in the dark.

On one occasion Mr. Manns was speaking

a little girl, who wrote in a very careful child's hand and said she had been watching me for such a long while, and the only thing she wanted was a little piece of my writing. Now that pleased me more than all the proper speeches that grown-up people make."

"And did you send her your autograph?"

I naturally asked.

"Well I wrote her back a letter and—I daresay she will like it. Let me see if I can remember what I said "—and then Mr. Manns sent his hand through his hair and repeated an acrostic on the small girl's name. But he stuck fast half way through, because he couldn't remember how the name was spelt in English.

"I must write it down," he said, "and then I shall recollect how the lines start."

I had my "Messiah" in my hand and opened it at the blank fly-leaf and put it on the piano before him.

"I am afraid I shall spoil your book," he

said hesitatingly.

But I thought otherwise, and in a few minutes my copy was returned to me with the queer little acrostic written inside, of which we give a reproduction. I quote this as an instance of Mr. Manns' kindness to children, and not as an example of fine poetry; personally I consider that there are several men who stand nearer the laureate-ship than does Mr. Manns. His accent is, happily, incurable; yet his English is, as a rule, excellent in composition. His conversation however is in animated, humorous, half-English, half-German little sentences that are far more delightful to those who listen to them than if he spoke our native



MISS GABRIELLE WIETROWETZ.

tongue in the most perfectly grammatical manner.

In modern times there is a ceaseless



From a photo by]

SEÑOR SARASATE.

[Elliott & Fry.

striving to penetrate behind the scenes into the lives of the great, and to some extent this is to be deplored. Idle curiosity is never a sign of a large mind. Yet, on the other hand, it is undoubtedly interesting to know that the men and women who by voice or hand can sway thousands at will are distinctly as human as oneself. I remember a small and very passing incident that seemed to show the celebrated conductor in quite a fresh light to the one in which we are accustomed to see him.

"We had a letter from Mr. Manns this morning," said a friend whom I chanced to be visiting, "reminding us that we owe him a long-promised visit. And he finished up by saying, 'Mind you bring the boy with you, because I want to take him to see the performing elephants."

Mr. Hamish MacCunn, the clever Scotch composer, is an especial favourite with Mr. Manns. I do not know a more interesting musical picture than when the veteran conductor brings the young musician on to the platform to conduct one of his own works at a rehearsal, introducing him as "my son."

Mr. MacCunn has made Scotch music peculiarly his own. Everything he writes is

thoroughly permeated with the spirit of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." As he is only now twenty-seven years old, it may safely be assumed that his greatest work is vet to come.

February is not far off, and to the music lover February in London means Joachim at the Popular Concerts. Dr. Joachim-as British musicians, remembering Cambridge University's Doctor of Music degree, call Herr Joseph Joachim—is the greatest living

From a photo by

LADY HALLÉ.

violinist in the realm of classical music. would be difficult, in tracing his career, to deal with any part of his life when he did not play, for Joachim was a child prodigy. For fifty years he has returned as regularly as the swallow to England, and ever since the Monday Popular Concerts began at St. James's Hall he has been a favourite performer. The real greatness of the famous Hungarian is only equalled by his modesty. I heard of him the other day inducing a

voung and unknown pianist to play at a social gathering where his own violin was silent in order not to detract from the success of the younger man.

In addition to Dr. Joachim being our finest violinist, he is a composer of high merit. The "Hungarian Concerto" is not the only work by which his fame will be maintained for many a day. A "Joachim night," especially that on which he annually makes his rentrée, is an event long to be

remembered. Even the most fashionable occupants of the stalls then manage to reach St. James's Hall punctually: the orchestra and balcony have been filled for an hour with hundreds of excited lovers of music. Eight o'clock sounds from the neighbouring church in Piccadilly; the music has been placed on the brass stands, and eagerly all eves turn to the platform. With a diffident hesitation at last Joachim leads the way up from the artists' room, while enthusiastic applause greets him. But he will not take more than that fourth share of it which belongs to each member of the quartet till his talented colleagues insist on his recognising the personal tribute involved in the prolonged cheers. Then he bows right and left, and to the loval orchestra full of connoisseurs. Quickly he gets to work, and in a moment there is that inspired look on

his kindly face which shows his heart is in the sublime music he knows and interprets so perfectly.

It is always peculiarly gratifying to see the traditions of a great master handed on to his pupil. The majority of celebrated musicians have pupils—or at any rate those who claim to be their pupils—but only a small percentage are the credit to them that Gabrielle Wietrowetz is to her teacher Dr. Joachim.

TA. Bassano.



From a photo by]

MISS FANNY DAVIES.

[Elliott & Fry.

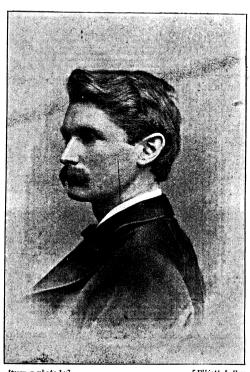
At first it seemed a daring innovation when the quiet-faced girl, who was, on the whole, but little known in England, took the seat that had hitherto seemed to be the exclusive property of Lady Hallé and Dr. Joachim, and led the quartets at the Popular Concerts. But Miss Wietrowetz soon proved herself to be a musician of exceptional calibre, and without a doubt is second only to Lady Hallé among women violinists.

Of an entirely different school, yet of immense genius and popularity, is the Spanish violinist Señor Sarasate. Ever since the days when one said "I am of Paul, and another I am of Apollos," there have been opportunities for public feeling to divide and range itself on opposite sides. musical London to-day is very much the same as Corinth of old. Although it would take a critic of exceptional nerve to declare that Joachim is not the greatest violinist living, yet there are some who look pityingly at you if you express any strong opinions concerning the great Hungarian, and say that they "prefer Sarasate." In reality it seems most unnecessary that there should be any such comparison made at all; each man is great, and in his own province reigns supreme. The nationality and temperament of the two men are so entirely unlike that it is only natural that their interpretation of so subtle an art as music should be stamped with widely different characteristics.

Whatever may be Señor Sarasate's exact position in the world of violinists he allows no one to excel him in the graceful art of chivalrous courtesy. Spaniards are celebrated the world over for their gallantry, and a pretty story is told of Señor Sarasate that will well bear repetition.

On one occasion he arrived at St. James's Hall in company with Madame Bertha Marx and Mr. Goldschmidt, and on alighting from the carriage found that it was not quite close to the kerb. Without a moment's thought he placed a piece of music on the ground in order that the lady might not soil her slippers when he handed her out of the carriage! One would almost imagine that he must have heard of Sir Walter Raleigh.

We have only space to give a portrait of one other violinist this month, and that of course must be Lady Hallé. It is forty-seven years ago since little Wilhelmine Neruda (aged nine years) was first heard in London, when she played a De Beriot concerto at a Philharmonic concert. But even that was



From a photo by]

MR. LEONARD BORWICK.

[Elliott & Fry.

not her début. In Vienna, at the mature age of six, she made her first appearance in public, and since then she has had a career of scarcely paralleled success to the present day, when the world at large not only vie one with another to do her honour, but endeavour to show in every possible manner the greatest sympathy for her in her recent bereavement.

So many names crowd to one's pen when thinking of the men and women who "make the life of London musical," and it is pos-

sible to touch on so very few this month. Yet Miss Fanny Davies must be included. At the time I write she is in Austria, giving recitals, though we hope to have her among us again early in the vear. Τo Miss Davies on the concert-room platform is, to my mind, to see her at the worst possible advantage—apart from her playing, of course. When speaking, and at all animated. her face has a charm that is lost when one looks at her from a distance. In her own home. among her pic-tures and her flowers, and the thousand and one mementoes that have been given

her by loving friends and the great ones of the earth, one forgets that she is the chief among English pianists in admiration for her charming womanliness and her unaffected naïveté. There is a scene that frequently comes to my mind in connection with Miss Davies. She had been giving a lesson to a small child whose feet could not reach the pedal, though she played a Bach fugue from memory in brave style.

"That was capitally played," said Miss Davies as she stroked the child's hair. "Let

me see. What did I promise you if you played it from memory without one slip?"

"Some sugar almonds and a Mozart concerto," replied the little maiden, with a bright look in her pretty dark eyes.

"Ah! so I did." Then the sugar delicacies were produced, along with a Mozart concerto, and it semed difficult to tell which gave the child the greatest pleasure.

Another pianist of whom we may especially be proud is Mr. Leonard Borwick, for is he not a Londoner? Born at Walthamstow.

he had as a youth the great advantage of musical tuition from Madame Schumann for some vears, and has absorbed her enthusiasm and many of the characteristics of her beautiful style. Mr. Borwick belongs to the "natural" school of pianists. He aims not at individualising his interpretation of music so much as to render the composer's intention. He has a keen sense of the fitness of things. and looked quite shocked when an unthinking audience tried to encore Chopin's "Marche Funebre," played as a tribute to the late Sir Charles Hallé. One of



MADAME ALBANI.

the most appreciative of his listeners in St. James's Hall is Mr. Borwick's father, who may well be proud of his son's genius. combination of Leonard Borwick and Plunket Greene has been very popular, and their joint recitals drew crowds last season. By this time Mr. Plunket Greene will probably be singing in New York, and we must wait awhile for his return.

After all, it will doubtless be agreed that, among musicians, it is the vocalist who gives the greatest pleasure to the greatest number:



From a photo by

[Elliott & Fry. MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

and for an all-round favourite one may safely place Madame Albani the first on our list. The absolute beauty of her voice is simply wonderful, and when to this is added her musicianliness and her delightful personality, it is scarcely remarkable that she has the world at her feet. On the platform her every act is so peculiarly graceful, from her happy smile when she first appears to the considerate way in which she invariably insists on someone else sharing the storm of applause with her. If one of the gentlemen of the orchestra has played any special obbligato to her solo she straightway brings the blushing individual to the front and appears to be trying to persuade the public that she herself has occupied but a very subordinate part in the performance. Failing this, however, she never omits to acknowledge her appreciation of the conductor's merits, and shakes hands with him cordially.

"But all this is not music," someone may protest. Perhaps not; but such thoughtfulnesses are among the pleasant things of life, and though they may cost but little, give a large amount of happiness to others, and the public is not slow to recognise this.

Next to Madame Albani in popular esteem must be named Mr. Edward Lloyd. is something essentially English about the great tenor that appeals to the Britisher at the very outset. He makes no attempt to cultivate a foreign growth of hair, or any of the other little weaknesses in regard to personal appearance to which even the masculine nature is occasionally prone. His reliability is another of his many virtues. It may always be taken for granted that when his name is announced he will not only appear, but will also sing well. It is most unusual for Mr. Lloyd to be in anything but first-rate voice. and still more unusual for him to disappoint an audience. His excellent health may perhaps be attributed to the fact that he makes a point of never overtaxing his strength. ordinary mode of life is quiet and surprisingly free from excitement, and among his hobbies he includes the cultivation of roses. Lloyd is held in especial regard among the members of his own profession, and he has on more than one occasion acted as a mediator.

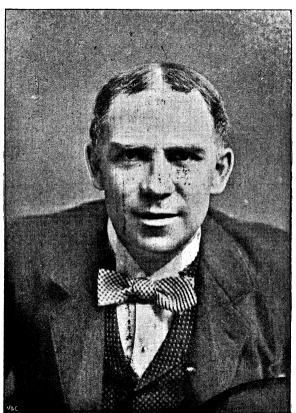


From a photo by

TRussell & Sons

However a musician may speak disparagingly of a variety of others of his craft he will invariably extol Mr. Lloyd, and thus it is in his private as well as his public life that many well-deserved laurels fall to his share.

Mr. Lloyd has paid two visits to the United States, singing on each occasion with marked effect. Even the enterprising interviewer on American newspapers failed to find any fault in him save the reticence which prevented Mr. Lloyd from answering all his queries. At Cincinnati Festival our great tenor had a



From a photo by

MR. DAVID BISPHAM.

[Russell & Sons.

splendid reception, and American critics admitted that he was unrivalled as an exponent of oratorios such as the "Messiah" and " Elijah." Dr. Richter is one of Mr. Lloyd's warmest admirers, and on his recent provincial tour the vocal part of each programme was sustained by the popular tenor.

Mr. Ben Davies is another invaluable English—or rather I should say Welsh—tenor. His early years were spent in the village of Pontardewe, near Swansea. He eventually studied at the Royal Academy of Music.

under Signor Fiori, after which he joined the Carl Rosa Company. Since he has turned his attention to other besides operatic work he has been an immense acquisition to

the concert room platform.

Mr. Davies has been fortunate enough to attract in a special degree the favour of the Queen, who has presented him with a beautiful watch as well as with other marks of her Majesty's appreciation of his singing. Davies (née Miss Perry) is also an accomplished singer, and occasionally has been

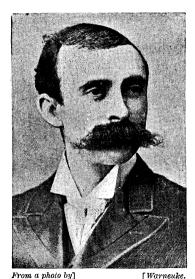
induced to appear at charity concerts with her distinguished husband. Not long ago the two rendered Mendelssohn's duet, "My Song shall be alway of Thy Mercy," to the delight of a crowded audience which assembled in Westminster Town Hall at a concert on behalf of the poor of the neighbourhood. Mr. Davies has lately won new successes by a tour through Germany, where he was well received by the most critical nation (musically

speaking) in Europe.

Madame Belle Cole, who for the last seven years has been as popular a singer in this country as she had previously been in the United States. made her London debut at a promenade concert in the Crystal Palace. She is, like Madame Antoinette Sterling, a native of the State of New York, and longed to be a singer from the days of her childhood. Success came, and with it fatigue, which led to her spending a long holiday in England. Sir Joseph Barnby heard her sing in a drawing-room and told her that such a voice ought to be used in the Albert Hall. After a little while she had the opportunity, being engaged for six concerts of the Royal Choral Society, for whom she has often since Madame Belle Cole has made great reputation as a singer of

ballads, but she is also very fond of operatic selections. "The public won't let me touch half my repertoire," she said not long ago; "they will keep on wanting 'Douglas Gordon' and such like favourites." In 1891 she realised what she described as "the dream of my life" in singing at the Handel Festival, and how well she acquitted herself is well known. Madame Belle Cole is kindness itself; she has a keen sense of humour, and has made friends all over the United Kingdom.

We have only space for two more portraits.



MR. ANDREW BLACK.

Mr. David Bispham, who comes of a New England Quaker family, is well known to all the habitues of Wagner opera, and is fre-

quently heard in our concert rooms. His voice is a magnificent one, and it is considerably enhanced by his strong dramatic instinct and excellent taste. Last season he was in great request for ballad concerts and oratorios, as well as for operatic performances. The fact that he has been so quickly appreciated speaks well for the growth of discrimination among the musical public. It would not be surprising if Mr. Bispham appeared some day at Bayreuth; at all events his voice and style would commend themselves to continental critics.

It is just possible that Mr. Andrew Black may leave England during the present year for an extensive tour in South Africa and America, in which case we shall be deprived of one of our finest baritones. Mr. Black has already been on one very successful tour in America, where he sang in opera. Since his return to England he has left the stage (and has refused several tempting offers to return to it), and made a marked success in oratorio, and also as an exponent of Wagner.

He is of the opinion that it is next to impossible for a vocalist to do justice at the same time to both the opera and concert work for any considerable period; and after experimenting on both he has decided to devote all his energies to concert work.

He is engaged to sing in the "Creation" on March 7 at the Crystal Palace, which secures him in England for at least the early part of the year. It may not be generally known that, in addition to being an accomplished organist and a singer of advancing fame. Mr. Black is an artist of considerable ability. Portrait-painting is one of his great recrea-One of his best friends was the late John Pettie, R.A. (whose daughter is now Mrs. Hamish MacCunn). The great artist exerted a considerable influence over Mr. Black, and urged him to work more seriously at art, and not merely to follow it as a Mr. Black found however that he pastime. had not the time to follow two professions, and ultimately painting was relegated to a secondary place in his life work.

No mention of Mr. Andrew Black could be complete without an allusion to the lady who shares his name, and so devotedly enters into all his work. Mrs. Black is an accomplished pianist, and one of the most beautiful women in musical London.



From a photo by]

[Russell & Sons.

MADAME BELLE COLE.

Artists' Autograffs.

Ir there be any revelation of character by handwriting, one would expect it in the case of artists. And in some instances there is an evidence of tastes and talents in the autographs of famous painters. What could be more picturesque than Sir Frederick Leighton's fine signature herewith re-

produced? The quaint writing of Mr. Anning Bell recalls his characteristic style in design. But the autograph of M. Vierge, one of the greatest black-and-white artists living, suggests little save an engraver's pen. Speed seems to be shown in Mr. H. S. Tuke's signature, just as his own career has illustrated the rapidity of success. Admirers of Mr. Marcus Stone's dainty work will see in his neat writing some trace of his manner on canvas.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A.

John Sverett Miliais

SIR JOHN MILLAIS, Bart., R.A.

Polart Minn (BSN-

MR. R. ANNING BELL.

Wirry

M. DANIEL VIERGE.

Samyom has

MR. H. S. TUKE.

you ask me for my autograph How it is.

Very truly yours

MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.

Van And Journe Phil/ Morris

MR. PHIL R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

Hubert Herkomin

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.

TELEGRAPH SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD:

THE STORY OF THE NERVES OF OUR COMMERCIAL LIFE



HE time required to send a telegram or cablegram and receive an answer is frequently a disappointment, if not an irritation, to people who have never considered the telegraph

as anything but a streak of electricity. Tosend a message from London to New York.

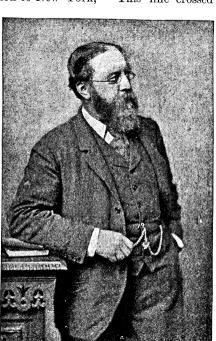
for instance, and get an answer in two hours, is quick work. Mr. W. H. Preece, the courteous chief engineer of the English postal service. mentions, as an example of very quick work, sending a telegram from London to the Cape and receiving an answer in twenty-four hours.

In the English Post Office a delay of two days in delivering a European message, and one of six for an extra-European, is not thought astonishing, and the cost will not be refunded if the delay is less.

He who is surprised this forgets the manipulation which the message goes through. Thus, in the case of a cablegram from London to New York and back, there is a change at Penzance from the Lon- (Chief engineer of the British Postal and Telegraph System.) don wire to the Atlantic

cable, and another at Canso, Nova Scotia, from the Atlantic cable to the New York wire. In New York there is the delivery, the answer and the forwarding, and then a repetition of the changes.

If there were no overcrowding of wires, no delays from inattention, no changes, no messages having "right of way," the result would be quite satisfactory to the popular demand for "lightning speed." An incident famous in the telegraphic world shows what can be done in the way of transmission when the wires are free and the operators waiting.



From a photo by

[Humphreys, Carnarvon.

MR. W. H. PREECE.

Some years ago, at a telegraphic soirée in the Albert Hall, a feature of the evening's amusement was the sending of a message to Teheran, in Persia, and back. A sending and a receiving instrument had been put up in the hall and connected with the wires of the Indo-European Telegraph Company. This line crossed the Channel by cable to

Germany, and then by land lines ran over Germany, South Russia Caucasus, Armenia and Persia, to Teheran. At. Teheran the wire was ioined to a second line of the company, returning to London by the same route

The lines were cleared for the experiment, and, at a given signal, the key of the sender was pressed by the Prince of Wales. The instant that the button of the instrument was touched. click went the receiver. The current had been to Persia and back!

It is only in the case of especially important news that everything is arranged in advance to secure practically instantaneous results. In the case of a race like the Derby, or of a match like that between Oxford and Cambridge, America in something

the news reaches like fifteen seconds.

This is done easily enough. Beforehand a certain syllable is fixed for each element in the contest. Thus, in the case of the boatrace, Ox stands for Oxford, and Cam for Cambridge. As soon as the decision is made, an operator waiting near the racing-ground telegraphs to the cable station at Penzance.

The operator at the receiver of the land wire is frec to watch for the news. As he receives the first letter, O, he shouts it out to a man waiting with his finger on the key

of the cable instrument, which is in the same room, and he flashes the letter to New York. Before X can be called out—and that seems to be done instantaneously to one who listens—and the key of the cable instrument can be pressed a second time, the

first letter is in New York. In fact the crew does not have time to pull up, any more than does the winning horse at the Derby, before New York sporting men have the news.

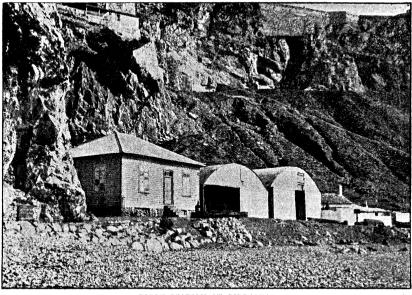
The delays in the case of the ordinary message are all from manipulation and over-crowding. There are none from examination of contents, from estimating duties at frontiers, from verifying the

right to traverse the different countries; that is, the common hindrances to international transit do not exist in the case of telegrams.

Telegraphy was, indeed, the first interest to conquer these difficulties and to bring the Governments of the world together in a union. This International Telegraphic Convention, as it is called, was founded in Paris in 1865. At that date telegraphy had no such extent as it has now. The possibility of an Atlantic cable, sure and efficient, was still in debate. None of the great overland routes had been as yet completed. telegraphs of each country were isolated, doing very well for internal traffic, but very badly for external. A message which in those days was sent across several boundaries was subject to an infinite number of annoyances and delays, and its cost was exorbitant.

The inconvenience and folly of this was so evident that in 1865 France called a convention of European states, with the object of putting an end to the irregularities. Twenty states replied; and at that gathering they succeeded in forming a convention which, with some changes, still remains in effect.

In 1865 there were but twenty nations represented. In 1890, at the last congress, there were over a hundred delegates present. At present thirty-eight different nations and thirteen private companies are subscribers to the constitution. Thirteen other private

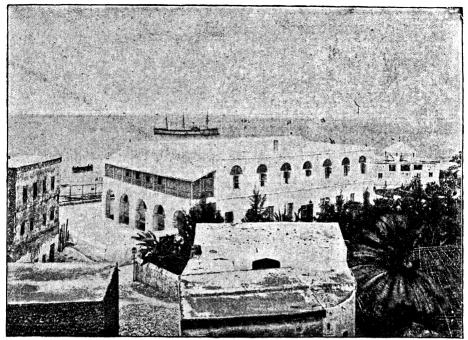


CABLE STATION AT GIBRALTAR.

companies follow the rules of the union, although not regular members, and several others are indirectly united to it.

This Convention, to which Governments and private companies have assented, requires that each party shall devote a certain number of direct lines to international telegraphy, and that everybody shall have the right to use them. It guarantees the privacy of correspondence, permits that it be sent in secret language if the sender desires, and arranges that messages shall be transmitted in the order of their importance. It aims at securing unity of rates each way between every two points, dictates a monetary standard for international tariffs, and makes all regulations which will insure quick transmission and delivery.

At the successive conferences, held every five years, all changes in and additions to the original convention found necessary are made. In order to have a headquarters to which and from which all matters concerning the Telegraphic Union could be sent, the congress established the Bureau International des Administrations Télégraphiques. Berne, Switzerland, was selected as the home of the Bureau.



TELEGRAPH STATION AT ZANZIBAR.

The advantages of this union can only be fully appreciated by seeing what it does in the case of an international telegram. Suppose, for illustration, that a telegram should be sent taking in the entire telegraphic field of the world, touching at the most remote points, but never leaving the land line or the cable; that is, never being transferred by post or messenger from one point to another.

Starting at San Francisco, let the route run across the continent to New York by Vancouver and Montreal. From New York let it follow the world's northern telegraphic boundaries through England, Norway, Sweden, Russia and Siberia; going south, touch at Nagasaki in Japan, Hong-Kong in China, Singapore, Java and Sumatra, cross Australia, and land in New Zealand; returning to Singapore, let it cross to Bombay, make a detour to Ceylon, then on to Aden, round the Cape of Good Hope, leaving the line at Zanzibar to call at Seychelles and Mauritius, mount the West African coast to St. Louis in Senegal, cross the South Atlantic to Pernambuco, traverse South America from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, and then go north through Mexico to New York.

Now this imaginary route was submitted to Mr. Preece, of the English postal service,

by the writer, and returned with the assurance that it could actually be traversed as outlined at a cost of about 73s. per word. The time required would be something like fifty-six hours.

On this route the message would pass through the hands of the private companies of Canada and the United States, over the public wires of England, into the care of a private Danish company, the Great Northern, which would deliver it to the Russian State Telegraph. Carried by the latter to Vladivostok on the Pacific, the same Danish company transports it to Hong-Kong and delivers it into English hands. English companies, combined with Colonial and Indian Government telegraphs, carry it to New Zealand and thence to Aden. Seven different companies carry it around the Cape of Good Hope and across to South America, where its control is alternately private and governmental, until it falls into Western Union hands.

Every one of these various organisations guarantees its passage without inspection and does its utmost to secure a rapid and exact transmission.

Such a result alone would be a great example of the value of the international union. But it does more. It has made it possible that the cost of the telegram should be made known in advance, and that instead of a list of the charges by the various Governments and companies concerned, in the puzzling moneys which they use, being given to the sender, he should have the total in a currency sufficiently well known the world over to be easily understood.

On this imaginary route seven kinds of money are used—pence by the English, cents by Americans and Mexicans, krones by the Danes, copecks by the Russians, rupees by the Indian Government, reis by the Brazilians,

pesos by the Argentines.

Now, to harmonise such discordant sums the convention decrees that the franc shall be the monetary basis of the union. Each country thus estimates the value of its currency in francs, and sends the results to the Bureau Telegraphique at Berne. Thus a shilling is valued at 1.20 franc; fifty kreuzers at one franc; a drachma at one franc; a krone at from 74 to 80 of a franc; four hundred reis, a franc; a piastre. 3.75 francs. Each member of the union also sends to Berne its tariff rates for international messages, which, as a rule, provide that nothing less than a certain fixed sum will be taken, and that each word will be charged at a certain rate. Great Britain accepts nothing less than tenpence for a foreign message; the Western Union will accept for a foreign telegram nothing under seventy-five cents, and the charge per word to London is twenty-five cents; Germany. five groschen (sixpence); Belgium, fifty centimes (fivepence); Italy, a franc (tenpence).

From Berne these rates are sent to the various Governments and companies, and used to make up their tables of charges for foreign telegrams.

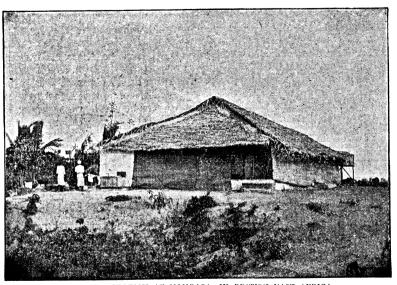
At least four different languages are spoken by the officials who handle the above telegram—English, Danish, Russian and Spanish; but it goes around the world in English. Since 1891 it could be sent from any office of the states of the Telegraphic Union in any one of the following languages: German, English, Arabic, Armenian, Bohemian (Czech), Bulgarian, Croatian, Danish, Spanish, Flemish, French, Greek, Hebrew, Hollandish, Hungarian, Illyrian, Italian, Japanese, Latin, Malay, Norwegian, Persian, Little Russian, Portuguese, Roumanian, Russian, Servian, Siamese, Slavonian, Swedish, Turkish.

It is understood, of course, that all these languages are written in Latin characters, otherwise it would be impossible to transmit them, either by the Morse and Hughes instruments, or by the mirror galvanometers and siphon recorders of the submarine cables. By writing in Latin characters, then, a message in Japanese can be sent around the world, just as one in English. The Japanese themselves are obliged to send their messages in this way, even within the boundaries of their own country.

In certain countries, if the language employed is neither European nor Latin, the message costs more. Thus in England it is charged for at the rate of five letters to a word.

The union provides for secret language of

two kinds: code and cipher. Code. or pre-arranged language, is composed of words the context of which has no meaning, but each word of which stands for a phrase or a sentence. · Any two persons may arrange a code for private use. Large numbers have been published, some adapted especially to a particular business, others to the affairs of daily life. One of the most important undertakings of the Telegraphic Bureau



TELEGRAPH STATION AT MOMBASA, IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

of Berne has been the arrangement of an official code. This was decided on at the conference in 1890, but was not completed until this year. This code contains some two hundred thousand words taken from the German, English, Spanish, French, Dutch, Italian, Portuguese and Latin languages. It

sending, allowing multiple addresses for one message. Not that all these conveniences are perfect in all countries. Thus, in the matter of refunding money for telegrams which plainly have failed to give the idea desired, because of errors in sending, or which have been seriously delayed, there is

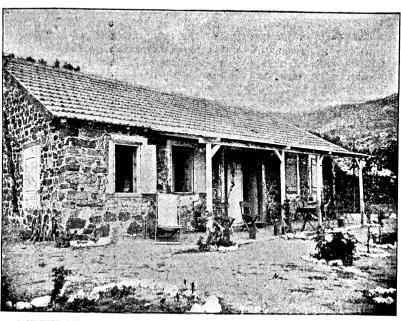
still considerable variance. Bulgaria, Spain. Greece, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Turkey, and a number of South American countries refuse to refund In Servia, if it can be proved that the fault is that of a Servian agent, the sum is returned. England refunds if the fault is in its service, but it is responsible for no loss to the sender on account of delav or mistake.

These international messages are paid for at the office from which

they are sent, and once a month there is a settlement between the companies interested.

The money with which different countries and companies regulate their affairs differs, though the aim is to do all international transactions in francs. Austria, Bulgaria, Spain, France, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Servia, Switzerland, Turkey, and a few others use the franc exclusively. Brazil pays the Brazilian Submarine Company in national money. Cochin China uses the franc with Siam, Tonquin and Annam, and the piastre with the Eastern Extension Company. Egypt employs English money with the Eastern Extension Company.

The payment for telegrams was formerly made in many countries by telegraphic stamps similar to postage stamps. They are still used in Belgium, Holland, and British India. The first country which adopted this custom was Spain; Germany, Bavaria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, Würtemberg, and others followed, but the system is falling into disuse, and is about to disappear. In certain countries telegrams



A SUMMER STATION IN THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS, OPEN FROM MAY TO NOVEMBER.

is to become obligatory in Europe three years hence, but will remain elective for all states of the union out of Europe.

As each word in the address of an international telegram is charged for, it is customary to register an abbreviated address if one has much business. Thus, "Warlock, London," is an abbreviated address for "Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited, Warwick House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C."

The cipher telegrams are those made up of groups of figures having a secret meaning agreed upon between two parties.

Telegrams in secret language are not accepted for all points, in spite of the union. Thus they will not be taken for Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, Tripoli, Turkey, and a few other points.

Many other decided advantages have come from the international union—insuring delivery, prepaying answers, registering messages, insuring that the message will follow the person to whom it is sent in case he has moved, refunding money if the telegram is too long delayed or is bungled in

are stamped with postage stamps. This is the practice in Great Britain, Italy, and

Hungary.

The carriers of the international and national messages of the world include 601,142 miles of land lines and 153,649 nautical miles of cable. Where the land lines run, all the world knows. They pass by our doors, criss-cross the sky as we look up in crowded streets, follow the railway tracks, climb over our hills, run into our country towns, fly into the wildest and most remote forests, and turn up in the most unexpected places-13 miles in St. Helena. 271 on the Gold Coast, a line across Zululand, another mounting 12.545 feet above sea level to Lake Titicaca, many miles in Madagascar. Even the savages of Africa, the camel-drivers of Persia, the rabbits of Central Australia, the unclad Malays, know the telegraph pole and line.

The cable is less familiar, but its circuits are no less daring. Look over a recent cable map. The red lines which mark the routes form a bewildering tangle. Twelve of them cross the Atlantic from Europe to North America, three swing from land's End to Lisbon, three from Spain to Brazil. two from Gibraltar to Alexandria, four down the Red Sea from Suez to Aden, three across the Indian Ocean from Aden to Bombav, two from Madras across the Bay of Bengal to Penang, and thence on by the Straits of Malacca to Sumatra, Java, Australia and

Every small body is crossed by one or The coasts of the continents are festooned with them. Even the cable map of the China Sea, Formosa Strait, and the Yellow Sea compares favourably with that of the Gulf of Mexico; and every now and then, all over the globe, the red lines run off to distant islands, as if they pitied their From Halifax there is a red line to the Bermudas, from Lisbon to the Azores, from Hong-Kong to the Philippines, from Zanzibar to Seychelles and Mauritius.

This network of telegraphs is owned, when on land, usually by Governments; when

under sea, by private parties.

New Zealand.

The lines in Great Britain were transferred to the state in 1870, and since then their growth has been rapid. In 1893 there were in our kingdom 209,046 miles of line, of which 22,771 were private. Over these in the year ending March 31, 1893, 69,907,848 telegrams were transmitted. We pay an annual interest of £298,888 on the money invested in our telegraphs. As our net

revenue has usually been less than this, we have an annual deficit. In 1893 there was £166.632 lacking to balance the expenses.

In the British Colonies the telegraphs are. as a rule, under Government control. Canada is an exception to most of the British Colonies. the telegraph lines there being mostly private: 2.699 miles out of 31.841 belong to the state

The United States owns no telegraphs. Her system is in the hands of the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Postal Telegraph Company. The Postal Telegraph was established to co-operate with the Commercial Cable Company, but it has proved itself a wide-awake rival of its big predecessor.

On the Continent the Government control of telegraphs is about complete, Austro-Hungary, Belgium, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Sweden and Norway, and Switzerland owning the lines, excepting those belonging to the railroads. Denmark possesses 2816 out of 3674 miles. Nineteen-twentieths of the Russian system is the state's.

Government control prevails in Japan. Persia owns some 3400 miles of single wire There are also in Persia 675 miles belonging to the Indo-European Telegraph Company, and 415 miles on the Russo-Persian frontier belonging to the same company.

Brazil controls her lines: Argentine Re-

public and Chili perhaps half of theirs.

With a few exceptions the state telegraphs do not pay expenses. The principal deficit is in the internal service, the international service helping rather to balance the budget. But the rates are much lower on the state lines than on private lines, as a rule. Great Britain the minimum rate is sixpence for the first twelve words, and a halfpenny for each additional word. In the United States the minimum is one shilling for day, tenpence for night, messages of ten words, with an addition of about one-fifteenth of this rate for an extra word. In Germany the minimum is sixpence, with an extra word of one halfpenny; in Belgium the rate is fivepence for fifteen words; in Spain, tenpence for fifteen words; in France, fivepence for from one to ten words. The words of the address are free in the United States, but they are counted in all other countries.

In the case of state telegraphs, too, the capital remains stationary. "Thus, in 1877," says Mr. Preece, "the capital of the "Thus, in British Post Office was £10,000,000, that of the Western Union was \$22,000,000. The capital of the latter is now \$123,000,000, while that of the former remains virtually the same. Scarcely a single vestige of the old telegraph companies' systems purchased by the Government of the United States now remains. Whence, therefore, their splendid system of cables, underground lines, and new poles extending everywhere, and transacting an annual business of £2,500,000, instead of the £600,000 handed over to them. It has all been paid for out of revenue. The Government keeps no capital account."

The ownership of cables presents a strong contrast, only 16,171 nautical miles being in Government possession. France owns the most—4053 miles; Germany has 1761 miles, Great Britain and Ireland, 1759; India, 1974.

The remaining mileage of this great system (137,478 miles) is in the hands of twenty-seven private companies, the three largest of which are the Eastern Telegraph Company (26,028), the Eastern Extension, Australian and Chinese Telegraph Company (16,132), and the Anglo-American Telegraph Company (10,400).

It is commerce and competition which explains, as a rule, this extraordinary system of land and cable lines. They have been laid to meet the demands of business, and, for the most part, of a business already assured. Not that there are no examples of that admirable daring which, foreseeing a chance, makes its venture, preferring to create a demand rather than to follow one. A remarkable case of just such a venture was the laying of the first cable along the Chinese shore in 1871.

Russia had finished the land line across Siberia—the line which, it will be remembered, was intended to be part of the route so long projected into the United States by Behring Strait. But the American end of the project had failed, and Russia found she had an interminable stretch of line across her barren steppes, and now had nothing to attach the end to. In fault of anything better to do with the straggling terminus, it was carried to Vladivostok.

The Northern Telegraph Company of Denmark saw the possibility of utilising this end for a European communication with China and Japan — not that China and Japan had expressed a desire for such a union. The wily Danes took care not to ask permission, but slipped the land end of their cables into shore in inoffensive drainpipes, and quietly made their connections until they had a cable running from Hong-Kong to Amoy, Gotzlaff, Woo-Sung, Nagasaki (Japan), and connecting with the land line at Vladivostok.

When the Chinese wakened up to the presence of the cable, it was too late to They simply professed themselves object. utterly sceptical of its usefulness, and refused to have anything to do with it. they soon had a practical demonstration of its capabilities. An Oriental, more bold than his compatriots, resolved to act on the price of rice telegraphed down to Shanghai from Pekin, and to buy up a quantity. so, and made a big sum. Soon after, a lottery drawing came off in Pekin, in which many residents of Shanghai were interested. The lucky numbers were telegraphed down, but the majority of the holders felt it unorthodox to trust to the impious Western contrivance which disdained time and space, two things which the Imperial Dragon himself had always respected, and they let their scepticism go so far that they sold their tickets for a song to more progressive gamblers. The next week, when the recognised post arrived, the report of the telegraph was confirmed. The new contrivance could not have had a more impressive advertisement.

The Great Northern Company, in venturing into Chinese waters to pick up the useless end of the Russian land line at Vladivostok, left a floating end at Hong-Kong, but immediately another daring company came on to meet it.

The year before, 1870, the famous Eastern Telegraph Company—the cable company which to-day possesses nearly twice as many miles of cable as any other in the worldhad laid its lines from Land's End to Gibraltar, thence to Malta, and on Alexandria. It had also laid a line from Aden to Bombay. On the other side of the Indian peninsula the Eastern Telegraph Company -to-day the second largest in the world—had picked up the end laid down at Bombay, and had run a cable from Madras to Penang, and from Penang to Singapore. When, the next year, the Great Northern appeared in Chinese waters, it was an easy matter to run up to Hong-Kong to meet it, and thus was furnished the last link in the tremendous circle which, beginning in England, crosses the north of Europe and Asia, passes down the eastern seas of Asia, and through the gulf of Bombay, the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean Sea, and the East Atlantic, back to England.

It was the year before the Eastern Extension carried its cable to Hong-Kong that it concluded to go on to Australia, on condition that one or all of the Colonies combined

would lay a land line across the continent to meet it. This offer was accepted by the South Australian Government. This colony then numbered 170,000 inhabitants; it was in debt heavily for railroads and telegraph lines in the settled parts of its territory, but it bravely set aside the money for the new undertaking.

The work was begun early in 1870. The history of telegraphs does not include another so dramatic chapter. All but two or three hundred miles of the two thousand from Adelaide on the south to Port Darwin, the cable terminus on the north, was through a land of either the worst reputation or utterly unknown, save from the reports of the one

The northern portion of the work was once abandoned, so hopeless did it seem. Again terrific floods drove the expedition entirely from the field. In spite of the loss and discouragement the line was finished in two years and a half, and after October 22, 1872, the London papers were publishing daily despatches from Australia. On November 15, 1872, a grand banquet was held in London, celebrating the completion of the work, and at it was read a telegram of thanks in response to one of congratulation which had been sent to Adelaide just two hours before.

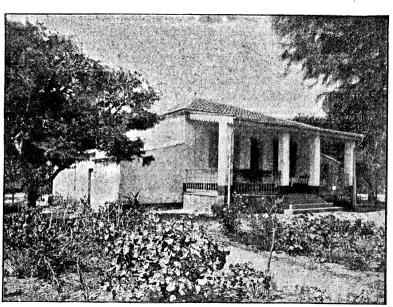
It was in this same period—between 1870 and 1874—that the skeleton of the world's

cable system was laid. In this time the Eastern Extension went on to Java (1870), thence to Australia (1871), and on to New Zealand (1874). The Brazilian submarine connected Lisbon and Pernambuco, and the Western and Brazilian the points on the east coast of South America, in 1874, and the next year there was a cable off the West Coast, thus completing the main features of the present system.

This network of wires has stolen around the world

almost noiselessly, and at present the most astonishing extensions go unnoticed. I heard an eminent telegraph administrator speak of this general indifference almost ruefully not long ago. "Nobody knows what we do," he said. "Here we are just about making connections with Borneo, and all that will be said about it will be in the notices in the telegraph stations: "Messages received to Borneo after such and such a date." It is typical of the whole history of telegraph extension.

In spite of the fact that the land lines have frequently been carried over the wildest countries—the steppes of Siberia, the plains of Australia, the forests of Africa—and that the greatest hardihood has often been en-



CABLE HOUSE AT BONA, ALGERIA.

explorer who, with infinite risk and hardship, had traversed it nearly ten years before.

The expedition was to be baffled by nothing, however. They carted every inch of their wire, most of their poles, all of their supplies, across a country often waterless, and so hot that the thermometer burst and the pork melted in the brine. They saw their cattle die of hunger and thirst. were forced literally to crawl through miles upon miles of scrub of the most exasperating character. The natives harassed them constantly, stealing their supplies, threatening their finished work, and rigging up their insulators as spear-heads, to use when the native boomerangs were not up to the occasion.

dured in construction, probably the worst enemy encountered has been and is the small boy who pegs stones at the insulators.

So true is this, that it is the custom on lines running through new countries to put



HIS EXCELLENCY IVAN DOURNOVO.

(Minister of the Interior, and Director of the Telegraphs of the Russian Empire.)

up *old* insulators. The fever runs its course, and when the boys are tired of the sport the company repair the ruins with new crockery.

In certain cases iron-covered insulators are used. This is the case in Persia often, for there the camel-drivers do the damage. Passing along the road by which run the lines, they are exactly at the right height on their camels to clip the insulators with their sticks. Persian human nature would have to be vastly different from English to resist such a temptation, and it is not; so the company puts up an iron-covered insulator.

In South Africa a difficulty of the first lines is that the natives steal the wire to make bracelets and nose rings and other ornaments. This has been prevented in certain cases by carrying along a supply of a cheaper and more attractive wire with which to buy them off. In landing cables the same difficulty has been experienced, the small boy or the curious native cutting off fragments. But here the remedy is simple, and one dose is sufficient—it is to turn on the current.

At the head of this vast system of telegraphs, land and sea, is some of the finest scientific, organising, and administrative

ability in the world. Sir John Pender at the head of the Eastern and Eastern Extension Companies, Sir James Anderson, Mr. W. H. Preece, chief engineer of the British Service; Nielsen, of Norway, Mr. Thomas T. Eckert, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, United States of America; Arten Pacha, of Egypt, Dr. Rothen, the director of the International Bureau, are but types of the ability which is engaged in various ways in completing and directing the system.

Almost invariably these men possess the broadest culture, the largest knowledge of the world. They show—no class of men better—how, at the present moment of the world's history, her "biggest men" are in commercial and industrial undertakings; that there the finest diplomacy, the greatest ideas, the best statesmanship are at work.

To man the world's telegraph system a large demand is made upon the brightest youth of the world, for in no department of the business are the stupid available. A quick mind, a prompt action, a ready hand are essential to catch, transfer, and send on electric flashes. No figures are to be had to



From a photo by]

[M. Vollenweider & Son, Berne.

DR. ROTHEN.

(Director of the International Telegraph Bureau, at Berne,
Switzerland.)

show the total number of persons engaged, but Brazil employed in 1890 for her lines, 1418 persons; British India, 6611; France, in her Continental and Corsican lines, 58,001; Great Britain and Ireland, 117,989; Japan, 7140; New Zealand, 1154; Roumania,

1648; Spain, 3644; Switzerland, 1948; the Philippine Islands, 473.

In this same year Porto Rico had open 38 offices; Russia, 3885; Norway, 354; Greece, 178; Germany, 17,454; Egypt, 172; Cochin China and Cambodia, 70; Belgium, 942.

The telegraph personnel is usually native. Thus in Persia, where there are about 3400 miles of single wire worked by the Government, the staff is entirely Persian; in Japan and in China it is native. In the latter

country the Danes have been the instruc-The success of the Danish Company in laving their cable along the coast induced them to attempt to run wires inland. They made a successful beginning, but were stopped oddly enough. There are no burial grounds in China, each family making a sepulchre for its dead upon its own premises. Dead ancestors are so reverenced that a shadow upon the grave is looked upon as an insult which must not be passed by. Now when $_{
m the}$ Danes began to put up poles for their wires, the shadows were sure, at some time of the day. to fall upon the grave some Celestial's ancestor. There were constant disputes between workmen and natives, and the enter-

prise was seriously interrupted for a time.

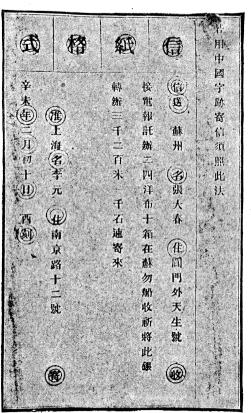
However the convenience of the telegraph became at last so evident to the Chinese that the Government decided to go on with the work, and since, even the shadows on the ancestor's tombs have not prevented their setting up poles. The native staff received its first instructions from a telegraphic school started by the Danes, to whom also the Chinese owe their telegraphic alphabet.

As the Chinese use over thirty thousand characters in writing their language, it was by no means a simple matter to provide them with an alphabet. The company employed to solve the problem a Danish professor of science, who had studied Chinese as a recreation. He selected six thousand characters in common use, and to each of them applied an arrangement of dots and dashes, thus giving to each character an appropriate telegraphic symbol. A little telegraphic dictionary was then printed, each character being accompanied by its appropriate telegraphic sign.

At first, in writing out messages, the telegraphic substitute was used, and the

receiver of the message was obliged to read it by consulting his dictionary. As the lines had a rather limited clientèle then, this was possible. Since, the messages are written out in native characters, as in other countries.

The good opinion the Chinese now have of their venture is shown by the present extent of the system. Pekin is connected with Tientsin, with the principal places in Manchuria, with the Russian frontier on the Amur and the Ossvri. All the chief cities in the Empire are in direct communication with the capital and with each other. Canton a line runs to the capital of the Yonnen province, and beyond to the border of Burma. In 1892 the Chinese and



A CHINESE TELEGRAM.

Siberian lines in the Amur Valley were joined, so that China is now in direct overland communication with Europe.

The amount of telegraphic business done annually is something astonishing. The number of messages reported in 1891 to the Bureau International was 295,678,651. The figures are still weightier if we consider the short time it has taken to reach them; that is, if we remember what a new thing the telegraph itself is, how the first practical telegraph dates from 1837, Morse's first message from 1844, the first English tele-

graph company from 1846; that in 1851 the whole number of messages sent in Great Britain was less than 59,000; and that the first cable, from Dover to Calais (a cable still in use, by the way), dates from 1851, and the first Atlantic cable from 1858.

The growth of business has been rapid since the completion of the international circuit. Thus, in 1870, in Great Britain the number of telegrams handled was 8,606,000; twenty years later it was 68,622,117. In 1870, in the United States, the traffic amounted to

11,500,000 messages; in 1890, 59,148,345. The inland traffic in India in the last twenty years has increased from 684,388 to 3,441,637 messages, and that between that country and Europe by all routes from 50,462 to 193,783. Everywhere the increase has been, if not always so marked, yet considerable.

Of course the lowering of rates explains principally the increase in business. This has been rapid the world The first tariff over. book of the Western Union Company gives the rates for 1866, the year of the consolidation of the companies of the United States. According to it the maximum rate between points in the United States at

that time was \$14.70; now it is \$1.

When the first direct communication was made between England and India, the rate per word was five shillings; now it is three shillings and eightpence, via Turkey. The Atlantic cable of 1866 charged £20 for twenty words. This afterwards was dropped to £10 for twenty words. When competition with the first Atlantic cable began, the price of messages was brought down from £1 per word to £1 10s. for ten words. This

competition has been increased until now the rate is one shilling per word.

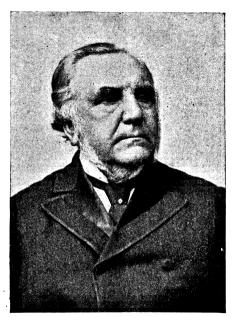
The capital engaged fits the figures above. The Western Union has a capital of £25,000,000, paying a yearly dividend of from five to seven per cent.; the Eastern Telegraph, over £6,000,000; the Eastern Extension Company, nearly £5,000,000; the Indo-European Telegraph Company, £450,000. The amount invested in Government telegraphs there is no means of knowing. In many countries it is not possible to

find out even the annual receipts and expenses of the state telegraph, since they are so mingled with the postal accounts.

Vast as the telegraph system of the world is. it is not complete. There is no way to reach Samoa but by post. None other to Alaska. The telegraph wire does not go everywhere. But it is fast lessening the number of places to which it does not go. A cable was finished last year from Singapore to the island of Labuan, on the north side of Borneo. and from there to Hong-Kong, which will consolidate the service of the Eastern Extension Company in the East.

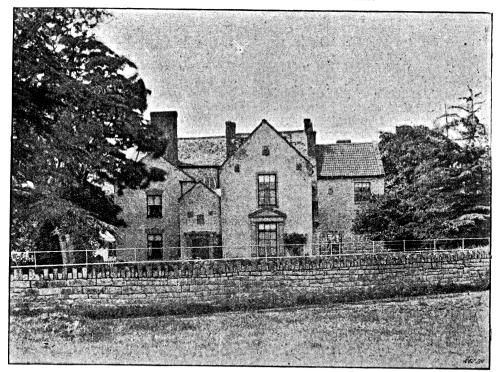
A submarine cable between Australia and

Vancouver Island and San Francisco, touching at New Caledonia, the Fiji Islands, Samoa, and the Sandwich Islands, has been planned, and the first section, Queensland to New Caledonia, is laid. Every month sees new short lines running here and there by land or sea, and it is safe to say that no point on the earth's surface will remain long unconnected after it has proved itself of some use to the civilised world.

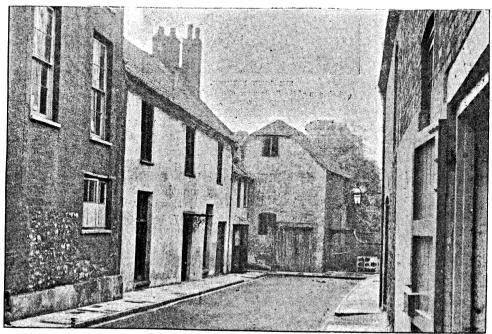


SIR JOHN PENDER. (Chairman of the Eastern and the Eastern Extension Telegraph Companies.)

BIRTHPLACES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.



From a photo by] [Henry Harbour, Plumstead. FIELDING'S BIRTHPLACE, THE MANOR HOUSE, SHARPHAM, SOMERSET.



From a photo by]

ADMIRAL BLAKE'S BIRTHPLACE, BRIDGEWATER, SOMERSET.

(The house with the ironwork over the door.)

[Henry Harbour, Plumstead. SOMERSET.

THE SPECTRE AT MONTBARRE'S.

By Eden Phillpotts.*

Illustrated by Montagu Barstow.



2 1.4 FORES

I am not an authority on house - parties no man is. Therefore when I say that the Christmas gathering at Montbarre's, of which I am now to speak, was absolutely

the best-chosen company ever brought together, I expect to be believed. Even the

my friend have all the credit, for it is my rule in the world to go quietly on doing good and suffering others to reap the reward.

There was one blot though upon that party: Harold Sedley came. Montbarre may also take all credit for him.

At my friend's splendid old country seat



gregarious Montbarre never did anything better, and he knows how to select his men and women as well as I do myself.

To tell the truth, I helped him considerably on the occasion in question; but I let

* Copyright, by Eden Phillpotts, 1895.

in Kent were assembled about five-andtwenty pleasant souls, including the family, and only one incident marred the harmony of nine delightful days. It all came of a fatuous attempt to score off me. Now I am quite as easy to score off as any other man, and six rollicking, young, unmarried girls would have been perfectly equal to "taking down my number," as the phrase goes, and they would have been perfectly welcome to do so twenty times a day; but with men one feels different, don't you know.

I hate sticking myself in the centre of a thing; and though I have been photographed a thousand times in house-parties, you will always find me hiding quietly behind somebody at the back of the group, or else well out of focus and quite unrecognisable at the But with a story the case is altered. I say this because, being as it were a diffident chappie, it would give me no pleasure to make myself the hero of a varn if it could be helped. And, now I think of it, anything less heroic than my appearance in the matter of the spectre at Montbarre's could hardly be imagined. I am the villain of the piece, not the hero.

Without mentioning all the people gathered beneath the hospitable roof of "The Chase," I may briefly say that Teddy Tupholme was there and his brother Alfred. Dean Barnes, of Southminster, might be likened to the oil of our social salad; Mrs. Barnes represented the vinegar. But the proportions came out right, for old Barnes was simply fifteen stone of garrulous good nature in black gaiters, and he could have put his lady into his pocket. Moreover she spoke little, and when she did everybody laughed excepting the unfortunate individual hit.

Again, she generally hit the Dean himself—which was no great feat of marksmanship—and when that happened he laughed with the best. Then (to pursue the salad simile) of young green things we had good store in the shape of the pretty Misses Mayberry. There were three of them, and they were all beautiful and all sweet, and you thought each was the most trustful, gazelle-eyed, credulous saint out of heaven until you met one of the others.

Then Montbarre's daughters, Millicent and Joan, were also lovely, but they knew a little of the world, and hadn't been out three seasons for nothing. They bore the same relation to the Mayberry girls that endive does to lettuce. Montbarre himself was the pepper—as hot as the sun sometimes—but you could no more get angry with him than with the sun itself.

I worked out this quaint conceit in the billiard-room one evening, and everybody thought it happy until Tom Sedley—who is engaged to the second Miss Mayberry, and who is, I regret to say, a cad by everything but birth—capped my remarks.

"And you're the spring onion, old man; a little of you goes a long way, and many people think you spoil the lot."

This was more vulgar than funny, but fellows laugh at jolly little after dinner, don't you know. There ought, moreover, to have been a pretty smart repartee to Sedley, yet though I have thought off and on for three years about it, I never found just the right answer. It's too late now, even if I do. You can't leave a repartee for three years if you want the thing to get home.

One point is certain: never was any human salad served up in a better bowl than "The Chase." We had hunting and shooting by day, dining, music, dancing and general festiveness afterwards. There were children too—very amiable little things as children go—and one of the best entertainments we enjoyed, for sheer, simple amusement, was the Christmas-tree night.

I cut the things off the tree because I'm six foot two-no other reason-and the girls did charades, and Tupholme and his brother blacked their faces and went in for being Ethiopians; which gave much pleasure to themselves if nobody else. Then we had "snap-dragon" and "puss in the corner," "blind man's buff" and "musical chairs." Everybody played these excellent old games excepting Sedley; he was the cloud on the evening, because he said that no children's party could be complete without an ogre. What the dickens you want with an ogre at such a time I don't see. Nobody did in fact, excepting Sedley. But he would be an ogre in spite of all advice; went away, put on a mask, and got himself up generally like those miserable things the clown knocks about at the end of a pantomime; and the second Miss Mayberry helped him. He only made the children cry, and Montbarre, who failed to recognise the man, thought it was his butler playing the fool.

Now the butler is a feature of "The Chase" undoubtedly—a faithful servant, a good old family friend and so forth—but his position in the house did not warrant low buffoonery of this kind, and Montbarre got jolly angry. He had already said some hard things under his breath to Sedley before he found out his mistake. I laughed and the second Miss Mayberry nearly cried.

After the children had all gone to bed we sat round a good old-fashioned fire in the hall and told ghost stories. It was jolly picturesque, don't you know. I remember the second Miss Mayberry began it by inquiring, in her soft wondering voice, if the

Dean believed in ghosts. She really is the quietest little country mouse of a girl I ever met a thousand times too sweet and simple and good for Sedley. Old Barnes asked: "Am I to understand, Miss Alice, that you honestly want to hear my views on that great subject?"

And Mrs. Barnes said—

"No, you've not. Give a plain answer to

a plain question, my dear."
"Then I do," declared the Dean.

emphatically believe in them."

"Everybody does, really," said Montbarre, "everybody at least but my friend on the

 ${f right.}^n$

So speaking he pointed to me. Note that Montbarre said "his friend on the I was usurping no conspicuous place in the middle of the hearthrug. like Sedley for instance. No. I sat in comparative obscurity, talking to Milly But the remark drew all eyes Montbarre. upon me.

"Why," continued Montbarre, "he sleeps here in our own haunted chamber. him there because I knew he wouldn't care a groat what happened. But there is a ghost all right, and perfectly responsible, intelligent people have seen it, and not liked it a little

"I saw it," declared Teddy Tupholme: "I saw it last Christmas night, and it was frightful!"

"So many people do see things on

Christmas night," said Mrs. Barnes.

Mind you, that was a rude remark to make, because if you think the words out, as I did afterwards, they amounted to a sort of insinuation that Teddy had taken more than was necessary for his system during the previous Christmas day.

"What was our ghost like?" asked Joan Montbarre. "None of the family have seen

it yet."

"Grim," declared Teddy; "it's all summed up in that. Grim and gruesome, and gray."

"Did it speak?"

"No, but it clanked. I believe it had chains hanging on it somewhere."

"How very frightful!" said Alice May-"I should have fainted, I know."

Then Montbarre explained that a rather horrible sort of murder had been done in that room by some low-class chappies in Queen Elizabeth's days. The murderers themselves never appeared now—probably they were busy elsewhere—but the victim dropped in from time to time and clanked. Montbarre made a tremendous feature of the

clanking, because that was the special strong point about "The Chase" spectre.

" You'll never see it, old man," said Sedley "It's only highly-strung, sensitive, intellectual beggars who see ghosts."

Again I couldn't for the life of me think of a good thing with which to squash Sedley.

"What would you do if you did see it?" asked Miss Montbarre.

"Why, he'd curl up and get in a blue funk, like anybody else," answered Sedley. Then I had him.

"My dear chap," I said, "speak for yourself; we're not all moral and physical cowards."

Mind you, there was a lot more in that remark than anybody guessed, excepting Sedley and Montbarre, and myself. Only the day before the man had shown the most ghastly white feather out hunting; and he knew that I knew it. I remembered the very gate he crept through, and the excuse he made about his horse.

Montbarre enjoyed this score of mine too. but of course we hadn't given the chap away, because nobody else understood. But somehow the second Miss Mayberry spotted that I'd got at him, and she looked at me

in a way I didn't like at all.

Then Millicent Montbarre explained about The thing made a habit of the ghost. entering my bedroom by a secret door which opened into it from the thickness of the One end of this passage had outer wall. long ago been bricked up, the other merely opened on to a landing at the top of a staircase which led down into the kitchen regions. Montbarre had put a lock on the door, so that anybody sleeping in the haunted room could fasten it from the inside.

"Not that a lock would keep a spectre out if he was a classy one," said young Tom Forrest. He was a tidy fellow, with some experience of India, and he told us several good ghost stories about dak bungalows and

places of that kind.

Then Sedley drifted off to the billiardroom, and the Tupholmes went with him.

"What would you really do if you saw a ghost yourself?" Alice Mayberry asked me. Our conversation had drifted away from the supernatural, but she brought it back again. Apparitions generally seemed to have a horrid, morbid fascination for this girl; she was a regular bundle of nerves, poor little I saidsoul.

"Better think no more about 'em, Miss Mayberry, or you won't get a wink of sleep

to night, I know."

But she persisted in repeating her question. so I had to answer it.

"Oh. I should keep my nerve, don't you know, and be civil, and make the thing at home, and listen to what it had to say, and do it a good turn if I could."

"But suppose it froze you with horror?"

I've never been frozen "It wouldn't. with horror in my life."

"But suppose it told you of your future. and predicted some hideous death for you."

I laughed. "Then I should tell it to run

away and play, and be good and not worry."
"You never would," said the girl, her great gray eyes gleaming quite weirdly in the firelight; "you'd do what Harold said you would: be frightened like other people. Nobody has ever seen such a really horrible ghost as the one here without being terrified."

"The Board Schools, and all that sort of thing, have discouraged the spectres round these parts a good deal," said Montbarre.

"And raised worse ones than they have laid." declared the Dean's wife. "You should see my new housemaid: a flesh and blood horror's the worst after all!"

"It was a densely haunted neighbourhood once," continued Montbarre. "Every old place of any pretensions in these parts had ghosts, and some had two. But nobody sees them now excepting girls or excitable chaps like Ted Tupholme. I suppose they've got discouraged and gone elsewhere."

That was the end of the matter. ladies went to bed and I joined the men in the smoking-room. A silence fell as I entered, but not before I caught five words from Sedley: "Jolly good score off him." This fragment somehow set me thinking, and then, with one of those flashes of intuition which come to a chap perhaps not more than twice or thrice in a lifetime, I connected the remark with what had recently passed. These fellows were preparing some spectral pleasantry at my expense.

I took extreme care not to show that I suspected anything, and we played and smoked, and finally sat and talked until it was time to turn in. But once in the haunted room, feeling certain that Sedley would not let his rage against me grow cool until the tables were turned, I looked round me, so as not to give myself away, don't you

Poking about behind a curtain which hung on one side of the room, I first found the secret door. It was fashioned to fit the high wooden panelling which ran round the place to a height of ten feet. Opening this mysterious concern I found it led into a black narrow passage, and, what was strange. though I had only been in the room five minutes, I could have sworn I heard something stealing away in the darkness. Had I followed instantly, how much unpleasantness might have been saved! But we only think of the right thing after we have done the wrong one in this world—at least I do. and I'm a type of a biggish class.

The sound, whatever it was, lasted no time; then there was silence, until far away I heard a door bang. I felt positive that it was Sedlev's, and that decided me. If I can get time I like to work a problem out, but I must have ample leisure. On this occasion I first settled in my own mind what Sedley was going to do that night, and then I arranged with myself what I should do. will put it into a sort of dialogue, because it came to me in that way.

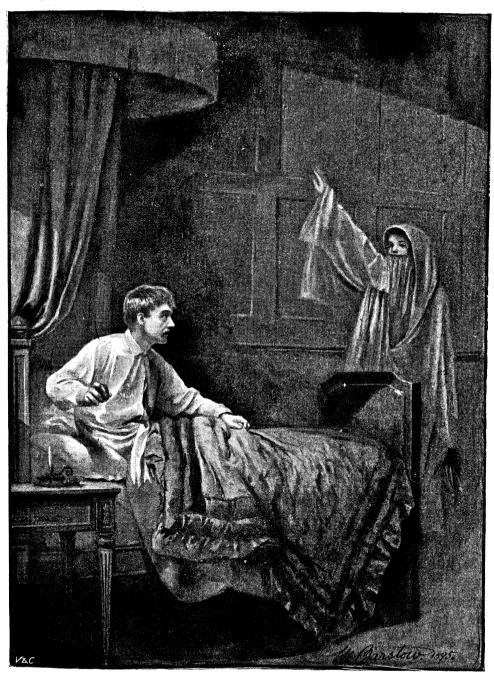
"Now one thing's clear. Sedley's going to jolly well haunt me to-night, and he will come up that black passage. No he won't; he hasn't got the pluck. He'll work out the details and then make one of those Tupholme boys do the ghost, or else Forrest. All right. It doesn't matter. Their own fault for helping him in such a fool's trick. I'll leave the door open anyway to make it easier for them.

"What will the ghost do when it comes? It'll walk to the foot of my bed and clank. All right, let it. And what shall I do? The thing is to cut off its retreat. I'll have something ready to discourage it, and I'll arrange the flat sponge-bath with a string so that I can pull it between the spectre and the door. It'll turn to fly when I get out of bed, and then it will fall into my tub. right, let it. After that I shall bound out. strike a light, and survey the semi-drowned ruins of the apparition. Then I shall laugh. Next I may give it a word or two of friendly advice and send it back to its beastly friends waiting at the other end of the passage."

My hope was that Tom Sedley himself might essay the part of the ghost, but I felt pretty certain he would transfer that supreme

responsibility on to other shoulders.

I filled the sponge-bath with water, made a string with braces and handkerchiefs, and found that I could easily arrange it so that the thing might be quietly pulled opposite the secret door. I popped into the passage once or twice myself, but not a sound greeted me. Then I went to bed, arranging the string to the bath where I could instantly pull it into position, and just putting a cake



"'And now I'll tell you what I'm going to do."

of Brown Windsor under my pillow as a handy thing to fling. A piece of soap will hurt without doing any lasting injury, don't

you know.

There was a bright moon, too, that night, so before turning in I drew up my blind, just to throw some cold, wan illumination into the room, and encourage the spectre, if he did come. My idea was to keep awake, but I couldn't; I dropped asleep, as usual, the moment my head touched the pillow. But I did one clever thing, I went to sleep in my eyeglass, so as not to be taken unprepared.

I remember, just as I succumbed, thinking of Alice Mayberry's pretty eyes and voice, and hair, and I lost consciousness wondering what had possessed this shy little flower of a girl to fall in love with and accept a "bounder" like Sedley. I almost felt as if I could have loved her myself—I, a man with the most notoriously pronounced bachelor

instincts you ever heard of.

Then came the great moment you always get in a ghost story sooner or later. I awoke suddenly, conscious of a presence. The Presence was standing just where I expected it, at the bottom of my bed, and I found that what had woke me up was its clanking. Rusty fetters would certainly have produced just such a weird sound, but then so would fire-irons.

One thing relieved my mind, I could see by its height the spectre was Sedley all right. The Tupholmes and Forrest are rather long Johnnies, but Sedley is very undersized. The figure appeared gray and shadowy; its face was invisible, and, as I sat up in bed, it raised one arm and shook it menacingly at me. I put up my eyeglass, got the Brown Windsor from under my pillow and felt for the string to the bath.

"Well, my son, so you've turned up, have you?" I asked pleasantly. The thing

sighed but made no answer.

"They killed you, did they? Blessed if I blame 'em. You're about the paltriest, cheapest thing in ghosts that ever woke up its betters I should think." While I said this pretty loud I dragged the string and knew the bath was now exactly in the doorway of the secret passage.

Then the spectre bent down, moaned, rose to its full height, and waved both

hands above its head.

Finding I kept my nerve, it clanked again. "If that's all you can do," I said, "you may as well chuck up haunting and go and smother yourself; you wouldn't alarm an

idiot. And now I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to fling a bit of soap at you as hard as I can chuck it, and I bet you it'll burt"

The ghost fell back, but my Brown Windsor had started, and I heard it land with a thud, and saw the spectre's paws go up to its face. Then a rum thing happened. Instead of saying—well, what Sedley or any other chap would probably say if surprised with a cake of soap in the eye, my vision tamely remarked, "Oh!" Then it dropped something—the clanking apparatus—and bolted for all it was worth.

To hear that splash atoned for losing a

night's rest.

"You've got the soap, old man," I yelled, "and if you haven't had a bath since Queen Elizabeth's time now's your chance!"

But the ghost gurgled and made the most extraordinary sounds. I got out of bed leisurely, and as I did so the dripping wretch struggled out of my bath and went down the passage like lightning. Never a word had he said from first to last. But I heard a great gasp as he went and the chattering of teeth.

I ran down the passage as quickly as possible, and then came the really remarkable thing—I neither heard nor saw the

vision again.

Then I lighted a candle, picked up the soap, and found the clanking machine—merely a poker and tongs. After that I locked the secret door, laughed for ten minutes, went back to bed and slept soundly, soothed by sweet dreams of Sedley with one eye black and a severe cold in his nose.

I was up much earlier than usual, wishing to greet my ghost at the breakfast-table. But one individual only had reached the room before me. She proved to be the second Miss Mayberry—and she had a black eye!

To say that I was overcome is to understate the case. I believe I tottered. But

she was very calm and self-possessed.

"Good morning," she said; "another perfect day, isn't it? I thought you would be early. I want to speak to you."

"Yes? Awfully black—I mean fine day."

"It won't stand talking about—last night I mean. I see you guess how I got this frightful bruise. It was my own fault. I deserved it. I wanted to punish you for sneering at Harold and saying he had no courage. This is the result. If you're a man you won't say another word about the matter."

I was simply pulverised. I merely stared.

My eyeglass dropped. I believe my jaw

dropped also.

"If you will put those—those fire-irons somewhere so that I can take them back to my room I should be obliged to you," she continued. Her self-possession and nerve took my breath away again. I fled for the fire-irons and she followed. Two minutes later they were back in her room, and she returned.



"'It won't stand talking about."

"D'you mean to say you haunted me without any help from anybody, Miss Mayberry?" I ventured to ask.

"Absolutely. Not a soul knows what a fool I made of myself last night but you.

Not a soul must."

"Not a soul shall. Can you forgive me? I would rather have been fried before a slow fire than flung things at you."

"Yet you seemed to be perfectly ready for somebody," she said.

"Well, yes, but not you. I overheard a remark in the billiard-room. I expected—well, it doesn't matter."

"You thought it was Harold," she said, colouring up. "You don't like him—why?"

I was spared any answer, for at this moment Sedley came into the breakfast-room.

"Good heavens! Alice, what have you done to your eye?" he asked.

"I met with an awkward accident last night," she said, not turning a hair.

And that's the end of the story; but if it isn't a revelation of feminine character I should like to know what it is.

A girl, mind you, who appeared to have no more pluck than a mouse. Yet, because a comparative stranger scored off her lover, she could set out on a desperate enterprise like that. She wouldn't have cared if she had made me a babbling lunatic for life. She told me the next day that she had hidden in a deep niche in the passage when I rushed out, had waited till I returned, and then crept to her own apartment more dead than alive.

I lost two stone thinking over that affair; and when she was married, during the following spring, I sent her a present which took the shine out of anything else she had, and also out of my quarter's allowance. Sedley was savage about it, but she understood.

And as to the men who had hatched a plot to frighten my senses out on

that evening, young Tupholme told me afterwards, in confidence, that the idea had been mooted and then abandoned, because one and all agreed that no apparition within the reach of their combined inventive faculties would be in the least likely to agitate a thick-headed, unimaginative ass like me.

I laughed.



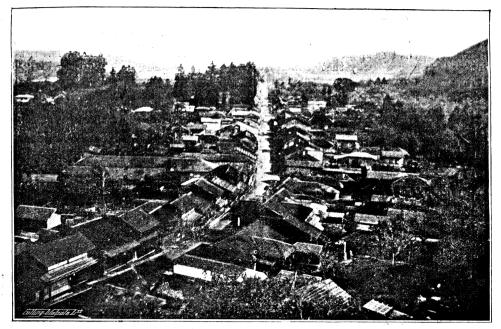
[By Montagu Barstow.

IN A GARDEN.

The lily pale and wan
Puts all her glories on,
Her silver mantle and her golden crest.
The humbler violets stand,
Her ladies at command,
As she attires in lawn her ivory breast.

The bland and balmy rain
Revives the vernal plain;
The vale remurmurs as its kisses burn;
As some fair girl replies
With answering lips and eyes
To greet with love her welcome love's return.

LORD DE TABLEY.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NIKKO TOWN.

HOW THE JAPANESE LIVE.

By Douglas Sladen.*



T is not easy to describe how the Japanese live, except the very poorest of them, for it is etiquette among the refined Japanese to keep their home life absolutely private. As

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, in his exquisite "Out of the East," has just pointed out, the Japanese gentleman in inviting you to his home does not for an instant intend to show you anything of his home life. In England or America you invite a stranger to your home to prove that you think well enough of him to introduce him to your family. The Japanese does nothing of the kind. He asks you to his home in the same way as you would ask a man, whom you did not mean to introduce to your family, to dine at your club.

In Japan, when your riksha pulls up in front of the gate of your host's compound, you are ushered in with a good deal of ceremony and mystery, and if the household be managed in a purely native fashion you find your host alone. By-and-bye, at some point of the dinner, his wife, a graceful, gracious, gentle apparition, may appear for

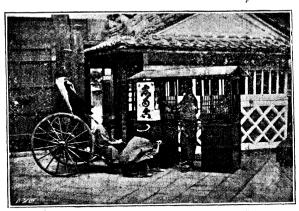
one moment to pay you the compliment of waiting on you with a single dish, and she will just show herself as you are saying good-bye. Your host, as Mr. Hearn points out, may probably have aged parents in the house, and though you are not likely to see them on that occasion, still, if you become intimate in the household, you will get to know them before you get to know the wife, and the children will make friends last of all.

The exceptions are the grown-up daughters, if there be any, who, even at your first introduction to the household, may come in for some time to show you their handiwork or accomplishments; and you may compliment them, with reserve, on their accomplishments, but not on their dress or appearance without a breach of good manners.

Of the way in which the upper class Japanese live I shall have a word to say later. To me the life of the coolie and small shopkeeper class was always more interesting, as the struggle for existence compels them to be more human. The upper classes—the women at any rate—prostrate themselves before the car of the Juggernaut—Duty. To them the love of

^{*} Copyright, 1895, by Douglas Sladen.

the husband for the wife, of the parents for the children, is self-indulgence; to them the fifth commandment is the greatest of all the commandments, and the fifth commandment is interpreted so arbitrarily that a married woman's devotion must be consecrated, not to her own parents, but her husband's.



A "RIKSHA" AT THE GATE OF A COMPOUND.*

This exaggerated idea of duty has its honourable compensations, for though one marriage out of three in Japan ends in a divorce, the lower class is, to an overwhelming degree, responsible for this state of statistics. In the upper, a man only divorces his wife after relatives and family councils have done their best to avert the catastrophe. It is considered a disgrace to all parties concerned. It is unusual for a divorced woman to be able to marry again; and it is a distinct breach of etiquette for a widow to marry again.

In the lower classes it is different; a man marries lightly and divorces lightly, and women not infrequently divorce their husbands—a thing unheard of among gentlefolk. This is partly because Japanese ladies—except where Western ideas have corrupted—bring no dowry to their husbands, and have, when they are divorced, neither their children nor any alimony, however innocent they may be. The woman of the people, being accustomed to live by her own labour, has only the loss of her children to consider. In Japan the father always has the custody of the children, because heredity is only

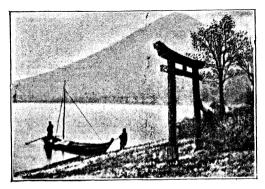
supposed to be transmitted through males. Concerning the inequality of the two sexes, Mr. Daigoro Goh, late Chancellor of the Japanese Legation in London, has a terse resume in his admirable article on "The Family Relation in Japan," in the last Transactions of the Japan Society:—

Unfortunately the inequality of the Japanese husband and wife in their rights and liberties is rather excessive. Every restriction is imposed on her. She has to wait upon him at meals in the absence of the servants. She has to salute him first on every occasion, and he merely returns her salutation. She walks, sits, eats, sleeps, all after him, and rises before him in the morning. She has to sit up and wait to any hour, in principle, but up to a reasonable time in practice, when he is out. She addresses him as Danna sama, or "My lord," whereas he calls her by name. If any friend of the husband calls while he is conversing with the visitor in the drawing-room, the wife in the next room has to attend to, or superintend a servant in serving, the guest with futon, or cushion, tabako-bon, or smoking-tray, hibachi, or fire-box, tea and cake, but she seldom joins in the conversation unless the visitor be a lady. Housekeeping is her sole duty and responsibility—governing and directing the whole of the household affairs; but this is done rather for the henefit of

but this is done rather for the benefit of the husband than for herself. In arranging rooms, preparing meals, employing servants, shopping, all his ideas, his tastes, his will, his requirements, are thought of first by the wife.

Generally Japanese wives are good tailors and dress-makers—I do not mean by profession, but as house-wives. The wife makes, or prepares, kimono, not only for herself and her children, but also for her husband. He may not know anything about his own clothes, but she must know all about them. If any untidiness or want of cleanliness is found in her husband's attire, it is her fault not his.

A good many glimpses of the life of the poor Japanese will be gleaned from the



THE LAKE OF CHIUSENJI.

pictures with which this article is illustrated, which I am about to describe in some detail. Deeply implanted in the Japanese nature is the love of an exquisite view, or exquisite flowers, and it is the bed or grove of blossom

^{*} This illustration represents a private riksha, with the owner's crest on its side, drawn by two runners, waiting outside the gates of a wealthy Japanese. One of them has been buying chow (food) from the portable chow stall, which is after the manner of the coffee stall in a cabman's shelter, except that it is carried about on its owner's back.

which they admire more than a single flower however magnificent. To see at their best a famous bed of the purple iris in a suburb of Tokyo, or the acres of wild azalea in a certain gorge: to see a view like the Lake

of Chiusenii, with the big black torii (Japanese arch) in the foreground and the sacred mountain Nantaizan in the background, even the humblest will make expeditions of many miles. that take them days on foot, carrying their simple luggage in little cardboard boxes, the size of a stav box or a macaroni box. wrapped in oiled paper. All Japanese, down to the very lowest, have a passion for beauty and an eve for art. as the simplest articles of domestic use in households. which have escaped European innovations, show.

Even the richest Japanese live in houses which are

neither large nor expensive according to our ideas. The poor live in houses that cover only a few square yards, made of the very simplest materials. The frames, consisting only of a few posts and rafters, are of light fir beams, which support a roof of thick, deep-channelled, purplish tiles. The re-



AT THE SHOE SHOP.

mainder of the house, if there be no upper story, consists of a floor of outside wooden shutters (amado) of unpainted fir-wood, which are only put up at night or in very bad weather, and panels of wooden frames covered with stouter or thinner paper, according as they are to be used for windows or dividing walls. These, both the wooden shutters and the paper panels, slide between



MAKING SILK THREAD.

grooves in the floor and the roof beams, and with the panels the house can be divided up into any number of rooms the occupant chooses.

In the native inn at Nara—described in "A Japanese Marriage"—for instance, the entire inn formed one large sitting-room

during the day and as many bedrooms as guests required at night. The kitchen and living rooms of the hostess and her servants were in another building. You even had to wash and bath in the veranda formed by the space between the paper shutters and the wooden ones; wash in a sort of brass shaving basin, and bath in a round wooden tub, heated by some mysterious apparatus with a mere handful of charcoal.

The bird's-eye view of Nikko Town (on page 69) shows houses of a better kind than I have just been describing, most of them

being tea houses for the entertainment of pilgrims to Nikko, especially the pilgrims of the picturesque, who are here apt to be more well-to-do than religious pilgrims. There, as in most country places, the roofs are, many of them, of a fine close thatch, and a few of wooden shingles. The floor is raised about a foot from the ground, and no Japanese ever steps upon it without taking off his shoes. To use his own picturesque expression, he does not make a street of his home. The shoes are left at the door: no one molests them. At a theatre or other large public assembly-place he will receive a wooden tablet (what the Americans call a check) from a man left in charge of them. to save confusion rather than robbery.

The view of the Japanese shoe shop on the previous page gives an idea of a Japanese floor which is covered with mats of fine vellow straw, always 6 feet by 3 feet. (The Japanese in giving the measurements of a room describe it, not as being so many feet long by so many feet wide, but as consisting of so many mats.) Underneath the floor may be seen the shoes of the people who are in the house. The principal varieties of Japanese shoes are the high kiri-wood clogs, shown in the foreground, used for wet or dirty streets, and fine straw sandals, both of them held on by one loop round the big toe and another loop round the other four toes, as shown in the picture.

Besides these there are the coarse ropesoled sandals, costing a penny or three halfpence a pair—used by riksha boys on rough roads and by other Japanese for country walking—and tabi. Of tabi—divided socks there are two kinds, one made of very coarse,



IN THE KITCHEN.

strong, dark-blue cotton studded on the soles, used for out-of-doors, the other fine and white for indoor wear. The big boy in the background is kneeling—as the Japanese kneel in lieu of our sitting—and the small

boy has the inevitable hibachi or charcoal fire-box in front of him. His shop is neither of the better nor the poorer kind just average.

A good idea of how the paper shutters



THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

(shoji) look from the inside may be formed from the other illustration on the same page. in which a woman sits reeling silk thread. The floor also gives a good idea of the texture of the coarser matting used by the poor. The little box in the foreground with a square handle is a tabako-bon or pipe stove.

being one of the principal articles of export in Japan, the making of silk thread occupies a number of thrifty housewives. Her dress shows her to

be very poor.

After this we see a woman in much better circumstances surrounded by her household utensils. She is engaged in cutting up the daikon, or gigantic radish, which enters so largely into Japanese diet. It tastes like a coarse, pungent turnip, and will grow about a yard long and as thick as a man's arm. The woman has on her head one of the pale blue head-towels (with a design on it in darker blue), twisted into a kind of sun-bonnet, which $_{
m the}$ Japanese women wear when they are working

in the fields, picking tea, transplanting rice and so on. I have chosen this picture partly because it shows in its background one of the opaque paper panels (shoji) used for

dividing a house up into rooms.

Next we have the good housewife waiting to bargain with the vegetable hawker as soon as he has served the *mousmee* (girl) who is buying apples from him. I have chosen this picture partly because the woman (the

mousmee), the children and the hawker are all typically dressed, partly because it shows his piled-up baskets, slung at each end of a bamboo rod, ingeniously balanced on a short pole, while he is selling his wares, and partly because the house—quite a poor one—in which the woman lives is not built with movable amado, but, like a good many even of the poorer houses in towns, of weather-boards, in imitation of foreigners' cottages, or the yashiki of the old Daimio.

The illustration below shows the bad housewife playing go-bang with two well-dressed women, whose kimonos are made of a fine gray woollen material. Behind them is a kakemono, or hang-

ing picture, and in front a box of beanflour cakes, a tray of tea, a basket of fruit and a *tabako-bon* (pipe-stove) of rather a different shape. The room is finely matted, the players are sitting on silk princesscushions, and the left-hand one is wearing a very handsome *obe* (sash) of heavy brocade.

With economical housewives the pipemender is a popular institution, though pipes which are made with bamboo stems and brass bowls and mouthpieces (in defi-



THE BAD HOUSEWIFE.

ance of the cancerous tendencies of brass) are extremely cheap. These pipes only hold a thimbleful of tobacco and can be smoked out in a few whiffs.

The pipe-mender carries about with him

a rackful of second-hand pipes which he sells at any price from a penny upwards, even to a European. The pipe-mender in the picture is very typically dressed for a poor Japanese. On his head is the white



THE PIPE MENDER.

solar topee beloved of riksha boys, who however almost invariably take them off and sling them on the shaft when they are running, however hot the day may be. He wears the outer and inner kimonos—the latter held in by a cotton crêpe sash at the waist—breeches, leggings of stout blue cotton wrapped round his legs after the manner of the Sardinians, who used to make London streets hideous with their bagpipes, thick tabi, and the rope sandals secured by tying

round the insteps and ankles. He is engaged in filing a new pipe-stem to put into an old bowl and mouthpiece.

This dress is also shown very well in the picture of a brush and basket peddler on the next page. He has only the coarser kind of baskets. The Japanese excel in the manufacture of all kinds of them. This picture is also interesting as showing at the top the heavy-channelled roof-tiles so much used in Japan.

The appearance of a dwelling-room in a Japanese house cannot fairly be gauged by the houses of the very poor, who are compelled to crowd all their possessions into such a tiny space, and whose houses—so many of them—act as shops in a humble sort

of way. But the houses alike of the well-to-do trader and of the gentleman are furnished on the lines of this dainty little description of Mr. Hearn's:—

"There is no furniture (according to the

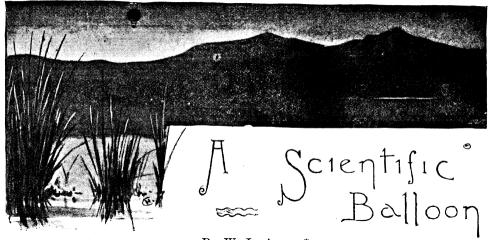
European sense of the term) in a Japanese home-no beds, tables or chairs. There may be one small bookcase, or rather bookbox. and there are nearly always a pair of chests of drawers in some recess hidden by sliding paper screens, but such articles are quite unlike any Western furniture. As a rule you will see nothing in a Japanese room except a small brazier of bronze or porcelain, for smoking purposes, a kneeling-mat or cushion. according to season, and, in the alcove only, a picture or a flower vase. For thousands of vears Japanese life has been on the floor. Soft as a hair mattress, and always immaculately clean, the floor is at once the couch, the dining-table, and most often the writing-table. although there exist tiny, pretty writing-tables about one foot high. And the vast economy of such habits of life renders it highly improbable they will ever be abandoned, especially while the pressure of population and the struggle for life continue to increase."

The furniture of a Japanese room, reduced to a minimum as it is, does not differ from our furnishing of a room (which seeks to make it contain as much comfort, if not luxury, as possible) more than their idea of life differs from our idea of life. And to see how these differ one has only to take up a Japanese novel, which will not contain one word of the language of love addressed by one sex to the other, not one allusion to kissing, embracing, or pressure of the hand, not a word of devotion of husband and wife, and probably not a word of the devotion of lovers, unless it be intended to show that the young people, by being so irregular as to wish for a marriage of choice instead of a marriage of arrangement, evoke misfortune and early death.

But I do not agree with Mr. Hearn in ascribing this state of things altogether to the Japanese's overmastering sense of duty, especially duty towards his parents. I fear that it is partly due to the Japanese not yet having sentimentalised the relation between the sexes, and this sentimentalisation is, in my opinion, the second, if not the first, of the great distinctions which separate human beings from the other animals.



THE BASKET PEDDLER.



By W. L. ALDEN.*

Illustrated by CECIL HAYTER.



OU'RE quite right, sir," remarked the Colonel in reply to young Thompson's question, "I have been in some pretty tight places in the course of my life. A

man can't fool along through fifty or sixty years of active life without finding himself occasionally in middling tight places. But wherever I am, so long as I am on solid ground, I generally calculate to be able to work myself out of almost any difficulty. It's when you put me aboard a ship, or in a balloon, that I begin to lose my grip. Speaking of balloons, I'll tell you right here, if you don't mind, of a little adventure I had—the only time that I ever was fool enough to trust myself in a balloon.

"One day there came to my house in New Berlinopolisville a fellow with a letter of introduction from Sam Kendall, who used to be ring-master of the 'Hail! Columbia' circus at the time when I was the manager and proprietor of the concern. Sam was one of the best of fellows, and consequently any friend of his was welcome at my house. Professor Montgomery, which was the name of Sam's friend, was a small, determinedlooking chap that at first sight I would have taken for a light-weight fighting man, but, as it appeared, he was a balloonist. It's a singular thing that every man who goes up in a balloon professionally calls himself a Professor, while a miner who goes down a

shaft professionally never thinks of giving himself any such title. Sam's letter didn't say that Professor Montgomery was a balloonist, and I supposed he was a regular college Professor who had caught the look of a fighting man through teaching football and other athletic games to the students. So when he accepted my invitation to dinner, I just sent over for my old friend Professor Van Wagener, the great electric sharp, to come and join us, thinking that the two Professors would be good company for one another.

"Now it happened that Van Wagener, who was always interested in everything that was scientific and useless, was mightily interested in ballooning, and instead of being disappointed when he found out that Montgomery was an ignorant chap, who couldn't speak ten words of good grammar, he was just delighted to find that the man was a practical balloonist. The two got to work and talked balloon till you couldn't rest. Van Wagener said that it was his belief that a balloon properly constructed ought to be able to stay in the air for a month or a year at a time, and when Montgomery said that the thing wasn't possible, Van Wagener wanted him to explain why.

"'It's plain enough,' says the balloonist. 'When your balloon rises and gets into thinner air the gas expands and escapes through the mouth of the bag. Even if it didn't escape it would always leak out through the silk or cotton, or whatever stuff the bag is made of. That's the reason why you can't

^{*} Copyright, 1895, by W. L. Alden.

stay up only a few hours. No man ain't never been able to invent a balloon that won't lose gas, and nobody never will invent one, for it can't be done.'

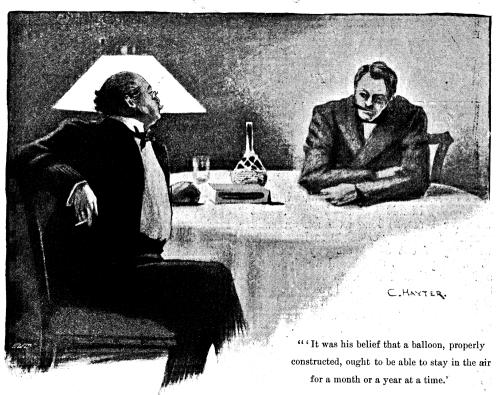
"'If I make a balloon that can't possibly leak a single cubic inch of gas will you make an ascension with me, and attend to the practical management of the machine?' says

Van Wagener.

"'You can just bet I will,' says the other chap. 'Why, man, there'd be an everlasting fortune in such a balloon. But what's the use of talking about it? The thing can't be done, as you'll find out when you set down to invent your gas-tight balloon.'

and make it expand. When it had expanded to a certain point it would flow over into the rubber bag, and the lifting capacity of the machine would be increased about one third. Of course the balloon would rise, and when the balloonist wanted to descend again, all he would have to do, according to Van Wagener, would be to put out his lamp and let the globe cool off. It was a mighty ingenious contrivance, and Montgomery, who began by having no sort of confidence in Van Wagener, ended by thinking that perhaps he had really invented a balloon that could be made to stay up for ever.

"Nothing would satisfy Van Wagener but



"Well the upshot of it was that Van Wagener set to work and made a balloon that even I could see was going to meet his requirement. The main balloon was a big globe of aluminium, and on the top of that was a bag of thick rubber connected with the globe by an automatic valve. The idea was that the globe would hold just enough gas to float the balloon at a height of two hundred feet above the earth. Now, being at that height, if the balloonist wanted to rise, all he had to do was to light a big spirit lamp that would heat the gas in the globe

that I should go along on the trial trip of the balloon. I wasn't in the least anxious to do it, for solid ground was always good enough for me; but Van Wagener, being an old friend, and liable, like all scientific chaps, to get himself into difficulties when he didn't have some practical man to look after him, I finally agreed to go. The ascension was to be made from my back-yard, where we would be out of sight of Mrs. Van Wagener and the general public. The machine was carted over to my house after dark, and the next morning, when we were ready to start, no

one knew anything of our intention except my coloured man, and he knew how to hold

his tongue.

"I was surprised to find that Van Wagener had calculated the lifting power of the balloon so closely that he knew to an ounce just what weight she must carry in order to float, as he meant her to, a couple of hundred feet above the earth, and stay right there. Consequently all three of us had to be weighed, and we were a good two hours in reducing the weight of things in our pockets, or of increasing our weight with bits of gravel, until at last Van Wagener was satisfied that the whole weight of the machine, with us and our instruments and traps in it, would be exactly what he calculated that it ought to be. Then came the filling of the globe with pure hydrogen made on the spot, and consequently it was five o'clock in the afternoon before everything was ready and we made our start. The balloon rose slow and gentle, and when it was up to about the height of the steeple of the Roman Catholic church it gradually ceased rising and hung here perfectly quiet. There wasn't a breath of air stirring, so the thing had no sort of drift, and promised to stay just where she was until the wind should The Professor was mightily pleased, and to my mind Montgomery ought to have been satisfied that the invention was all right. but he seemed a little uneasy, so I asked him what fault he had to find with the balloon.

""We're all right so far,' says he, 'but the difficulty is going to be in keeping our weight just up to the standard and no more. I'll have more confidence in thish yer thing when the trial trip is over, and nobody killed. There's one thing that I don't exactly see, and that is how we are going to

descend.'

"'I declare I forgot to provide for that,' says Van Wagener. 'However it will be time enough to think of that when we get through ascending.'

"He was as delighted as a child, and about as capable of looking into the future. With that he lights his spirit lamp, and presently the balloon begins to rise, just as he said it would.

"'What do you say to that?' says Van

Wagener to Montgomery.

"That's all right," says Montgomery; 'she'll rise fast enough, but she ain't going to rise no more this afternoon, and he blows out the spirit lamp.

"Van Wagener was pretty mad, and demanded to know what Montgomery meant

by putting out the lamp.

"'While that lamp is burning she's using up spirit, ain't she?' he answered. 'Well, that is decreasing the weight in this balloon, ain't it? If you'll look over the side you'll see that we're rising at this minute, and there ain't no earthly way of pulling up.'



"'A small, determined-looking chap."

"Van Wagener and I both looked over the side, and we could see that we were about twice as high in the air as we had been. Just then the machine took a fresh start, and we could feel her going up at a pretty good pace.

"'What's the matter now?' says I.

"'Matter enough,' says Van Wagener, 'I've dropped my false teeth overboard.'

"'More weight gone,' says Montgomery.
'Now we'll go up till the balloon busts. If I'd known that you had false teeth I'd never have trusted myself here with you. I might have known that you would have been heaving of 'em overboard the first chance you could get. I never see a scientific man yet that was fit to be trusted.'

"'Do you really mean,' said I, 'that this

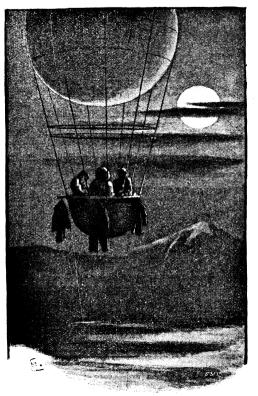
balloon is bound to keep on going up?'

"'We've only one chance,' says Montgomery. 'If there's a heavy fall of dew tonight it may weigh us down enough to make up for the Professor's teeth and the spirit he's

been burning. It's our only chance.

"I knew then that I was in a pretty tight place, and I'd have given considerable if I'd never agreed to go along with Van Wagener. However there was nothing to be done except to wait for the dew. and so we all sat down in the car and waited.

"Luckily there was a heavy dew. gomery made us take off our coats and hang



" 'Montgomery made us take off our coats and hang them over the side.'

them over the side so that they could catch all the dew there was, and about eight o'clock we found, by throwing over a bit of tissue paper, that we were gradually sinking. We kept on sinking most of the night, as I judge, and when the morning came we found we were about six hundred feet above the earth, and that we had drifted out of sight of New Berlinopolisville.

"Van Wagener was in high spirits, and began wringing out his coat and putting it on again. All of a sudden he sings out something which I didn't quite understand,

not being familiar with scientific terms, and at the same time the balloon began to mount up again.

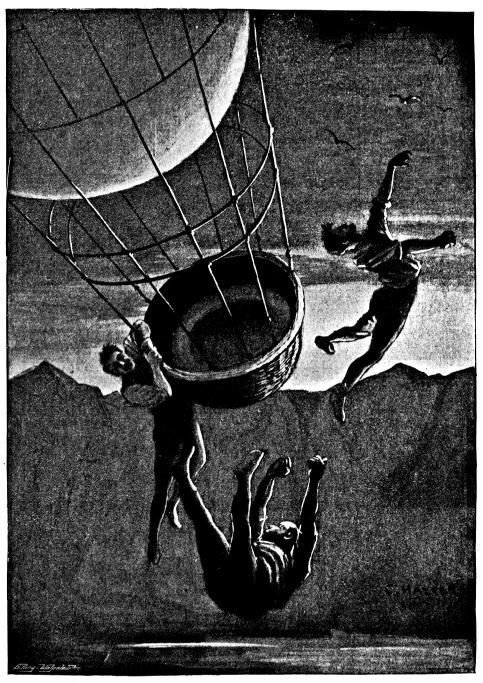
""What has that blasted scientific idjot overboard now?' vells Montdropped

"'I happened to drop my purse out of my coat pocket, savs Van Wagener; 'but that is no excuse for your objectionable language.'

"'I knew it,' says Montgomery. 'Now we are done for; the sun will be out presently, and then the gas will expand. Colonel, I'm sorry you're in this scrape, but I'm glad you're not a family man.'

"It did look middling scary. We sailed slowly upwards till the sun had warmed up the aluminium globe, and then we travelled straight up at a pace that couldn't fail to bring us up to twenty or thirty thousand feet before noon. There was only one way of making the balloon descend, and that was by letting out the gas. There being, however, no escape valve, we couldn't let out gas, and it didn't seem as if there was any possible way for us to escape. I will say this for Montgomery and the Professor, that they both showed that they were brave men. Montgomery cussed Van Wagener and science generally, but that was natural under the circumstances. Van Wagener sat quietly on the bottom of the car watching the barometer and making entries in his notebook, which he said would be of immense value to science in case they should be found. Neither of the men flinched a particle, though they knew that in all probability they would in course of time have a clean fall of say forty thousand feet. Of the two I was more sorry for Montgomery than for the Professor, for he didn't have the love of science to sustain him which the Professor had.

"We went up and up. The gas expanded with the heat of the sun and flowed over into the rubber bag, as Van Wagener had meant it should, and when this happened we about doubled our pace. We lost sight of the earth by nine o'clock in the morning, and by eleven o'clock the air had grown so thin that we began to have difficulty in breathing. Professor Van Wagener, whose lungs were weak, suffered worse than the rest of us, but he kept right on making his scientific notes, and to all appearance was enjoying himself as much as he had ever done in his life. Montgomery sat quiet, having grown tired of cussin' the Professor, and not having anything else to occupy his mind. I turned around to look over the side when the hilt of my revolver, which was in my hip pocket,



"'Montgomery yelled to me to jump!""

caught in the wicker work of the car and

gave me an idea.

"'See here, Montgomery,' I said, 'I can let the gas out of this balloon, but we'll have to take the risk of it's escaping so fast that we shall land in almost as much of a hurry as we will when the thing bursts.'

"'I'll take the chances,' says Montgomery.
'If you let out the gas we shall have a chance,
even if it is a slim one; but if you don't let

it out we're as dead as Julius Cæsar.'

"'What do you say, Professor?' said I, for I didn't want to act rashly.

"'Certainly!' says the Professor. 'By all means try your experiment, Colonel, though I should prefer that you should wait till we reach an elevation of twenty-seven thousand feet, which will be greater than anyone else has ever attained.'

"' We're high enough,' says Montgomery.
'I ain't pining to get among the angels just yet. Terry firmy is good enough for me.'

"'All right,' says I, and I drew my revolver and fired at the aluminium globe. Of course the bullet went through it as if it was paper, making one hole where it went in and another where it came out. This gave the gas the choice of two ways of escaping, and it took them both.

"In the course of the next five minutes the balloon began to sink, and I had hopes that we might reach land safely. But Montgomery knew better. The balloon kept sinking faster and faster as more and more gas escaped, and in a little while we were dropping down almost as fast as we would have done had the balloon burst. The earth wasn't long in coming in sight, and the trees and fields and houses seemed to be rushing up to meet us.

"There was a good breeze blowing when we were, as Montgomery judged, about a mile high, and it drifted us westward towards a

good-sized lake.

"'If we can only stay up till we're over that lake we shall be all right,' said Montgomery. 'Colonel, just heave overboard

everything there is in this car.'

"With that he seized whatever he could lay his hands on, and I did the same, and for a minute or two it just rained instruments and things over that section of the country.

"'Off with your boots, coats, waist-coats and hats,' yells Montgomery. 'Professor, if you've got any more portable teeth heave 'em over. We must get rid of every ounce of weight if we want to reach that lake.'

"Well we reduced our clothing down to a pretty low point, and Van Wagener went so far as to throw over his glass eye, he having no more teeth ready for discharging. Then we sat down and waited to see what the end would be.

"We were perhaps a quarter of a mile high when we came over the lake, and the moment we got where the water looked as if it might be fairly deep, Montgomery caught the Professor in his arms and threw him over without waiting to ask him if he was ready to go. Then Montgomery yelled to me to jump, and we all three left that balloon so suddenly that we all struck the water at pretty near the same time.

"I went down to the bottom, which was, as I judged, about fifty miles from the surface, though I afterwards heard that the lake was nowhere over forty feet deep. When I came up, Montgomery and the Professor were already swimming for land, and I followed their example. All the people of the neighbourhood had seen the balloon, and there was already a crowd of men, women and children on the shore waiting for us to land.

"'This is exceedingly awkward,' says the Professor. 'I really can't face those people with only one eye and no teeth. Colonel, there's the balloon floating out there; I think we had better swim back to her and wait for

an opportunity to land after dark.'

"'Î'm going ashore,' said Montgomery, 'and I'd go if I hadn't a limb left, and every female boarding-school in Illinois was standing on the shore.' However the Professor's general appearance was so ghastly that most of the women and children didn't care to wait for us.

"We came quietly ashore, and a farmer rigged us out with dry clothes that fitted about as badly as a French soldier's uniform, and then drove us twenty-two miles to New

Berlinopolisville.

"The Professor seemed as happy as a young man coming back from a picnic with his best girl. He kept on talking about the tremendous success of his balloon, and what a fortune there would be in it when he should have invented some way of getting it down from the clouds at a reasonable pace. But Montgomery was mad all the way through. wouldn't open his mouth till we got to our door, and then he turned on the Professor and told him that sooner than go up in a balloon that a scientific man had invented he would take and fill his pockets with dynamite and then get a New York policeman to club him. Then he said good-night to me, and went off down the street, swearing to himself in a way that was really unfit for publication. never saw or heard of the man again."

Rigins Stays.

Among the new names of popular writers is that of Ethel Turner, who, though born in England, has resided long enough near Sydney to be regarded as Australian. She wrote poetry at the age of eight, and after education at the Girls' High School started, with her sister, a literary paper called the



(Photo by Vandyck, Sydney.) LITERATURE: ETHEL TURNER.

Parthenon, which ceased in 1892. Miss Turner then began contributing to the IllustratedSydney News and other Colonial newspapers. Next she wrote her book, "Seven Little Australians.' which found a publisher in Messrs. Ward. Lock & Bowden. Its speedy success led naturally to "The Family at Misrule." and lately the literary world has been talking of Miss

Turner's charming "Story of a Baby." Her talent has earned the cordial commendation of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, who is an admirable judge of such work.

One of the most sudden and surprising successes of the musical season of 1895 was that of Miss Susan Strong. Her first appearance in public was on October 14, when she filled the rôle of Sieglinde in Mr. Hedmondt's series at Covent Garden theatre. There had been an entire absence of "puff pre-liminary," and the musical critics and the audience were taken $\mathbf{b}\mathbf{v}$ storm when Miss Susan Strong displayed. not only a beautiful voice, but high dramatic power. As the eventful evening wore on the success

of the young American singer became the one topic of conversation, and next morning all the newspapers bore unanimous

MR. MARSHALL HALL, whose able defence of Brock in the Liberator case, brought him into prominent notice, was born at Brighton in 1858. After being educated at Rugby and St. John's College, Cambridge, he went for six months into the City for commercial experience, and afterwards travelled round the

world for eighteen months. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in June 1883. ioined and South-Eastern Circuit and Sussex Sessions, Mr. Hall read with Sir (then Mr.) Forrest Fulton, Mr. Tindal Atkinson, and Mr. Bargrave Deane. He has had considerable practice at the Sussex Sessions, where he "devilled" for Mr. C. F. Gill. His first case of



(Photo by Barrauds.) LAW. MARSHALL HALL.

testimony to her

triumph. MissStrong

was born not many

more than twenty

years ago, in Brook-

lvn. She was edu-

cated in New York.

tutor, to whose care

and ability she

musical

and her

any importance was when he appeared as junior to Mr. Montagu Williams in Regina v. Mawbey He appeared for the Eastbourne and Fisher. Corporation in the Salvation Army case, and has had experience in Local Government inquiries.



From a photo by] MUSIC: SUSAN STRONG.

acknowledges deep indebtedness. has been Mr. Korbav. Miss Strong came to London in November 1894, and has been patiently studying with Mr. Korbay in view of the professional career on which she has now so auspiciously That she started. has a bright future before her no one who has heard her Dana, Brooklyn. lovely voice will doubt for a mo-

ment. Rarely has an equal vocal and dramatic ability been united in one so young.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK.

THE BLACK COUNTRY OF SCOTLAND.

By John Foster Fraser.

Illustrated from photographs by C. Reid, Wishaw.

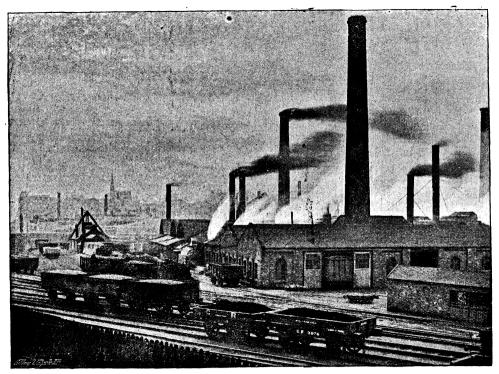


SOTLAND has other things to show besides frowning crags, rushing torrents, and barekneed Highlanders. The Sassenach and his cousin the freeborn American look upon

the Land o' Cakes as famous in a material

twelvemonth. There is now no stain and consequently pieces of the woodwork are not purloined and taken in triumph across the Atlantic.

But when I was in Scotland a little time ago I carefully avoided the tourist track and visited a part of the country which the foot

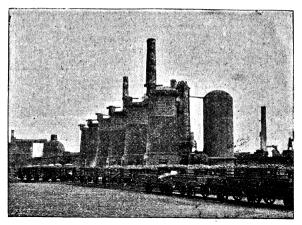


COATBRIDGE.
(The centre of the Scotch Black Country.)

sense for its whisky and its historical relies. The Americans must have relies and as many are forthcoming as are needed. The Scots are ready to oblige. Not only must the staircase on which the Italian wooer of Mary—Rizzio—be shown in Holyrood Palace, but the stain of his blood must be produced. The attendants considerately provided a new stain every year the visiting season came round. They did not mind a sixpenny pot of stain now and again, but they drew the line at having to put in a new floor every

of the traveller, save he be a commercial traveller, rarely treads. I went into Lanarkshire, the country of coal mines and iron works. It is the Black Country of Scotland, where the air is sulphur-laden and the hills can only be seen in the far distance through a smoky haze. There is nothing to indicate one is across the romantic border except the poetical drone of the natives and the solid-built graystone cottages. While most of the iron is made in Lanarkshire it is in Glasgow that it is sold. Glasgow is like other sea-

ports, bustling and business-like, and is as miserable as Manchester when it rains, which is by no means unfrequently. One is sur-



A ROW OF FURNACES.

prised to find that the meaning of the word Glasgow is "a beloved green place."

I spent a morning in the Glasgow Exchange, where dealing in pig-iron is carried on. I was particularly interested in the famous "iron ring," the members of which have a special corner of the hall reserved to

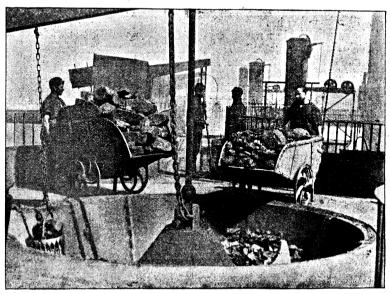
themselves. and there they sit in a circle or crowd round the chairs while speculation goes on. This "ring" has about a hundred members. representing some sixty or seventy firms. But in addition to representatives of firms there are members of the "ring" who are simply brokers or dealers. The iron broker may never have shipped or supplied a ton of iron to a consumer in his life, consequently he does not as a rule bother his brains about tech-

nicalities, process of production, and the wants and requirements of the founder, malleable-iron maker and steel producer. He exercises all his energies in operating on the market and to make what he can out of his "deals." But before going into the mysterious working of the inner circle let

me explain what a warrant is. A Scotch warrant is a piece of paper representing 500 tons of what is technically called G.M.B. (Good Merchantable Brand) pig-iron. iron is given in the charge of storekeepers, who issue the warrants. which are therefore very much in the nature of a bank-note. Warrants are a negotiable security, and it is with these documents that very extensive dealings take place in the "iron ring." They may change hands scores of times, nobody ever seeing the iron but knowing it is easy to be got at.

A volume might be written on the proceedings of the "ring." It is of course abused, and many a man has had a nasty commercial tumble

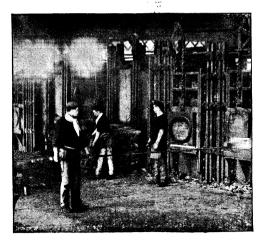
through speculating rashly with the warrants. One man I talked to spoke most vehemently against this clique of merchants and brokers for having frequently created a scare and at times brought about undue depression, while at other times it has raised prices to unnatural levels to the hurt of the consumer.



CHARGING WITH COAL AND ORE ON THE TOP OF A FURNACE.

Still, speaking generally, I think it may be taken, notwithstanding the "bulls" and the "bears," that the warrant market as a whole reflects the true position of the trade. For

the benefit of those not familiar with Stock Exchange phraseology I may define what is meant by "bulls" and "bears," so frequently referred to in connection with dealings in



CHARGING A FURNACE.

warrants. The "bull" is a man who buys and holds for a rise in price, and of course does his level best to induce a rise, whilst the "bear" sells as a rule for forward delivery, in the hope that ere his sale matures the market will fall and so reap a profit. The "bear" is an animal not in much favour for his occupation has been well described as "selling what he has not got to somebody who does not require it." He is a lover of bad news and when prices are depressed then he is in his glory.

The iron-producing materials in Scotland are obtained within a comparatively small area, indeed within and bordering on the

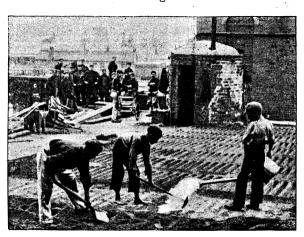
valleys of the Clyde and Forth. Lanarkshire comes first, and most of the great blast furnaces which light up the land at night with their great beacons of flame are in this county. The computation has been made that in Lanarkshire alone there are two thousand million tons of coal yet to be claimed, so there is no immediate prospect of the coal-beds being exhausted.

Before I proceed to describe my visits to some of the largest iron works in Scotland I may be pardoned for assuming the ignorance of the reader and point out there are nineteen kinds of iron ore. But quite nine-tenths of the iron made is derived from two kinds, the clay-band and

the black-hand iron stones. The ore consists of iron oxygen and earthy matter, and the object of the smelter is to separate the two latter from the former. Quite twothirds of the Scotch pig-iron is produced in Lanarkshire, chiefly in the vicinity of Coatbridge, Glasgow and Wishaw. Coatbridge is the centre, a dour, dismal place, and the surrounding country is lean and bedraggled. with great patches of ground on which grass refused to flourish. All the blemishes of an iron district are laid open to view in the daytime. It is therefore towards evening. when dusk falls, and you look through the gloom and distinguish half a hundred blast furnaces licking the air with their fiery tongues, when the shadows are lurid and fierce and dance among the low hanging clouds, that you get a truly picturesque view. I witnessed this sight one night. It was weird and fascinating. The men working in the glare thrown forth by molten metal were like spirits in the nether regions. this recalls some lines of Burns, written when he was refused admittance to the famous works at Carron-

We cam' na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be na surprise.
But when we tirled at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your Billy Satan sair us.

The first works I visited were situated in the very heart of the iron districts. A long row of furnaces stand out boldly and challenge the attention of the pedestrian. Trains were being shunted, and I had to keep my eyes well open to avoid the snorting engines which were running hither and thither.



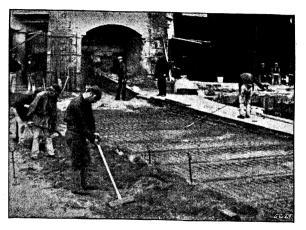
BOYS MAKING PIG BEDS.

First of all I inspected the piles of ore, deposited from the trains in massive bins. There was considerable difference in colour. English ore had a warm reddish tinge whilst that from foreign countries was dull brown. The best ore. which goes towards the making of hematite for steel, is brought

from England, France and Spain—chiefly Spain; but for ordinary pig-iron the home ore is used. Iron ore usually contains about 50 per cent. of iron. Various qualities are mixed; then it is weighed in trucks, wheeled to a hydraulic lift running up by the side of a furnace, and carried to the top. I went to the summit of a furnace and was consequently nearly blinded with the smoke and the fumes. There is an immense appliance called a "bell," something like the top of a candle-snuffer placed inside a cup. Wreaths of smoke escaped from where the two joined.

A mixture of coal and iron ore and some limestone was arranged around the bell. Then a man, hid behind an iron screen and working a lever. lowered the bell arrangement. Immediately the flames jumped out, but at the same time the coal and the ore disappeared into the caldron of fire below. There was a great outburst of coal-gas fume which caught one's breath. was decidedly unpleasant. Hanging over the furnace top was a swinging fire, the size of a bucket, intended to burn up the fumes as they escaped. Otherwise life in the iron yard, and indeed the surrounding country, would be hardly bearable.

The coal emptied into the furnace has two functions to perform. It raises the ore to a high temperature and carries away the oxygen, and the lime plays the part of a flux



ILLING PIG REDS.

the earthy matter. The iron being the heaviest. gradually percolates to the bottom of the furnace in a molten state, whilst the slag floats on the surface of the iron. It takes two days for iron. after being put in a furnace, to find its way to the bottom.

In order to get the iron to a high temperature

blasts of hot air are forced into the furnace. Massive engines compress and drive the air into the furnaces, and on its journey it goes through stores filled with a checker work of fire-brick which has previously been heated to a bright red by means of escaping gases conveyed from the top of the furnaces through a tube. The heated air from the stores passes into a large cylinder lined with a thick wall of fire-brick and is carried along to each furnace, and is then driven through what are known as tuyeres right into the incandescent fuel. There is a continuous



MOULD MAKING.

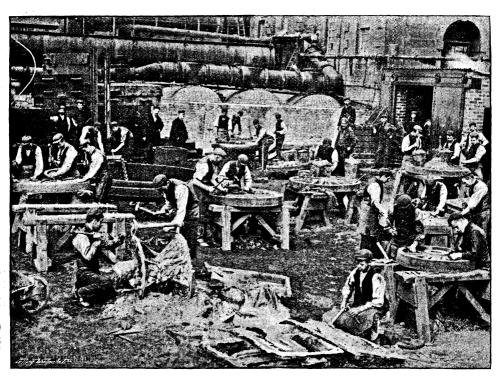
stream of water running over the tuyeres to prevent them melting.

The melting point of iron is 2400 degrees, and when it attains this heat it is ready to

be run into the "pigs." In front of each furnace is a bed of sand, gently sloping, in which wooden moulds, the size of a bar of iron, are impressed. Several hundreds of these are made with channels formed down the side and along the top by means of which the metal can journey. The design looks much like a gigantic gridiron. A groove is made in the sand from the mouth of the furnace to what are technically called the pigs, the indentation along the top, and out of which the pigs are fed, being termed the sow. It is a fine sight when the signal is given to see a liquid fiery band stream forth

jagged and uneven. As soon as iron is sufficiently cool—and this will be the morning after it is run into the pigs—it is thrown into the railway waggons which run close by and are ready to be sent to their destination.

It is understood of course that all the pig-iron is to be melted again to be made into malleable iron or steel. Only a few works have blast furnaces of their own. These furnaces are never put out, year after year, except in the case of a dispute between the employers and the men, and when there is nobody to keep them going. As a rule



IN THE DRESSING-YARD

from the furnace and rush spluttering along the channel filling up each row of pigs. The glare and the heat is stronger than that of an African sun as the iron rushes and gurgles and a thousand momentary sparks fill the air. As pig after pig is filled a boy stands by and shovels sand over the bed of floating iron. While the bars are still red and glowing, men in wooden sabots walk over them. While one man with a lever forces up the sow another swings a hammer and separates the pig into bars. Thus if you happen to see a bar of pig-iron you will notice that while one end is rounded and even the other end is

malleable iron and steel works buy their pig ready made.

A visit to an ingot mould foundry I found instructive. Here the huge moulds into which the makers of steel pour the metal were made. In a moulding shop were a number of men working designs in a composite clay. At one end of the shop was the steel melting furnace where the metal was being converted in a molten state. When ready this metal is poured into a massive ladle, carried by an overhead travelling crane to any part of the shop, and is then poured into the moulds. There is

always a surplus head to the casting and this has to be cut off by machinery. A wheel after it is taken from the casting does not look very attractive for all the edges

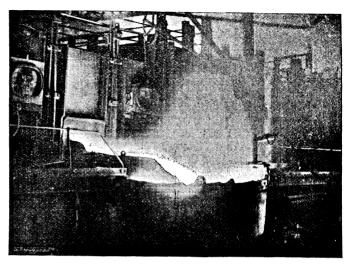
are rough and unequal. Before being dressed to get rid of the various excrescences the castings are put in a large store. By the agency of gas they are brought to a white heat. The castings remain in the store three or four days cooling slowly, and by this means the metal is rendered tough.

One can well appreciate the importance there should be no flaw in the casting, and that its constituent parts should be of such material as not to suddenly give way and cause an accident. Therefore every wheel is practically tested by a Government inspector. This is done by a bar being

cast on the side of every wheel. The inspector affixes his stamp to this bar. It is then cut off and sent to be tested. As it stands the test so it is naturally assumed that the wheel from which it has been cut will also stand the test.

In the dressing-yard was a deafening noise. There was the clatter of a hundred hammers and chisels making the wheels even, cutting off pieces that were unnecessary and generally trimming them up ere they were forwarded to the various railway companies for which they were made. Slog, slog, sounded the hammers on the metal, and above it all was the screech of a saw cutting bars of iron in twain.

It might be thought that an ironworks is a place where iron is made. So it is, but other things are also made. Competition is very keen, and it is by the using up of what would otherwise be waste that a profit is really secured. From the burning coal in the furnaces there rises a gas. In former days this gas was allowed to escape; now it is arrested. By suction tubes it is drawn away at a temperature of 400 degrees. There is a good deal of dust and this falls to the bottom of one of the tubes and at intervals a door is opened for men to clear it out. For a long way the gas travels through pipes to atmospheric condensers, a range of great pipes running up and running down like the pipes of an organ. There are 448 of these pipes and each is 50 ft. high with a diameter of 20 inches. By the time the gas reaches the pipes its temperature has been reduced



TAPPING THE MOLTEN METAL.

to 186 degrees, and as it travels up and down them—water is always being played on the pipes—it is reduced to between 70 and 80 degrees.

And what happens next? Why, the gas is deprived of its water and tar, the water is pumped into an overhead tank, the gas is washed in a strong chemical liquor and the tar comes floating out into great The gas is washed several times, all the water as it is extracted being pumped into the tank. After the third washing the gas is sent on to generate steam which drives the various engines on the works. Not a ton of coal is used, but all the refuse gas goes for this purpose. It is an immense saving. All the gas cannot be utilised, and from fifteen to twenty million feet is allowed to escape in flame, for if it were not ignited the obnoxious fumes would stink the whole country side. The tar passes through other machinery, and there is extracted from it creosote oil used for railway sleepers and for lighting those lamps we see used at night when roadways are being repaired.

But what of the water which has been pumped into the circular tanks? It is driven through sulphuric acid with the result that it deposits sulphate of ammonia used for manure.

Thus there is no waste. After the iron

has been made the remaining gas not only drives all the machinery on the plant but it is turned into tar and manure. If there is any waste it is the slag that floats on the top of the molten iron in the furnaces. What to do with this has long been a problem. It is poured out in a liquid state in trucks and is heaped in mounds. These mounds are the size of hills. All over the country you see them reared as high as St. Paul's and covering acres of ground. The gray slabs are an eyesore and only encumber and disfigure the earth. Various experiments have been made to turn the slag to use. One or two ingenious manufacturers have made ornaments out of them, and an en-

two ingenious manufacturers have ornaments out of them, and an endeavour is now on foot to convert them into bricks. Anything would be better than the slag to be pitched away as useless and covering ground that might be put to a better purpose. Even were a means discovered to convert the slabs into railway sandwiches the makers of pig-iron would hail the discovery as a boon and a blessing to themselves, if not to other men.

The one fact which struck me, apart from this vexed question of the slag, was the economy observed in the making of pig-iron. The splendid machinery, the scientific appliances, the skill and the forethought to make nature give up all that she had for the benefit of man were such as to make an ordinary being like myself marvel.

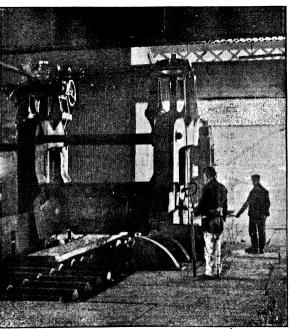
But if a visit to blast furnaces was interesting, doubly so was a tour over the steel works of the Summerlee and Mossend Company. Here again I saw how completely the forces of nature had been subjected to the use

of man. There was much that was complicated, much that was confusing to the lay mind, but on every side was evidence of marvellous ingenuity. The hydraulic pump which pumps all the water used on the Mossend plant was working like a giant and groaning at every stroke with the ardour of its labour. No wonder, for the pressure was 700 lbs. to the square inch.

There are few sights more fascinating than to see a great caldron of molten metal seething and heaving and casting off beautiful blue tinted gases. I walked the range of the furnaces under the guidance of Mr. G. T. Neilson, who is a descendant of the inventor of the famous hot blast in the making

of iron. It was natural so wonderful an invention should be patented. It was so excellent a plan that other ironmasters coveted it and actually infringed the patent. One company had to face a court of law on the point, with the result they were obliged to hand over a cheque for £150,000 as compensation. Mr. G. T. Neilson explained the various processes, and I was fortunate in visiting the works at a time when I could see the making of steel in every stage.

When I arrived the men were just tapping a furnace in which thirty tons of steel was floating. The steel is made of pig-iron and steel scrap oxidised with Spanish ore. At

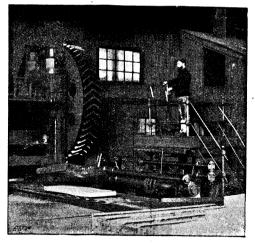


COGGING MILL.

the back of the furnace where the tapping took place the mass of metal was poured into a huge ladle which a steam travelling crane traversed over the moulds placed in a trench running the length of the furnaces. The men worked close to the spluttering metal, quite unheeding any danger they ran. It was hot work. Their trousers were tightly strapped about them; the arms of their woollen shirts were rolled up and their breasts bare. There was a thin cloud of hot dust in the atmosphere and this, settling upon their perspiring skins, made them grimy and strange looking. When the glare of the fire beat upon their sweat-stained visages they presented a striking picture.

They did not heed the sparks which struck them.

As the steel gurgles from the ladle into the ingot mould one notices its bright and golden colour. When the mould is full sand



THE GUILLOTINE SHEARS.

is shovelled on the top, a steel lid is placed above this and then tightly and securely fastened down, and this materially assists in solidifying the metal. Then the ladle is traversed over another mould and the same thing done again. All at once it is remarked that the metal has become darker in tint. This signifies that all the steel has run out and that the slag which floated on the top has been reached. It is immediately shut off and the slag is run off into a large circular box called a slag box, and is subsequently trucked off when cold to one of the interminable heaps of slag disfiguring the country side.

When all the metal has been poured out of a furnace the bottom is repaired. Then it has to be loaded. The oven is still oppressively hot, and in loading it with pigiron a long shovel, called a "peel," something like that used by a baker, is brought into requisition. Cars containing a load of pig-iron broken into convenient sizes are run up to the side of the furnace. On the end of the shovel pieces of pig are placed, and a man stows them all round the interior of the furnace. When the steel scrap has been added the furnace is ready for firing.

The heat is produced by the combustion of air and gas. Underneath the furnace are four chambers, two for gas and two for air. These are driven alternately into the furnace and a tremendous temperature is obtained,

until the bars of iron melt like bars of lead. It is impossible to look into a furnace, when it is all aglow, with the naked eye. The brilliancy is too dazzling. But through a pair of dark-blue tinted glasses one can see the metal positively boiling. These glasses are a rest and a relief to the eye when looking through the door of a furnace, but all the time there is a feeling that one's cheeks are being basted. It is difficult to conceive the immense heat near these furnaces. As the men are in constant perspiration it struck me the effect would ultimately be to make them very thin. But Mr. Neilson assured me to the contrary; and truly, judging from the men I saw, the result of being always in a high temperature is to make them wax fat.

I have said that the moment steel touches anything it hardens and the surface cools. This applies of course to the metal when it is run into the moulds. Taken from the moulds the steel is in great blocks called ingots, about 6 feet long by 3 feet wide by 2 feet thick. They are to be

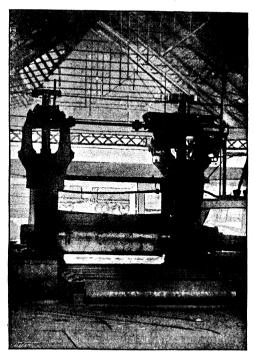


PLATE ROLLING MILL.

rolled, but this cannot be done at once, for although the outer case of the steel is hardened the inner part is, and remains for some time, in a liquid state, so that the only result of rolling would be that it would squirt like an orange trod upon. Therefore the ingot has first of all to become consolidated throughout. This is done by reheating to a white heat in an underground furnace.

A pair of great claws on the chain of a travelling crane grip one of these gigantic ingots and goes grunting with it across the works, the ingot swinging in the air, a mass of white hot metal. The heat it sends forth is so great that no man can get within some distance of it. Therefore all the moving about till it becomes cooler has to be done by hydraulic machinery. It is lowered on to a series of rollers over which it runs to the cogging mill. It is worked forward and backward through this mill, and every time the pressure imposed is greater, and the slab begins to lengthen out. The rolling, while

lengthens piece steel, never widens it. But the ingot is turned on its edge to be made square, and the turning is done by a "tilter," a clever arrangement of levers worked by hydraulic power. which simply grip it and place it on edge to go through the rolls again. I stood for fully half an hour watching

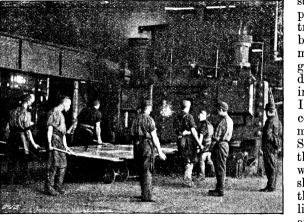
this rolling, the whole machinery of which was worked by two men and a boy. Backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards was the steel rolled until its warm white glow gave way to a red, through which however the white hot steel might easily be seen, and its length had been extended thrice what it was originally.

Having rolled the steel to the required length the ingot is worked on to another set of rollers where a heavy guillotine knife cut it into rectangular pieces called slabs. These slabs run up an incline, and quicker than I take to write it they were shunted on to a trolley which a small engine hurried off with to the plate mills for the steel to be heated and rolled again. The great business of the Mossend works of this firm is to make steel plates for the building of vessels,

boilers and bridges. But by this time the steel if not cold had at least lost much of its vigorous glow, and once more each piece had to be put in a furnace till it again attained a white heat. The moment it is drawn from the furnace, which is done by hydraulic power, as also is the charging of the slab, it is placed on a truck and off goes a snorting engine with it to the rolling mills.

What a deafening din there is always in these mills! There is the pulsing of the engines and the throb of the machinery. The atmosphere is heavy and dust laden. There is the clang and the crash of steel plates violently thrown on the floor, the beat of hammers and a hundred other noises which made my ears ache. The men were almost stript to the waist, and as I saw the hard muscles rise on their arms as they swung

the plates of steel into their place ready to be trimmed, and saw black impressive machinery, and gasped at the iron dust which got into my throat, I could not help contrasting these modern sons of Scotland with their forefathers. when iron-bound ships were unthought of, when life was spent among the hills with the cattle and the only



A SHEARING MACHINE.

thoroughly appreciated diversion was a raid over the border and a skirmish with another clan. But the skirmishes are now outside the dram shops, and the appreciated diversion is a music hall.

But the modern Scot does his work well; his industry has passed into a proverb. Again and again is the slab rolled and every time it gets thinner until it is 20 or 30 feet in length. The rolling ceases when the exact thickness is obtained. All the time rolling is in progress water is being thrown on the slab and this clears off the scale which always accumulates. Then is the steel plate moved on to the other pair of rolls to be finished. So nicely adjusted is the machinery and so competent are the men that they can get within one sixty-fourth of an inch

AT THE END OF THE TELESCOPE.

BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

Illustrated by Oscar Eckhardt and J. W. T. Manuel.

look at everything around them through the eyepiece of a telescope; the pessimists are those who look at everything through the other Of course there is an alternative scheme of observation which does not involve the use of a telescope in any way; but nowadays telescopes are so cheap as to be within the reach of all, and no one thinks of looking at a fellow man or woman except through one end of a spy-glass. The "note of pessimism." which we are told pervades every form of literature and art in England just now, is doubtless due to the increase of short-sighted That note of pessimism was made in Germany, and was imported—probably by some of the bands of patriots who perambulate the quietest of our streets and convert them into the most unquiet—free of duty. In Germany it is well known that patriotism runs so strongly as to cause fathers and mothers to put such spectacles on the faces of their boys as induce short sight, in order that on this account they may be disqualified from serving in the army. This short-sighted policy is undoubtedly produc-

OUGHLY speaking society is

divided into two sets—namely, optimists and pessimists. The

optimists are those who



tive of pessimism, so that it would be as impossible to imagine a pessimist without concave spectacles as it would be to imagine a Socialist without a soft hat.

* * *

Yes, there is every reason to believe that the note of pessimism—people talk as if there were a solitary note, though I have an idea that one can be pessimistic (under a proper master, of course) from the low G to

the high F-was wafted to us from Germany. Personally I feel most inclined to take a gloomy view of life when a German band has been discoursing, one section the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," but an influential minority (having just returned from the house to house visitation) "The Alabama Coon." But there is, I happen to know, a large body of intelligent men and women who are sanguine that from South Africa there will come a counteracting note which will tend to make optimists even of literary men with a reputation for style. There may be some foundation for this theory. At any rate we would do well to rub up the object glasses of our telescopes, and, putting our eyes to the other end, look out for the counteracting influence which bails from Southern Africa

* * *

My own belief is that our pessimism is not a note but a mote. Its bacillus is in the air just now, as it has been at intervals since the days of Oliver Cromwell. The sudden death of Charles I and the establishment of some-

thing called the Commonwealth were due to a visitation of the bacilli of pessimism. Cromwell's army were pessimists to a man: they could no more help being pessimists than people can avoid the influenza when it is in the air. It made them fight better. Your pessimist is a first-rate fighting man. When the microbe passed away people naturally looked about for their legitimate monarch and hailed him with joy, though he turned out to be

* * *

Charles II.

The literature of the pessimistic period is represented by "Paradise Lost," and it only sold for £25

because it was brought out at the wrong time. If the author had had his finger on

the pulse of the period he would have hurried it up and given at least 60,000 words—quite enough for one volume—to the printer a year or two after Naseby, when he would certainly have sold by the thousand. It seems pretty clear that Milton was not a good business man. He should have had a literary agent beside him. He would probably shake his head if he were alive nowadays and heard people around him talk joyously of South Africa. The pessimism of "Paradise Lost" begins in the title and is carried on to the last stately line. This is why, in a succeeding generation, a casual reader closed the book and expressed his disappointment that after all the Foul Fiend had not got the best of the business.

* * *

A more recent visitation of the epidemic of pessimism synchronised with the acceptance of the cloak as an article of male attire. English literature during the Byronic period was crowded with long-cloaked pessimists. They not infrequently rode black horses, and they invariably flung purses of gold to beggars who were good enough to offer themselves for "scoring" purposes to the pessimists for a very short space of time. How many purses of gold each of these pessimists carried was kept as profound a secret by the author as is the ultimate destination of all the pies which modern American heroines are made to bake by their literary creators. The long cloaks must have

been honeycombed with pockets. The "sardonic smile"—whatever that may have been—was the visible evidence that the bacillus had firmly fixed a tooth in its victim, as Margery of Quether fixed her solitary molar in the fleshy part of the arm of the friend to whom she became greatly attached. The sardonic smile, the protracted soliloquy upon the hollowness of the

world and the deceitfulness of friendship, the long white hand, and an infinity of purses of gold were

the leading characteristics of the naissance de siecle pessimists modelled upon a Conrad-Manfred-Giaour person and engraved on steel by Messrs. Finden.

Even Thomas Moore, who was only meant to write those dainty snatches about being "far from the lips that we love," and yet deriving some trifling gratification through making "love to the lips that are near." was forced to live up to the period. He would have put his prophet in "Lalla Rookh" into a cloak if he had dared; and it is doubtful if the convenances were satisfied with the veil which concealed his sardonic smile, but which, alas! did not smother his soliloguy. The last of the type was one Evelyn, in "Money." He is still a favourite in the provinces, and on the stage of faraway towns his cheap moralising upon the obvious-his development of the character of the complete prig—is received with silent "The Stranger" was another admiration. pessimist who was as long-lived as a chronic invalid.

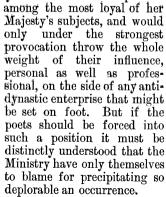
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And yet the philosophers of the leading article shake their heads gloomily and talk about the "note of pessimism" in modern literature and art as if it were something quite new and especially characteristic of this I admit that a period which is capable of inventing such a word as "slump" cannot reasonably aspire to any place of distinction in the records of civilisation; but even the American nation have recovered from the effects of Noah Webster's Dictionary and the Civil War, so that we should not become abjectly despondent over the word "slump," which after all, I am told by those who have been looking at the map of South Africa for many days, has its uses in a community that aims at achieving broad effects rather than delicacy of detail. The actuality of a "slump" tends, I am given to understand, to forward the interests of pessimism in quite as large a degree as the uncouth word itself, so that it is perhaps as evil to shudder at the latter as it is to lay a firm foot on a cockroach.

* * *

It must however be admitted, I think, that the procrastination of the Government in the matter of appointing a poet laureate is a bad sign of the times. We have to go back to the days of the Crimean Warperhaps to the days of Charles II—to find a parallel for such callousness on the part of a governing power. The unpreparedness of this state, as a state; to give adequate expression to an event of first-class importance is, I have been assured, being freely

commented on throughout Europe, and is causing widespead uneasiness among poets at home, many of whom are at present



* * *

The rumour that South Africa was once again about to allay the impending panic on the Bourses—attribu-

table this time to the hesitation of the Government in the matter of the laureateship —and that a distinguished South African Englishman of Italian descent was feeling his way, so to speak, in the matter of appointing a personal poet laureate, proved to be without foundation, though plausible enough; so that the original question remains to be faced. The suggestion that the Government should advertise for tenders, with samples, for the discharge of the duties attached to the office, does not seem to me to be at all helpful. In the first place, other poets beside Milton are known to be anything but good business men; they might thus be tempted to send in estimates for the work cut down so fine as to leave themselves no living wage. So it was that Chantrey, when a beginner, offered to execute a statue at a lower price than the actual cost of the marble. Then in the second place, no poet with any self-respect would like to ask his friends to become his guarantors to the Government that all his future work would be equal to the sample he might submit.

* * *

The creation of a portfolio in the Cabinet for poetry would be one way out of the difficulty; but on the whole I think that the most feasible solution of the question of the appointment would be found in putting the laureateship into commission. The abolition of the office of Lord High

Admiral was followed by the appointment of the Lords Commissioners to discharge the duties of Lord High Admiral, and the system has worked fairly well. Should not this fact encourage the application of the same principle to the laureateship? To be a civil lord of the laureateship would be better than nothing at all to many a deserving poet.

* * *

Let not economists fancy for a moment that there is any economy in the procrastination of the Government in the matter of this appointment. I have just discovered that all the arrears must be paid to any poet laureate who has not been appointed immediately on the occurrence of the vacancy When Davenant died in 1668, two years elapsed before Dryden received the post, and the arrears of salary, as well as the butts of sack. Later on King James thought that he was doing a smart thing in robbing the poor poet of his sack, but poetical justice was meted out to the monarch. An ironical Fate said in reply to the indignant protests of the poets: "Let him alone: you shall get the money and he shall get the sack."

* * *
And he did.
* * *

Meantime however the difficulty of selling a volume of (comparatively) original poetry seems to be as great as ever. Some time ago there was a notion that poetry was looking up. It had recovered a point or two, critics were saying as they came back from the City in the train. It would shortly be "quoted" they said. We ! were assured that poetry was "firm" and "in demand," but since then I am afraid there has been a "slump" in poetry. No one will look at it now. It has fallen to an unprecedented point, in spite of vellum covers and elaborate tooling. Mr. Zangwill, quoting somebody, said that England was still a nest of singing-birds—a beautiful but misleading simile, for I

am told that so soon as birds can sing they forsake the nest. You see it becomes congested, and as a place d'orchestre it would be most unsuitable. But singing birds must have the wherewithal to satisfy their craving for a moderate amount of food; it is only the young ravens who have no need to take thought in this direction; and this seems rather a pity, for it is just the young ravens that could best be spared from the choir of singing birds. And if a poet does not sell he is obliged to become a dramatist—which is just the opposite—in order to keep body and soul together. (Dramatists, it need scarcely be explained, are enormously wealthy.)

* * *

The issue of very limited editions was a praiseworthy scheme for the relief of poets. The editions issued were very limited indeed. but, if limited, they were lovely and pleasant both as regards binding and printing, and some of them contained a little poetry as well. as a sort of bonus for the purchasers, though of course no emphasis was laid upon this fact with a view to promote a sale; all the stress was laid upon the limited edition, and upon the glorious possibility of obtaining a few copies printed on Dutch hand-made paper. It was understood that the applications for the limited editions would be considered strictly in the order of priority, but I never heard of an applicant who was disappointed, except of course one who applied for the book from the selfish standpoint of a reader looking for intellectual gratification.

* * *

Well we do not hear much about that "limited edition" now, so that I fear that as a "draw" it has had its day. What is to take its place? How is the market to be forced? It seems to me that there would be little gained by a poets' trade union, with a highly paid secretary—which seems to be regarded nowadays as the panacea of all labour grievances except a strike. Of course if a general strike among poets were to be ordered by the council they would prove to the world that they meant business, and would stand no shilly-shallying; but before preparing the machinery for so serious a step, with a possible lock-out. I think it would be well to try all pacific means to attain the desirable end which the poets have in view.

* * *

Now it occurred to me that if a coupon insuring a reader against damage done by burglars at his or her residence were

issued with every volume, a healthy stimulus would be given to the occupation of a poet. No reasonable person will buy a paper nowadays that does not contain an accident insurance coupon, and

why should poets not take a leaf—or at least that portion of the leaf which is perforated for the coupon—out of the editor's newspaper, and offer the public a hitherto unheard-of inducement to buy a volume of verse?

* * *

Then I fancy that a real taste for poetry might be inculcated upon the public if a volume were to be printed in a convenient form, on rice paper, with perforations close to the back, so that

the leaves might be used to make cigarettes. Perhaps on the whole however the best means of popularising a volume of poetry would be found in the paper pattern. If a paper pattern of the newest, and, consequently, most preposterous, sleeve, or of a Court dress, or a baby's cap were to be given away with every copy of the volume, I am convinced that that volume would sell. A paper pattern has saved many a newspaper enterprise from an early grave, and I am convinced that by its aid a brilliant future awaits English poetry.

Sometimes however one is apt to become despondent on literary matters. For instance I was some months ago in a court of law, and was fortunate enough to witness the appearance in the box of some of the . most distinguished of modern writers. Hall Caine, Mr. W. S. Mr. Mr. Joseph Hatton, Mr. I. Zangwill and Mr. Sidney Grundy sat "all in a branchy row" waiting for their "call." Now while I remained holding my breath for very awe as Mr. Hall Caine went into the witness-box, I was amazed to find that the shouting out of his name produced no visible effect upon the The jurymen did not decrease the circumference of their yawns when the author of "The Manxman" was kissing The Book, nor did they, when Mr. W. S. Gilbert was giving his evidence, show any larger amount of interest than they did when a nameless auctioneer was talking about the "dry value"—whatever that nay be—

of a certain chattel. The striking personality of Mr. Zangwill called for a whisper between two of the jurymen, but the reputation of "The Master" attracted no farther notice than was given to the author of "Trial by Jury," or the author of "Under the Great Seal." The gentleman who occupied the The gentleman who occupied the judicial seat was apparently as unaffected as the most callous of the jurymen at the appearance of so great a cloud of witnesses: but toward the close of the performance the electric quality of the literary atmosphere seemed to have its effect upon him, and he made a remark about one Dr. Johnson, in connection with the production of works of the imagination, giving a glance around, as M. Marius was wont to do in "Olivette"

when he said, "I hope I'm not going too far." No one had the heart to disillusion the worthy old gentleman. He seemed a most amiable person; and one should not take the dicta of judges or children too seriously.

*

But I certainly felt inclined to take a gloomy view of life when, as I was buying a packet of postcards in a bookseller's shop of moderate size, a man entered and said-

"Have you got Zangwill's latest?"

"Zangwill? Zangwill? Oh, yes, to be sure," said the shopman. "We've just received a fresh parcel. Here it is."

He handed the customer "Zadkiel's Almanac!"



ADVENTURES OF MARTIN HEWITT.

THIRD SERIES.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.

Illustrated by T. S. C. CROWTHER.

THE CASE OF MR. GELDARD'S ELOPEMENT.

T



ANY people have been surprised at the information that, in all Martin Hewitt's wide and busy practice, the matrimonial cases whereon he has been engaged have been compara-

That he has had many important cases of the sort is true, but among the innumerable cases of different descriptions they make a small percentage. The reason is that so many of the persons wishing to consult him on such concerns were actuated by mere unreasoning or fanciful jealousy that Hewitt would do no more in their cases than urge reconciliation and mutual trust. The common "private inquiry" offices chiefly flourish on this class of case, and their proprietors present no particular reluctance to taking it up. In any event it means fees for consultation and "watching"; and recent newspaper reports have made it plain that among some of the less scrupulous agents a case may be manufactured from beginning to end according to order. Again, Hewitt had a distaste for the sort of work commonly involved in matrimonial troubles; and with the immense amount of business brought to him, rendering necessary his rejection of so many commissions, it was easy for him to avoid what went against his inclinations. Still, as I have said, matrimonial cases there were, and often of an interesting nature, taking rise in no fanciful nor unreasoning jealousy.

When, on its change of proprietorship, I accepted my appointment on the paper that now claims me, I had a week or two's holiday pending the final turning over of the property. I could not leave town, for I might have been wanted at any moment, but I made an absorbing and instructive use of my leisure as an amateur assistant to Hewitt. I sat in his office much of the time and saw more of the daily routine of his work than I had ever done before; and I was present at one or two interviews that initiated cases that after-

wards developed striking features. One of these—which indeed I saw entirely through before I resumed my more legitimate work was the case of Mr. and Mrs. Geldard.

Hewitt had stepped out for a few minutes. and I was sitting alone in his private room when I became conscious of some disturbance. in the outer office. An excited female voice: was audible making impatient inquiries. Presently Kerrett, Hewitt's clerk, came in with the message that a lady—Mrs. Geldard. was the name on the visitor's slip that she had filled up—was anxious to see Mr. Hewitt at once, and failing himself had decided to see me, whom Kerrett had calmly taken it. upon himself to describe as Hewitt's confidential assistant. He apologised for this. and explained that he thought, as the lady seemed excited, it would be as well to let her see me to begin with, if there was no objection. and perhaps she would begin to be coherent and intelligible by Hewitt's arrival, which might occur at any moment. So the lady She was tall, bony, and was shown in. severe of face, and she began as soon as she saw me: "I've come to get you to get a watch set on my husband. I've endured this sort of thing in silence long enough. I won't have it. I'll see if there's no protection to be had for a woman treated as I am-with his goings out all day on business' when his office is shut up tight all the time. I wanted to see Mr. Hewitt himself. but I suppose you'll do, for the present at any rate, though I'll have it sifted to the bottom, and get the best advice to be had. no matter what it costs, though I am only a woman with nobody to confide in or to speak a word for me, and I'm not going to be crushed like a fly, as I'll soon let him know."

Here I seized a short opportunity to offer Mrs. Geldard a chair, and to say that I expected Mr. Hewitt in a few minutes.

"Very well, I'll wait and see him. But you have to do with the watching business no doubt, and you'll understand what it is I want done; and I'm sure I'm justified, and

mean to sift it to the bottom, whatever happens. Am I to be kept in total ignorance of what my husband does all day when he is supposed to be at business? Is it likely I should submit to that?"

I said I didn't think it likely at all, which was a fact. Mrs. Geldard appeared to be about the least submissive woman I ever saw.

"No, and I won't, that's more. Nice goings on somewhere, no doubt, with his office shut up all day and the business going to ruin. I want you to watch him. I want you to follow him to-morrow morning and find out all he does and let me know. I've followed him myself this morning and yesterday morning, but he gets away somehow from the back of his office, and I can't watch on two staircases at once, so I want you to come and do it, and I'll—"

Here fortunately Hewitt's arrival checked Mrs. Geldard's flow of speech, and I rose and introduced him. I told him shortly that the lady desired a watch to be set on her husband at his office, and a report to be given her of his daily proceedings. Hewitt did not appear to accept the commission with any particular delight, but he sat down to hear his visitor's story. "Stay here, Brett," he said, as he saw my hands stretched towards the door. "We've an engagement presently, you know."

The engagement, I remembered, was merely to lunch, and Hewitt kept me with some notion of restricting the time which this alarming woman might be disposed to occupy. She repeated to Hewitt, in the same manner, what she had already said to me, and then Hewitt, seizing his first opportunity, said, "Will you please tell me, Mrs. Geldard, definitely and concisely, what evidence, or even indication, you have of unbecoming conduct on your husband's part, and substantially what case you wish me to take up?"

"Case? why, I've been telling you." And again Mrs. Geldard repeated her vague catalogue of sufferings, assuring Hewitt that she was determined to have the best advice and assistance, and that therefore she had come to him. In the end Hewitt answered: "Put concisely, Mrs. Geldard, I take it that your case is simply this. Mr. Geldard is in business as, I think you told me, a general agent and broker, and keeps an office in the You have had various disagreements with him-not an uncommon thing, unfortunately, between married people—and you have entertained certain indefinite

suspicions of his behaviour. Yesterday you went so far as to go to his office soon after he should have been there, and found him absent and the office shut up. You waited some time, and called again, but the door was still locked, and the caretaker of the building assured you that Mr. Geldard usually kept his office thus shut. knocked repeatedly, and called through the keyhole, but got no answer. This morning you even followed your husband and saw him enter his office, but when, a little later. you yourself attempted to enter it you once more found it locked and apparently tenant-From this you conclude that he must have left his rooms by some back way, and you say you are determined to find out where he goes and what he does during the day. For this purpose you, I gather, wish me to watch him and report his whole day's proceedings to you?"

"Yes, of course; as I said."

"I'm afraid the state of my other engagements just at present will scarcely admit of Indeed, to speak quite frankly, this mere watching, especially of husband or wife, is not a sort of business that I care to undertake, except as a necessary part of some definite, tangible case. But apart from that, will you allow me to advise you? Not professionally, I mean, but merely as a man of the world. Why come to third parties with these vague suspicions? Family divisions of this sort, with all sorts of covert mistrust and suspicion, are bad things at best, and once carried as far as you talk of carrying this, go beyond peaceable remedy. Why not deal frankly and openly with your husband? Why not ask him plainly what he has been doing during the days you were unable to get into his office? You will probably find it all capable of a very simple and innocent explanation."

"Am I to understand, then," Mrs. Geldard said, bridling, "that you refuse to help

me ?"

"I have not refused to help you," Hewitt replied. "On the contrary, I am trying to help you now. Did your husband ever follow any other profession than the one he is now engaged in?"

"Once he was a mechanical engineer, but he got very few clients, and it didn't pay."

"There, now, is a suggestion. Would it be very unlikely that your husband, trained mechanician as he is, may have reverted so far to his old profession as to be conceiving some new invention? And in that case, what more probable than that he would lock himself securely in his office to work out his idea, and take no notice of visitors knocking, in order to admit nobody who might learn something of what he was doing? Does he keep a clerk or office boy?"

"No, he never has since he left the

mechanical engineering."

"Well, Mrs. Geldard, I'm sorry I have no more time now, but I must earnestly repeat my advice. Come to an understanding with your husband in a straightforward way as soon as you possibly can. There are plenty of private inquiry offices about where they will watch anybody, and do almost anything, without any inquiry into their clients' motives, and with a single eye to fees. I charge you no fee, and advise you to treat your husband with frankness."

Mrs. Geldard did not seem particularly satisfied, though Hewitt's rejection of a consultation fee somewhat softened her. She left protesting that Hewitt didn't know the sort of man she had to deal with, and that, one way or another, she must have an explanation.

nation.

"Come, we'll get to lunch," said Hewitt.
"I'm afraid my suggestion as to Mr. Geldard's probable occupation in his office wasn't very brilliant, but it was the pleasantest I could think of for the moment, and the main thing was to pacify the lady. One does no good by aggravating a misunderstanding of that sort."

"Can you make any conjecture," I said,

"at what the trouble really is?"

Hewitt raised his eyebrows and shook his head. "There's no telling," he said. "An angry, jealous, pragmatical woman, apparently, this Mrs. Geldard, and it's impossible to judge at first sight how much she really knows and how much she imagines. I don't suppose she'll take my advice. She seems to have worked herself into a state of rancour that must burst out violently somewhere. But lunch is the present business. Come."

The next day I spent at a friend's house a little way out of town, so that it was not till the following morning, about the same time, that I learned from Hewitt that Mrs.

Geldard had called again.

"Yes," he said; "she seems to have taken my advice in her own way, which wasn't a judicious one. When I suggested that she should speak frankly to her husband I meant her to do it in a reasonably amicable mood. Instead of that, she appears to have flown at his throat, so to speak, with all the bitter-

ness at her tongue's disposal. The natural result was a row. The man slanged back. the woman threatened divorce, and the man threatened to leave the country altogether. And so yesterday Mrs. Geldard was here again to get me to follow and watch him. I had to decline once more, and got something rather like a slanging myself for my pains. She seemed to think I was in league with her husband in some way. In the end I promised—more to get rid of her than anything else—to take the case in hand if ever there were anything really tangible to go upon: if her husband really did desert her. you know, or anything like that. If, in fact, there were anything more for me to consider than these spiteful suspicions."

"I suppose," I said, "she had nothing more to tell you than she had before?"

"Very little. She seems to have startled Geldard, however, by a chance shot. seems that she once employed a maid, whom she subsequently dismissed, because, as she tells me, the young woman was a great deal too good-looking, and because she observed. or fancied she observed, signs of some secret understanding between her maid and her Moreover, it was her husband who discovered this maid and introduced her into the house, and furthermore, he did all he could to induce Mrs. Geldard not to dismiss her. He even hinted that her dismissal might cause serious trouble, and Mrs. Geldard says it is chiefly since this maid has left the house that his movements have become so mysterious. Well it seems that in the heat of yesterday's quarrel Mrs. Geldard, quite at random, asked tauntingly how many letters Geldard had received from Emma Trennatt lately—Emma Trennatt was the girl's name. This chance shot seemed to hit the target. Geldard (so his wife tells me at any rate) winced visibly, paled a little, and dodged the question. But for the rest of the quarrel he appeared much less at ease, and made more than one attempt to find out how much his wife really knew of the correspondence she had spoken of. But as her reference to it was of course the wildest possible fluke, he got little guidance, while his better-half waxed savage in her triumph, and they parted on wild cat terms. She came straight here and evidently thought that after Geldard's reception of her allusion to correspondence with Emma Trennatt—which she seemed regard as final and conclusive confirmation of all her jealousies—I should take the case in hand at once. When she found me still



"Signs of some secret understanding."

disinclined she gave me a trifling sample of her rhetoric, as no doubt commonly supplied to Mr. Geldard. She said in effect that she had only come to me because she meant having the best assistance possible, but that she didn't think much of me after all, and one man was as bad as another, and so on. I think she was a trifle angrier because I remained calm and civil. And she went away this time without the least reference to a consultation fee one way or another."

I laughed. "Probably," I said, "she went off to some agent who'll watch as long as

she likes to pay."

"Quite possibly." But we were quite wrong. Hewitt took his hat and we made for the staircase. As we opened the landing-door there were hurried feet on the stairs below, and as it shut behind Mrs. Geldard's bonnet-load of pink flowers hove up before us. She was in a state of fierce alarm and excitement that had oddly enough something of triumph in it, as of the woman who says, "I told you so." Hewitt gave a tragic groan under his breath.

"Here's a nice state of things I'm in for now, Mr. Hewitt," she began abruptly, "through your refusing to do anything for me while there was time, though I was ready to pay you well as I told your young man but no you wouldn't listen to anything and seemed to think you knew my business better than I could tell you and now you've caused this state of affairs by delay perhaps

you'll take the case in hand now?"

"But you haven't told me what has happened ——" Hewitt began, whereat the lady instantly rejoined, with a shrill pretence of a laugh, "Happened? Why what do you suppose has happened after what I have told you over and over again? My precious husband's gone clean away, that's all. He's deserted me and gone nobody knows where. That's what's happened. You said that if he did anything of that sort you'd take the case up; so now I've come to see if you'll keep your promise. Not that it's likely to be of much use now."

We turned back into Hewitt's private office and Mrs. Geldard told her story. Disentangled from irrelevances, repetitions, opinions and incidental observations, it was this. After the quarrel Geldard had gone to business as usual and had not been seen nor heard of since. After her yesterday's interview with Hewitt Mrs. Geldard had called at her husband's office and found it shut as before. She went home again and

waited, but he never returned home that evening, nor all night. In the morning she had gone to the office once more, and finding it still shut had told the caretaker that her husband was missing and insisted on his bringing his own key and opening it for her inspection. Nobody was there, and Mrs. Geldard was astonished to find folded and laid on a cupboard shelf the entire suit of clothes that her husband had worn when he left home on the morning of the previous She also found in the waste paper basket the fragments of two or three envelones addressed to her husband, which she brought for Hewitt's inspection. They were in the handwriting of the girl Trennatt, and with them Mrs. Geldard had discovered a small fragment of one of the letters, a mere scrap, but sufficient to show part of the signature "Emma," and two or three of a row of crosses running beneath, such as are employed to represent kisses. These things she had brought with her.

Hewitt examined them slightly and then asked, "Can I have a photograph of your

husband, Mrs. Geldard?

She immediately produced, not only a photograph of her husband, but also one of the girl Trennatt, which she said belonged to the cook. Hewitt complimented her on her foresight. "And now," he said, "I think we'll go and take a look at Mr. Geldard's office, if we may. Of course I shall fellow him up now." Hewitt made a sign to me, which I interpreted as asking whether I would care to accompany him. I assented with a nod, for the case seemed likely to be interesting.

I omit most of Mrs. Geldard's talk by the way, which was almost ceaseless, mostly compounded of useless repetition, and very

tiresome.

The office was on a third floor in a large building in Finsbury Pavement. The caretaker made no difficulty in admitting us. There were two rooms, neither very large, and one of them at the back very small indeed. In this was a small locked door.

"That leads on to the small staircase, sir," the caretaker said in response to Hewitt's inquiry. "The staircase leads down to the basement, and it ain't used much 'cept by

the cleaners."

"If I went down this back staircase," Hewitt pursued, "I suppose I should have no difficulty in gaining the street?"

"Not a bit, sir. You'd have to go a little way round to get into Finsbury Pavement, but there's a passage leads straight from the bottom of the stairs out to Moorfields behind."

"Yes." remarked Mrs. Geldard bitterly, when the caretaker had left the room. "that's the wav he's been leaving the office every day, and in disguise, too." pointed to the cupboard where her husband's clothes lav. "Pretty plain proof that he was ashamed of his doings, whatever they were."

"Come, come," Hewitt answered deprecatingly, "we'll hope there's nothing to be ashamed of-at any rate till there's proof of There's no proof as yet that your husband has been disguising. A great many men who rent offices, I believe, keep dress clothes at them—I do it myself—for convenience in case of an unexpected invitation, or such other eventuality. We may find that he returned here last night, put on his evening dress and went somewhere dining. Illness, or fifty accidents, may have kept him from home."

But Mrs. Geldard was not to be softened by any such suggestion, which I could see Hewitt had chiefly thrown out by way of pacifying the lady, and allaying her bitterness as far as he could, in view of a possible reconciliation when things were cleared up.

"That isn't very likely," she said. "If he kept a dress suit here openly I should know of it, and if he kept it here unknown to me. what did he want it for? If he went out in dress clothes last night, who did he go with? Who do you suppose, after seeing those envelopes and that piece of the letter?"

"Well, well, we shall see," Hewitt replied. "May I turn out the pockets of these clothes?"

"Certainly; there's nothing in them of importance," Mrs. Geldard said. "I looked

before I came to you."

Nevertheless Hewitt turned them out. "Here is a cheque-book with a number of cheques remaining. No counterfoils filled in, which is awkward. Bankers, the London Amalgamated. We will call there presently. An ivory pocket paper-knife. A sovereign purse—empty." Hewitt placed the articles on the table as he named them. "Gold pencil case, ivory folding rule, russia-leather card-case." He turned to Mrs. Geldard. "There is no pocket-book," he said, "no pocket-knife and no watch, and there are no keys. Did Mr. Geldard usually carry any of these things?"

"Yes," Mrs. Geldard replied, "he carried all four." Hewitt's simple methodical calmness, and his plain disregard of her former volubility, appeared by this to have disciplined Mrs. Geldard into a businesslike brevity and directness of utterance.

"As to the watch now. Can you describe

"Oh, it was only a cheap one. He had a gold one stolen-or at any rate he told me so—and since then he has only carried a very common sort of silver one, without a chain.".

"The keys?"

"I only know there was a bunch of keys. Some of them fitted drawers and bureaux at home, and others, I suppose, fitted locks in this office."

"What of the pocket-knife?"

"That was a very uncommon one. It was a present, as a matter of fact, from an engineering friend, who had had it made specially. It was large, with a tortoise-shell handle and a silver plate with his initials. There was only one ordinary knife-blade in it. all the other implements were small tools or things of that kind. There was a small pair of silver calibers, for instance."

"Like these?" Hewitt suggested, producing those he used for measuring drawers and cabinets in search of secret receptacles.

"Yes, like those. And there were folding steel compasses, a tiny flat spanner, a little spirit level, and a number of other small instruments of that sort. It was very well made indeed; he used to say that it could not have been made for five pounds."

"Indeed?" Hewitt cast his eyes about the two rooms. "I see no signs of books here, Mrs. Geldard—account books I mean. of course. Your husband must have kept

account books, I take it?"

"Yes, naturally; he must have done. I never saw them, of course, but every business man keeps books." Then after a pause Mrs. Geldard continued: "And they're gone too. I never thought of that. But there, I might have known as much. Who can trust a man safely if his own wife can't? But I won't shield him. Whatever he's been doing with his clients' money he'll have to answer for himself. Thank heaven I've enough to live on of my own without being dependent on a creature like him! But think of the disgrace! My husband nothing better than a common thiefswindling his clients and making away with his books when he can't go on any longer! But he shall be punished, oh yes; I'll see he's punished, if once I find him!"

Hewitt thought for a moment, and then asked: "Do you know any of your husband's

clients, Mrs. Geldard?"

"No," she answered, rather snappishly, "I don't. I've told you he never let me know anything of his business—never anything at all; and very good reason he had too, that's certain."

"Then probably you do not happen to know the contents of these drawers?" Hewitt pursued, tapping the writing-table as he

spoke.

"Oh, there's nothing of importance in them—at any rate in the unlocked ones. I looked at all of them this morning when I

first came."

The table was of the ordinary pedestal pattern with four drawers at each side and a ninth in the middle at the top, and of very ordinary quality. The only locked drawer was the third from the top on the left-hand side. Hewitt pulled out one drawer after In one was a tin half full of tobacco: in another a few cigars at the bottom of a box; in a third a pile of notepaper headed with the address of the office, and rather dusty; another was empty; still another contained a handful of string. top middle drawer rather reminded me of a similar drawer of my own at my last newspaper office, for it contained several pipes; but my own were mostly briars, whereas these were all clays.

"There's nothing really so satisfactory," Hewitt said, as he lifted and examined each pipe by turn, "to a seasoned smoker as a well-used clay. Most such men keep one or more such pipes for strictly private use." There was nothing noticeable about these pipes except that they were uncommonly dirty, but Hewitt scrutinised each before returning it to the drawer. Then he turned to Mrs. Geldard and said: "As to the bank now—the London Amalgamated, Mrs. Geldard.

Are you known there personally?"

"Oh, yes; my husband gave them authority to pay cheques signed by me up to a certain amount, and I often do it for household expenses, or when he happens to be

awav."

"Then perhaps it will be best for you to go alone," Hewitt responded. "Of course they will never, as a general thing, give any person information as to the account of a customer, but perhaps, as you are known to them, and hold your husband's authority to draw cheques, they may tell you something. What I want to find out is, of course, whether your husband drew from the bank all his remaining balance yesterday, or any large sum. You must go alone, ask for the manager, and tell him that you have seen

nothing of Mr. Geldard since he left for Mind, you business yesterday morning. are not to appear angry, or suspicious, or anything of that sort, and you mustn't say you are employing me to bring him back from an elopement. That will shut up the channel of information at once. Hostile inquiries they'll never answer, even by the smallest hint, except after legal injunction. You can be as distressed and as alarmed as Your husband has disappeared vou please. since yesterday morning, and you've no notion what has become of him; that is your tale, and a perfectly true one. You would like to know whether or not he has withdrawn his balance, or a considerable sum, since that would indicate whether or not his absence was intentional and premeditated."

Mrs. Geldard understood and undertook to make the inquiry with all discretion. The bank was not far, and it was arranged that she should return to the office with the result

As soon as she had left Hewitt turned to the pedestal table and probed the keyhole of the locked drawer with the small stiletto attached to his penknife. "This seems to be a common sort of lock," he said. "I could probably open it with a bent nail. But the whole table is a cheap sort of thing. Perhaps there is an easier way."

He drew the unlocked drawer above completely out, passed his hand into the opening and felt about. "Yes," he said, "it's just as I hoped—as it usually is in pedestal tables not of the best quality; the partition between the drawers doesn't go more than two-thirds of the way back, and I can drop my hand into the drawer below. But I can't feel anything there—it seems empty."

He withdrew his hand and we tilted the whole table backward, so as to cause whatever lay in the drawers to slide to the back. This dodge was successful. Hewitt reinserted his hand and withdrew it with two orderly heaps of papers, each held together

by a metal clip.

The papers in each clip, on examination, proved to be all of an identical character, with the exception of dates. They were, in fact, rent receipts. Those for the office, which had been given quarterly, were put back in their place with scarcely a glance, and the others Hewitt placed on the table before him. Each ran, apart from dates, in this fashion: "Received from Mr. J. Cookson 15s., one month's rent of stable at 3 Dragon Yard, Benton Street, to"—here

followed the date. "Also rent, feed and care of horse in own stable as agreed, £2.— W. Gask." The receipts were ill-written, and here and there ill-spelt. Hewitt put the last of the receipts in his pocket and returned the others to the drawer. "Either." he said. "Mr. Cookson is a client who gets Mr. Geldard to hire stables for him, which may not be likely, or Mr. Geldard calls himself Mr. Cookson when he goes drivingpossibly with Miss Trennatt. We shall see."

The pedestal table put in order again, Hewitt took the poker and raked in the fireplace. It was summer, and behind the bars was a sort of screen of cartridge paper with a frilled edge, and behind this various odds and ends had been thrown—spent matches, trade-circulars crumpled up, and torn paper. There were also the remains of several cigars. some only half smoked, and one almost whole. The torn paper Hewitt examined piece by piece, and finally sorted out a number of pieces which he set to work to arrange on the blotting pad. They formed a complete note, written in the same hand as were the envelopes already found by Mrs. Geldard—that of the girl Emma Trennatt. It corresponded also with the solitary fragment of another letter which had accompanied them, by way of having a number of crosses below the signature, and it ran thus :---

Tuesday Night.

Dear Sam,—To-morrow, to carry. Not late because people are coming for flowers. What you did was no good. The smoke leaks worse than ever, and F. thinks you must light a new pipe or else stop smoking altogether for a bit. Uncle is anxious.

Емма.

Then followed the crosses, filling one line and nearly half the next; seventeen in all.

Hewitt gazed at the fragments thought-"This is a find," he said—"most decidedly a find. It looks so much like nonsense that it must mean something of importance. The date, you see, is Tuesday night. It would be received here on Wednesday—yesterday—morning. So that it was immediately after the receipt of this note that Geldard left. It's pretty plain the crosses don't mean kisses. The note isn't quite of the sort that usually carries such symbols, and moreover, when a lady fills the end of a sheet of notepaper with kisses she doesn't stop less than half way across the last line—she fills it to the end. crosses mean something very different.

should like, too, to know what 'smoke' means. Anyway this letter would probably astonish Mrs. Geldard if she saw it. We'll say nothing about it for the present." He swept the fragments into an envelope, and put away the envelope in his breast pocket. There was nothing more to be found of the least value in the fireplace, and a careful examination of the office in other parts revealed nothing that I had not noticed before, so far as I could see, except Geldard's boots standing on the floor of the cupboard wherein his clothes lay. The whole place was singularly bare of what one commonly finds in an office in the way of papers, handbooks, and general business material.

Mrs. Geldard was not long away. At the bank she found that the manager was absent and his deputy had been very reluctant to say anything definite without his sanction. He gave Mrs. Geldard to understand, however, that there was a balance still remaining to her husband's credit; also that Mr. Geldard had drawn a cheque the previous morning, Wednesday, for an amount "rather larger than usual." And that was all.

"By the way, Mrs. Geldard," Hewitt observed, with an air of recollecting something, "there was a Mr. Cookson I believe, if I remember, who knew a Mr. Geldard. You don't happen to know, do you, whether or not Mr. Geldard had a client or an acquaintance of that name?"

"No, I know nobody of the name."

"Ah, it doesn't matter. I suppose it isn't necessary for your husband to keep horses or vehicles of any description in his business?"

"No, certainly not." Mrs. Geldard looked

surprised at the question.

"Of course—I should have known that. He does not drive to business, I suppose?"

"No, he goes by omnibus."

"But as to Emma Trennatt now. This photograph is most welcome, and will be of great assistance, I make no doubt. But is there anything individual by which I might identify her if I saw her—anything beyond what I see in the photograph? A peculiarity of step, for instance, or a scar, or what not."

"Yes, there is a large mole—more than a quarter of an inch across I should think-on her left cheek, an inch below the outer corner of her eye. The photograph only shows the other side of the face."

"That will be useful to know. Now has she a relative living at Crouch End, or there-

about?"

"Yes, her uncle; she's living with him now—or she was at any rate till lately. But how did you know that?"

"The Crouch End postmark was on those envelopes you found. Do you know anything of her uncle?"

"Nothing, except that he's a nursery-

man, I believe."

"Not his full address?"

" No."

"And Trennatt is his name?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. I think, Mrs. Geldard," Hewitt said, taking his hat, "that I will set out after your husband at once. You, I think, can do no better than stay at home till I have news for you. I have your address. If anything comes to your knowledge please telegraph it to my office at once."

The office door was locked, the keys were left with the caretaker, and we saw Mrs. Geldard into a cab at the door. "Come," said Hewitt, "we'll go somewhere and look at a directory, and after that to Dragon Yard. I think I know a man in Moorgate Street who'll let me see his directory."

We started to walk down Finsbury Pavement. Suddenly Hewitt caught my arm and directed my eyes toward a woman who had passed hurriedly in the opposite direction. I had not seen her face, but Hewitt had. "If that isn't Miss Emma Trennatt," he said, "it's uncommonly like the notion I've formed of her. We'll see if she goes to Geldard's office."

We hurried after the woman, who, sure enough, turned into the large door of the building we had just left. As it was impossible that she should know us we followed her boldly up the stairs and saw her stop before the door of Geldard's office and knock. We passed her as she stood there—a handsome young woman enough—and well back on her left cheek, in the place Mrs. Geldard had indicated, there was plain to see a very large mole. We pursued our way to the landing above and there we stopped in a position that commanded a view of Geldard's door. The young woman knocked again and waited.

"This doesn't look like an elopement yesterday morning, does it?" Hewitt whispered. "Unless Geldard's left both this one and his wife in the lurch."

The young woman below knocked once or twice more, walked irresolutely across the corridor and back, and in the end, after a parting knock, started slowly back downstairs.

"Brett," Hewitt exclaimed with sudden-

ness, "will you do me a favour? That woman understands Geldard's secret comings and goings, as is plain from the letter. But she would appear to know nothing of where he is now, since she seems to have come here to find him. Perhaps this last absence of his has nothing to do with the others. In any case will you follow this woman? She must be watched; but I want to see to the matter in other places. Will you do it?"

Of course I assented at once. We had been descending the stairs as Hewitt spoke, keeping distance behind the girl we were following. "Thank you," Hewitt now said. "Do it. If you find anything urgent to communicate wire to me in care of the inspector at Crouch End Police Station. He knows me, and I will call there in case you may have sent. But if it's after five this afternoon, wire also to my office. If you keep with her to Crouch End, where she lives, we shall probably meet."

We parted at the door of the office we were at first bound for, and I followed the

girl southward.

This new turn of affairs increased the puzzlement I already laboured under. Here was the girl Trennatt—who by all evidence appeared to be well acquainted with Geldard's mysterious proceedings, and in consequence of whose letter, whatever it might mean, he would seem to have absented himselfherself apparently ignorant of his whereabouts and even unconscious that he had left his office. I had at first begun to speculate on Geldard's probable secret employment; I had heard of men keeping good establishments who, unknown to even their own wives, procured the wherewithal by begging or crossing-sweeping in London streets; I had heard also—knew in fact from Hewitt's experience—of well-to-do suburban residents whose actual profession was burglary or coining. I had speculated on the possibility of Geldard's secret being one of that kind. My mind had even reverted to the case, which I have related elsewhere. in which Hewitt frustrated a dynamite explosion by his timely discovery of a baker's cart and a number of loaves, and I wondered whether or not Geldard was a member of some secret brotherhood of Anarchists or Fenians. But here, it would seem, were two distinct mysteries, one of Geldard's generally unaccountable movements, and another of his disappearance, each mystery complicating the other. Again, what did that extraordinary note mean, with its crosses and its odd references to smoking? Had the dirty clay pipes anything to do with it? Or the half-smoked cigars? Perhaps the whole thing was merely ridiculously trivial after all. I could make nothing of it, however, and applied myself to my pursuit of Emma Trennatt, who mounted an omnibus at the Bank, on the roof of which I myself secured a seat.

TT.

Here I must leave my own proceedings to put in their proper place those of Martin Hewitt as I subsequently learnt them.

Benton Street, he found by the directory, turned out of the City Road south of Old Street, so was quite near. He was there in less than ten minutes, and had discovered Dragon Yard. Dragon Yard was as small a stable-yard as one could easily find. Only the right-hand side was occupied by stables, and there were only three of these. On the left was a high dead wall bounding a great warehouse or some such building. Across the first and second of the stables stretched a long board with the legend, "W. Gask, Corn, Hay and Straw Dealer," and underneath a shop address in Old Street. The third stable stood blank and uninscribed, and all three were shut fast. Nobody was in the yard, and Hewitt at once proceeded to examine the The doors were unusually end stable. well finished and close-fitting, and the lock was a good one, of the lever variety, and very difficult to pick. Hewitt examined the front of the building very carefully, and then, after a visit to the entrance of the yard, to guard against early interruption, returned and scrambled by projections and fastenings to the roof. This was a roof in contrast to those of the other stables. were of tiles, seemed old, and carried nothing in the way of a skylight; evidently it was the habit of Mr. Gask and his helpers to do their horse and van business with gates wide open to admit light. But the roof of this third stable was newer and better made, and carried a good-sized skylight of thick fluted Hewitt took a good look at such few windows as happened to be in sight, and straightway began, with the strongest blade of his pocket-knife, to cut away the putty from round one pane. It was a rather long job, for the patty had hardened thoroughly in the sun, but it was accomplished at length, and Hewitt, with a final glance at the windows in view, prized up the pane from the end and lifted it out.

The interior of the stable was apparently empty. Neither stall nor rack was to be seen, and the place was plainly used as a coach or van house simply. Hewitt took one more look about him and dropped quietly through the hole in the skylight. The floor was thickly laid with straw. There were a few odd pieces of harness, a rope or two, a lantern, and a few sacks lying here and there, and at the darkest end there was an obscure heap covered with straw and sacking. This heap Hewitt proceeded to unmask, and having cleared away a few sacks left revealed



"Half-a-dozen rolls of linoleum."

about half-a-dozen rolls of linoleum. One of these he dragged to the light, where it became evident that it had remained thus rolled and tied with cord in two places for a long period. There were cracks in the surface, and when the cords were loosened the linoleum showed no disposition to open out or to become unrolled. Others of the rolls on inspection exhibited the same peculiarities. Moreover, each roll appeared to consist of no more than a couple of yards of material at most, though all were of the same pattern. Every roll

in fact was of the same length, thickness and shape as the others, containing somewhere near two yards of linoleum in a roll of some half dozen thicknesses, leaving

an open diameter of some four inches in the centre. Hewitt looked at each in turn and then replaced the heap as he had found it. After this to regain the skylight was not difficult by the aid of a trestle. The pane was replaced as well as the absence of fresh putty permitted, and five minutes later Hewitt was in a hansom bound for Crouch End.

He dismissed his cab at the police station. Within he had no difficulty in procuring a direction to Trennatt, the nurseryman, and a short walk brought him to the place. A fairly high wall topped with broken glass bounded the nursery garden next the road and in the wall were two gates, one a wide double one for the admission of vehicles. and the other a smaller one of open pales, for ordinary visitors. The garden stood sheltered by higher ground behind, whereon stood a good-sized house, just visible among the trees that surrounded it. Hewitt walked along by the side of the Soon he came to where the ground of the nursery garden appeared to be divided from that of the house by a most extraordinarily high hedge extending a couple of feet above the top of the wall Stepping back, the itself. better to note this hedge. Hewitt became conscious of two large boards, directly facing each other, with scarcely four feet space

between them, one erected on a post in the ground of the house and the other similarly elevated from that of the nursery, each being inscribed in large letters, "Tres-PASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED." Hewitt smiled and passed on; here plainly was a neighbour's quarrel of long standing, for neither board was by any means new. The wall continued, and keeping by it Hewitt



"Forcing through an inadequate opening in the hedge of some piece of machinery which the nurseryman was most amicably passing to his neighbour."

made the entire circuit of the large house and its grounds, and arrived once more at that part of the wall that enclosed the nursery garden. Just here, and near the wider gate, the upper part of a cottage was visible, standing within the wall, and evidently the residence of the nurseryman. It carried a conspicuous board with the legend, "H. M. Trennatt, Nurseryman." The large house and the nursery stood entirely apart from other houses or enclosures, and it would seem that the nursery ground had at some time been cut off from the grounds attached to the house.

Hewitt stood for a moment thoughtfully, and then walked back to the outer gate of the house on the rise. It was a high iron gate, and as Hewitt perceived, it was bolted at the bottom. Within the garden showed a neglected and weed-choked appearance, such as one associates with the garden of a house that has stood long empty.

A little way off a policeman walked. Hewitt accosted him and spoke of the house. "I was wondering if it might happen to be to let," he said. "Do you

know?"

"No, sir," the policeman replied, "it ain't; though anyone might almost think it, to look at the garden. That's a Mr. Fuller as lives there—and a rum 'un too."

"Oh, he's a rum 'un, is he? Keeps

himself shut up, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir. On'y 'as one old woman, deaf as a post, for servant, and never lets nobody into the place. It's a rare game sometimes with the milkman. The milkman, he comes and rings that there bell, but the old gal's so deaf she never 'ears it. Then the milkman, he just slips 'is 'and through the gaterails, lifts the bolt and goes and bangs at the door. Old Fuller runs out and swears a good 'un. The old gal comes out and old Fuller swears at 'er, and she turns round and swears back like anything. She don't Then when he care for 'im—not a bit. ain't 'avin' a row with the milkman and the old gal he goes down the garden and rows with the old nurseryman there down the 'ill. He jores the nurseryman from 'is side o' the hedge and the nurseryman he jores back at the top of 'is voice. I've stood out there ten minutes together and nearly bust myself a-laughin' at them gray-'eaded old fellers a-callin' each other everythink they can think of; you can 'ear 'em 'alf over the parish. Why, each of 'em's 'ad a board painted, 'Trespassers will be Prosecuted,' and stuck 'em up facin' each other, so as to keep up the row.

"Very funny, no doubt."

"Funny? I believe you, sir. Why it's quite a treat sometimes on a dull beat like this. Why, what's that? Blowed if I

don't think they're beginning again now. Yes, they are. Well, my beat's the other

way."

There was a sound of angry voices in the direction of the nursery ground, and Hewitt made toward it. Just where the hedge peeped over the wall the altercation was plain to hear.

"You're an old vagabond, and I'll indict

you for a nuisance!"

"You're an old thief, and you'd like to turn me out of house and home, wouldn't you? Indict away, you greedy old scoundre!!"

These and similar endearments, punctuated by growls and snorts, came distinctly from over the wall, accompanied by a certain scraping, brushing sound, as though each neighbour were madly attempting to scale the

hedge and personally bang the other.

Hewitt hastened round to the front of the nursery garden and quietly tried first the wide gate and next the small one. Both were fastened securely. But in the manner of the milkman at the gate of the house above, Hewitt slipped his hand between the open slats of the small gate and slid the nightlatch that held it. Within the quarrel ran high as Hewitt stepped quietly into the He trod on the narrow grass borders of the beds for quietness' sake, till presently only a line of shrubs divided him from the clamorous nurseryman. Stooping and looking through an opening which gave him a back view, Hewitt observed that the brushing and scraping noise proceeded, not from angry scramblings, but from forcing through an inadequate opening in the hedge of some piece of machinery which the nurseryman was most amicably passing to his neighbour at the same time as he assailed him with savage abuse, and received a full return in kind. It appeared to consist of a number of coils of metal pipe, not unlike those sometimes used in heating apparatus, and was as yet only a very little way through. Something else, of bright copper, lay on the garden-bed at the foot of the hedge, but intervening plants concealed its shape.

Hewitt turned quickly away and made towards the greenhouses, keeping tall shrubs as much as possible between himself and the cottage, and looking sharply about him. Here and there about the garden were stand-pipes, each carrying a tap at its upper end and placed conveniently for irrigation. These in particular Hewitt scrutinised, and presently, as he neared a large wooden outhouse close by the large gate, turned his

attention to one backed by a thick shrub. When the thick undergrowth of the shrub was pushed aside a small stone slab, black and dirty, was disclosed, and this Hewitt lifted, uncovering a square hole six or eight inches across, from the fore-side of which the stand-pipe rose.

The row went cheerily on over by the hedge, and neither Trennatt nor his neighbour saw Hewitt, feeling with his hand, discover two stop-cocks and a branch pipe in the hole, nor saw him try them both. Hewitt, however, was satisfied, and saw his case plain. He rose and made his way back toward the small gate. He was scarce half-way there when the straining of the hedge ceased, and before he reached it the last insult had been hurled, the quarrel ceased, and Trennatt approached. immediately turned his back to the gate. and looking about him inquiringly hemmed aloud as though to attract attention. The nurseryman promptly burst round a corner



"The stand-pipe in the nursery garden.

crying, "Who's that? who's that, eh? What d'ye want, eh?"

"Why," answered Hewitt in a tone of

mild surprise, "is it so uncommon to have a customer drop in?"

"I'd ha' sworn that gate was fastened," the old man said, looking about him suspiciously.

"That would have been rash: I had no difficulty in opening it. Come, can't you sell me a button-hole?"

The old man led the way to a greenhouse. but as he went he growled again, "I'd ha' sworn I shut that gate."

"Perhaps you forgot," Hewitt suggested. "You have had a little excitement with your

neighbour, haven't you?"

Trennatt stopped and turned round, darting a keen glance into Hewitt's face. he answered angrily, "I have, He's an old villain. He'd like to turn me out of here, after being here all my lifeand a lot o' good the ground 'ud be to him if he kep' it like he keeps his own! And look there!" He dragged Hewitt toward the "Trespassers" boards. "Goes and sticks up a board like that looking over my hedge! As though I wanted to go over among his weeds! So I stuck up another in front of it, and now they can stare each other out o' countenance. Buttonhole, you said, sir, eh?"

The old man saw Hewitt off the premises with great care, and the latter, flower in coat, made straight for the nearest postoffice and despatched a telegram. stood for some little while outside the postoffice deep in thought, and in the end returned to the gate of the house above the nursery.

With much circumspection he opened the gate and entered the grounds. But instead of approaching the house he turned immediately to the left, behind trees and shrubs, making for the side nearest the nursery. Soon he reached a long, low wooden shed. The door was only secured by a button, and turning this he gazed into the dark interior. Now he had not noticed that close after him a woman had entered the gate, and that that woman was Mrs. Geldard. She would have made for the house, but catching sight of Hewitt, followed him swiftly and quietly over the long grass. Thus it came to pass that his first apprisal of the lady's presence was a sharp drive in the back which pitched him down the step to the low floor of what he had just perceived to be merely a tool-house, after which the door was shut and buttoned behind him.

"Perhaps you'll be more careful in future," came Mrs. Geldard's angry voice from without, "how you go making mischief between husband and wife and poking your nose into people's affairs. Such fellows as you ought to be well punished."

Hewitt laughed softly. Mrs. Geldard had evidently changed her mind. The door presented no difficulty; a fairly vigorous you must get out. Out you go, now!" Outside the gate Hewitt met me.

III.

My own adventures had been simple. I had secured a back seat on the roof of the

omnibus wherein Emma Trennatt travelled from the Bank, from which I could easily observe where she alighted. When she did so I followed, and found to my astonishment that her destination was no other than the Geldards' private house at Camberwell—as I remembered from the address on the visitor's slip which Mrs. Geldard had handed in at Hewitt's office a couple of days before. She handed a letter to the maid who opened the door, and soon after, in response to a message by the same maid, entered the house. Presently the maid reappeared, bonneted, and hurried off, to return in a few minutes in a cab with another following behind. Almost immediately Mrs. Geldard emerged in company with Emma Trennatt. She hurried the girl into one of the cabs, and I heard her repeat loudly twice the address of Hewitt's office. once to the girl and once to the cabman. Now it seemed plain to me that to follow Emma Trennatt farther would be waste of time, for she was off to Hewitt's office, where Kerrett would learn her message. And knowing where a message would find Hewitt sooner than at his office, I judged it well to tell Mrs. Geldard of the fact. I approached, therefore, as she was entering the other cab

and began to explain when she cut me short. "You can go and tell your master to attend to his own business as soon as he pleases, for not a shilling does he get from me. He ought to be ashamed of himself, sowing dissension between man and wife for the sake of what he can make out of it, and so ought you."



"His first apprisal of the lady's presence was a sharp drive in the back."

push dislodged the button entirely, and he walked back to the outer gate chuckling quietly. In the distance he heard Mrs. Geldard in shrill altercation with the deaf old woman. "It's no good you a-talking," the old woman was saying. "I can't hear. Nobody ain't allowed in this here place, so

I bowed with what grace I might, and The other cab had gone, so I set forth to find one for myself at the nearest rank. I could think of nothing better to do than to make for Crouch End Police Station and endeavour to find Hewitt. Soon after my cab emerged north of the city I became conscious of another cab whose driver I fancied I recognised, and which kept ahead all along the route. In fact it was Mrs. Geldard's cab, and presently it dawned upon me that we must both be bound for the same place. When it became quite clear that Crouch End was the destination of the lady I instructed my driver to disregard the police station and follow the cab in front. Thus I arrived at Mr. Fuller's house just behind Mrs. Geldard, and thus. waiting at the gate, I met Hewitt as he emerged.

"Hullo, Brett!" he said. "Condole with me. Mrs. Geldard has changed her mind, and considers me a pernicious creature anxious to make mischief between her and her husband; I'm very much afraid I shan't

get my fee."

"No," I answered, "she told me you wouldn't."

We compared notes, and Hewitt laughed heartily. "The appearance of Emma Trennatt at Geldard's office this morning is explained," he said. "She went first with a message from Geldard to Mrs. Geldard at Camberwell, explaining his absence and imploring her not to talk of it or make a disturbance. Mrs. Geldard had gone off to town, and Emma Trennatt was told that she had gone to Geldard's office. There she went, and then we first saw her. She found nobody at the office, and after a minute or two of irresolution returned to Camberwell, and then succeeded in delivering her message, as you saw. Mrs. Geldard is apparently satisfied with her husband's explanation. But I'm afraid the revenue officers won't approve of it."

"The revenue officers?"

"Yes. It's a case of illicit distilling—and a big case, I fancy. I've wired to Somerset House, and no doubt men are on their way here now. But Mrs. Geldard's up at the house, so we'd better hurry up to the police station and have a few sent from there. Come along. The whole thing's very clever, and a most uncommonly big thing. If I know all about it—and I think I do—Geldard and his partners have been turning out untaxed spirit by the hundred gallons for a long time past. Geldard is the practical

man, the engineer, and probably erected the whole apparatus himself in that house on the hill. The spirit is brought down by a pipe laid a very little way under the garden surface, and carried into one of the irrigation stand-pipes in the nursery ground. There's a quiet little hole behind the pipe with a couple of stop-cocks—one to shut off the water when necessary, the other to do the same with the spirit. When the stopcocks are right you just turn the tap at the top of the pipe and you get water or whisky. as the case may be. Fuller, the man up at the house, attends to the still, with such assistance as the deaf old woman can give Trennatt, down below, draws off the liquor ready to be carried away. These two keep up an ostentatious appearance of being at unending feud to blind suspicion. Our as yet ungreeted friend Geldard, guiding spirit of the whole thing, comes disguised as a carter with an apparent cart-load of linoleum, and carries away the manufactured stuff. In the pleasing language of Geldard and Co., 'smoke,' as alluded to in the note you saw, means whisky. Something has been wrong with the apparatus lately, and it has been leaking badly. Geldard has been at work on it, patching, but ineffectually. 'What you did was no good' said the charming Emma in the note, as you will remember. 'Uncle was anxious.' And justifiably so, because not only does a leak of spirit mean a waste, but it means a smell, which some sharp revenue man might sniff. Moreover, if there is a leak, the liquid runs somewhere at random, and with any sudden increase in volume attention might easily be attracted. It was so bad that 'F.' (Fuller) thought Geldard must light another pipe (start another still) or give up smoking (distilling) for a bit. There is the explanation of 'To-morrow, to carry' probably means that he is to call with his cart—the cart in whose society Geldard becomes Cookson—to remove a quantity of spirit. He is not to come late because people are expected on floral business. The crosses I think will be found to indicate the amount of liquid to be moved. But that we shall Anyhow Geldard got there yesterday and had a busy day loading up, and then set to repairing. The damage was worse than supposed, and an urgent thing. Geldard works into early morning, has a sleep in the place, where he may be called at any moment, and starts again early this morning. New parts have to be ordered, and these are delivered at Trennatt's to-day

and passed through the hedge. Meantime Geldard sends a message to his wife explaining things, and the result you've seen."

At the police station a telegram had already been received from Somerset House. That was enough for Hewitt, who had discharged his duty as a citizen and now dropped the case. We left the police and the revenue officers to deal with the matter and travelled back to town.

"Yes," said Hewitt on the way, after each had fully described his day's experiences, "it seemed pretty plain that Geldard left his office by the back way in disguise, and there were things that hinted what that disguise The pipes were noticeable. They were quite unnecessarily dirty, and partly from dirty fingers. Pipes smoked by a man in his office would never look like that. They had been smoked out of doors by a man with dirty hands, and hands and pipes would be in keeping with the rest of the man's appearance. It was noticeable that he had left not only his clothes and hat but his boots behind They were quite plain though good boots, and would be quite in keeping with any dress but that of a labourer or some such man in his working clothes. Moreover the partly-smoked cigars were probably thrown aside because they would appear inconsistent with Geldard's changed dress. The contents of the pockets in the clothes left behind, too, told the same tale. cheap watch and the necessary keys, pocketbook and pocket-knife were taken, but the articles of luxury, the russia leather cardcase, the sovereign purse and so on were left. Then we came on the receipts for stable-rent. Suggestion—perhaps the disguise was that of

"Then there was the coach-house. Plainly, if Geldard took the trouble thus to disguise himself, and thus to hide his occupation even from his wife, he had some very good reason for secrecy. Now the goods which a man would be likely to carry secretly in a cart or van, as a regular piece of business, would probably be either stolen or smuggled. When I examined those pieces of linoleum I became convinced that they were intended merely as receptacles for some other sort of article altogether. They were old, and had evidently been thus rolled for a very long period. They appeared to have been exposed to weather, but on the outside only. Moreover they were all of one size and shape, each forming a long hollow cylinder, with plenty of interior room. Now from this it was plainly unlikely that they were intended to hold stolen goods.

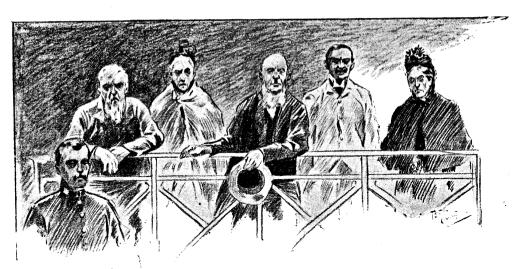
Stolen goods are not apt to be always of one size and shape, adaptable to a cylindrical Perhaps they were smuggled. Now the only goods profitable to be smuggled nowadays are tobacco and spirits, and plainly these rolls of linoleum would be excellent Tobacco could be receptacles for either. packed inside the rolls and the ends stopped artistically with narrow rolls of linoleum. Spirits could be contained in metal cylinders exactly fitting the cavity and the ends filled in the same way as for tobacco. tobacco a smart man would probably make his linoleum rolls of different sizes, for the sake of a more innocent appearance, while for spirits it would be a convenience to have vessels of uniform measure, to save trouble in quicker delivery and calculation quantity. Bearing these things in mind I went in search of the gentle nurseryman at Crouch End. My general survey of the nursery ground and the house behind it inspired me with the notion that the situation and arrangement were most admirably adapted for the working of a large illicit still—a form of misdemeanour, let me tell you, that is much more common nowadays than generally supposed. I remembered Geldard's engineering experience, and I heard something of the odd manners of Mr. Fuller; my theory of a traffic in untaxed spirits became strengthened. But why a nursery? Was this a mere accident of the design? There were commonly irrigation pipes about nurseries, and an extra one might easily be made to carry whisky. With this in mind I visited the nursery with the result you know of. The stand-pipe I tested (which was where I expected—handy to the vehicleentrance) could produce simple New River water or raw whisky at command of one of two stop-cocks. My duty was plain. As you know, I am a citizen first and an investigator after, and I find the advantage of it in my frequent intercourse with the police and other authorities. As soon as I could get away I telegraphed to Somerset House. But then I grew perplexed on a point of conduct. I was commissioned by Mrs. Geldard. It scarcely seemed the loyal thing to put my client's husband in gaol because of what I had learnt in course of work on her behalf. I decided to give him, and nobody else, a sporting chance. If I could possibly get at him in the time at my disposal, by himself, so that no accomplice should get the benefit of my warning, I would give him a plain hint to run; then he could take his chance. returned to the place and began to work

round the grounds, examining the place as I went; but at the very first outhouse I put my head into I was surprised in the rear by Mrs. Geldard coming in hot haste to stop me and rescue her husband. She most unmistakably gave me the sack, and so now the police may catch Geldard or not, as their luck may be."

They did catch him. In the next day's papers a report of a great capture of illicit distillers occupied a prominent place. The prisoners were James Fuller, Henry Matthew Trennatt, Sarah Blatten, a deaf woman, Samuel Geldard and his wife Rebecca Geldard. The two women were found on the premises in violent altercation when the officers arrived a few minutes after Hewitt and I had left the police station on our way home. It was considered by far the greatest haul for the revenue authorities since the seizure of the famous ship's boiler on a waggon in the East-End stuffed full of tobacco, after that same ship's boiler had made about a dozen voyages to the continent

and back "for repair." Geldard was found dressed as a workman, carrying out extensive alterations and repairs to the still. And a light van was found in a shed belonging to the nursery loaded with seventeen rolls of linoleum, each enclosing a cylinder containing two gallons of spirits, and packed at each end with narrow linoleum rolls. It will be remembered that seventeen was the number of crosses at the foot of Emma Trennatt's note.

The subsequent raids on a number of obscure public-houses in different parts of London, in consequence of information gathered on the occasion of the Geldard capture, resulted in the seizure of a large quantity of secreted spirit for which no permit could be shown. It demonstrated also the extent of Geldard's connection, and indicated plainly what was done with the spirit when he had carted it away from Crouch End. Some of the public-houses in question must have acquired a notoriety among the neighbours for frequent purchases of linoleum.



"The prisoners were James Fuller, Henry Matthew Trennatt, Sarah Blatten, a deaf woman, Samuel Geldard, and his wife Rebecca Geldard."

The Editor's Scrap-Book.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1896.



IROM the vellow leaves of an ancient volume, printed more than two centuries ago "at the Sign of the Three Bibles on London Bridge," I cull the following

Action and to

quaint prophecy :-

"An exact judgement of ancient Astrologers of the general accidents in the world that shall happen to men, women and children by the falling of New Yeare's Day. If on Wednesday, a warm winter in the beginning, but towards the end snow or frost; a cloudy summer, plenty of fruit, also of corn, wine, hay and honey, and other things. Death to many children, plenty of sheep, news of kings and great wars, bloodshed towards the midst."

OH, safe astrologer to follow Nature thus and exhaust the obvious! Few winters there be but begin with warmth and end with snow and frost, No summers have we without clouds, but as George Macdonald finely says-

Not every cloud That climbeth heavenward overwhelms the earth.

Our astrologer is luckily quite within the limits of veracity when he promises "plenty of fruit," seeing what new markets we enjoy in California, Australia and Africa. As for corn, if our own fields fail to be filled with "the lovely laughter of the wind-swept corn," we may look to Russia and other lands to supply the deficiency. The conjunction of "hay and honey" is novel, while "other things" is grandly inclusive. Then we may be sure that the coming days will bring "death to many children," for

There is no home, howe'er defended, But has one vacant chair.

Yet, while the earthly flocks lose their lambs, there are to be plenty of sheep, less loving and lovely. Finally, our far-seeing astrologer concludes with the anticipation of "news of kings"-let us trust, good news-"and great wars"—let us hope not rumours substantiated by facts-and "bloodshed towards the midst."



That was a clever retort of Arminius Vambéry, who, when asked by the Empress Eugénie how he travelled through Asia with a defective foot. replied, "Oh, your Majesty, one does not walk on his feet, but on his tongue!"



MISTRESS (to new servant): Mary, we have breakfast at eight.

SERVANT: Well, mum, if I'm not down by that time, don't wait!

Nor many weeks ago the British public learned of the death of Eugene Field. To many the news meant little save the "passing" of an American poet. But to others it came with a sense of personal loss. Eugene Field was "the poet of the newspaper" in a land where most journals contain verses. And he was witty, as the following poem—one of the last published by him in the Chicago Record—shows:-

THE LIMITATIONS OF YOUTH.

l'd like to be a cowboy an' ride a fiery hoss Way out into the big and boundless West; l'd kill the bears an' catamounts an' wolves I come across

across,
An' I'd pluck the bal'head eagle from his nest!
With my pistols at my side,
I would roam the prarers wide,
An' to scalp the savage injun in his wigwam would l ride

If I darst; but I darsen't!

l'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the lions there
An' the biggest ollyfunts you ever saw!
I would track the flerce gorilla to his equatorial lair
An' beard the cannybull that eats folks raw!
I'd chase the pizen snakes
An' the 'pottimus that makes
His nest down at the bottom of unfathomable

lakes—
If I darst; but I darsen't!

I would I were a pirut to sail the ocean blue,
With a big black flag a-ifyin' overhead;
I would scour the billowy main with my gallant
pirut crew
An' dye the sea a gouty, gory red!
With my cutlass in my hand
On the quarterdeck I'd stand
And to deeds of heroism I'd incite my pirut band—
If I darst; but I darsen't!

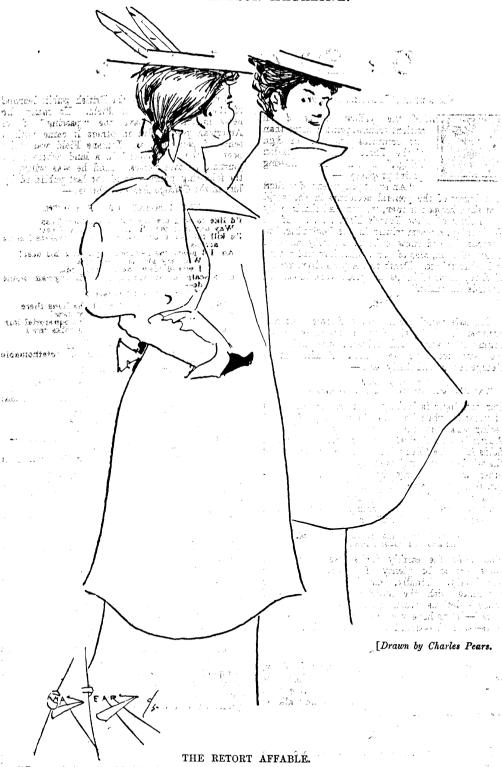
And, if I darst, l'd lick my pa for the times that he's licked me!
I'd lick my brother an' my teacher, too!
I'd lick the fellers that call round on sister after tea,
An' I'd keep on lickin' folks till I got through!
You bet! I'd run away
From my lessons to my play,
An' I'd shoo the hens, an' teaze the cat, an' kiss
the girls all day—
If I darst; but I darsen't!

The late Eugene Field's handwriting was microscopic, yet so neat that the compositors were in no doubt as to a single word. Dr. Norman Macleod, I remember reading, was once at a dinner to the printers of the magazine he was editing. He said, "We all like to pry into the mysterious. Now there is one mystery I should like to solve to-night. Where are the men who set up my copy?" He might well desire to see such clever men! A gentleman handed some of Macleod's writing to a pedlar who claimed the ability to decipher anything. After gazing at it for some while, the baffled man exclaimed: "That's nae test; it was English I said I wid read; I never professed to read Greek!"

At Intervals.

FEATHERSTONE: Look here, Willie, when I am in the parlour with your sister do you ever peep through the keyhole?

WILLIE: Sometimes, when mamma isn't there.



"Do you know what Mr. Sparks says about you?"
"No; but he says some very nasty things, and you just ought to think the opposite to whatever he says."
"Yes, that's just what I did: he said that you were awfully nice!"

I FOUND this opinion of Robert Browning the other day: "The great advantage of sculpture, as an occupation, over poetry is the possibilities it provides for uninspired moments." Ah, how many are the uninspired moments in most lives? They are the moments in which the clock of Time seems to tick louder than ever, and when its chimes break most remorselessly upon our reveries. I think the test of happiness is found in the question, "Does it fill your uninspired moments, or is there in them no joy, no hope?" Some of us have these moments oftener than others, perhaps because inspiration comes so strongly as to make its absence felt the more. The author has his uninspired moments when he gazes stolidly at the white paper, so often easy to fill—sometimes only reflecting the vacancy of his mind. How can he employ such times? We cannot cut fresh quills or seek for wafers as did our predecessors in the art of "making books," for the Fountain pen is ready, too ready, to fly over sheet upon sheet. Oh, for a breeze to fill our sails now lying idle with the look of the sunken cheeks of age, and speed our barque over the waves of thought.

The same

But the sculptor can be chipping the awkward corners off a block of marble when he is not engaged on the profile of a Venus of Milo. His uninspired moments are not wasted, but serve for. useful diversion of labour. And that, one may conclude, is less vexatious than the lack of inspiration which makes the poet stoop to prose. I remember reading that the late Frances Ridley Havergal used to leave the duty of dotting the is and crossing the t's in her mss. to hours of weariness when inspiration had left her. Possibly these uninspired moments, which come in most lives, are meant to give us the time in our busy life to dot the i's and cross the t's and slowly comprehend the meaning of mysteries. That favourite essayist, "A. K. H. B.," gives a prescription in, I fancy, his "Recreations of a Country Parson" for overcoming unrest. When you feel miserably dissatisfied, says Dr. Boyd in effect, do something tangible. Clear out the untidy drawer you have left untouched so long, arrange your books or papers which have been in disorder-do something which will give you the solid satisfaction of repairing neglect.



I knew a man who conquered his fretful impatience, when waiting for an unpunctual friend, by cutting the leaves of books and magazines. That was to him what the rough chipping is to the sculptor, and it filled his uninspired moments.



Sitting Out.

Miss Prudeleigh: Oh, oh! Don't. Release me instantly, sir, or I shall scream! How dare you do such a thing?

REV. Mr. RAPIDLEIGH: Because, Miss Prudeleigh, St. Paul admonishes us to "hold fast that which is good," and you are the best that I know. Fingers before Forks.

THE young King Alphonso XIII of Spain was eating his luncheon of chicken as it was Queen Elizabeth's habit to eat hers, when his attendant said reprovingly, "Sire, kings do not eat with their fingers." To which the baby tranquilly responded, "This king does," and went on undisturbed.



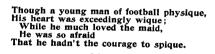
Apropos of the above story, I remember an incident which took place at Windsor Castle. A little girl, who had been invited to play with some of the Queen's grandchildren, stayed to lunch. Seeing her Majesty raise a chicken-bone to her mouth she startled the rest of the company by exclaiming, "Oh, piggy!"



MOTHER: Frankie, are you teaching that parrot to swear?

FRANKIE: No, mother, I'm just telling it what it mustn't say.

A YOUNG MAN who was to be married in church to a Miss Way, after a courtship of four years, privately requested the choir not to open the services by singing "This is the Way I long have sought."





"DID you find time to look at that little bill I left yesterday, sir?" said a tailor to a member of Parliament.

"Yes," was the reply. "It has passed first reading."

"And this—this is elecution!" sighed the poet as the reciter finished his pet poem.

"Yes; what did you think it was?"

"Execution," returned the poet, with a moan.

"I'll bring that proud and haughty Algernon to his knees," she cried hoarsely, "if I—if I—."

"Well," said her mother, "if what?"

"If I have to trip him up to do it," was the reply.

"Canvases?" said the artist, flattered by the presence of a millionaire in his studio. "Yes, sir, I shall be happy to show you my best canvases. Something allegorical? Or do you prefer a domestic subject?"

"What I want," said Mr. Bricks, the eminent contractor, with decision, "is something about a yard and a half long and a yard wide, to cover some cracks in the frescoin'."

WILLIE: Why does Father Time always carry a sickle?

PAPA: That's to cut down time with.

WILLIE: Pooh! A cycle would beat a sickle all hollow at that job.

"WHAT is a hireling?" asked Mr. Birch, the teacher: and, as none of the boys knew, he took it upon him to explain the meaning of the word as carefully as he could. Then once more he asked, "What is a hireling?" and the little boy addressed said, "Please, sir, you are a hireling: you are paid to teach us." This was really as unkind as the answer given when Mr. Birch had carefully drawn a diagram of the heart. "What is that. boys?" A pause, and then Robinson shouted, "A termarter, teacher!"



Spellbound.

HELPFUL LITTLE SISTER: Sis, why can't Mr. Cutts spell his own name?

SISTER: I don't know, Marie. Why?

Why, because he comes to C-U, and there he sticks.

PASTOR: Do you ever play with bad little boys,

JOHNNY: Yes, sir.

PASTOR: I'm surprised, Johnny! Why don't you play with good little boys?

Johnny: Their mammas won't let 'em!

ALL the way from a town in New Zealand. where, I am glad to know, there are many readers of the WINDSOR, this little poem has arrived. It gives one of those "window views" of life that are the only possibilities for many of our fellowbeings, and perhaps may strike a chord of sympathy in other hearts. There is said Richter, as much heroism within four square walls as on many a battlefield. The following poem comes from Mary Colborne-Veel, who has perchance, long lain within four square walls :-

THE WORLD FROM A WINDOW.

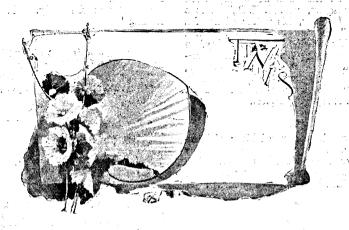
A Ballad of Quiet Living.

Rain-drops glisten on wood and wold, Summer is smiling, or autumn's drear, Still while the season's change is told In scenes unchanging I linger here. Friends flit busily far and near, Still in my corner here I lie,
Ever silently, year by year,
Watching the world and his wife go by.

Wives so busily, meek or bold,
Gossiping, marketing, cheap and dear,
Proud of a manly arm to hold—
Sweet the castles these sages rear!
Or, marred with troubles of life severe,
I see them passing, with tear and sigh,
Mournfully-passing, behind a bler,
Watching the world and his wife go by.

Stooping, failing, for lack of gold;
Stooping, burdened with household gear;
Hearts with too many loves to hold;
Hearts with never their rightful fere.
The world grown hoary and shrunkand sere,
Or young again in an infant's cry—
Wondrous pageant, from year to year,
Watching the world and his wife go by.

Prince, they may babble of change and cheer, Marvels undreamed of from far and near: Still in my corner here I lie Watching the world and his wife go by.





From a photo by]

[H. S. Mendelssohn.



Mr. R. W. Hanbury.

Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Goschen.

Mr. Balfour

Lord G. Hamilton.

THE TREASURY BENCH.

OUR YOUNGEST MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

BY ARCHIBALD CROMWELL.

Illustrated by S. Begg and Warwick Goble.



soon as the General Election fever had subsided in statistical convalescence it was found that the honour of being the youngest member of the House of Commons

belonged to Viscount Milton. Three or four new members were twenty-five years old, but Lord Milton had not reached his twenty-third birthday when Wakefield returned him to Parliament. Between the ages of the Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, "father of the House of Commons," and that of Viscount Milton there is therefore the extraordinary interval of severty years. In this day of interest in young men I thought it would be worth while to hear from Lord Milton a little about his career, so far as it had advanced. He courteously granted me an interview in the London hotel where he was staying, while passing through My first satisfaction was in seeing that there was no truth in the report that he had broken his collar-bone while hunting. The tall, lithe young man looked the picture of health as he sat beside the glowing fire and discussed matters in rapid musical tones.

"It is a curious coincidence," said Lord Milton, "that my father was twenty-two when he entered the House, and my grandfather, Earl Fitzwilliam, was just the same age when he became M.P. for Malton in My great - grandfather was still younger, he was only twenty-one when he became M.P. I had not noticed these facts until it was discovered that I was following the tradition of the family. My birthday was July 25, 1872, so you see I was twentytwo when nominated for Wakefield. Three or four men run me close as regards age. Mr. Bathurst is twenty-three, Mr. Richard Cavendish is twenty-four, and Mr. T. B. Curran, the youngest member of the Irish Party, is about the same age."

"Did you expect to be returned to Parlia-

ment?"

"No, I really did not. I was only chosen to contest Wakefield a fortnight before the poll, and against me was Mr. H. S. I. Wilson, who was a local man, with a very good chance of winning. I thoroughly enjoyed the election from first to last—especially last. It was fought fairly and squarely, and the people were wonderfully enthusiastic and

kind. Wakefield is one of the two or three seats which were ceded by the Conservative Party to the Liberal Unionists; West Marylebone, for which Sir Horace Farquhar sits, is another. So that on that ground the Liberals had especial reason to try and capture it. Oh yes, I am a Liberal Unionist, not a Conservative, as some of the

year - books
say. I have
been called
everything —
Liberal,
Unionist, and
Conservative
— except an
Irish member."

"Then give me your autobiography, so that the WIND-SOR may at least be correct."

don't suppose anybody is anxious to know it, correctly or incorrectly." Lord Milton laughed in his pleasant nnaffected way, but I persisted in my inquisitiveness. was born in Canada, so it will be no surprise to you to hear that I believe in Imperial Federation. Any Britisher who travels even a little

abroad must understand the existence of the 'crimson thread of kinship' which binds the mother country to her children."

"And you have travelled much, I think."
"Well, yes; I have always enjoyed moving about. After being educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, I went to India as aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Lansdowne, in 1893, returning in the

following year. The public are only just waking up to discover what a powerful man Lord Lansdowne is. He can do a great deal more than reform the British Army, I can assure you, though he needs no testimonial from an onlooker like myself. Still from personal observation I can say what a remarkable statesman he is, with an infinite

capacity for hard work."

"Did you form any opinion, Lord Milton, as to the effect of our government on India? For instance, what do you think of the Indian National Congress?"

"My opportunities were not long enough, nor am I old enough to iudge much of what I saw. In travelling I think you get the facts. but the theories have to be formed afterwards. worst of it is that usually people take their theories on board and never let the facts alter them. Ιn going about India I found that everywhere $_{
m the}$



VISCOUNT MILTON.
(The youngest member of the House of Commons.)

Englishman and his money were respected. In a village you would find at an inn the Englishman would receive more attention than any other person. As to the pictures of life in India by Mrs. F. A. Steel, Mr. Rudyard Kipling and other writers—well, remember that the Indian Empire is full of diverse nationalities, and life-like photographs of one section may be absolutely

inaccurate of another. I have been reading Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan's 'His Honour and a Lady,' and should consider that a specially true picture of official life. No, I don't think I have read Sir George Trevelyan's 'The Competition Wallah.' Probably that is a trifle out of date by this time. It would take a great many writers to exhaust India as a field for fiction, and I think it is a good sign that we are getting more interested in that vast country than we used to be."

"One last question: Are you going to

take up any one political subject?"

"Well I am bound to be specially interested in coal. But otherwise there seems so much to learn merely as to procedure in the House of Commons that I shall have my hands full without attempting very much else."

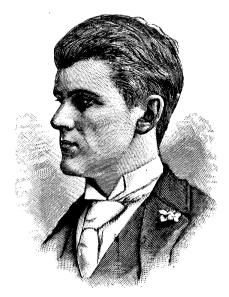


From a photo by] [Lamb, Tetbury. 110N. A. B. BATHURST, M.P.

The Hon. A. B. Bathurst, who was elected for the Cirencester Division of Gloucestershire, is by one month the senior of Viscount Milton. He is the son of the late Earl Bathurst, and was born on June 25, 1872. After being educated at Eton he spent a period at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, near which his home is situated. Mr. Bathurst is a captain in the 4th Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment. His oppo-

nent at the General Election was Mr. Harry Lawson, and only 215 votes divided the candidates.

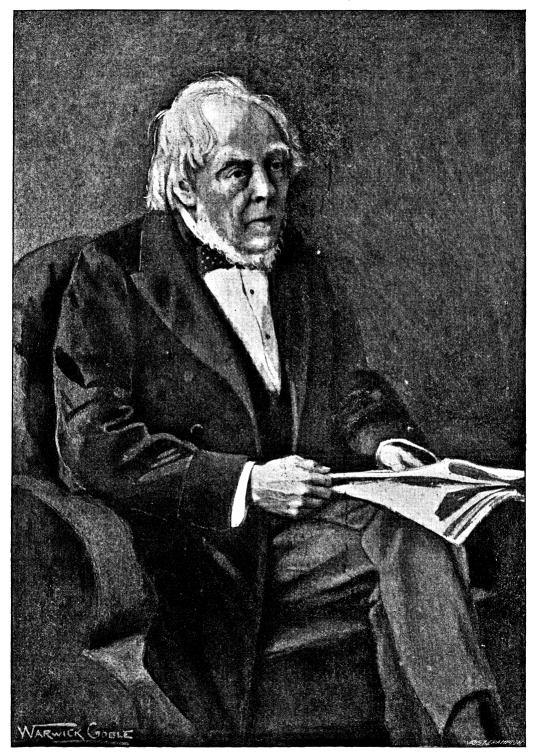
Another young M.P. is Mr. Thomas B. Curran, who was elected last year as the Nationalist Member for North Donegal. He is not new to Parliamentary life, for he sat for Kilkenny from 1892 to 1895. The youngest member of the Irish party, he was born October 14, 1870, so he is now twenty-five years of age. The son of Mr. Thomas Curran, M.P., who represents South Sligo, he was



MR. T. B. CURRAN, M.P.

born in Sydney, where his father was a merchant. He received his education at St. Ignatius College, Sydney, taking the gold medal for his ability as a debater. Afterwards he studied at Sydney University, subsequently coming to England and entering as a law student at the Middle Temple. Mr. Curran is likely to sustain the prestige of his historic name in the new session of Parliament. His father has been a liberal supporter of the Irish cause at some of its most critical moments.

A year older than either Mr. Bathurst or Lord Milton is Mr. Richard Cavendish, who was elected to represent, in the Liberal Unionist interest, the North Lonsdale Division of Lancashire. He is the second son of the late Lord Edward Cavendish, his elder brother being Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P. It will be recollected that the present Duke of Devonshire was a member of the House of Commons at the same time as his



Drawn specially for the Windson Magazine]

[by Warwick Goble.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES PELHAM VILLIERS, M.P.

THE "FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

Born January 3, 1802.

(Member for Wolverhampton since 1835.)

two brothers, Lord Edward and Lord Frederick Cavendish. Once again the family is represented by two brothers, both very young men. Mr. Victor Cavendish is twenty-seven and Mr. Richard Cavendish is twenty-four. Both were educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Victor Cavendish entered Parliament at the age of twenty-three as the member for West Derbyshire, the constitu-

ency he still represents. It is sincerely to be hoped that careers of public usefulness lie before both the brothers, who have the examples of their father, their uncle and their grandfather to in-

spire them.

Mr. Walford D. Green, M.P., who has written about some of the impressions which the House of Commons made on him, is among the band of young men to whom one turns instinctively with hope. He is one of those who have pursued with steady aim the idea of being a politician, and his educa-

tion has been conducted with that career in view. Mr. Green is the eldest son of the Rev. Walford Green, who was President of the Wesleyan Conference in 1895. He was born on August 24, 1869, and is consequently twenty-six years old. After education at the Leys School and King's College, Cam-

bridge (graduating in 1891), he was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple last year. Mr. Green had a well-fought struggle at Wednesbury, standing in the Conservative interest against Mr. C. Roberts, whom he defeated by 191 votes. During the contest Mr. Chamberlain delivered a speech on his behalf which undoubtedly operated in his favour. But he had, prior to the Genera

Election, devoted much time and energy to making himself known to the electors, and this fact had more to do with his success than even his attempt to meet the insatiable craving of men of Wednesbury for speeches. this connection it may be interesting to record curious coincidence. Mr. Green only once saw a copy of Reynolds' Newspaper, and he happened to study particularly closely a certain article in that issue. At one of the many meetings he addressed Wednesin

in that issue. At one of the many meetings he addressed in Wednesbury a man in the audience rose and demanded Mr. Green's opinion of this very article. Of course he was fortunately able to discuss the matter and to criticise the statements with a readiness which surprised his questioner and delighted the meeting.



MR. RICHARD CAVENDISH, M.P.

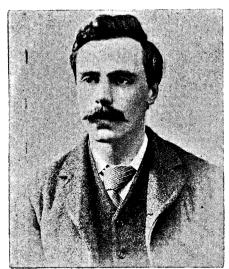


"Who goes home?"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY WALFORD D. GREEN, M.P.

It is not easy to describe the impression which the House makes on the novice, especially after a session lasting only three weeks. There are so many types of parliamentary novices, and they walk across the yard for the first time with so many different expecta-For myself I tions. prepared for my initiation in the afternoon by reading a great Whig's memoirs all the morning. After all it is as the central channel of the national life that the House is permanently interesting. The chamber where Pym and Eliot and Wentworth spoke:

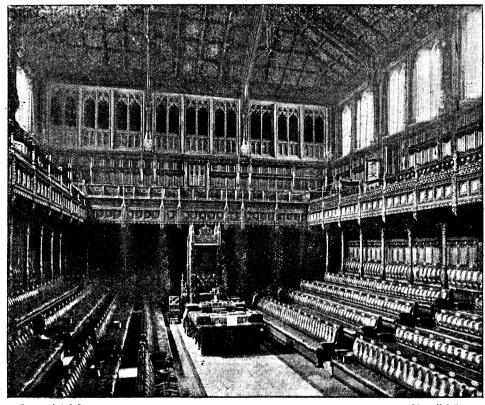


From a photo by] [Lunn, Cambridge.

MR. WALFORD D. GREEN, M.P.

where Walpole bribed and ruled; where all the giants of a hundred years ago, when our parliamentary aristocracy came to its flower, fought and won and lost in their turn—that is the true House of Commons; an assembly representative of a historic past as well as of the constituents of 1895.

All that however is out of sight. The House thinks of its past no more than a gay young aristocrat thinks of his ancestors. No assembly lives more in the moment. Its first concern is the next division, its ultimate horizon the next



From a photo by]

[Russell & Sons.

election, when the members, as Canning said. will, like the giants of old, seek fresh strength by contact with their mother earth. The City diners who were told by Lord Rosebery that if he did not guard the empire Pitt (not the electorate!) would condemn him, were not more astonished than would be the House of Commons if called upon to seriously consider anything not of the moment. bably no single member noticed the fact that the House completed its sixth centenary on November 21, 1895, until it was chronicled by some journalist with a brain for dates. The business acumen of Mr. Chamberlain is the quality universally approved, and the chilly commonsense of Lord Hartington was the basis of his influence. The young men must not dream dreams—only to Mr. Gladstone, with half a century of prestige at his back, was that permitted. An assembly of opportunists, it is yet stoutly traditional in forms and ceremonies. Woe to the unhappy new member who walks with his head covered, or passes between some orator and the chair.

The serious attraction of the House, felt to some extent even in the short summer session, is that there one can feel the actual combat of social forces. A political movement may seem very dead when read of. and yet very much alive when one is brought into contact with the men behind it. Home Rule, more dead than Queen Anne to the ordinary Tory, moves in its sleep when Mr. Timothy Healy is at his best. Mr. Chamberlain watch the Irish members through his eye-glass—implacable, imperturbable, elate—and you will understand why Home Rule has been "put to There is comedy too, abundant comedy. Where else could be found so great a number of humorous types? The purple patriot, the informing bore, the local magnate (no longer local and therefore no longer a magnate), the dogmatic expert, the pompous minister—all these love the fierce light that beats upon the Commons, and flit about in it as a butterfly flits in the sun. It is curious that however forms of Government may vary the types among politicians remain pretty much the same. Cleon would be an M.P. to-day, and if Aristophanes could be one for a month he would write us his best comedy.

A remarkable feature is that the men who have spent time and money to enter this debating assembly are very impatient of debate. A brilliant passage of arms between leaders will be welcomed, but under all ordinary speakers the majority of members are somnolent or restless. To the ordinary member indeed election to the House is very like marriage, "a picturesque gateway to a commonplace estate." The satirist has compared him to the fly in amber—

"Neither rich nor rare:
One wonders how the devil he got there!"

But very often if he is not rare he is rich. He has, however, notwithstanding his opulence, become a slave of the whips, persons as authoritative as a prefect at school, if less mysterious than the Dean at college—so

they seem to the young member.

Yet the ordinary member has his private revenge. However loyal a party may be they are very critical of their leaders, for a spirit of criticism is the master quality of the faithful Commons. In the lobbies, in the smoke-room, on the terrace many a man who will vote straight speaks his mind plainly enough. It is this critical spirit which makes the respect of the House so difficult and so honourable to win.

I have been told by old members that there are more young men in this Parliament than in any previous one, and most of them are on the Unionist side. Many of them belong to historic families and, however much Parliament may have been democratised, aristocratic connections are still of great value, especially upon the democratic They are no longer sufficient without ability, but with the ordinary equipment of brain, industry and ambition, a man of good birth stands to win when ouce he has entered the House. Probably it is a good thing to enter the House young, for the political trade (a "wild and dreamlike trade" Matthew Arnold called it) is a complicated one to learn. The Standing Orders of the House make up a stout volume, and familiarity with them puts many useful weapons into a man's hands.

New members are probably over-critical and not sufficiently acquainted with the difficulties of reforming procedure, but most men coming fresh to the House agree with Sir Albert Rollit that the wheels of business move very slowly. The amount of time taken up by questions seems excessive. If the answers were printed instead of read to the House, and arrangements were made for the asking of supplemental questions when necessary, considerable time every day would be saved. The right to divide the House whenever you can find another member to tell with you is probably too sacred to be

touched, though it leads to many absurdities and great waste of time. Last session, for instance, only the hurried intervention of the whips of both parties prevented us from walking through twelve divisions in order to appoint the harmless, necessary Kitchen Committee.

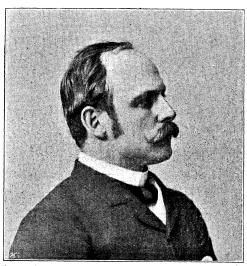
In a competitive age there is no longer a "finest club in the world," but the social life of the House must always be interesting. In the library there is the oldest lore, in the smoke-room the newest story. library is devoted to the building up of speeches, the smoke-room to their critical destruction. A member is said to have once left his manuscript of a speech in the library before he delivered it, and to have heard that speech delivered that same evening by another member. But speeches, like books, have their fate. Disraeli once copied for himself a passage from an oration of Thiers, and some years later, mistaking it for his own composition, delivered it as a eulogy on Wellington. The intellectual productions which most interest members are political caricatures. When during last session some clever pictures, called "The Bowers of Bliss," by Mr. F. C. Gould, and representing the supposed flirtation between the Parnellites and the Unionists, appeared in the Westminster Gazette, it was noticed that the pictures were missing from all copies of the paper in the House. They had gone to Ireland, sent by the Anti-Parnellites. But the terrace is first of all the appendages of the House for chat or thought or quiet refuge. I remember one evening last session watching Mr. Balfour walk up and down at the quiet end, watched with amusement by a group of Irish members. Of what was he thinking? Of the stars, of music, of philosophy perhaps, but not of politics. The secret of a politician in our days is not to take politics too seriously.



From a photo by]

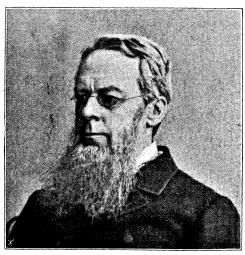
[Russell & Sons.

THE SEE-SAW OF TIME



From a photo by] [Russell.

THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE BRITISH CABINET:
RIGHT HON. WALTER H. LONG, M.P
(AGED 41.)

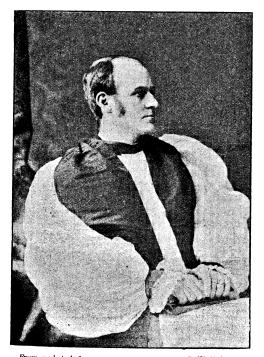


From a photo by] [Russell

THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE BRITISH CABINET'

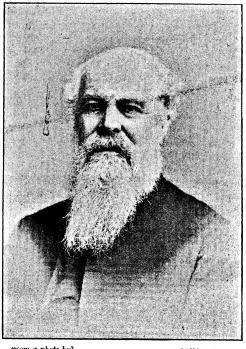
RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT CROSS.

(AGED 72.)



From a photo by] [Elliott & Fry.

THE YOUNGEST BISHOP:
RIGHT REV. DR. EDWARDS, BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.
(AGED 45.)



rrom a photo by] [Elliott & Fry.

THE OLDEST BISHOP:

RIGHT REV. DR. RYLE, BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

(AGED 79.)

DOCTOR NIKOLA.

By Guy Boothby.*

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

CHAPTER II.

NIKOLA'S OFFER.



FTER I had bade Dr. Nikola good night in the veranda of his house I consulted my watch, and discovering that it was not yet eleven, set off for a long walk through

the city in order to consider my position. There were many things to be reckoned for and against his offer. To begin with, as a point in its favour I took into consideration the fact that I was alone in the world. father and mother had been dead some years. and as I was their only child I had neither brother nor sister dependent upon my exertions or to mourn my loss in case anything desperate should befall me. In the second place I had been a traveller in strange lands from my youth up, and was therefore the more accustomed to hard living. What I mean will be the more readily understood when I say that I had run away from home at the age of fifteen to go to sea; had spent three years in the roughest life before the mast any man could dream of or desire; had got through another five scarcely less savage as an Australian bushman on the borders of the Great Desert: another two in a detachment of the Cape Mounted Police; I had also held a good appointment in Hong-Kong, and had drifted in and out of many other employments good, bad and indifferent. I was thirty-five years of age, had never known what it was to be really sick or sorry, and, if the information is of any use to the world, weighed 13 stone, stood close on 6 foot in my stockings, had gray eyes and dark-brown hair, and if you will not deem me conceited for saying so, had the reputation of being passably good looking.

My position at that moment, financially and otherwise, was certainly precarious in the extreme. It was true if I looked long enough I might find something to do, but on the other hand it was equally probable that I might not, as I knew to my cost there were dozens of men in Shanghai at that moment also on the look-out for employ-

ment, who would snap up anything that offered at a moment's notice. Only that morning I had been assured by a well-known merchant, upon whom I had waited in the hope of obtaining a cashiership I had learnt he had vacant in his office, that he could have filled it a hundred times over before my arrival. This being so I told myself that I had no right to neglect any opportunity which might come in my way of bettering my position. I turned Nikola's offer over dispassionately in my mind. Unfortunately a love of adventure formed an integral part of my constitution, and when a temptation such as the present offered it was difficult for me to resist it, and I must confess this particular form of adventure appealed to me with a voice of more than usual strength. What was still more to the point, Nikola was such a born leader of men that the mysterious fascination of his manner seemed to compel me to give him my co-operation whether I would or not. That the enterprise was one involving the chance of death was its most unpleasant feature; but still I told myself I had to die some time or other, while if my luck held good and I came out of it alive £20,000 would render me independent for the rest of my existence. As the thought of all this money came into my mind, the sinister form of my half-caste landlord rose before my mind's eye, and the memory of his ill-written and worse spelled account, which I should certainly receive upon the morrow, descended on me like a cold douche. Yes, my mind was made up, I would go; and having come to this decision I went home.

But when I woke next morning Prudence sat by my bedside. My dreams had not been good ones. I had seen myself poisoned in Chinese monasteries, dismembered by an official headsman before city gates, and tertured in a thousand peculiar ways and places. Though these nightmares were only the natural outcome of my anxiety yet I could not disabuse my mind of the knowledge that everyone was within the sphere of probability. Directly I should have changed into Celestial dress, stained my face and sewn on my pigtail, I would be a China-

^{*} Copyright, 1895, by Guy Boothby.

man pure and simple, amenable to Chinese law and liable to Chinese penalties. there was another point to be considered. What sort of travelling companion would Nikola prove himself? Would I be able to trust him in moments of danger and difficulty? Would he stand by me as one comrade should by another? And if there turned out to be only an opportunity of escape for one at any time, would Nikola, by virtue of being my employer, seize that chance and leave me to brave the upshot whatever it might be? In that case my £10,000 in the Shanghai Bank and the £10,000 which was to be paid to me on my return would be a little less useful than a worn-out tobacco pouch. And this suggested to my mind another question: Was Nikola sufficiently rich to be able to pay £20,000 to a man to accompany him on such a hairbrained errand? These were all questions of importance, and they were also questions that had to be satisfactorily answered before I could come to any real decision. To set my mind at rest I determined to make inquiries about Nikola from some unbiased person. But who was that person to be? Though Barkston had informed me that Nikola was so well known throughout the East, though Benwell, of the Chinese Revenue Service, had shown himself so frightened when he had met him face to face in the club, and though I, myself, had heard all sorts of queer stories about him in Saigon and the Manillas, they were none of them sufficiently definite to be any guarantee to me of his monetary stability. I reviewed all my acquaintances in turn but without pitching upon anyone who would be at all likely to be able to help me in my dilemma. Then, while I was dressing, I remembered a man, a merchant, owning one of the largest hongs along the Bund, who was supposed to know more about people in general and queer folk in particular than any man in China.

I ate my breakfast, such as it was, received my account from my landlord with the lordly air of one who has £20,000 reposing at his banker's, lit an excellent cigar in the veranda, and then sauntered down town.

Arriving at the Bund I walked quietly along until I discovered my friend's office. It overlooked the river, and was as fine a building as any in Shanghai. In the main hall I had the good fortune to discover the merchant's chief comprador, who, having made inquiries, learned that his master was disengaged and conducted me forthwith to his presence,

Alexander McAndrew hailed from north of the Tweed—this fact the least observant would have discovered before he had been five minutes in his company. His father had been a night watchman at one of the Glasgow banks, and his own early youth was spent as a ragged, barefooted boy in the streets of that extraordinary city. Of his humble origin McAndrew was prouder than any De la Zouch could possibly have been of friendship with the Conqueror; indeed he was wont, when he entertained friends at his princely bungalow in the English Concession, to recall and dwell upon the sordid circumstances which brought about the happy chance which, one biting winter's morning, led him to seek fame and fortune in the East.

"Why, Mr. Bruce," he cried, rising from his chair and shaking me warmly by the hand, "this is a most unexpected pleasure! How long have you been in Shanghai?"

"Longer than I care to remember," I answered, taking the seat he offered me.

"And all that time you have never once been to see me. That's hardly fair treatment of an old friend, is it?"

"I must ask your pardon for my remissness," I said, "but somehow things have not gone well with me in Shanghai this time, and so I've not been to see anybody. You observe that I am candid with you."

"I am sorry to hear that you're in trouble," he said. "I don't want to appear impertinent, but if I can be of any service to you I sincerely hope you will command me."

"Thank you," I answered. "I have already determined to do so, for it is to consult you that I have taken the liberty of calling upon you."

"I am glad of that. Now in what way do

you want my advice?"

"Well, to begin with, let me tell you that I have been offered a billet which is to bring me in £20,000."

"Why, I thought you said things were not prospering with you?" my friend cried. "This doesn't look as if there's much wrong. What is the billet?"

"That, I am sorry to say, I am not at

liberty to reveal to anyone."

"Then in what way can I be of use to you?"
"Well, to begin with, I want to know
if you can tell me anything about my

employer?"

"Tell me his name and I'll see what I can do," the merchant answered, not without a show of pride. "I think I know nine out of every ten men of any importance in the East," "Well," I said, "this man's name is Nikola."

"Nikola!" he cried in complete astonishment, wheeling round to face me. "What possible business can you have with Nikola that is to bring you in £20,000?"

"Business of the very utmost importance," I answered, "involving almost life and death. But do you happen to know him?"

In reply the old man leant over the table

and sank his voice almost to a whisper.

"Bruce," he said, "I know more of that
man than I dare tell you, and if you will
take my advice you will back out while you
can. If you can't, why, be more than careful
what arrangements you make with him."

"You frighten me," I said, more impressed by his earnestness than I cared to own. "Is

he not good for the money then?"

"Oh, as for the money, I don't doubt that he could pay it a dozen times over if he wanted to," the worthy merchant replied. "In point of fact, between ourselves, he has the power to draw upon me up to the extent of £50,000."

"He's a rich man, then? But where on

earth does his money come from?"

"Ah! that's a good deal more than I can tell you," he replied. "But wherever he gets it from, take my advice and think twice before you put yourself into his power. Personally, and I can say it with truth, I don't fear many men, but I do fear Nikola, and that I'm not the only man in the world who does I will prove to you by this letter."

As he spoke he opened a drawer in his writing-table and took out a couple of sheets of notepaper. Spreading them upon the table before him he smoothed out the page and

began to read.

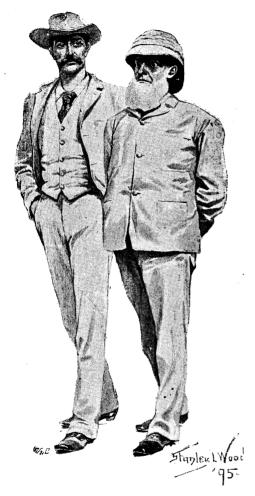
"This you must understand," he said, "is from the late Colonial Secretary of New South Wales, the Hon. Sylvester Wetherell, a personal friend of mine. He says:—

"'My dear McAndrew,—Since I wrote to you in June last, from London, I have been passing through a time of terrible trouble. As I told you in a letter some years ago, I was brought, quite against my will, into dealings with a most peculiar person named Nikola. Some few years since I defended a man known as China Pete, in our Central Criminal Court, against a charge of murder, and, what was more, got him off. Being unable to pay me he made me a present of all he had to leave, a peculiar little stick, covered with carved Chinese characters, about which he told me an extraordinary story, and which has since nearly proved my undoing. For some inscrut-

able reason this man Nikola wanted to obtain possession of this stick, and because I refused to let him have it has subjected me to such continuous persecution these few years past as to nearly drive me into a lunatic asylum. Every method that a man could possibly adopt or a demoniacal brain invent to compel me to surrender the curio he tried. You will gather something of what I mean when I tell you that my house was broken into by Chinese burglars, that I was garotted within a hundred yards of my own front door, that my wife and daughter were intimidated by innumerable threatening letters, and indeed to such a state of mind was I at length brought that after my wife died I fled to England to escape him. Nikola followed me, drew into the plot he was weaving about me the Duke of Glenbarth, his son the Marquis of Beckenham, Sir Richard Hatteras, who has since married my daughter, our late Governor, the Earl of Amberley, and at least a dozen other persons. Through his agency the Marquis of Beckingham and Mr. Hatteras mentioned above were decoyed into a house in Port Said and locked up for three weeks, while a spurious nobleman was sent on to his lordship's place to Sydney to become acquainted with my daughter, and finally to solicit her hand in marriage. Fortunately, however, Sir Richard Hatteras and his friend managed to make their escape from custody, followed the scoundrels to Sydney, and warned me of the plot that was hatching against me as soon as possible. The result was disastrous. Foiled in his endeavours to revenge himself on me by marrying my daughter to an impostor, Nikola had the audacity to abduct my girl from a ball at Government House and to convey her on a yacht to an island in the South Pacific, whence a month later we rescued her. Whether we should have been permitted to do so if the stick referred to had not fallen, quite by chance, into Nikola's possession, I cannot say. the stick did become his property, and now we are free. Since then my daughter has married Sir Richard Hatteras, and at the present moment they are living on his estate in England. I expect you will be wondering why I have not prosecuted this man Nikola, but to tell you the honest truth, McAndrew, I have such a wholesome dread of him that since I have got my girl safely back, and without payment of the large sum—£150,000 —he demanded as ransom, I am quite content to say no more about the matter.

"Now Bruce what do you think of Dr. Nikola?"

"It puts rather a different complex:on on affairs, doesn't it? But still, if Nikola will play fair by me, £20,000 is still £20,000. I've been twenty years in this world trying to make money, and this is the sum total of my wealth."



"We accordingly set off."

As I spoke I took out of my pocket all the money I had in the world, half a dozen coins, amounting in English to a total of 6s. 10d. I turned to the merchant.

"I don't know what you will think, but my own opinion is that Nikola's character will have to be a very outrageous one to out-

weigh £20,000 golden sovereigns."

"I am afraid you are a little bit reckless, aren't you Bruce?" said McAndrew. "If you will take my advice I should say try for something else, and what is more I'll help you to do so. There is a billet now open in

my old friend Webster's office, the salary is a good one and the duties are light. When I saw him this morning it was still unfilled. Why not try for it? If you like I'll give you a letter of introduction to him and will tell him at the same time that I shall consider it a great personal favour if he will take you into his employ."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," I answered warmly. "Yes, I think I will try for it before I give Nikola a reply. May

I have the letter now?"

"With pleasure," he said. "I will write it at once."

Thereupon he dipped his pen in the ink and composed the epistle. When it was written and I had taken it I thanked him warmly for his kindness and bade him good-

bve

Mr. Webster's hong was at the other end of the Bund, and was another fine building of the usual type. As soon as I was inside I inquired for the merchant, and after a brief wait was admitted to his office. The merchant was Mr. McAndrew's opposite in every way. He was tall, portly, and intensely solemn. He seldom laughed, and when he did his mirth was dry and cheerless like his own exterior. He read my letter carefully through and then said—

"I am exceedingly sorry, Mr. Bruce, that you should have had all this trouble. I should have been only too glad for my friend McAndrew's sake to have taken you into my employ; unfortunately, however, the position in question was filled less

than an hour ago."

"I regret to hear that," I said with a little sigh of disappointment. "I really am most unfortunate; this makes the thirteenth post I have tried for, as you see unsuccessfully,

since I arrived in Shangai."

"Your luck does indeed seem to be out," was the reply. "But if you would like to try and put your applications up to an even number I will place you in the way of another. I understand that the Red and Yellow Funnel Steamer Company have a vacancy in their office, and if you would care to come along with me at once I'll take you up and introduce you to the manager myself. In that case he will probably do all he can for you."

I thanked him for his courtesy, and when he had donned his topee we accordingly set off for the office in question. But another disappointment was in store for me. As in Mr. Webster's own case the vacant post had just been filled, and when we passed out of

the manager's sanctum into the main office the newly appointed clerk was already seated upon his high stool making entries in a ledger.

On leaving the building I bade my companion good-bye on the pavement, and then with a heavy heart returned to my I had not been there ten own abode. minutes before my landlord entered my room and without preface, and with the smallest modicum of civility, requested that I would make it convenient to discharge my account that day. As I was quite unable to comply with his request I was compelled to tell him so, and when he left the room there was a decidedly unpleasant coolness between For some considerable time after I was alone again I sat wrapped in anxious What was I to do? thought. walk of life seemed closed against me; my very living was in jeopardy; and though, if I remained in Shanghai, I might hear of other billets, still I had no sort of guarantee that I should be any more successful in obtaining one of them than I had hitherto been. the meantime I had to live, and what was more to pay my bill. I could not go away and leave things to take care of themselves, for the reason that I had not the necessary capital for travelling, while if I remained and did not pay I should find myself in the Mixed Court without a doubt.

Such being the desperate condition of my affairs, to accept Dr. Nikola's offer was the only thing open to me. But I was not going to do so without driving a bargain. If he would deposit say £15,000 to my credit in the bank I should be saved, and I should then have a substantial guarantee of his solvency. If not, well I had better bring matters to a climax at once. Leaving thehouse I returned to the Bund, and seating myself in a shady spot in the gardens carefully reviewed the whole matter. By the time dusk fell my mind was made up—I would go to Nikola.

Exactly at eight o'clock I reached his house and rang the bell. In answer to my peal the native boy who had admitted me on the previous occasion opened the door and informed me that his master was at home and expecting me. Having entered I was conducted to the same apartment in which I had waited for him on the preceding evening. Again for nearly five minutes I was left to myself and my own thoughts, then the door opened and Dr. Nikola entered the room.

"Good evening, Mr. Bruce," he said. "You are very punctual, and that is not only a pleasant trait in your character, but it is also

a good omen, I hope. Shall we go into the next room? We can talk better there."

I followed him into the adjoining apartment, and at his invitation seated myself in the same chair I had occupied on the previous night. We had not been there half a minute before the black cat made his appearance, and recognising me as an old friend rubbed his head against my leg.

"You see even the cat is anxious to conciliate you," said Nikola with a queer little smile. "I don't suppose there are five other men in the world with whom he would be as friendly on so short an acquaintance. Now let me hear your decision. Will you come with me, or have you resolved to decline my offer?"

"Under certain conditions I have made up my mind to accompany you," I said. "But I think it only fair to tell you that those conditions are rather stringent."

"Let me hear them," said Nikola, with that gracious affability he could sometimes assume. "Even if they are overpowering I think it will go hard with me if I cannot affect some sort of a compromise with you."

"Well, to begin with," I answered, "I shall require you to pay into a bank here the sum of £15,000. If you will do that, and will give me a bill at a year for the rest of the money, I'm your man, and you may count upon my doing everything in my power to serve you."

"My dear fellow, is that all?" said Nikola quickly. "I will make it £20,000 with pleasure to secure your co-operation. I had no idea it would be the money that would stop you. Excuse me one moment."

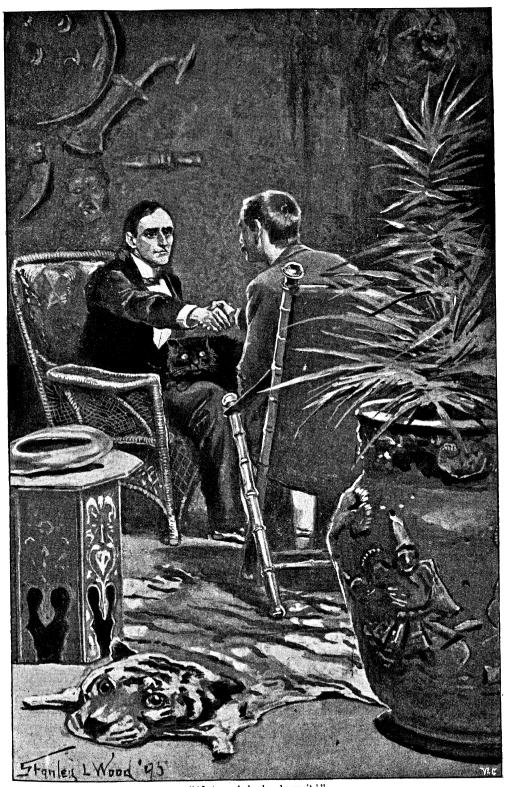
He rose from his chair and went across to a table at the other side of the room. Having seated himself he wrote for two or three moments; then returning handed me a small slip of paper, which I discovered was a cheque for £20,000.

"There is your money," he said. "You can present it as soon as you like, and the bank will cash it on sight. I think that should about satisfy you as to the genuineness of my motives. Now I suppose you are prepared to throw in your lot with me?"

"Wait one moment," I said. "That is not all. You have treated me very generously, and this being so it is only fair that I should behave in a similar manner to you."

"Thank you," answered Nikola. "What is it you have to say to me now?"

"Do you know a man named Wetherell?"
"Perfectly," replied Nikola. "He was
Colonial Secretary of New South Wales until



"'Let us shake hands on it.""

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I have very good apout six months ago. reasons for knowing him. I had the honour of abducting his daughter in Sydney and I imprisoned his son-in-law in Port Said. Of course know him. You see I am also candid with you."

"Vastly. But pardon the expression, was

it altogether a nice transaction?

"It all depends upon what you consider a nice transaction," he said. "To you. for instance, who have your own notions of what is right and what is wrong, it might seem a little peculiar. I am in different Whatever I do I consider case however. right. What you might do, in nine cases out of ten. I should consider wrong. Wetherell might have saved himself all trouble by selling me the stick which China Pete gave him, and about which he wrote to McAndrew, who read the letter to you this morning!"

"How do you know he did?"

"How do I know anything?" inquired Nikola. "He did read it, and if you will look at me fixedly for a moment I will tell the exact purport of the rest of your conversation."

"I don't know that it is necessary," I

replied.

"Nor do I," said Nikola quietly, and then lit a cigarette. "Are you satisfied with my explanation?"

"Was it an explanation?" I asked.

Nikola only answered with a smile, and lifted the cat on to his knee. He stroked its fur with his long white fingers, at the same time looking at me from under his half closed eyelids.

"Do you know, I like you," he said after a "There's something so confoundedly matter-of-fact about you. You give me the impression every time you begin to speak that you are going to say something out of the common."

"Thank you."

"I was going to add that the rest of your sentence invariably shatters that impression."

"You evidently have a very poor impres-

sion of my cleverness."

"Not at all. I am the one who has to say the smart things, you will have to do them. It is an equal distribution of labour. Now, are we going together or are we not?"

"Yes, I will go with you," I answered.

"I am delighted," said Nikola, holding out his hand. "Let us shake hands on it."

We shook hands, and as we did so he looked me fairly in the face.

"Let me tell you," he said, "once and for

all, if you play fair by me I will stand by you, come what may; but if you shirk one bit of your responsibility—well, you will have only yourself to blame for what happens. That's a fair warning, isn't it?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "Now will you tell me something of the scheme itself, and

when you propose to start?"

CHAPTER III.

NIKOLA'S SCHEME.

"By all means," said Dr. Nikola, settling himself down comfortably in his chair and lighting a cigarette. "As you have thrown in your lot with me it is only right that I should give you the information you seek. Of course I need not ask you to keep what I tell you to yourself. Your own common-sense will commend that course to you. It's of course just possible you may think I over-estimate the importance of what I am about to tell you, but let me say this, if once it became known to certain folk in this town that I have obtained possession of the stick in question, our lives, even in Shanghai, would not be worth five minutes' purchase. Let me briefly review the circumstances of the case connected with this mysterious Remember I have gone into the society. It is not the matter most thoroughly. hobby of an hour, nor the amusement of an idle moment, but the object of research and the concentrated study of a lifetime. obtain certain information of which I stood in need, I have tracked people all over the When I began my preparations for inducing Wetherell to relinquish possession of the stick I had followed a man as far as Cuyaba, on the Bolivian frontier of Brazil. During the earlier part of his career this person had been a merchant buying goldleaf in Western China, and in this capacity he chanced to hear a curious story connected with the doings of a certain sect whose monastery is in the mountains on the way up to Thibet. It cost me six months' continuous travel and nearly a thousand pounds to find that man, and when I did his story did not exceed a dozen sentences; in other words I paid him fully £10 per word for a bit of information that you would not have given him tenpence for. But I knew its value. I followed another man as far as Monte Video for the description of an obscure Chinese village; another to the Gold Coast for the name of a certain Buddhist priest, and a Russian

Jew as far as Nijni Novgorod for a certain symbol he wore upon his watch chain, and of the value of which he had not the The information I slightest conception. thus obtained personally I added to the store I had gathered by correspondence, and having accumulated it all I drafted a complete history of my researches up to that time. When that was done I think I may say without boasting that, with the exception of three men-who, by the way, are not at liberty to divulge anything, and who, I doubt very much, are even aware that a world exists at all beyond their own monastery walls-I know at least six times as much about the society in question as any Now, having prefaced my man living. remarks in this fashion, let me give you a complete summary of the case. As far as I can gather, in about the year 288 B.C., just about the time in fact when Devenipiatissa was planting the sacred Bo tree at Anuradhapura, in Ceylon, three priests, noted for their extreme piety, and for the lengths to which they carried their occult devotions, migrated from what is now the island of Ceylon across to the mainland of Asia, when, having passed through the country at present called Burmah, and after innumerable vicissitudes and constant necessary changes of quarters, they brought up on the borders of what we now call Thibet. Here two of the original trio died, while the remaining one and his new frères built themselves a monastery, set to work to gather about them a number of peculiar devotees, and established the practices of their religion. Though the utmost secrecy was observed, within a few years the fame of their doings had spread itself abroad; and that this was so we know for we find constant mention made of them by numerous Chinese historians. One I will quote you."

Dr. Nikola rose from his chair and crossed the room to an old cabinet standing against the farther wall. From this he took a large book, looking suspiciously like a scrap-book, in which were pasted innumerable cuttings and manuscripts. He brought it across to his chair and sat down again. Then having turned over the leaves and found what he wanted, he prepared to read.

"It may interest you to know," he said, however, looking up at me before he began, "that the paragraph I am about to read to you, which was translated from the original with the utmost care by myself, was written

the same year and month that William the

Conqueror landed in England.

"And of this vast sect, and of the peculiar powers with which they are invested, it is with some diffidence that I speak. It is affirmed by those credulous in such matters that their power in medicine is greater than that of all living men, also their power in witcheraft, of which the most marvellous tales have been told. It is said, moreover, that they possess the power of restoring the dead to life and of prolonging beyond the ordinary standard the days of man. But of these things I can only write to you as they have been told to me."

Dr. Nikola turned to another page.

"After skipping 500 years," he said, "we find another mention of them; this time by Feng Lao Lan, a well-known Chinese writer who flourished about the year 1500. On this occasion we find them making themselves a source of trouble to the kingdom in From being a collection of a general. few simple monks, installed in a lonely monastery on the way to Thibet, they have now become one of the largest secret societies in the East, though the mysti; powers supposed to be held by them are still limited to the three headmen, or Toward the end of principal brothers. the sixteenth century it is certain that they exercised such a formidable influence in political affairs as to warrant the Government in issuing orders for their extermination. Indeed I am inclined to believe the all-powerful Triad Society, with its motto, 'Hoan Cheng Hok Beng,' which exercised such an enormous influence in China until quite recently, was only an offshoot of the society which I am so eager to explore. That the sect does possess the occult knowledge that has been attributed to it for over 2000 years I feel convinced, and if there is any power which can assist me in penetrating their secrets I intend to employ it. In our own and other countries which we are accustomed to call 'civilised,' it has long been the habit to ridicule any belief in what cannot be readily seen and understood by the least educated. To the average Englishman there is no occult world. But see what a contradictory creature he is when all is said and done. For if he be devout, does he not tell you that he firmly believes that when the body dies the soul goes to Heaven, which is equivalent to Olympus, Elysium, Arcadia, Garden of Hesperides, Valhalla, Walhalla, Paradise, or Nirvana, as the case may be? He has no

notion, or rather he will not be able to give you any description, of what his Heaven is likely to be He has all sorts of vague theories about it, but though it is part of his religion to believe beyond question that there is such a place, it is all wrapt in shadow of more or less depth. To sum it all up, he believes that while, in his opinion, such a thing as—shall we say Theosophy?—is arrant humbug, the vital essence of man has a second and greater being after death. other words, to put it a little more plainly, it is pretty certain that if you were to laugh at him, as he laughs at the Theosophist and Spiritualist, he would consider that he had very good grounds to consider his intelligence insulted. And yet he himself is simply a contradiction contradicted. You may wonder towards what all this rigmarole is leading. But if I were to describe to you the curious things I have myself seen in different parts of the East, and what curious information I have collected first hand from others who have also witnessed, I venture to think you would believe me either a wizard myself or an absurdly credulous person. I have witnessed things that would seem to upset every known law of nature. Though there was occasionally trickery in the performance I am convinced in the majority of cases the phenomena were genuine. And that brings us to another stumbling-block—the meaning of the expression, 'trickery.' What I should probably call 'trick' you would probably consider deepest magic. But enough of talking. Let me give you an example of what I mean."

As he spoke he went across to a sideboard and took from it a quaintly shaped glass tumbler and a carafe of water, which he placed on the table at his elbow. seating himself again in his chair he filled the glass to overflowing. I watched him carefully, wondering what was coming next.

"Examine the glass for yourself," he said. "You see it is quite full of water. I want

you to be very sure of that,"

I examined the glass and discovered that it was so full that it would be impossible for me to move it without spilling some of its contents. Having done so I told him that I was convinced it was fully charged.

"Very well," he said; "then let me give you an example of what I may call 'Mind versus Matter.' That glass is quite full, as you have seen for yourself; now watch me."

From a tray by his side he took a match, lit a wax candle, and, when the flame had burnt up well, held it above the water so

that one drop of wax might fall into the

liquid.

"Now," he said, "just watch that wax intently from where you are while I count twenty.

I did as he ordered me, keeping my eyes firmly fixed upon the little spot floating on the surface of the water. Then as I looked, slowly, and to the accompaniment of Nikola's monotonous counting, the water diminished in the glass little by little, until the tumbler was completely empty.

"Get up and look for yourself, but don't touch the glass," said my host. "Be perfectly sure, however, that it is empty, for I shall

require your affidavit directly.

I examined the glass most carefully, and stated that, to the best of my belief, there was not a drop of water in it.

"Now be so "Very well," said Nikola.

good as to watch it once more."

This time he counted backwards, and as he did so the water rose again in the glass until it was full to overflowing, and still the wax was floating on the surface.

For a moment we were both silent. Then Nikola poured the water back into the jug, and having done so handed the glass to me.

"Examine it carefully," he said, "or you may imagine it is some particular glass made by a London conjuring firm on purpose for the trick. Convince yourself of this, and when you have made sure give me your explanation of the mystery."

I examined the glass with the most searching scrutiny, but no sign of any preparation

or mechanism could I discover.

"I cannot understand it at all," I said; "and I'm sure I can give you no explanation.'

"And yet you are not thoroughly convinced in your mind that I was not performing an ordinary conjuring trick, such as you might see at Maskelyne and Cook's. give you two more examples of what I mean. Look me intently in the face until that clock on the mantelpiece, which is now standing at twenty-eight minutes past nine, shall strike the half hour."

I did as I was ordered, and anything like the concentrated intensity of his gaze I never remember to have experienced before. have often heard men say that when persons gifted with the power of mesmerising have looked at them (some women have this power too) they have felt as if they had no backs to their heads. In this case I can only say that I felt as if I had not only no back to my head, but as if I had no head at all.

The two minutes seemed like two hours, then the clock struck, and Nikola said—

"Pull up your left shirt cuff and examine

your arm.'

I did as he ordered me, and there in red spots I saw an exact reproduction of my own signature. As I looked at it it faded away again, until in about half a minute from my

first seeing it it was quite gone.

"That is what I call a trick. In other words it is neither more nor less than hypnotism. But you will wonder why I have done In the first place the water did not go out of the glass, as you supposed, but remained exactly as when you first saw it. I simply willed that you should imagine it did go, and your imagination complied with the demand made upon it. In the last experiment you saw a second proof of the first Of course both are very easily accounted for, even by one who has dabbled in the occult as little as you have. But though you call it hypnotism in this airy fashion, can you give me an explanation of what you mean by that ambiguous term?"

"Simply that your mind," I answered, "is stronger than mine, and is able to dominate

it."

"That is the popular theory, I grant you," he answered, "but it is hardly a correct one, I fancy. Even if it were, how could it be possible for me to transmit thoughts which are in my brain to yours?"

"That I cannot attempt in any way to explain." I answered. "But isn't it classified under the general head of thought

transference?"

"By some people I admit; but your description hypnotism though an involved, is quite as correct a term. But let me tell you that both those illustrations were given to lead up to another which will bring us nearer than we have yet come to the conclusion I am endeavouring to arrive at. Try and let me have your complete attention again; above all watch my finger."

As he spoke he began to wave his finger in the air. It moved this way and that, describing figures of eight, and I followed each movement carefully with my eyes until, after perhaps a minute, I saw, or thought I saw, what might have been a tiny cloud settling in the farther corner of the room. It was near the floor when I first noticed it, then it rose to about the height of a yard and came slowly into the room toward me. Little by little it increased in size. Then it seemed to assume definite proportions, became taller, and at last I

thought I detected the outline of a human This resemblance increased until I could definitely distinguish the head and body. It was a figure of a man, tall and well-proportioned; his head was thrown back and his eyes met mine with an eager though somewhat strained glance. Every detail was most perfect, even to the extent of a peculiar ring upon his little finger; indeed, if I had met the man anywhere I am certain I should have known him again A strange orangecoloured light almost enveloped him, but in less than a minute he had become merged in the cloud again; this gradually fell back into the corner, grew smaller and smaller and finally disappeared altogether. I gave a little shiver, as if I were waking from some unpleasant dream, and turned to Nikola, who was watching me with half closed eyes.

When I had quite recovered my wits he took an album from the table and handed it to me.

"See if you can find in that book," he said, "the photograph of the man whose image you have just seen before you."

I opened the book and turned the pages eagerly. Near the middle I discovered an exact reproduction of the vision I had seen. The figure and face, the very attitude and expression, were the same in every particular, and even the ring I noticed was upon the little finger. I was completely non-plussed.

"What do you think of my experiment?"

asked Nikola.

"It was most wonderful and most mys terious," I said.

"But how do you account for it?" he asked.

"I can't account for it at all," I answered.
"I can only suppose, since you owned to it before, that it must have been hypnotism

again.

"Exactly," said Nikola. "But you will see in this case, without any disk or passes, I not only produced the wish that you should see what I was thinking of, but also the exact expression worn by the person in the photograph. The test was successful in every way. And yet how did I transfer the image that was in my mind to the retina of your eyes? You were positively. certain you saw the water decrease in the glass just now; you would have pledged your word of honour that you saw your name printed upon your arm; and under other circumstances you would, in all probability, have ridiculed any assertion on my part that you did not see the vision of the man whose photograph is in that book.

Shall I make myself float in mid-air? Shall I transport you out of this room and take you to the bottom of the Pacific ocean? Shall I lift you up into heaven, or conduct you to the uttermost parts of hell? You have only to say what you want to see and I will show it to you just as surely as you saw those other things. But remember all I have done is only what I call trickery, for it was done by hypnotism, which is to my mind, though you think it so mysterious, nothing more or less than making people believe what you will by the peculiar power of your own mind. But answer me this. If hypnotism is only the very smallest beginning of the knowledge possessed by the sect I am trying to discover, what must their greatest secret be? Believe me when I tell you that what I have shown you this evening is as a molehill to a mountain compared with what you will learn if we can only penetrate into that place of which I have told you. I pledge you my Now tell me, isn't it worth word on it. trying for?"

"I will go with you," I cried, enthusiastically. "I will give you my best service, and if you will play fair by me, I will do the same by you. By the way, has that stick you obtained from Mr. Wetherell anything at all to do with the work in

hand?

"More than anything," he answered. "It is the key to everything. Originally there were only three of these sticks in existence; one belongs, or rather did belong, to each of the three heads of the sect. For some unknown reason one of the trio left the monastery and came out into the world. He died in a mysterious manner, and the stick fell into the possession of the abbot of the Yung Ho Kung, in Pekin, from whom it was stolen by an Englishman, known as China Pete, who risked his life, disguised as a Thibetan monk, to get it. Having stolen it he eluded me and fled to Australia, not knowing the real value of his treasure. The society became cognisant of its loss and sent men after him. In attempting to obtain possession of it one of the Chinamen was killed off the coast of Queensland, and China Pete was arrested in Sydney on a charge of having murdered Wetherell defended him and got him him. off, and not being able to pay for his service the latter made him a present of the stick. A month later I reached Sydney in search of it, but the Chinese were there before me. We both tried to obtain possession of it, but owing to Wetherell's obstinacy neither of us

were successful. I offered Wetherell his own price for it; he refused to give it up; then I set myself to obtain it from him at any hazard. How I succeeded you know. All that occurred six months ago. As soon as it was in my possession I returned here with the intention of penetrating into China



"I saw a man . . . rise from a corner and follow me,"

and endeavouring to find out what I so much wanted to know."

"And where is the stick now?"

inquired.

"In very safe keeping," he answered. "But if you would care to see it I shall have very much pleasure in showing it to you."

"I should like to see it immensely," I

answered.

With that he left the room, to return in about five minutes. Then seating himself before me he took from his pocket a small case, out of which he drew a tiny stick, at

most not more than three inches long. It was a common-place little affair and deep black in colour, and covered with Chinese hieroglyphics in dead gold. Attached to it at one end was a piece of frayed gold ribbon, much tarnished and showing evident signs of having passed through many hands

He handed it to me, and when I had

received it I examined it carefully.

"But if this stick were originally stolen," I said, "you will surely not be so imprudent as to place yourself in the power of the society with it in your possession. It would mean certain death."

"If it were all plain sailing, and there were no risk to be run, I doubt very much if I should even pay you £20,000 for the benefit of your company," he answered. is because there is a great risk, and because I must have assistance, though I am extremely doubtful whether we shall ever come out of it alive, that I am taking you with me. I intend to discover their secret if possible, and I also intend that this stick, which undoubtedly is the key to some mysterious power, shall help me in my endeavours. If you are afraid to accompany me, having heard all I have to say, I will allow you to forget your promise and turn back while there is time."

"I have not the slightest intention of turning back," I answered. "I don't know that I am a braver man than most, but if you are willing to go on I am ready to

accompany you."

"And so you shall, and there's my hand on it," he cried, giving me his hand as he spoke.

"Now tell me what you intend to do?" I said. "How do you mean to begin?"

"Well, in the first place," said Nikola, "I shall wait here until the arrival of a man from Pekin. He is one of the lay brethren of the society who has fallen under my influence, and as soon as he puts in an appearance and I have got his information, we shall disguise ourselves, myself as an official of one of the coast provinces, you as my secretary, and together we will set out for the capital. Arriving there we will penetrate the Llamaserai, the most anti-European monastery in all China, and extract from the chief priest sufficient information to make the next step upon our After that we shall proceed as circumstances dictate."

"And when do you intend that we shall start?"

"As soon as the man arrives, perhaps to-night, probably to-morrow morning."

"And as to our disguises?"

"I have in my possession everything we can possibly need."

"În that case I suppose there is nothing to be done until the messenger arrives?"

"Nothing, I think."

"Then if you will allow me I will wish you good-bye and be off to bed. In case I do not hear from you to-night, at what hour would you like me to call to-morrow?"

"I will let you know before breakfast

time without fail."

Once more I followed him down the main passage of the bungalow into the front veranda. Arriving there we shook hands and I went down the steps into the street.

As I turned the corner and made my way in the direction of the place to which I was proceeding I saw a man, without doubt a Chinaman, rise from a corner and follow me. For nearly a quarter of a mile he remained about a hundred vards behind me, then he was joined by a second, who presently left his companion at a cross street and continued the march. Whether their espionage was only accidental, or whether I was really the object of their attention, I was for some time at a loss to conjecture. but when I saw the second give place to a third, and the third begin to decrease the distance, I must own I was not altogether comfortable in my mind. Arriving at a more crowded thoroughfare I hastened my steps, and having proceeded about fifty yards along it, dodged down a side lane. This lane conveyed me into another, which eventually brought me out within half a dozen paces of the house I wanted.

That the occupants of the house had not yet gone to bed was evident from the lights I could see moving about inside. In response to my knock someone left the room upon the right of the passage and came towards the door where I waited. When he had opened it I discovered that it was

Mr. McAndrew himself.

"Why, Bruce!" he cried in surprise, when he discovered who his visitor was. "You've chosen a pretty late hour for calling; but never mind, come along in; I am glad to see you." As he spoke he led me into the room from which he had just emerged. It was his dining-room, and was furnished in a heavy, solemn, but most luxurious, fashion. In a chair beside the long table—for Mr. McAndrew has a large family, and twelve sat down to the morning and evening meal—

was seated a tiny gray-haired lady, his wife. while opposite her, engaged upon some fancy work, was a pretty girl of sixteen, his youngest daughter, so I discovered. the lateness of my visit also occasioned them some surprise I could see by their faces; but after a few common-place remarks they bade me good-night and went out of the room, leaving me alone with the head of the house.

"I suppose you have some very good reason for this visit," the latter said as he handed me a box of cigars, "or you wouldn't Have you heard of a new billet. or has your innocent friend Nikola commenced

to blackmail you?"

"Neither of these things have happened." I answered with a laugh. "But as I am leaving Shanghai in all probability tomorrow morning before banking hours, I want to know if I may so far tax your kindness as to ask you to take charge of a cheque for me." I thereupon produced Nikola's payment and handed it to him. He took it. glanced at it, looked up at me, returned his eyes to the cheque once more, and then whistled.

"This looks like business," he said.
"Doesn't it," I answered. "I can hardly believe that I am worth £20,000."

"And what do you want me to do with it?" inquired McAndrew, turning the paper over and over in his hand just as if it were some uncanny talisman which might suddenly catch him up and convert him into a camel or an octopus.

"I want you to keep it for me if you will," I answered. "To put it on deposit in your bank would be the best plan I think. I am going away, certainly for six months, possibly for a year, and when I return to Shanghai I will come and claim it. That's

if I do return."

"And if not?"

"Well in that case I think I will leave it all to you. In the meantime I want you to advance me £20 if you will; you can repay yourself out of the amount. Do you mind doing it?"

"Not in the very least," he answered: "but we had better have it all in writing."

He thereupon produced from a drawer in a side table some sheets of notepaper. Having written something on one of these he gave it to me to sign, at the same time calling in one of his sons to witness my signature. These formalities completed he handed me £20 in notes and English gold, and our business was concluded. I rose to go.

"Bruce," said the old gentleman in his usual kindly fashion, putting his hand upon my shoulder as he spoke, "I don't know what you are up to, and I don't suppose it will do for me to inquire, but I am aware that you have been in pretty straitened circumstances lately, and I am afraid von are embarking on some foolishness or other now. For heaven's sake weigh carefully the pros and cons before you commit yourself. Remember always that one moment's bit of folly may wreck and poison your whole after life."

"You need have no fear on that score." I answered. "I am going into this business with my eyes open. But I am obliged to you for your warning and for what you have done for me all the same. Good-night and

good-bye."

I thereupon shook hands with him, and passing into the veranda left the bungalow.

I was not fifty vards from the gate when something induced me to look round. man had been sitting in the shadow on the other side of the road. Now he rose and began to follow me. That it was the same individual who had accompanied me to McAndrew's house I had not the slightest doubt. I turned to my right hand down a side street to see if he would pursue me; he also turned. I turned again; he did the same. I proceeded across a piece of open ground instead of keeping on in the straight line I had hitherto been following: he imitated my example. At the corner of the plot was a high paling fence. I quickened my pace, and having turned the corner followed the palisading along till I came to the gate. Through this I dashed, and as soon as I was in stooped down in the shadow. Half a minute later I heard the man coming down on the other side. When he could not see me ahead of him he came to a halt within half a dozen paces of where I crouched. having made up his mind that I must have crossed the road and gone down a dark lane opposite he too crossed, and in a few seconds was out of sight.

As soon as I had convinced myself that I had got rid of him I passed out into the street again and made my way as quickly as

possible back to my abode.

But I was not to lose my mysterious pursuer after all, for just as I was about to enter my own compound he put in an appearance. Seeing that I had an advantage I ran up the steps of the veranda and went inside. From a window I watched him come up the street and stand looking about him. he returned by the way he had come, and

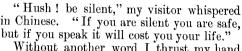
that was the last I saw of him. In less than a quarter of an hour of seeing him depart I was in bed and asleep, dreaming of Nikola. and that I was being turned into an elephant

by his uncanny powers.

How long I remained snoozing I cannot say, but I was suddenly wakened by the feeling that somebody was in my room. Nor was I mistaken. A man was sitting by my bedside, and in the dim moonlight I could discern the fact that he was a Chinaman.

"What do you want here?" I cried, sitting

up in bed.



Without another word I thrust my hand under the pillow, intending to produce the revolver I had placed there when I went to bed. But it was gone. Whether my visitor had stolen it or I had imagined that I had put it there and forgotten to do so, it was beyond my powers to tell. At any rate the weapon, upon which it would seem my life depended, was gone.

"What is your business with me?" I asked, resolved to bring my visitor to his

bearings without loss of time.

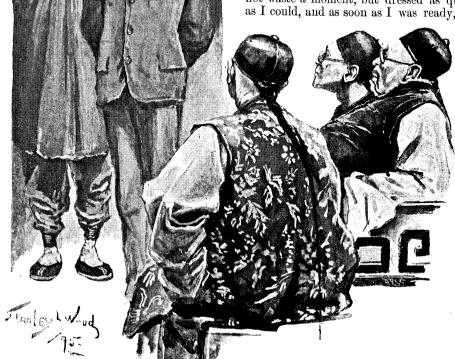
"Not so loud," he answered. "I am sent by Dr. Nikola to request your honourable presence. He desires that you will come to him without losing a moment."

"But I've only just left him," I said. "Why does he send for me again?"

'We must have the truth.'"

"I cannot say, but I gathered from his manner that something important has occurred," was the man's answer. "He bade me tell you to come at once."

With that I got up and dressed myself as quickly as possible. The expected messenger from Pekin had evidently arrived, and now we should probably be setting off for the capital before morning. At any rate I did not waste a moment, but dressed as quickly as I could, and as soon as I was ready, went



out into the veranda where the man who had come for me was waiting. He led me across the compound into the street, where a chair with its bearers was in waiting for me.

"Your friend is in a hurry," said the man who had called me, by way of explanation, "and he bade me not lose a moment."

"Well then go along as hard as you like,"

I said: "I am quite ready."

I took my place in the chair, which was immediately lifted by the bearers, and within a minute of my leaving the house we were proceeding down the street at a comparatively fast pace. At that hour the town was very quiet indeed; indeed, with the exception of an occasional Sikh policeman and a belated rickshaw coolie or two, we met no one. At the end of a quarter of an hour we had evidently arrived at our destination, for the chair came to a standstill and the bearers set me down. I sprang out and looked about To my surprise however it was not the house I expected that I found before me. We had pulled up at the entrance to a much larger bungalow standing in a compound of fair size. While I waited my messenger went into the house, to presently return with the information that if I would be pleased to follow him Dr. Nikola would see me at once.

The house was in total darkness and as silent as the grave. I passed into the main hall and was about to move down it towards a door at the farther end when I was, without warning, caught from behind, a gag of some sort was placed in my mouth, and my hands were fastened behind me. moment I was lifted into the air and borne into a room from which a bright light suddenly streamed forth. Here were seated three Chinamen who were clad in heavy figured silk, and wore enormous tortoiseshell spectacles upon their noses. received me with a grunt of welcome, and bade my captors remove the gag from my mouth. This done the elder of the trio said auietlv—

"We hope that you are in good health?" I answered, with as much calmness as I could possibly assume at so short a notice, that "I was in the enjoyment of the best of health." Whereupon I was requested to say how it came about that I was now in China, and what my business there might be. Presently the man on the right leant a little forward and said—

"You are not telling us the honourable

truth. What business have you with Dr. Nikola?

I summoned all my wits to my assistance.

"Who is Dr. Nikola?" I asked.

"The person whom you have visited two nights in succession," said the man who had first spoken. "Tell us what mischief you and he are hatching together."

Seeing that it would be useless attempting to deny my association with Nikola I insinuated that we were interested in the purchase of Chinese silk together, but this assertion was received with a scornful grunt of disapproval.

"We must have the truth," said the man

in the biggest spectacles.

"I can tell you no more," I answered.

"We shall have no option then," he said, but to extract the information by other means."

With that he made a sign to one of the attendants, who immediately left the room to return a few moments later with a roll of chain, and some peculiar shaped wooden bars. A heavy sweat rose upon my forehead. I had seen so much of Chinese torture, and now it looked as if I were about to have a taste of it.

"What do you know of Dr. Nikola?" repeated the elder man, who was evidently

the principal of the trio.

"Nothing more than I have told you," I repeated, this time with unusual emphasis.

Again he asked the same question without change of tone.

But I only repeated my former answer.

"For the last time, what do you know of Dr. Nikola?"

"I have told you all I know," I answered, my heart sinking like lead. Thereupon he raised his hand a little and made a sign to the men near the door. Instantly I was caught and thrown upon my back upon the floor. Before I could expostulate or struggle a curious wooden collar was clasped round my neck and a screw was turned in it till it nearly choked me. Once more I heard that voice say monotonously—

"What do you know of Dr. Nikola?"

I tried to repeat my former assertion that I knew nothing, but I found a difficulty in speaking. Then the man in the centre rose and came over to where I lay; instantly the collar was loosened, my arms were unbound, and a voice said—

"Get up Mr. Bruce; you need have no further fear; we shall not hurt you."

It was Dr. Nikola!

EXPLORING EAST AFRICA.

A TALK WITH DR. J. W. GREGORY.

By J. D. Symon.



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the popular imagination the African explorer figures as a man of huge physique and commanding presence, one who cuts his way by main force through every obstacle the wilds of the Dark Conticannot however be long in Dr. Gregory's company without realising the tremendous pluck, energy and determination which underlie his outward quietness of manner. and which, combined with a ready wit and an ability to make the best of every situation. have contributed to his success

> as a leader of men. where men are for the most part barbarous and where roads are sadly to seek.

In t h e course of a long talk, Dr. Gregory told me many interesting details of his career, beginning with his school-days. which are not so very far distant.

"I was educated at Stepnev Grammar School in Bow, and as a boy I was always very fond of topography. On my half-holidays I used to take long walks into the country and make little sketch-



From a photo by]

DR. J. W. GREGORY.

no surprise to me to find in Dr. Gregory a man not altogether of herculean proportions; although I was well aware that he had performed, practically single-handed, almost herculean feats of African exploration, which have laid the foundation of a great reputation as traveller and scientific explorer. One maps of the localities I visited. Then, at the same time, geological questions puzzled I would ask myself why rivers flowed in one direction and not in another. In the year 1879 I left school and went into the City where I remained till 1887. During my business life I continued my rambles, still pursuing the old habit of drawing maps and thinking out questions, such as, 'Why has the Thames cut a valley for itself when there was a valley ready for it?' and so In my holidays I travelled a little on the Continent, chiefly in Switzerland, visiting places of geological interest. In this way I went on till 1887, when I was offered a nomination to the geological department of the British Museum. This delighted me very much, for I detested office-work. successful in the examination for the British Museum, and took up my new duties at once. In the evenings I read science and qualified myself for the London University B.Sc. degree, which I obtained in due course. The longer vacations which the Museum allowed me I devoted to further travel in Switzerland, still keeping my interest in topography abreast of my geological studies. I was particularly interested in the Western States of America, which I desired to see, as the geological conditions there are so different from anything in Western Europe: so in 1891 I obtained leave of absence to visit the American museums and to study the Rocky Mountains and the great ranges of Colorado. I did some climbing on the Rockies, for my Swiss excursions had made me an enthusiastic How did I climb? I found mountaineer. the Austrian system with climbing-irons and a rope most serviceable in Africa. On the Rocky Mountains I was attacked by dysentery, and returned home. The following year I again visited Switzerland, and finished work for my doctor's thesis, but while abroad I was again attacked by my old enemy.

"Before the end of 1892 I was asked to join an expedition to East Africa as geologist. dream of my life. I applied at once for leave "I think it is and of that of absence. This was award of the true of absence of absence of the true of true of the true of true of the true of absence. This was granted for ten and a half months on condition that the Museum should have the first right to any specimens I brought home. This proviso was readily conceded by the promoters of the expedition, so in November we set out, arriving at Lamu in the middle of November. There the expedition dawdled, so that by February 12 a march of 50 miles inland was only effected. For causes which I needn't particularise, the expedition fell to pieces and was aban-

doned."

"Not a very happy ending to your dream,

Dr. Gregory?"

"No; but happily it didn't end there. I was determined not to be done. My leave was rapidly running out, the rainy season was at hand, but it was now or never. I might not see Africa again in a hurry. So I got together forty Zanzibaris and some odd equipment and started inland again on my own account."

"Without any other Europeans?"

"I could find no white man to accompany You think my force was small. I was warned that a large force was necessary as I'd to pass through the country of the warlike Masai, of whom the papers have been full lately with regard to the massacre of that Uganda caravan—but of that later. Well, to return. It has been often said that a force of 1000 is necessary, but so large a number is, in my opinion, certainly needless. Tact and discretion can do a great deal. Some said I succeeded in getting through because the Masai knew that a powerful caravan was on the march from Uganda. The real reason was, I think, that we were well organised, and then "-added the Doctor slyly-"there's a Zanzibari proverb, 'he travels safe who is guarded by poverty."

"Here," continued Dr. Gregory, turning to a map of East Africa, "is our route. was making for the Great Rift Valley, which I was anxious to examine geologically. We had started from Mombasa, on the coast, and were going to the north-west. I was ill both at and after the start, and the rains were already upon us, but by hard marching we reached Fort Smith, the British East African Company's station, and from there pushed on to the Kikuyu scarp, from which we descended into the Kedong Valley, which we crossed in a north-westerly direction and

made Lake Naivasha."

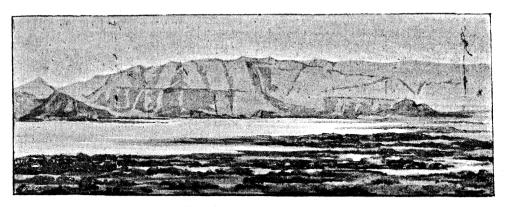
"May I inquire if the scientific side of your travels is capable of being understanded

"I think it is, and of that I'll have something to tell you presently. At this point it is most appropriate to say a word about the Masai, for at Lake Naivasha, just at the spot shown in this sketch, I had my first difficulty with that tribe. What I have to say has an interesting bearing on the recent massacre of the caravan. Dread of this formidable tribe has kept the country unexplored until comparatively recent times, and indeed it was the terror of their name that made Stanley choose the Congo route for his Emin Relief Expedition, instead of the route from Mombasa, which he first con-It was at Naivasha, then, that I templated. had the first taste of the Masai quality. wished to halt for fifteen days or so on the lake shore, and was rather annoyed when a band of insolent young warriors forbade us

to encamp. One appeared at the door of my tent and wanted to enter. 'El Moru?' I inquired ('Are you an elder?'), and when he cheekily replied 'El Moran' (warrior), I kicked him away and told him to leave the camp, which his comrades compelled him to do. I sent for some Masai elders and

that if harm befel us it would be the worse for them, for there was approaching from Uganda a caravan with warriors more in number than there were papyrus stems about Lake Naivasha."

"Did you speak through an interpreter?"
"No, my interpreter, Ramathan, translated



VIEW ACROSS LAKE NAIVASHA

ordered a 'shauri' (council). Seeing that a longer halt was impracticable, I merely asked permission to stay where I was for the night, to buy wood and water and to push northward to Lake Baringo. Their reply was brief: You have no business here; pack up and return.' Knowing that the way to manage the Masai was by 'bluff,' I said I was not going back, I would halt for the night; they must decide whether were to be friends or foes. Then they altered their tone and demanded hongo (passage money). I had no great objection to pay hongo, but they asked more than my whole stock of goods. So I pointed first to the bales piled in the centre of the camp, then to my guard, who were standing with their rifles at the 'ready,' and told my worthy friends that whatever hongo they wanted they must come and take. This rather took them down, so they departed with threats of what would happen next day. As soon as they were gone we made a zareba of thorn bushes and stood to arms all that rainy night, but no attack was attempted. Next day the game of brag and bluster was resumed; they boasted of having massacred caravans of twenty times our strength, and taunted us with the weakness of our numbers. Any concession would now have ruined the whole expedition, so there was nothing for it but to answer defiance with defiance. I made them a speech in which I let them know that I meant to go on at all hazards, and

the little harangue for me during the night. and I relieved the tedium of the watch by learning it off by heart. When I had spoken the Masai withdrew, and for a little matters looked uncomfortable, but we made a start, and the elders, seeing us determined to go, became more friendly. At last the chief came up and held out a knobkerry for me to shake. I shook it, and in a minute or two he presented it again. This time he too shook his end, and the ceremony was repeated a third time with greater vigour. He walked by my side for a little way, and at last held out his hand. We shook hands, first coldly, then more cordially, and when we had walked another hundred vards the chief spat on me, a civility which I had been hoping for, and which I returned with a becoming degree of heartiness. Then I felt that the worst was over, for if the Masai retire from a conference without spitting the spit of peace, there is trouble ahead. The crowd of El Moran followed us across the plain, at first quietly, but at last they grew mischievous, and tampered with one of our donkeys. But I kept the upper hand of them, and the judicious persuasion of our rifle-butts brought them to order. I made them catch and bring back the donkey, and after this they gave less trouble. Late in the afternoon a troop came up and said they had been sent to dance to us, so I put some marks in the ground as a limit of approach. and commanded a Masai elder to sit on a box before me, within easy reach of my revolver. My men stood to their posts and I gave permission for the performance to It was certainly very picturesque. Among others, they gave us their dance of victory. I told them I wanted to see that. but they needn't show me their dance of defeat, for if they didn't behave better they would soon dance that in real earnest. At the close of this Wild East show I sent the performers away contented with a couple of shillings' worth of beads. During the next night I kept close watch. A surprise attack was attempted, but a few shots fired over the enemies' heads were sufficient to send them flying. No further attack was delivered, and till four in the morning I turned in to snatch the first three hours of continuous sleep I had enjoyed since we had left Fort Smith. A day or two later we got clear away from the Masai, and I was glad to turn from anthropology to geology and botany.

"As we pushed northward to Lake Baringo we encountered troubles of a different sort. At Lake Losuguta we found the water hot and sulphurous, and for forty hours we were without a drink. Skirting the lake on the eastern side we at length found a river which, according to former maps, had no business there, but which was fortunately drinkable. The river, however, had to be bridged, and so we arrived at Njemps several days late, only to discover that there was a serious famine in the land, and that the starving natives were living on the bark of trees. There was food in North Kamasia, and thither I sent to purchase it, but a legacy of European dread defeated the negotiation. I had accordingly to rush south-east across the great sacred land of the Masai, the plateau of Laikipia, which we traversed with bad luck dogging our footsteps. Scanty food. scantier game, and the necessity of keeping constant outlook for the Masai made the journey extremely trying, but we got across without any encounter, and reached Kikuyu in safety, where we were again in trouble for food. The people were hostile and would sell us nothing, but after three days of 'shauri' we contracted the rite of blood-brotherhood and obtained what we wanted.'

"It would be interesting," I suggested, "to know exactly how the ceremony of contracting blood-brotherhood is performed."

"It is not so very terrible," the Doctor replied. "A goat was killed and a little piece cut from the liver. Then the chief and I drew each a little blood from our arms and smeared it on the bit of liver,

of which we both swallowed a morsel, and were straightway blood-brothers for all time."

"Was it not rather—shall I say repulsive?"
"Oh, not at all," the Doctor answered airily, so I did not press the question, for I reflected that no doubt the excellent chief, Iyutha, will in due course read his Windson Magazine by the camp fire, and it would not do for him to discover that his bloodbrother thought anything but highly of the ceremonial.

"It would be too long," continued Dr. Gregory, "to give you a full account of my ascent of Mount Kenya, which I approached from the Kikuyu country, striking eastward into the forest zone. As we ascended my men suffered terribly from cold, and blizzards of sleet and hail. The latter part of my climb had to be performed alone. No, I did not expect to reach the summit, but I made 16,800 feet, and had accomplished my scientific objects when a terrific snow-storm compelled me to return, after some five days on the mountain."

"How did the hardships of mountaineering

affect your party?"

"I'll tell you an interesting story of fidelity. During a blizzard one of my porters fell behind, and when we were about to encamp I learned that he had not come in. headman and askaris had pluckily tried to go back to the rescue, but could not face the storm, so I at once rushed back, and after an hour's search found the man, half buried in snow, lying on his load nearly frozen to I had to carry him back to the camp. Next day I told him he was a fool to have sat shivering there, and that he should have left his load and come on. He answered reproachfully: 'What! leave my load without my master's order to do so! How could I?' Such is the stuff of which a good Zanzibari porter is made. But my favourite porter, Fundi Mabruk, had no great stomach for mountaineering, so far as actual scrambling went. Once he consented to be roped, but it wouldn't do; one fall settled him. 'That is all very well,' objected, 'for wajuxi (lizards) Wazungu (Europeans), but Zanzibaris can't do that. You'd better come back, master. I promised to follow you anywhere in Africa. but how can I when the path stands up on end?' So I had to climb alone. But generally the Zanzibari are capital fellows. I had no deserters, and Fundi was no exception, though Alpine climbing was not in his line. With the Zanzibari one can accomplish anything by good nature and chaff. Once when famine stared us in the face they hesitated about advancing, and asked what they would do when our scanty provisions failed. 'Why then,' I retorted, 'you must just eat me!' and the prospect was sufficiently tempting to urge them forward.

"On my return from Kenya the Wakikuyu again offered some resistance. The chief told me frankly, 'You white men have faces that smile like the sky, but you are bad inside.' As I was the first white man who had been in his country his generalisation was sweeping. But in one point he was correct, for at the moment I was very bad inside — physically I mean. However my candid friend was also bad inside - with toothache - so I conciliated him and his molar by an injection of cocaine, accompanied by the suggestion that if I had to go back the 'devil in his tooth' would likely go back too, so he allowed me to proceed in peace. From this point to the coast the march was of little interest."

"And now, Dr. Gregory, may I remind you of your promise to say something about the objects of your expedition?"

Dr. Gregory again had recourse to the map, which, with the help of a more recent one of his own, afforded no difficulty in following his account.

"You see," he said, "from Lebanon almost to the Cape runs a long deep valley occupied by the sea, by salt steppes where lakes have been, and by a series of over twenty lakes, of which only one has an outlet to the sea. This depression is known as the Great Rift Valley, and is unique so far as the earth is concerned, though, by the way, the 'rills' on the moon must be very like it. The whole valley is haunted by legends of great structural changes, which must have taken place at a date geologically The question arises: Is this cleft due to accident or to one great connected series of earth-movements? and as our geological knowledge of the region was based on insufficient data it was with the hope of obtaining more precise information that I was so eager to accept the offer of joining the first ill-fated expedition as geologist. hoped that as the formations were more recent the methods would be more clearly shown. The results of my private expedition were, everything considered, such as to make me content that I had run the risk. On Mount Kenya I accomplished all that I had proposed to myself; the collection of the flora and

fauna of the different zones; an inquiry into the nature of its Alpine flora; a geological examination of the mountain; the quest of true glaciers, and an inquiry into their former extent. Being single-handed, and badly off for instruments, I was often at considerable disadvantage. I lost my only camera early. It fell into a stream, and the bearers, who had been specially charged as to its safety, in consternation sent forward for me to return to the scene of the mishap. When I reached them the unfortunate instrument, still in its dripping cover, was placed in the midst of a sorrowful circle, who sat gazing upon it in The slide shutters were by that time hopelessly warped, and the instrument was useless.

"I have delivered about fifty scientific papers to various societies, including the Zoological, the Geological, the Royal Society of Edinburgh and the Geological Society of America. In 1893 I gave the evening lecture to the British Association at Oxford on 'Problems of African Geology.' It may be worth while to mention that Toynbee Hall has always had a great attraction for me. I've been connected with the natural history society there, both as secretary and president."

"And now, Dr. Gregory, just a final word about your books, of which I think you have three in the press at present."

"Mr. Murray is about to publish for me 'The Great Rift Valley,' a narrative of my journey, with some account of the problems to be worked out there. Besides this book I have on hand the Bryozoa catalogue and work for one of the parts of the 'Oxford Natural History' in the Clarendon Press."

Unlike many of Herodotus' "travellers' tales," however, Dr. Gregory's narrative needs no pinch of salt, for he speaks with certainty concerning those things which he has himself seen. He even discovered some pigmies, who were reported as existing in 1844, but have not been seen since by any white man. Among the most interesting of the many new plants discovered by him is that known to botanists as the Lobelia Grejorii. It is to be hoped in the interests of many branches of learning that Dr. Gregory's physicians will not long find it necessary to dissuade him from returning to Africa, for it would seem that he is peculiarly capable of shedding yet greater light on the secrets of the Dark Continent, where this young man of science has proved himself a veteran in achievement.



Among the new members of Parliament who may be expected to make their mark is the younger son of Viscount Knutsford. The Hon. Lionel Holland is thirty years of age, and already he has managed to do useful work on the London County Council, where he sits as a member for West-He was educated at Harrow and King's College, Cambridge, and after graduating was talled to the Bar of the Inner Temple six years ago. He has had some experience in the literary world, having been the editor of the English Illustrated Magazine when it was published by Mr.



POLITICS:

(From a photo by Lombardi.) HON. LIONEL HOLLAND.

Trevelyan. election that Mr. Lionel Holland came forward, with Sir Walter De Souza, in the Moderate interest, and succeeded in defeating Mr. Selincourt. He has taken part

in the debates at Spring Gardens, and gives promise of being a useful worker in London municipal

government as well as at St. Stephen's.

Edward Arnold. Mr. Holland doubtless derives part of this interest in literature from Lady Knutsford, who is a niece of Lord Macaulav and sister of Sir George His brother, Mr. Sydnev Holland, has done good service in philanthropic work, being specially energetic on behalf of the Poplar Hospital for Accidents. It was at the last County Council Mr. W. Pett Ridge's literary ability was introduced to the public through the medium of Mr. Sidney Low, the editor of the St. James's Gazette. About four years ago he submitted to Mr. Low his first sketch of London life, and

later he sent (under a pen-name) his first story to the same It will editor. young interest writers, who are sometimes told there is a ring in journalism, to know that Mr. Pett Ridge had no sort of personal introduction to any of the numerous journals to which he has contributed, and that with regard to the St. James's he did not meet



(From a photo by Martin & Sallnow.) LITERATURE: W. PETT RIDGE.

Mr. Sidney Low until nearly eighty of his sketches and stories had appeared in that journal. His book record is "Eighteen of Them," a collection of short stories issued in 1894; "Telling Stories," "Minor Dialogues," and "A Clever Wife," published in 1895; and "The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst." Mr. Pett Ridge, who is about thirty years of age, was born near Canterbury, but he is more of a Londoner than most Londoners, and knows the great city well. The scenes in "Minor Dialogues" are laid mainly in town. It is pleasant, in speaking of this volume, to record that Mr. Anstey is among its

kindly admirers.



The subject which at present arrests most emphatically the attention of the English known as the "normal" or French pitch, suddenly finds that "things are not what

they seem ": and a semitone more or less makes a great deal of

difference at the top of one's voice. and especiallyina heavy work.

But this is not the worst part of the situation. Foreigners at least have the option of remaining away if they choose to do The so. most disastrous results of our system are felt by our own native singers, who are year b y year straining their voices to their utmost limit in the endeavour to sing music that was never intended to be sungatsucha pitch, and as theinevitable

musicalworld is the much disputed question of our musical pitch. Broadly speaking, mattersstand in this wise: the standard pitch adopted in our country on an average, a semitone higher than that of every other country, and thus in England vocalists are practically forced tosing everything a semitone higher than written. Naturally this state of affairs is particularly trying to the foreign soloist who visits our hospitable shores for the first time, and,

From a photo by]

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[The London Stereoscopic Company.

MADAME ALBANI GYE.

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From a [hoto by]

inquire.

[The Lendon Stereoscopic Co. MISS CLARA BUTT.

outcome very few voices ever survive the ordeal.

"But why are things allowed to remain in this condition?" the general reader may

Actually because it will cost a little money to rectify them. While our organs and the instruments in our military bands are tuned to the high pitch everything else appears to be obliged to follow suit, though there is no real occasion for this to be so. In any case the matter could be completely settled by the purchase of fresh instruments for the military bands if the Government would but give it serious consideration. The Govern-

however.

Individual musicians have already done much. Sir Alexander Mackenzie and the Philharmonic Society (in addition to other important concerts) have adopted the lower pitch; Dr. Hubert Parry is in favour of its being used at the Royal College; the Opera also has given way to the inevitable. Yet

ment has had other matters to settle lately

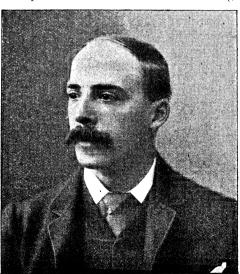
despite the action of such influential musical bodies our pitch, nationally, remains high.

This subject being so conspicuously in the foreground just now, it is not to be wondered at that the moments I spent with "modern musicians" this month were almost entirely monopolised by it.

Madame Adelina Patti was in the midst of New-Year festivities at Craig-y-Nos Castle, her lovely home at Ystradgynlais, in South Wales, and was on the eve of a visit to Paris when I brought the subject forward. I wanted to know which pitch she herself preferred. One would almost conclude that it would not make the slightest difference to a voice such as hers. But she was very decided indeed, and without a moment's hesitation said—

"Most certainly I find the French pitch in every way the better of the two. In the first place it puts so much less strain on the voice, and, in addition to that, I consider it much more pleasant to the ear." This last statement is directly opposite to the one advanced by many of our musicians, who maintain that the higher pitch is by far the more brilliant to listen to, though they agree that it is detrimental to the human voice.

A prima donna can often effect changes



(From a photo by Johnstone, O'Shannessy & Co., Melbourne.

MR. FREDERIC H. COWEN.

where the voice of a lesser light might plead in vain, and I believe it was in consequence of the attitude taken by Madame Patti that the pitch was originally lowered at the opera. A great singer can afford to make a definite stand and refuse to sing to our high pitch, but it is a different matter for the wocalists who have yet their way to make. As far back as 1868 Mr. Sims Reeves pronounced strongly in favour of the general use of the "diapason normal." Later on,

in 1877, he declined to sing in the Handel festival, "be-cause," he cause," "the performances were, as usual, conducted by SirMichael Costa, who insisted on maintaining $_{
m the}$ abnormally high pitch to which I had so often expressed objection, and to which I had finally resolved not to conform."

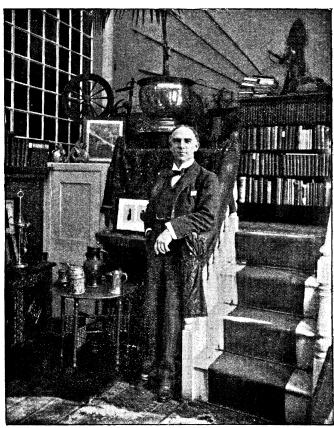
The Handel Festival in 1877 was celebrated as being the first occasion upon which Mdlle. Albani was heard in sacred music. This lady (who has since become Mrs. Gye) has

cordial manner are enough to conjure up sunshine on the dullest winter day; and it was a particularly dismal afternoon out of doors when I sat beside a large fire talking to her about singers in general and musical pitch in particular.

"Now do you want me to tell you which pitch I think is best for the majority of singers, or which I consider the best for myself?" she asked in her pretty English, that is tinged with a foreign accent.

"Tell me which pitch you yourself prefer. I want to know how the matter affects you personally.

"For myself I do not think it really matters. Best of all I like that used at the opera; it is neither low nor high, but just in between But one has to get used to all kinds of pitch" —this with a shrug of the shoulders and a wave of the hand. Berlin one pitch, i n Vienna another,inLondon yet another. and in New York still different. I make it a rule to practise scales



From a photo by]

now no equal among soprano singers in the domain of oratorio music.

If Madame Albani looks attractive on the platform, she looks doubly so in her own home. One is so accustomed to see her with a background of orchestra and the general paraphernalia of the concert room, that it is a delightfully fresh picture to watch her, in the broad light of day, moving gracefully about among the dainty furniture, palms, and flowers in her boudoir, or writing at her escritoire. Her bright face and her

[Elliott & Fry.

for about an hour early in the day in whatever pitch I shall have to sing in later on. Then I find no difficulty. I always have my piano tuned one-eighth of a tone lower than the highest pitch. This I find suits me best of all. Yet I think it sounds better when I sing quite high.

"I know some singers have such an accurate sense of pitch that they feel they are singing the wrong notes if they sing in the normal diapason. But that is not so with me. When once I have the A given me by the orchestra I am all right, and the particular pitch that is being used does not trouble me.



From a photo by] [Barrauds.

DR. C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

"But," she added quickly, "do not let me talk entirely about myself. I think that cannot be interesting. There are other singers who are most anxious to have the French pitch in general use. Miss Macintyre, for instance, strongly advocates it, I know."

I brought Madame Albani back to herself again, however, and she told how busy she was preparing for her visit to America, for which continent she hoped to start about the middle of January.

"And sometimes my head gets almost bewildered," she said laughingly. "There are so many things to think out and arrange when one travels about so much.

"I do hope I have not been talking any nonsense this afternoon," she added as a kind of postscript, after I had said good-bye, and was going downstairs. I turned round to have my last look at her—I should not see her again before she left England. She was leaning on the carved balustrade at the top of the stairs, with the happiest and kindest smile imaginable; and—I wished that I had been a photographer.

Both the opinions given so far have been

from sopranos. I was curious to know how the deep voice of Miss Clara Butt was

affected by our present pitch.

"On the whole I think I prefer the French pitch," she said. "It enables me to sing songs that are rather high for a contralto, such as 'A Summer Night,' by Goring Thomas. Yet the difference is so trifling that I am quite willing to throw in my lot with the majority, and would advocate the greatest good for the greatest number."

And then we drifted into another subject, and I asked Miss Butt if she found that constant travelling had any ill effect upon

her voice.

"At first I used to think it was bad for one's singing; one's nerves naturally get a little shaken by the continuous motion, in whatever form it may be. But there are compensations which I am inclined to think more than counterbalance this. When I am travelling I never talk, consequently a day's journey by train means a day's complete rest for my voice. Whereas at other times there are so many people to be seen that one is practically talking the whole day long. Latterly I have come to regard a journey as a recreation, provided one can take proper rest at night.

"What I find tries one more than anything else is the continual strain of concert work combined with the late hours it involves. But, as you know, I am going to Paris in April for a year, and shall then take a complete rest, merely studying, and not appearing in public at all. After that I expect you will find me eloquent on the subject of French pitch. At present I must own to being impartial."

Mr. Frederic H. Cowen needs no introduction. The readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE were fortunate enough to have a "Christmas Carol" written by the popular composer for their especial benefit, and although we have forgotten Christmas by now, the Carol is still ringing in our ears. The study in which it was written is not by any means the largest room in Amity House, St. John's Wood, but it is decidedly the most interesting room to the musical enthusiast. Professional and amateur alike will find within its four walls material to entertain them for hours together. For my own part I have sometimes wished that the owner would keep me waiting for say a quarter of an hour, in order that I might have time to still more thoroughly inspect the musical curiosities from all parts of the world, the hundreds of inviting books ("first editions" are a special hobby with Mr. Cowen) and the unique collection of photos of musicians past and present. But the composer is the essence of courtesy, and never keeps one waiting a minute, hence I have not yet exhausted the treasures of that room.

To-day we have only a "moment" at our disposal, and so we plunge at once into the

subject on the tapis.

"I confess that as regards brilliancy and general effect in the orchestra and solo instruments I prefer the high pitch." Mr. Cowen remarked. "But the great inconvenience is to the singer, who, coming from the Continent, where the low pitch is in general use, naturally finds our pitch a great strain on the voice. Also, many choral works, such as Beethoven's Mass in D, become comparatively easy with the low pitch (for which they were originally written), while they are all but impossible of effective execution with the high.

"There is much to be said in favour of both; but as it is certainly very inconvenient to have two pitches, one for orchestral concerts only, and the other for vocal or choral concerts, it is better to sacrifice the brilliancy of tone for the sake of the other advantages

to be gained."

I note in passing that Mr. Cowen's new work, "The Transfiguration," is to be performed at the Crystal Palace on March 28.

Another of our most prominent conductors, Dr. Villiers Stanford, has also very kindly given me his views for publication in this article. I spoke to him just before he left England for Berlin, where he subsequently gave a concert of English music, which proved a tremendous success. He expressed himself very emphatically, and straight to the point.

"I am wholly and uncompromisingly in favour of the low pitch, both for the sake of preserving singing in this country and for allowing the works of the great masters to be heard as they were intended to be

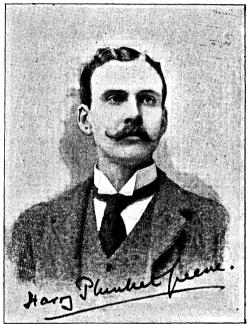
played."

Mr. Plunket Greene—than whom we have not a more artistic singer in England—also holds pronounced opinions on this

subject.

"Personally I am only too glad to add my quota to the general appeal for a lower pitch in this country," he said. "I hold very strong views on that point, and my reasons for them are legion. In the first place our present system is simply ruining the majority of English singers, while true bass and contralto voices are fast disappearing, all merging into either baritone or mezzosoprano. The cause of this is clear. Owing to our abnormal pitch, basses and contralti must force their voices in order to be able to sing the upper notes in their solos, and this can only be done at the sacrifice of the lower notes, the consequence is that we have scarcely any good bass or contralto soloists coming on now. Every student studies oratorio singing—that being pre-eminently what we have most to do with—and when the bass solo has frequently the high F the voice must be forced up to reach it.

"Take 'Elijah' for example. In England it requires a baritone to sing the music allotted to the prophet, though it stands to reason that 'Elijah' should be a bass; one's



From a photo by] [Alfred Ellis.

MR. PLUNKET GREENE.

whole artistic idea of the part insists on that. On the Continent this is the case; but here it takes a baritone to adequately render the music. Standigl, the singer Mendelssohn chose for the first performance, was a tremendous bass.

"Then again it goes without saying that the strain on the high voices is immense. It is only a tenor of the exceptional calibre of Mr. Edward Lloyd who can stand a continuous course of it. Let anybody look at the tenor music of the Bach Passion, for instance.

"Another most deplorable outcome of our

high pitch is the fact that, owing to the wrong training voices are compelled to undergo, they are rapidly losing all 'colour'—all individuality or distinctiveness in timbre. This is a tremendous loss, as 'colour' is the greatest charm in a voice."

"Do you think that the lower pitch would in any way detract from the brilliancy of

the orchestra?"

"By no means. If the string instrumentalists, for instance, use proper strings of a lower pitch make, instead of merely lowering those in present use, and get their sound-posts readjusted (at a cost of about 2s. 6d.), the result should be every whit as brilliant. This point however comes less in the province of the singer than in that of the composer and conductor. Yet there was a curious experiment made in America which, being apropos of the subject, might interest you:—

"Theodore Thomas, who, as you will know, is the greatest musical authority in America, told me that on one occasion, when he was rehearing Beethoven's Choral Symphony. he was so utterly dissatisfied with the general effect of the vocal portions that he stopped the rehearsal and told the band to go through the work again, playing everything a tone lower. Being first-rate musicians they did this without a moment's hesitation. The result was such an immense improvement that Mr. Thomas had the last movement of the symphony re-copied, and has adhered to this rendering ever since. I myself heard it played in this manner at a Cincinnati festival and never enjoyed it so much in my life; and it was actually a tone and a half lower, according to our English pitch, because America uses the French pitch. such a man as Theodore Thomas (who is a stern purist so far as things musical are concerned) considers it an improvement to play a work a tone and a half lower, it is surely safe to say that it would not lose in brilliancy by being lowered a semitone. believe Sir Charles Hallé performed it half a tone lower, and actually wrote out all the band parts himself on the way to or from Australia.

"I think it is most trying to listen to a performance of the Choral Symphony in this country. One feels an actual pain in sympathy with the voices that are being strained to the last degree over the high passages."

"Do you yourself usually practice to a

high or a French pitch instrument?"

"I always use a French pitch piano; and also when Mr. Leonard Borwick and I are giving our recitals we always have a French pitch piano in use. All the great pianoforte makers prefer this lower pitch. As a rule it is an inferior piano that is strung up in order to give it temporarily as much brilliancy as possible. A good instrument does not need this."

"You think the lower pitch will ultimately

be accepted here?"

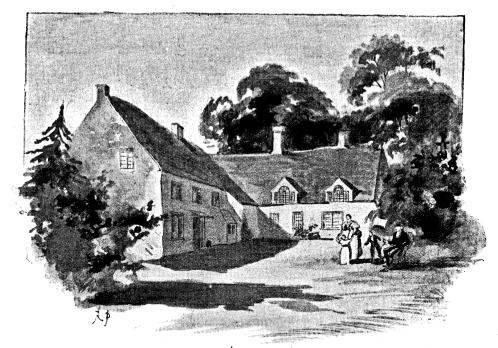
"I have not the slightest doubt but that it will. It is merely a question of money; and I believe, if the matter could be set fairly afoot, musicians themselves would subscribe a good deal towards defraying some of the cost. Of course organs are a great obstacle; they are in such requisition in an oratorio-loving country, and it is an expensive matter to have them altered. Yet I am hopeful."

We have only space to give the opinion of one more musician, Mr. David Bispham, and he is entirely at one with those who would consign our present high pitch into oblivion. When I called upon him he was busy making arrangements for a tour in America in 1897.

"I think we ought not to be behind other countries," he suggested. "We are using an artificial pitch, not a natural one. Personally, I find it extremely difficult to sing to. It is a curious thing that it is a much greater effort to me to sing E in the high pitch than it is to sing F in a low one. I know that many people would maintain that they are nearly one and the same sound, but to me they are quite distinct. I also think that the final decision as to which pitch becomes national should be left to vocalists, seeing that their voices are injured so much more easily than instruments.

"There are a small proportion of people who have a keen sense of actual pitch, but these are in the minority; and after all it is but a matter of training. Had they heard nothing but low-pitched instruments all their lives, that would be the correct pitch to them. I feel convinced the time is soon coming when the 'normal diapason' will be used

here," Mr. Bispham said cheerfully.



NELSON'S BIRTHPLACE.
(From an old print, after a painting by Pocock.)

THE BOYHOOD OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST ADMIRAL.

BY E. STEPHENSON.

Illustrated by RAYMOND POTTER.

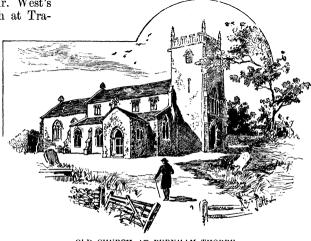


O most of us, I suppose, the name of Nelson conjures up a memory-picture, more or less accurate, of Mr. West's painting of his death at Trafalgar, or the cor-

responding fresco at the Houses of Parliament. We see again the quarterdeck crowded with sailors and bristling with the horrors of war, and in the foreground a one-armed man dying, his eye still upon the battle of the ships, his ear still waiting to hear how many of the enemy were taken before he would ask for Hardy's farewell kiss and lay him down for the last time with the quiet parting words, "Now I am satisfied; thank God I have done my duty," and yet again, "Thank God I have done my duty."

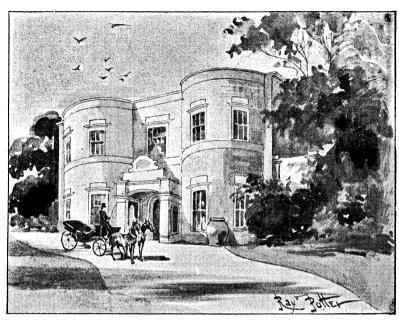
That was the end of the story;

amid far other scenes it took its beginning some forty-seven years before.

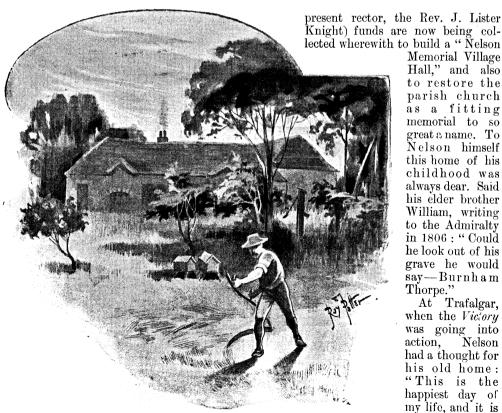


OLD CHURCH AT BURNHAM THORPE. (Where Nelson's father was rector.)

In the quiet little village of Burnham Thorpe the great sea-hero was born and bred: there he lived out his boy-life just as the other youngsters did, only that now and again flashed forth revelations of a character which even then was not quite ordinary. There too he spent five later years (1787-1793) when for a time he was unemployed. Strangely enough the village possesses no local memorial of him, though (thanks to the energy and patriotism of the



BURNHAM THORPE RECTORY: PRESENT DAY.



SITE WHERE THE RECTORY STOOD IN WHICH NELSON WAS BORN.

Memorial Village Hall," and also to restore the parish church as a fitting memorial to so great a name. To Nelson himself this home of his childhood was always dear. Said his elder brother William, writing to the Admiralty in 1806 : " Could he look out of his grave he would say-Burnham

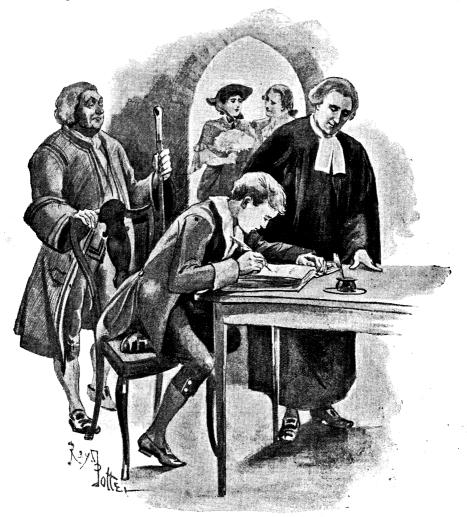
Thorpe." At Trafalgar. when the Victory was going into action, Nelson had a thought for his old home: "This is the happiest day of my life, and it is a happy day too

for Burnham Thorpe, for it is the day of their fair."

And later still, when he lay dying, his plea to Captain Hardy concerning his body was this: "Don't throw me overboard. I wish to be buried by the side of my father and mother at Burnham Thorpe, unless it please the King to order it otherwise." It

which he ministered is described as "a good specimen of the churches of a county unusually rich in mediæval architecture." It has much fallen into decay, but is now in process of repair.

To the uncritical observer it is just a plain village church with nothing in any wise remarkable about it except that strange air



SIGNING THE REGISTER.

did please the King to "order it otherwise." Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral and Burnham Thorpe lost the honour of containing his sepulchre, but the fame of being his birthplace could not be taken away.

Nelson's family had been for many years connected with the village, and his father held the living there, which had long been, and still is, in the family gift. The old church at

of stillness which seems to invest village churches with a peculiar sanctity. Visitors to Lowestoft who have walked southward to Pakefield on the way to Kessingland may have seen its counterpart. A low stone wall bounds it on the farther side, a tall tree sways on the east, and the half-recumbent tombstones testify either to the strength of the wind or to their own antiquity.

Only the baptismal register and the marriage book bear silent witness to the fact that the daring restless spirit of a Nelson was wont to harbour there. The former contains the entry of his own baptism—" Horatio, son of Edmund and Catherine Nelson"—the latter his signatures when as a boy of ten or eleven he "witnessed" some of the weddings which his father had conducted.

about to his heart's content, or indulge in occasional fights with his brothers, in which, though the youngest and by no means the strongest of the family, he was tolerably certain to come off victor. "Let them alone," his mother is reported to have said when called upon to interfere between him and one of her other older sons; "little Horace will beat him. Let Horace alone."



TELLING SMUGGLER YARNS.

His home of course was at the parsonage house near by. There he was born on Michaelmas day, 1758. It was a low two-storied, unassuming house with sloping roof, more like a country farm than a modern rectory. It was built with two wings at right angles to each other, and on the enclosed green the young Horatio could tumble

The old parsonage is the parsonage no longer. The present rectory is a much more imposing habitation of white stone with large bay windows and a broad carriage drive leading up to the house. The ghost of Nelson would not find a home at the rectory now; he would want to seek again the site of the old house, with the same fields still sur-

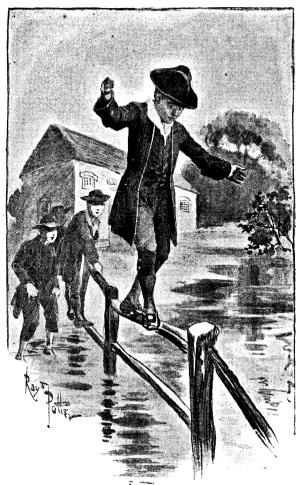
rounding it in which he played in his boyhood, and the old trees still standing in which he was wont to seek birds' nests with his fellows, or which, regardless of torn clothes and risk to life and limb, he would climb at all hazards.

Now the reapers calmly reap under the very shadow of the old trees and are not even moved to hurry on the slow-cutting scythe by the forgotten genius of the bold fearless boy who was "here, there, and everywhere," throwing his whole heart into whatever he did whether work or play.

Not far from Burnham is still pointed out the little brook around



IN QUEST OF THE DOCTOR'S PEARS.



CROSSING THE BROOK.

which centres one of the few authentic stories concerning Nelson's boyhood. One day, when he was about five or six years old, the little Horace went bird-nesting with a cowboy. For many hours he was nowhere to be found; dinner-time passed and still he did not come. At last the family grew so alarmed that messengers on horseback and on foot were despatched to seek him, and he was found sitting quietly all alone beside the piece of water which he could not pass What had become of his companion is not told; either he had crossed somehow and gone on by himself, or he had returned by some other way, having given up the proposed expedition.

In the latter case we can understand how it was that Horace sat there still; giving up was not in his line; to return baffled was the very last thing he would do. It may be he had tried the wooden paling and found it would not bear, and so was meditating some other way when the



GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

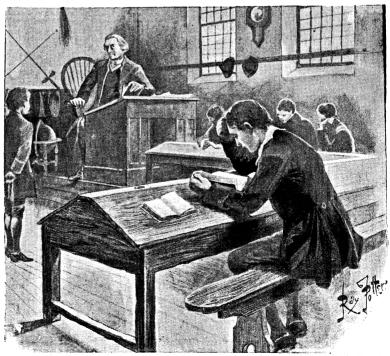
arrival of the search party disturbed his cogitations.

"I wonder, child," said his grandmother on his return, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home."

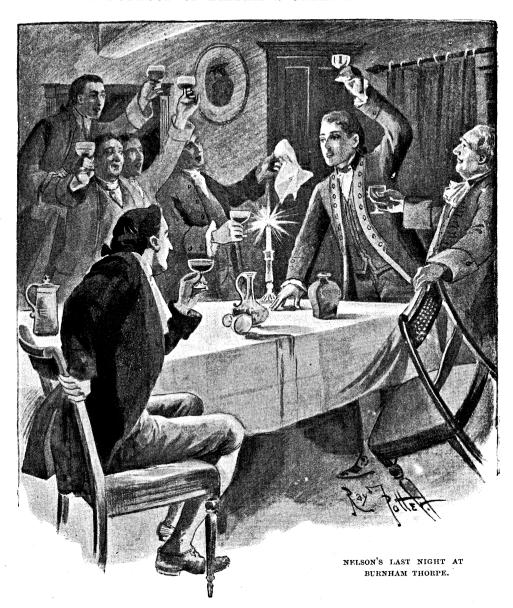
"Fear," replied the youthful Nelson, "I never saw fear; what is it?"

But this delightful life of bird-nesting, tree - climbing and deeds of daring, like all other good things, came to an end before long and Horatio was sent to school.

He went for a time to the High School at Norwich. It is not known exactly how long he stayed there, probably until his mother's death in December, 1767, when he himself was nine years old. It may have been on his return to this school after one Christmas holidays that an incident occurred in which he showed once more of what kind of mettle he was made. There had been a heavy fall of snow. He and his brother William were on horseback, and they found the roads, as William thought, impassable. Accordingly they went back home The father met the boys' relation with the command to "make another attempt." If the roads were really dangerous, he said, they certainly should not go. He "left it to their honour." Again William advised a retreat, but not so Horatio. "We must go on," he urged. "Remember, brother, it was left to our honour." So Southey tells the tale, and though folks now cast discredit upon Southey's veracity, in this instance at least the whole story is so exactly what might have happened in that flat country, where the snow would lie deep or be driven by the strong east wind, and the conduct of the younger brother, so precisely what one would have



THE OLD SCHOOLROOM, NORTH WALSHAM.



expected that there seems no reason why we should not accept it as true.

At the Paston Grammar School at North Walsham Nelson spent the three years or thereabouts which immediately preceded his going to sea. It was an old school then, for the gateway still stands with a tablet bearing the record, "Founded in 1606," and the building in which the boys now study is the same as of old, only that lately a new wing has been added, with a laboratory and other modern improvements. A brick, on which are cut the initials H. N., was lately discovered in

the school wall, and has been laid up among the treasures of the place. The present master of the Paston Grammar School, the Rev. H. W. Wimble, M.A., takes the greatest pride in the historical associations connected with his school and collects every item of information relating to the distinguished man who, as a boy, inked his fingers and behaved in many ways similar to the lads who now study within the schoolroom.

Mr. Wimble also points out the seat against the door, between the parlour door and the chimney, on which Nelson sat in those far-off



days when old Dr. Parr occupied the schoolmaster's chair and the boys were ranged on forms below, and silently conned their tasks, silently and in fear, for over the chair hung the formidable birch.

In the school-yard was a pear tree which bore fine pears, and the pears were regarded as the boys' lawful booty; but there was no one to take the booty; the boldest feared to venture. So one night Nelson was lowered, by sheets tied together, from the bedroom window, plucked the pears, and was hauled back triumphant. The fruit he distributed among his fellows; he did not want it for himself. He only took them "because every

other boy was afraid." Doubtless after this he was a hero among his fellows; and his popularity must have been increased by the power of spinning yarns with which he is by tradition credited. Out of doors, with flat, wide-spreading, desolate-looking broads before him, he could give vent to his imagination and tell marvellous stories to his own delight and that of his listening comrades. What smuggling yarns and wild tales of the sea were spun in those boyish days there is no one left to tell; they were not written down, and those who heard them have passed away. But imagination can fill in the traditional outline. Some stories may have been his own creation; some were brought up from a memory full of such tales which he had heard from his Uncle Maurice, with whom Horatio had always been a favourite. This

Uncle Maurice, alias Captain Suckling, the brother of Nelson's mother, was a naval commander of no small repute; he seems, when on land, to have been much at the rectory, and to have promised to take Horace under

his special protection.

The child was greatly attached to him, and his narrations concerning his sea life had doubtless first inspired the boy with the determination to follow the same profession The determination grew with years. At twelve years old Nelson's heart was already with his brave uncle on the sea, and we find him in the Christmas holidays entreating his brother William, a year and a half older than himself: "Do write to my father and tell him that I should like to go to sea with my Uncle Maurice." The uncle was written to accordingly, but demurred at first on account of the boy's delicate health, for he had never been strong. "What has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he above all the rest should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we come into action a cannon ball may knock off his head and provide for him at once."

Not a very cheery prospect for an ardent recruit; but Horatio knew his brusque kindly-hearted relative and does not seem to have been in any way moved from his desire by this response. There was a certain excitement in the thought of being in the fire of the enemy's cannon; one's head would be all the more valuable after the adventure, and Nelson was not afraid of getting his own knocked off.

Nothing was done in those holidays. Horatio went back to school as usual; but one dark spring morning before the term was over Mr. Nelson's servant brought the expected summons for his son to join Captain Suckling's ship. So quite suddenly Nelson's school days came to a close.

To the villagers of Burnham Thorpe Nelson's departure was an event of the very highest importance. The rector's son was going to sea; the least they could do was to meet in the kitchen of the village inn, now known as the "Lord Nelson," drink his health and bid him a hearty, if hilarious, God-speed on his way.

Then came joining the ship at Sheerness and one of the most dismal recollections of Nelson's life. For some reason or other his uncle did not meet him and no one on board knew of his coming, so that on his arrival from Greenwich he paced the deck the whole of the remainder of the day till someone "kindly took compassion on him" and spoke to him. Then of course with the declaration of his identity his troubles came to an end.



PROBABLY no famous folks are so frequently asked for their autographs as singers. And, as a rule, their good nature equals the persistence of the collectors. Most of the signatures of popular vocalists have style, as will be seen from the selection on this page. Artistic directness is shown in Madame Albani's autograph; conscientious neatness is apparent in that of Miss Anna Williams, one of the readiest and thorough artistes before the public. Mrs. Helen Trust and Mrs. Mary Davies are striking contrasts as writers, though very similar in the refinement of their singing. The signatures of Mr. David Bispham and Mr. Edward Lloyd characteristic. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel complete the contributions to this page with their autographs.

Singery' Autography.

MADAME ALBANI GYE.

Hadame Albani Gye.

Hadame Albani Gye.

MRS. HELEN TRUST

Lively 740 L. D. Henschil

MRS. HENSCHEL.

Vir Succeel Sours, Favio Bispham

Ama Williams

MR. DAVID BISPHAM.

MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.

narylanes

MRS. MARY DAVIES.

Geo. Hensehel

Mr. GEORGE HENSCHEL.

Your frittfally Edward Klope

MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

THE MOROSE PASSENGER.

BY WILLIAM R. YOUNG.

Illustrated by James Greig.



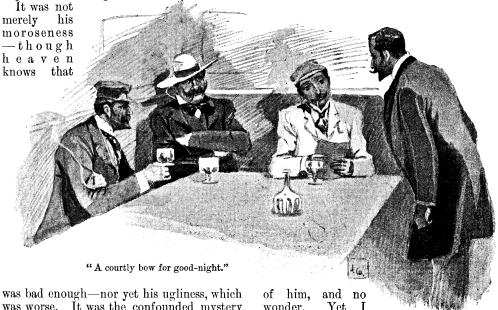
HERE was no one on board, I take it—none certainly who took his grog of an evening in the smoking-saloon-who did not feel some curiosity about the morose passenger.

And as the long voyage drew to an end—after we had passed the Straits of Magellan and were now looking hourly for release at Valparaiso, when whist, chess, deck-skittles and the rest had come to unbearable boredom-this curiosity grew to such a pass that

it put us to the fidgets.

I never saw an uglier face on man. He was short and thick set—powerful looking as a bison. Spanish was my guess. Hair black as coal, and a tremendous black moustache that curled up at the ends almost meeting his thick, shaggy, overhanging evebrows. One cheek was slashed with a terrible scar as of a sword cut, that glowed red and purple after his second glass of rum, the other was tattooed with a hob-goblin-like face that looked like a gargoyle leering from the side of his nose.

The women and children were all afraid



was bad enough—nor yet his ugliness, which was worse. It was the confounded mystery of the man.

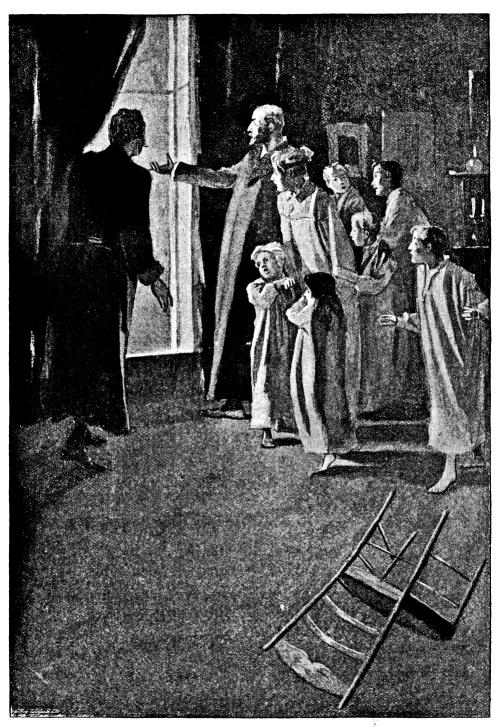
All the rest of us were good friends before we were twenty-four hours out of Lisbon. We had confided to each other our family histories and our business in a day or two, and we had made love to the ladies, and been as merry as we might. But all the while the morose man never spoke to a soul. He never joined in a game, he never even opened a novel or a newspaper, but sat all day and most of the night either on deck or in the smoking-saloon aft, puffing black Cuba cigars one after the other that filled the air with pestilence.

Yet I wonder. can't say he was

anything but harmless. As I have said, he never spoke to a soul on board, except to order his rum from the steward. The last few days we all spent our time guessing who and what he could be.

Señor Dublé Almeida was scarcely more lively than the morose man. But then Señor Dublé Almeida was not mysterious. He was silent, but he was kindly. The captain said he was brave and had done some smart things in the Chilian war. All the same I was inclined to despise him for an old woman.

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"'Madame Almeida and her children had followed the Colonel into the dining-room."

It was the last night of the voyage; an hour or two more and we should land at Valparaiso. The morose man as usual was sitting in the corner smoking his pestilential weed. I myself was on his left—preferring the scar to the gargoyle—and Señor Almeida, with an almost equally silent friend, opposite me.

At midnight Señor Almeida retired, turning at the door to give us a courtly bow for

good-night.

"That man a warrior!" said I half aloud, and with a touch of contempt, I dare believe,

in my tone.

"That man," said Señor Mancolla (that was Almeida's friend's name), "is a hero. No braver man lives either side of Atlantic."

"Indeed, "said I aggressively, for I was in querulous and quarrelsome mood. "That's a large order. Pray, sir, what has this hero of yours done?"

"I'll tell you," Mancolla replied quietly,

knocking the ash from his Havana.

The morose man shifted in his corner a bit out of the lamp-light, and as he turned the gargoyle grinned at me hideously from his cheek.

"Twenty years ago," Mancolla began, "or rather less—it was in the year 1877— Sandy Point, a bit north of the Magellan Strait, was a Chilian convict-station. There were about four hundred of them. pose a couple of thousand other people, merchants mostly and traders, lived in the place, and there was a garrison of eighty soldiers. Almeida was at that time governor of the colony, though his fame as colonel of the Atacama regiment in the war with Peru—of which you, sir, do not appear to have Leard—was still in the future. convicts at Sandy Point enjoyed freedom during good behaviour. They lived in the town, many of them in houses of their own. and engaged in ordinary occupations. In fact in Colonel Almeida's own household a convict was employed as a domestic and was treated with the greatest kindness and trust. This fellow, Campos by name, was a favourite with Madame Almeida and her children, who nicknamed him Campito in their childish

"Well things jogged quietly enough at Sandy Point and excitement was scanty. Life slumbered, so to speak. But, talk of excitement! The night of November 11th, 1877, woke us up I can tell you."

"Oh, then you were there yourself, sir?" I broke in rather bored if the truth were known, but a little ashamed of my former incivility, and willing to show some interest, for amends.

"Yes. I was tutor to the Governor's boy, a fine lad of eleven or twelve. Yes, I was Well it was, as I say, the night of November 11th, 1877, when suddenly we were all wakened from sleep by a shindy and a shaking, as if all the earthquakes in history were combining with the day of judgment to annihilate us. In two minutes shells were crashing through the walls as if the house

were built of paper.

"The Colonel turned from the window of his dining-room that overlooked the plazawe had all rushed there from our bedrooms —and said to me as calmly as if he were admiring the full moon, 'Mancolla, the convicts have revolted. They have got the guns of the garrison and are firing at us point By this time Madame Almeida and her children had followed the Colonel into the dining-room and were clinging round him in terror. By the Holv Virgin. sir, you should have seen that man's face at that minute—he was twenty years younger than to-day, and handsomer never wore sword—he couldn't have been calmer had he been going to mass. He took his wife and children to the kitchen in the basement for a bit of safety—though even there there wasn't much. We looked about for Campito, for we were sure the fellow was not less brave than faithful, and the Colonel was for putting him in charge of the children. But Campito somehow was not to be found. Madame was imploring the Governor not to leave her, not to go out into the street where the cannonade was deafening, terrible. I can hear this minute the awful crash of the shells through the walls and rooms overhead. But nothing ever kept Colonel Almeida from his duty. and his duty, as he conceived, was to suppress the revolt and save the settlement, if he had to do it single handed.

"Out he went bare headed—having buckled on his sword and supplied himself with a couple of six-shooters—to put himself at the head of the soldiers. He crossed the plaza to the barracks in the teeth of the guns. There he found the commander of the troops and three other officers murdered in their beds, and that the rank and file had joined

hands with the convicts.

"The Colonel now saw that he was indeed single handed. But it never occurred to him, I do believe, not to make farther attempt to save the colony. He made his way back to his house, now wrapped in

raging flames, and told Madame she must leave with him at once. She took the baby in her arms and the Colonel himself carried three other children rolled up in a sheet, while I took charge of the three eldest who All the children were just as could walk. they had been taken from bed; Madame herself was but scantily clothed. Colonel Almeida conducted this procession across the open street in the light of the blazing houses. and at such risk of present death or capture as you may suppose. For an instant he paused—and that was the only time I ever saw his cheek lose colour. It was when the glare from his burning home lit up the face -of Campito standing behind a 40-pounder and directing its muzzle that was belching lead into the house where he had been petted and trusted.

"But it was only for an instant. With a proud toss of his handsome head the Governor led his brave wife into the shadow as quickly as possible, down a side street, and at last to a disused engine-shed that stood in a little out-of-the-way quarry near the sea.

"Here he left his family, instructing me to remain with them, and on no account to stir

till he should return or help arrive.

"But his back was scarcely turned—he did not even wait to kiss Madame or the baby before the brave lady commanded me, in her quiet dignified way, to follow him and be of use to him if so God willed.

"When we got back to the town the riot was like hell let loose. The streets were thick with dead bodies, and among them lay a number of the convicts in helpless debauch, for they had quickly found their way to the brandy casks. The rest were blazing away into the houses all round the plaza, and massacring men, women and children, who tried to escape to the woods.

"Colonel Almeida now made his way to the Treasurer's house, severely wounded by this time with a pistol bullet in the chest. The Treasurer, as soon as he discovered that the cannonade was not, as he at first supposed, a popular demonstration in honour of the Governor's birthday, had taken refuge in his cellar, where we found him cringing in a corner blubbering like a baby.

"Seeing that he was hopeless, the Governor ordered me to return with him to the engineshed, which I had to do, though I feared Madame Almeida's displeasure and scorn as badly as the mad fury of the convicts.

"The gallant Colonel now resolved on a plan of action of incredible boldness—foolhardy it would have been had there been any alternative. It was to find the ringleader of the revolt and shoot him on the spot in hopes of thus overawing the rest, and should this fail, to make his way 60 miles overland to Otway Bay, where he knew the Chilian corvette Magellan was lying, and return with her to Sandy Point. Come what might it was his duty to save the settlement and punish the rebels; that was enough for Almeida.

"He went boldly, revolver in hand, to the plaza where the drunken fiends were now amusing themselves pouring shot and shell into the hospital. When they saw the Governor they raised a yell of—what was it? Rage? delight? Who knows?—and turned their revolvers and rifles against him. By keeping in the shadow, however, and running behind the heavy guns, the Colonel escaped death and reached the centre of the rebels' little park of artillery. Seeing an army surgeon, whom he well knew for a ne'er-do-weel, and who looked like one in authority, Almeida shot him dead as a rat and looked round him with calm composure. For a moment it looked as if his heroic bearing was for subduing the cowardly devils. But a yell behind him made him turn just in time to recognise the face of Campito as the butt of the treacherous ruffian's rifle stretched him on the ground.

mischief. They were most of them too drunk by this time to act on any plan. In sheer wantonness, however, they dragged the guns round the square. Whether any of them passed over the Governor he never was able to say. It seems incredible that he should have survived if they did; but on the other hand, if not, it was difficult to account for some of the wounds that caused him such excruciating agony when he recovered consciousness about sunrise in the Happily neither leg was broken, morning. though a terrible injury to the cartilage of the knee caused greater torment than a dozen fractures. Still he could move, and Colonel Almeida had not got to the end of his duty The settlement was in the hands of

"No doubt the brandy averted a lot of

inhuman than ever.

"He got up and tried to walk, but his leg bent helplessly under him. In an agony of pain he crawled to a wooden church near by. With his sword point he prised up one of the boards, with which he made splints and tightly bandaged up his knee. To his great joy he found that he could now just manage to walk.

the convicts, and when their debauch wore off they would be more formidable, more "While lying in the church he overheard some convicts outside discussing their plans. They were determined to seize a steamer of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, due in three days, murder the passengers and crew and loot the ship; and the destruction and robbery of a little settlement some few miles off formed a farther item in their programme.

"If these plans were to be frustrated Almeida saw that time must not be lost.
"You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that the Colonel, being in such case as I have attempted to describe, barely able to move, and that only with torture, set off on some 50 or rocky cou like fourt

"'Started on his painful ride . . . over a rough rocky country."

foot to seek the corvette. He did indeed. Do you still think meanly of his valour, may I inquire?"

"Pray, don't interrupt your story, Señor," said I evasively. I was interested; but I

never admit myself in the wrong.

The morose man I observed did not seem to be attending to Mancolla's narrative. He was nearly invisible in tobacco cloud, though now and again his scar glared luridly through thin places like a signal light through fog.

My companion continued:

"Every fifty or sixty yards Almeida was compelled to halt by the agony of motion. He knew the path through the woods well enough, which, after a few miles, set him on the brink of a river of breadth and volume. It was a facer for any man at his best. But nothing could stop Almeida when his mind was set and duty before him. He stripped, made his clothes a bundle, with his

revolvers inside, and swam the river with them tied on his head with his sword-belt. He reached the other side and soon afterwards arrived at the French settlement of Port Negro, on the Magellan Strait, some 13 miles from Sandy Point. Dragging himself to the nearest house he explained

who he was and the state of matters at Sandy Point.

"Here at Port Negro horses were procured and guides to Otway Bay. The brave Governor of Sandy Point mounted his horse—a sling being provided for his wooden leg, and started on his painful ride of

some 50 or 60 miles over a rough rocky country. After something like fourteen hours in the saddle the little party reached the bank of a broad deep river. They were preparing to swim the stream when at that moment sounds from the opposite bank attracted their attention. After short debate the guide fired one of the Colonel's

revolvers as a signal. To their intense joy a Chilian naval officer appeared from the wood and shouted across in answer.

"It appeared that one of the corvette's boats had been sent up the river on an expedition of survey, and Almeida had by happy fortune stumbled on the party.

"He was quickly on board the boat and a start was made to find the *Magellan*. The officers were in doubt where to find the ship, but they came upon her early the following morning just as she was getting up steam to

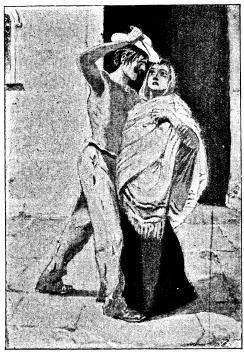
leave Otway Bay.

"Meantime I had returned in company with the Treasurer—or rather in charge of him—to the shed where Madame Almeida was awaiting the Colonel's return. That she was none too pleased to see me without him, and with so poor an exchange, will not surprise you. As she had none with her but women and children—so she averred, with a look at us that set the Treasurer a-whimper-

ing and myself to the blush—she herself must make what shift she could for safety.

"Being in such a pass I was not concerned to justify myself in her eyes, so I merely assured her I was ready for any service.

"'You may nurse the baby,' she replied in tone of disdain that scorched me, 'while I go to seek some man faithful to the Governor. Oh, if I could only find Campito!'



"" He had snatched the knife from his belt."

"She threw her cloak over her shoulders and was leaving the shed. I was at her elbow, revolver in hand, resolved she should not be unattended in her quest. She tossed me a glance of contempt, but never a word, and hurried towards the town.

"As she turned the corner of the first street I saw her start back with a cry of dismay. She was just passing the door of the little convent of Santa Croce when it opened, and she was face to face with Campito. I was some paces in the rear, but never while life holds can I forget that moment.

"Campito was a Portuguese, said to have been of good birth, and certainly a man of handsome countenance and carriage. He was young-looking, and of light, lithe figure, and in his dark eyes there was a dreamy, innocent look that matched ill with his position among convicts. What his offence had been I never heard, but it was said that there had been a taint of mania in his blood.

"But at that moment when I saw him on the step of the convent of Santa Croce, as his eye fell on Madame Almeida, he was more like a messenger from hell than a mere madman escaped. He was stripped to the waist, and his white trousers as well as his naked body were streaked with blood that was not his own.

"As his eye fell on the Colonel's lady—the lady who had been to him a friend, a protectress, nay almost a mother—he leaped forward like a panther. She was in his arms. He had snatched the knife from his belt, and its point was above her heaving breast.

"This, you must know, took but an instant of time. For myself I could not aim my piece—being at the best of indifferent skill in its handling—for fear of taking off my lady. I was, however, but a yard or two distant, and my leap was as quick and certain as the convict's own. I believe he never saw me. It was all a flash; it passed like thought in a dream, from the moment he first appeared till he lay at our feet with my bullet in his body, or through it.

"I hurried my lady away, having now assumed—as the bravest of women at such occasion will permit a man to do—a tone of command.

"On our way back to the engine-shed a doctor, well known to my lady, came up with us, and told us that he had seen the Governor lying dead in the Plaza. He gave it for his opinion that the rebel convicts would soon be scouring the neighbourhood for refugees, and that Madame and her family would do well to take to the woods and make their way as best they might to the next settlement.

"This counsel, therefore, I followed with all despatch, and before many hours were passed we had reached some security, as we supposed, in a little wooded dell running down to the sea-beach. Nor had we been resting there more than a short space before a very glad sight struck my eye as I was casting about for a sheltered spot for Madame Almeida to spend the night. For there, round the northern point of the little bay, I saw a vessel of war steaming towards us and close enough for a signal to be perceived on board.

"I need say no more. You will guess that the vessel was the corvette *Magellan*. My signal was seen, and in half an hour we were

grinning at me in ghastly fashion as he

passed. I heard that he was the first to cross

the gangway shortly afterwards. Anyhow.

all aboard her. I need not describe the meeting between Colonel Almeida and his wife; my tale is one of bravery, not of tenderness. That is my story, sir. Have I convinced you that the old gentleman who bowed you good-night at that door an hour ago is something of a warrior?"



more, colloquial, slangy English.

"Rum yarn that," he said.

"A remarkable story," I assented, with a slight bow.

"And true," he rejoined.

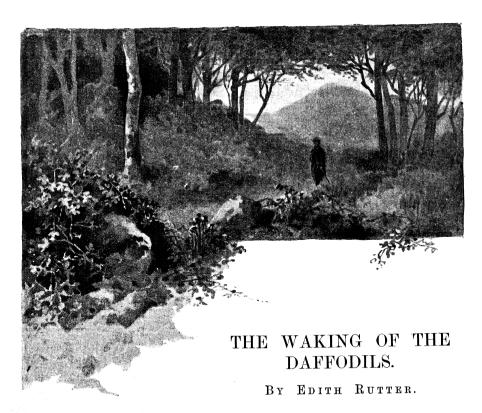
"How do you know?" I inquired.

"I'll tell you," he answered. "I'm Campito"

With that he left the saloon, the gargoyle

when Colonel Almeida turned up in the morning he had disappeared.

Many a time since I have thought I would like to have heard the sequel from Campito himself. And I will confess that, though I am not devoured by curiosity above my fellows, I was glad to have learnt something before I left the ship about the morose passenger,



The wood was full of sound, the birds were gloating,

Bathed in the happy sunlight of the Spring;

Some short-stemm'd daisies down the stream were floating;

A shaft of light fell on a rook's dark wing:

And midst the moss, beside the saucy rills,

I read the promise of the daffodils.

Now swathed in shining samite they are swinging,
Lit with the sun, and dancing to the wind;
The mossy meadowland with mirth is ringing
Because mischievous March has been so kind:
And wakened by the becks, and on the hills
The bonnie, bright, bewitching daffodils.

In ancient days 'tis said that knight and daughter
Gave to the daffodils an honour'd place;
The humble head that waves above the water
Was made the badge of chivalry and grace:
Romance is dead. Yet still its memory thrills
The green and gold silk of the daffodils.

Stray Storieg.

Before the late Lord Tennyson had given his famous poem "Rizpah" to the world it chanced that Madame Modjeska went down to Farringford to visit the poet. In due course the laureate produced the manuscript of the work in question and read it aloud to the great actress and a small circle of intimate friends. It is not every poet who can read his own works aloud with success and effect, but Lord Tennyson possessed this rare gift in fullest perfection. As the reading went on a hush fell on the listeners, and everyone present was roused to the keenest pitch of emotion. Then as Lord Tennyson brought his powerful recital to a close a strange thing happened. Scarcely had the poet pronounced the last lines when Madame Modjeska, in a perfect passion of tears, sank at Tennyson's feet and lifting his hands to her lips covered them with kisses. No one of the privileged few who witnessed the scene will readily forget this beautiful tribute paid to the poet's emotional power by a woman who is herself one of the greatest impersonators of passionate appeal.

Among artists there is no more indefatigable worker than Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. He is up with the lark and goes straight to his studio to paint, it may be, or to toil at his colossal statue "Energy," on which he has been engaged for many years. At eight o'clock he refreshes himself with a simple breakfast, often an oyster or two. Then he continues his labour until lunch. The curious thing is that Mr. Watts does not seem to realise what a busy man he is. He has been known to wonder why he "feels so tired this afternoon," and once when a friend suggested that he had done a day's work that would put many a man to shame, the artist did not seem to see the justification for the remark.

Professor Francis W. Newman (the younger brother of Cardinal Newman) has played in his day a most important part. He was ninety years old last year—an age which speaks well for a man who has long abstained from alcohol, tobacco and flesh meats. Professor Newman widely differed from his distinguished brother on religion, and concerning this an apt story is told. A certain English writer took the Cardinal's "Apologia pro Vitâ suâ " out of its covers, and did the same with Professor Newman's "Phases of Faith." He then re-bound the two volumes in an old cover bearing the well-known title of "Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers." Professor Newman has written extensively on political economy, and has a great reputation as a linguist. He knows modern Arabic, and the Numidian, Mauritian, Zouave and Gaetulian languages have been mastered by him. Then too he is a mathematician, and enjoys Aristotle and Æschylus as much as the late Professor Jowett.

Sir John E. Gorst spent some of the early years of his varied career as the editor of a newspaper in New Zealand. He has naturally a sympathy with Fleet Street in consequence of his own journalistic experiences, which did not lack liveliness. It is said that the Maoris once made a raid on the printing office, and were delighted with the type, with which they afterwards fired at the windows of the unlucky house. The pen is said to be mightier that the sword; in this case the type was more effective as a "flying column" than in the ordinary columns of the newspaper.

The Prince of Wales has always been fascinated by big fires, and very often has gone long distances to see the Metropolitan Fire Brigade at their dangerous work. Once after the opera he strolled unattended towards a spot where the red glow in the sky had indicated a great conflagration. Seeing a newspaper reporter taking notes, the Prince asked him for details, which were of course readily given, especially as the identity of the questioner was known to the journalist. At the conclusion of the conversation the Prince offered the reporter a cigar, which the latter carefully wrapped in an envelope and placed in his pocket. "Why don't you smoke it?" said the Prince. "Because I'm not likely ever to get another cigar from the Prince of Wales, so I mean to keep this one as a memento." The Prince laughed goodnaturedly, and, bringing out his case again, replied, "Well, you had better have another one-this time to smoke."

James Russell Lowell was young in spirit to the last day of his life. He was walking on one occasion through the streets of London with a friend, and as they passed that excellent institution, the Hospital for Incurable Children, Lowell turned to his companion and said, "That is where I ought to be, for I'm an incurable child." In his mind at least he possessed the secret of perpetual youth.

Apropos of the late Professor Jowett, the following story is told, which, despite the Spectator's sensible caution as to Jowett anecdotes, may be accepted as true. An impudent undergraduate, after escorting some country friends round Balliol, brought the party near to the Master's residence. He then said, "Now, ladies, I have shown you all I can of the college, and there only remains its Master for you to see." Then he threw a pebble at a window of the study where Dr. Jowett was diligently writing. The disturbed Professor jumped up and ran to the window, but not before the undergraduate had disappeared, leaving his visitors to encounter the Master's annoyed face.

HUNTING FROM MELTON.

BY HENRY H. S. PEARSE.

Illustrated by J. and C. Temple.



HREE quarters of a century ago the *Quarterly* reviewer, whose inflated panegyrics were cleverly parodied by Surtees, gave to Meltonians a character for snobbishness which they

do not deserve. Many writers on Leicester-

But there were doubtless old Meltonians of that time who would have shrunk from showing the slightest discourtesy to a stranger whether he came among them with a troop of horses and a dozen grooms or set up a modest establishment sufficient only for hunting three days a week.



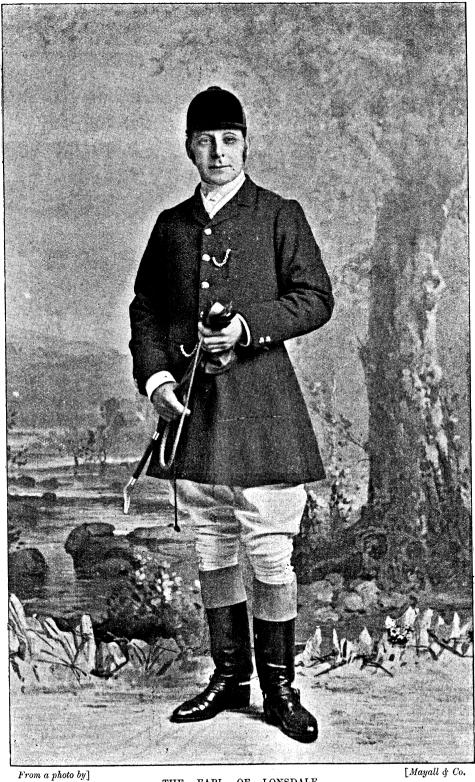
HOUNDS COMING THROUGH CHEAPSIDE, MELTON MOWBRAY.

shire sport and sportsmen since that day have fostered the erroneous idea, and even Mr. Bromley Davenport—unconsciously perhaps—gave fresh currency to it by adopting the views of those who are supposed to "count the swell provincial lower than the Melton muff."

Some members of the Old Club, when that institution flourished, may have fallen into the habit of contemptuous reference to every outsider as a snob. Inconsiderate youth is prone to use such epithets without thought that they may be taken literally.

A cynic once said indeed that the passport to Melton's favour must be a very simple affair if we may judge by the sort of people who seem to possess it. That however is even less just than the charge of supercilious exclusiveness.

The fact is that nobody at Melton worth thinking about cares very much what form a man's credentials may take so that he proves himself a sportsman and conforms to the first principles of hunting with a subscription pack. He need not be like Lord Plymouth and Sir Francis Burdett, who



THE EARL OF LONSDALE.
(Master of the Quorn Hunt.)
175

each subscribed £400 a year to the Quorn Hunt, and he will not be ostracised though his means may limit him to less sport than others can revel in.

To be at Melton and not to hunt every



THE "HARBORO'."

day is an experience that few men are philosophic enough to contemplate with equanimity, and there are obvious reasons why the man of slender resources should rather select Leicester or Loughborough than Melton Mowbray as his headquarters for hunting in the shires; but among these reasons let him not count as important the fanciful picture which scribes ancient and modern have drawn of Meltonian manners. Let him rather trust to the experience that proves how little the characteristics of true sportsmen are dependent on circumstances. and he will find in Leicestershire as elsethat very few fox-hunters whose opinions are worth a moment's consideration really care whether a man rides good horses or bad ones, two or twenty, so long as he rides them straight and can take his own line.

And the fastidiousness of Meltonians in matters of dress has been a good deal exaggerated. Though no one who has a proper respect for himself or a sense of what is due to the master of hounds would encourage slovenliness, a good deal of latitude is allowed for individual peculiarities among followers of the Quorn. With ample means and the capacity to embrace every opportunity for sport that offers in "the cream of the shires," a man need not hesitate to set up his quarters in Leicestershire's hunting

capital. There he will find himself among the choicest spirits of his age—whatever that may mean—and if he can hold his own with them across any country within hacking distance north, south, east or west of Melton

Mowbray, when Tom Firr, Frank Gillard, Charles Isaacs or George Gillson has got hounds away on the scent of a good fox, he will be as near the heights of perfect bliss as a human being can hope to reach in this world. But to attain that one must ride with as much judgment as nerve, and be mounted on horses that no practicable fence can stop so long as they have a jump left in them.

Some counties have more formidable fences of their kind than any to be found in Leicestershire. In many the hills are steeper, in a few there are pastures that take more out of horses than do the ridges and furrows of

Twyford Vale, but in none will one meet with all these difficulties so frequently combined, or with a greater variety of impediments to smooth progress, or realise more fully how little time there is for hesitation when the pack is skimming like a flock of sea-birds far ahead and hundreds of hoofs

are thundering close behind one.

A fixture of the Quorn at Kirby Gate or Great Dalby may mean a good fox from Gartree Hill, who, if he does not run as the dark-coloured rover of Osbaldeston's day did, a long ten miles through Leesthorpe to Oakham pastures, will perhaps take you over Sharplands and Twyford Brook and Marfield Brook to John-o'-Gaunt's, the line of the great Clinker and Clasher steeplechase, in which Dick Christian and "the Squire" got fairly to the bottom of their horses so that Clinker fell beaten at the last fence and Clasher only managed to struggle in a winner after cold water had been dashed over his head. Whether fortune may take you among the "swingers" or the regular "stitchers"—to use the expressive terms by which Dick Christian was wont to distinguish between the fair fences of Twyford Vale and the bullfinches about Barkby Holt and Ashby pastures—you will be as near the seventh heaven of a fox-hunter's bliss as you can hope to get if the scent serves.

It is a merit of Quorn foxes in these days that they do not break at the same corner of a cover, nor make the same point so often that the line of their run almost to a field may be foretold directly they get away. Hereditary instinct does not take that form with them probably because none among their progenitors has beaten Tom Firr and the Quorn pack often enough to have fallen into the habit that is second nature.

It is just as likely therefore that you may cross the glorious Vale of Twyford with a fox, from Cream Gorse, Thorpe Trussels or Ashby pastures, as with one from Gartree or Burrow Hill, and all are coverts dear to the hearts of Meltonians.

The Cottesmore hounds come so close to Melton at Wyld's Lodge and Stapleford Park that you may give your covert hack a rest for the day when they meet at either. A second horse, sent some miles along the Oakham Road with a man on him, who will not disgrace you by heading a hunted fox, would probably be more useful. One of the stout race that frequents Mr. Hornsby's home coverts or far-famed Laxton Gorse may set his neck straight for the dreaded Whissendine, and if the pace be as good as it often is across those leagues of grass, all who get

so far without a fall at oxer or brook will be glad of fresh mounts by the time they have breasted the slopes of Ranksborough Hill.

Where every fixture is good who shall say which is best? Assheton Smith would one day declare that there were no foxes like those bred in Shankton Holt. and another time he would swear by the wild rovers of Staunton Wood or Langton Caudle—haunted by a somewhat degenerate race now: but of all runs he ever had in Leicestershire none pleased him so much as the blissful hour and a half with a Widmers-

pool fox straight across the Vale of Belvoir to Blackberry Hill. But there is more plough about Widmerspool now than in those days.

Brooksby was a favourite fixture with

followers of Hugo Meynell's hounds, as it is with Meltonians still. Mr. Greene, of Rollestone, liked nothing so well as a Thorpe Trussels day: "the Squire" never wavered in his preference for Barkby Holt, Dalby and Gartree Hill: and Sir Richard Sutton was more for the Six Hills country. Billesdon Coplow has lost little of the fame that came to it through the great run celebrated in picture and in song by Loraine Smith. It is long since a fox ran from the Coplow to Melton Spinney, on the Belvoir side, without crossing a ploughed field all the way, but when Mr. Fernie's hounds draw in this direction theré is sure to be a strong contingent from Melton ready to take their share of the fun that rarely fails them in this country of big fences and deep ravines. Northward, where Quorn and Belvoir boundaries join, the best fixtures are all within easy reach of Melton, though those who stay to see the end of a day with the Duke's in that quarter will probably have a long ride home; and the chances are that a Quorn fox from Cossington or Walton Thorns, by Six Hills, or even from Shoby Scholes or Lord Aylesford's covert hard by Melton, may lead pursuers a merry chase over the fosse way to . Hoby and Thrussington lordships, or across



A MEET AT SIX HILLS: PASSING THE BEDE HOUSE.

the light plough of Widmerspool, where fences are blind, and so into the heart of Belvoir Vale, where in old days Lords Forester, Jersey and Delamere, Lords Robert and Charles Manners, Assheton Smith and



MUIR'S STABLES.

Colonel Mellish "all rode like devils against each other."

In the years that have passed since then the fame of two at least among these bold horsemen has never been eclipsed, though Lord Cardigan rode as straight from end to end of a Leicestershire run as he did at the head of his "noble Six Hundred," when Russian guns were belching a storm of shell on the plains of Balaclava, and three Lords Wilton have held their own in succession against the hardest riders of Melton. Possibly celebrities of the Old Club, whom Ferneley painted in the great Quorn picture, were more fortunate in finding worthy chroniclers of their deeds than any who came after them.

What a history of the brilliant horsemen of the generation just passed away Whyte-Melville might have given us if he had been as garrulous as he was discriminating! he only favours us now and then with a glimpse of the people whose performances in the hunting field he had watched with keen appreciation, as, when writing of Colonel Wyndham—who "possessed with a giant's stature the pliant agility of a harlequin "—he says: "A finer rider never got into a saddle. Weighing 19 stone, I have seen him in a burst across Leicestershire go for twenty minutes with the best of the light-weights, occasionally relieving his horse by throwing himself off, leaping a fence alongside of it, and vaulting on again without checking the animal sufficiently to break its stride."

And he hits off the merits of such horsemen as the late Lord Wilton, Colonel

Anstruther Thomson. Colonel Fellowes of Shottisham ("perhaps the best of his day"), Mr. Gilmour (for so long foremost among heavy weights), and the present Lord Spencer with a felicity that makes us regret his distaste for circumstantial elaboration. If he had been like other writers of "Recollections" we might have learned that there were men riding to hounds in Leicestershire forty years ago who could have rivalled the greatest Assheton Smith's recorded feats. Some things we do know which tend to prove that if there are no such mighty Nimrods now

as then there are certainly not fewer bold riders than those who hunted from Melton when the Old Club was in its heyday. I have never heard of any other than Assheton Smith who cared to jump the ravine between Billesdon Coplow and Ashby pastures, where its perpendicular sides are 12 feet deep; nor do the annals of sport in Leicestershire furnish many parallels to Dick Christian's great leap, spanning 35½ feet through a bull-finch "into the field as comes to the road that leads from Great to Little Dalby," after a quick thing from the Punchbowl.

But these were rather unexpected incidents Some feats, like to the riders themselves. those attributed to Lord Scarborough, Captain White and others of the old rough-rider's heroes, do not seem so very wonderful. may fairly assume that the Whissendine and the Smite, with its slimy waters screened by a tough bullfinch, are jumped as often in a season now as they were then. Perhaps the bullfinches and oxers round about Melton are not so forbidding as they seemed fifty years Certainly very few are so bad as they were then described. But discretion is not now, any more than it ever has been or ever will be, esteemed as the better part of valour by Meltonians young or old.

A story told of Lord Mayo and an Irishman who used to run with the Kildare pack would seem pointless to men who ride as if they valued neither neck, nor limb, nor life, as against the glorious rapture of being first in a run. Said his lordship: "What a fool you must be, Mick, to neglect your business and lose half your potatoes that you may

come out with my hounds!" There was a sly twinkle in Mick's blue eyes as he replied, with an obvious reference to the noble master's reputation for reckless riding: "Ah! me lord, it's truth your lordship's spakin' this night: av there was no fools there'd be sorra few fox-hunters."

The folly however is a noble one that has helped to make our tough island race what it is; and distant may the day be when Melton will no longer boast its squadrons of bold pursuers in whose eyes valour and nerve are cardinal virtues to be cultivated by courting danger whenever the chance offers—and it comes often enough to those who seek it.

There is hunting to be got with one pack or another close to Melton Mowbray every day of the week. The Quorn come that way on Mondays and Fridays; Tuesday brings the Cottesmore to Stapleford Park, or some fixture within easy reach; on Wednesday the Belvoir meet somewhere north or east of Melton to draw such famous covers as Holwell Mouth, Clawson Thorns, Scalford Gorse, or Melton Spinney; Thursday gives choice between one of Mr. Fernie's fixtures, some distance off, or a by-day with the Quorn; and if the Belvoir are not close

at hand again on Saturday the Cottesmore are sure to be, as the fixtures of these two packs alternately are made for the convenience of Melton sportsmen, or at any rate Melton lays that flattering unction to its soul. With all these opportunities brought to them the people who dwell for a season less in this fox-hunter's paradise have no reason to complain—until a long frost comes to stop sport—of hunters eating their heads off in idleness. would need a good stud to hold his own with Lord Lonsdale and Tom Firr, even if the Quorn only came within reach of Melton twice or thrice a week; add the chance of a long run with the Cottesmore, Belvoir or Mr. Fernie's on other days and you will find that second horses for everyday, and something in reserve to replace the lame ones. are essential for full enjoyment of all that fortune brings.

But a month of Melton is worth a cycle of Cathay, and the youth with neither cares nor responsibilities to hamper him will be wise to make the most of such pleasures while he may, for alas! the day must come when the best and boldest rider of us all will have to confess that he is no longer the man for Melton.



A HUNTING MORNING AT LADY WILTON'S.



A star-gazing, head-strong brute, with no mouth; a stake and bound in front; and two mischievous girls waiting for a lead. A HARD CASE IN HUNTING:

A LONG INTERRUPTION.

By MARY KERNAHAN.

Illustrated by OSCAR ECKHARDT.

PART FIRST.

I.



T was very quiet in the farmhouse kitchen. Esther was busy preparing red-currants for preserving, and had the largest of holland aprons on. The mellow fluting of a black-

bird came remotely from the orchard and she paused a moment to listen to it.

Her pleasant face, a little grave for her years—she did not look more than twenty—showed the sunburnt colour that might be looked for in a farmer's daughter in July weather. The world was a happy place to her this summer afternoon. No one knew better than she what a struggle it had been for years on her father's part to keep up the farm; but things had been brighter of late, and now he had driven to the station to meet a boarder—someone who would pay liberally for staying with them a couple of months. Home would not be quite the same thing while this stranger was in their midst, but Esther was too sensible under such circumstances to waste regrets.

The money would "help father," and summer sunshine is sweet when one is twenty; and although she was not formally engaged to be married to the man she loved it was an understood thing. The tall clock in the kitchen corner struck the hour; she could

hear his step crossing the garden.

Esther raised her head to meet his gaze, a riper colour flushing her cheeks. He was about eight-and-twenty, one of the masters in the old grammar school in the country town some two miles away; far too goodlooking and gentlemanly, some envious tongues had averred, for Esther Morison.

He had crossed his arms on the sunny window ledge, having first put some of her

flowering plants a little on one side.

"Esther," he said ruefully, "I met your father driving to the station just now. Two whole months! Just think of it! I know I shall scarcely see you for the whole time,"

"I wish we could have done without her. I'm afraid she'll be a fine lady, difficult to please," Esther rejoined soberly, putting down another bowl of fruit on the spotless kitchen table. "Her aunt says she fancies herself out of health because she has nothing to do. She has refused a dozen offers of marriage already; no one is good enough for her."

"I know the kind," said the onlooker at the window ledge with a fine masculine scorn. "Languid and affected; if a thing isn't 'coarse' it's certain to be 'common.' You'll need your sweet temper, Esther. Perhaps I'd better keep out of her way," he added ruefully; "I might say something

you'd be annoyed at."

"Oh no," said Esther simply. "Father thinks Miss Lloyd will like to talk to you. She is fond of reading, and you know so much about books. I've taken some roses up to her room," she added, pausing a moment to listen to the sound of wheels. "Mother thought she must like flowers;

everyone does.

"You'll be far too good to her," the young man rejoined, his brow clouding for a moment. He looked at the hands that had gathered the roses, and would have liked to take them in his own and kiss them. He wished that he had spoken to Esther before this visitor came. And yet the words had only been left unsaid because they knew each other's heart so well.

Esther hurried away to wash her hands, stained rosily with currant juice, and when she returned she had taken off her apron, and looked pretty and even refined in her neat gray linen dress with its snowy collar and cuffs. They walked round to the front of the house where the new-comer was descending from the dogcart, and the young man smiled grimly as he caught sight of a dainty foot under uplifted skirts. Miss Lloyd gave both her hands to the farmer just as he came up and came down as lightly as a feather.

"Oh! what a lovely old place! How delightful it must be to live here always!"

she exclaimed in the sweetest treble voice in the world

Esther noticed a charm and distinction about her that was singularly fascinating. She was beautiful, but they had expected that. Her simple dress was gray also, but it made Esther's look ill-fitting and clumsy, and the dainty little upturned hat and delicate pearl-gray gloves were like nothing the younger girl had ever worn.

A keen observer would have noticed that the visitor's eyes had a certain hardness in them under their sweeping yellow-brown lashes. The delicate mouth was capable of becoming a thin line. But no one at Westonbury Farm perceived these things. Miss Lloyd was at her best. It suited her wilful humour to dazzle these country people, even if it should prove too much trouble to keep up later on. And she was agreeably surprised above all by the sight of Will Lycett, having expected—with the exception of a country parson—to see no appreciative male being for the space of two months.

"He expected me to find fault with everything; I see it in his face," she said to herself, taking in his relationship to Esther with quick eyes. "He is either engaged to the milkmaid, or on the way to be. How did he come to be here? And above everything, what can a man of his looks see in that girl?"

Miss Lloyd ceased to regret for the moment that the doctor had insisted on a couple of months of this existence. She had wasted some self-pity on herself on the journey down; but after all there was a probability that the drama of human life went on in the country as it did in town.

"What a lovely old place!" she said, turning to the young man as if she took him for a son of the house. "What a sketch that beautiful old red roof would make, mellowed by time, and those white lilies! Oh! it will be delightful to stay here! Will you take me round the garden before I go in?" The sweet ringing voice had a wistful accent in it.

She was bewilderingly pretty as she smiled back at him, but the young schoolmaster was looking exceedingly grim. He had said so much to Esther about his detestation of fine ladies that he considered it now a particularly unpleasant task to have to follow this dainty figure about the garden. Why could she not go in and rest after her journey or wander around the paths without his help?

"And so you live here always, in this

lovely place?" she queried suddenly, pausing and looking up at him.

"No; I am only a friend. I'm a master in the Newton Grammar School," he added a little curtly. "My father knew Mr. Morison in his younger days, and before I became a master in the school I stayed here a week or two. Mr. Morison has always been very good to me, and Mrs. Morison."

"And the milkmaid," was on Helen Lloyd's sarcastic lips, but she did not give

utterance to it.

"I knew you were not a farmer though I asked you the question," she rejoined instead. "You look like an Oxford man," she said with a sudden air of simplicity the young man found oddly fascinating, though it was utterly unlike Esther's.

"I have never been to college," he returned, not quite so curtly this time, "though I've had a decent education. We couldn't afford it," he added, a little angry with himself and with her. "My father is

a curate, and there are nine of us."

"Oh! a clergyman," she rejoined softly; with an accent of satisfaction unaccountable to her listener and strangely flattering. "I thought—I knew—you were different from the others here."

The blood rushed hotly to Will Lycett's cheeks and temples. Miss Lloyd had expected something of the kind. But she was not in the least dissatisfied with what she had said; he would remember the flattering personal inference long after his anger on Esther's account had died out.

But she did not intend him to be angry with her just then, even on Esther's account; it was not part of the as yet unformulated plan of her summer's amusement.

"I like the farmer immensely, don't you?" she said in the confidential tone of an old acquaintance. "Though of course he is homely; it would spoil him to be anything else. And Miss Morison is perfectly charming, is she not? She looks it."

In just the same tone, he knew perfectly well by some instinct, would she presently say the old village church was charming, and the bridge over the little river where the mill stood. Esther was not charming in Miss Lloyd's sense of the word; she was something infinitely better and sweeter. But he found it singularly difficult to give expression to his thoughts.

The necessity for doing so was gone in another moment. "Raspberries!" Miss Lloyd suddenly exclaimed in tones of rapture. She clasped her pretty hands together and



"Flickering lights from the branches glanced upon her sunny hair and delicate pale-gray dress. She was smiling in his face as if she had known him from childhood."

looked childishly happy as he gazed at her in unfeigned surprise. "When have I ever seen raspberries actually growing! Oh! Mr.—Lycett, is it? May I have some?"

"Of course; as many as you like," he rejoined with an unaccountable breath of

relief.

He was glad of the occupation as he filled a cabbage leaf with the fragrant crimson berries. How wonderfully at home this fine lady was making herself! She had just gathered a handful of sweet-pea blossom and was fastening it into her waistbelt.

"What a delightful scent they have! I never tasted such fruit in my life," she said in the exquisitely sweet voice that had an echo of wistfulness in it. She turned to look up in the young man's face. "I think you ought to have some too—especially after you have had all the trouble of gathering them. Open your mouth and shut your eyes! No, you needn't shut your eyes, but

you must open your mouth."

Was it only half an hour ago, Will Lycett wondered vaguely, that he had leaned on the window-sill among Esther's flowering plants, condoling with her on the coming of this stranger? The most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life was standing under the apple-boughs and holding up a large raspberry as if it were some strange tropical fruit. Flickering lights from the branches glanced upon her sunny hair and delicate pale-gray dress. She was smiling in his face as if she had known him from childhood.

II.

"I can't understand it," said Farmer Morison's voice.

Esther, sitting near the open window in a cool spot by the wall where shadow still lingered, a bowl of peas in her lap, listened in a dull apathetic way for what was to follow.

"As good as engaged to my girl. A better lass never stepped. All the village knowing about it, and the town too for the matter of that. And here this fine lady comes with her languishing looks, and he must dangle after her the moment he has a minute to himself, reading books to her, carrying those paint things about. I've no patience," said the farmer in a suddenly broken voice. It smote Esther to the heart.

She heard her mother's slow accents in reply.

"You see, father, he mayn't be altogether to blame. Miss Lloyd never lets him make a plan; she's always something on hand she wants to do, and she never can do it without him. His head's a bit turned. I can't help thinking when she's gone—"

"When she's gone!" the farmer interrupted, an angry addition unusual to his speech, making Esther shiver. "Do you think my girl's to say 'Thank you kindly' for what someone else has thrown by, and take up with Will Lycett as if he'd never gone gadding about after somebody else?"

Esther lifted her bowl of peas and went slowly into the kitchen where the August sunlight was pouring hotly in on the white floor. No one else was there; Miss Lloyd did not affect her company when they were alone, and the country girl they kept for the roughest work was upstairs. She was glad to sit down by the table and let the tension go for a few brief moments.

It was all true. Will Lycett had been for the last fortnight, as her father had said, at Helen Lloyd's beck and call. Esther never even saw him alone now; directly he approached the house the visitor, in some mysterious manner, seemed to know it. She was never out when he came; and if the steps went round to the kitchen window he had hardly exchanged a word with Esther before an arch face came peeping into the kitchen with "May I come in?" prettily on its lips.

Esther dropped her head on her hands as she thought of the quiet path winding through a plantation on the border of the farm—"the wood," they all called it—that had been her favourite haunt in old days. Will had found out the direction of her steps, and they had walked there together many evenings in the early summer. She had passed through it three or four times since the visitor came, but no hurrying step overtook her now.

She raised her head determined never to take that walk again. There were the peas to shell, there was a pudding to make. Any idea of neglecting the daily work that fell to her lot, the work in which she knew the mother depended on the daughter, never even crossed her thoughts.

The shelling of the peas went on, the pudding was made. The hot day waned into a pleasant afternoon, with a welcome breeze blowing across the river. It touched Esther's aching forehead like a cool hand laid upon it as she moved to and fro setting out tea in the pleasant flower-scented sitting-

room. She did not forget to place a bowl of tea-roses, creamy-yellow and overrunning with sweetness, in the middle of the table, and another, a larger one, on the window-ledge. She saw that the glass dishes were crystal-clear and filled with delicate golden-coloured preserves, prepared the year before

by her capable fingers.

She looked up and saw Will coming in, with Miss Lloyd beside him chatting gaily as a child; Esther had seen her sitting in a basket-chair near the porch, a novel in her hand. Her gown of some clinging white material had a virginal air of simplicity about it. A bunch of blue forget-me-nots was fastened at her waist, where pale yellow silken folds were knotted falling to the ground, a little spray of the same flower at her white throat. Her eyes were shining, her cheeks just tinged with colour.

Helen was gayer than her wont this afternoon; she chatted once again to the farmer and his wife and went into raptures over the roses. The pleasant room, always a little dim, with its low ceiling and small window, made an old-world setting for her dainty loveliness.

"It is just the very afternoon for it. I won't lose another moment," she said suddenly, rising quickly and pushing her plate away from her with so rapid a movement that she startled Mrs. Morison. "I am going to make a sketch of the old ruin."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to carry your materials this afternoon; I am going to help Esther in the garden. If Joe could be spared," Will said in a low strained voice that seemed to Esther's ears to have some-

thing like appeal in it.

"Oh, well, I must give it up," Helen rejoined with sudden sweetness. "I couldn't go with that bumpkin, he upsets my nerves, and I depended on you too to help me a little with your advice; you sketch so much better than I do. Of course," she added, something in her glance at Esther like the flash of a stiletto bright and sudden, "if Miss Morison wants you I must give up my arrangements. And yet in another week or two"—a haunting note of melancholy in her sweet voice—"I shall have gone, and perhaps shall never see this place again."

"Go with Miss Lloyd of course, Will," Esther's quiet voice broke in. They had called each other Esther and Will so long

that only strangers noticed it.

He made no rejoinder, only rose in a moment or two and walked to the open door where Helen stood, her hand on the lock. Esther and her father and mother watched them walking down the garden path together.

She rose presently and cleared the table taking up every crumb as usual. She set the bowl of roses back again in its place and mechanically washed the best china, set out in the visitor's honour, and put it away in its cupboard. Then she went upstairs to her own room and closed the door.

It had been a close and sultry day fore-boding thunder. All through the long hours Esther's head had ached wearily and the weather had seemed to affect the visitor also; on no occasion since she had come to the farm had she been so captious and difficult to please.

A curiously restless fit had come over Helen Lloyd. She wandered from room to room, a book in her hand, which she never opened, then into the garden where the hot insistent sunshine made the cooler house pleasant by contrast. Esther watched her vaguely passing and repassing the kitchen window. She wondered with a terrible contraction of the heart if Will had asked her to marry him.

Esther was glad when the day had worn into evening, when the heat at least had gone by and a light breeze had sprung up, and another day's petty household cares were at an end. She wandered out into the garden about half-past seven and then into the meadow beyond where a gate led into the road, crossing her arms on it with a sense of weariness she had never known before in all her active young life.

She was glad to be alone, glad to be out of sight of Helen Lloyd's restless movements. She stirred impatiently with a new irritability when the sound of a footstep broke the country silence. An unfamiliar step, she thought indifferently at first; some one passing the gate on his way to Newton.

Esther raised her head dejectedly as it came nearer; she had recognised Will's step and wondered vaguely why she had not done so at first. He was walking with his head bent down, a fashion unusual to him, and did not notice her till quite near. Then he lifted it as if startled by the consciousness of another presence—and their eyes met.

She knew at a glance that Helen Lloyd had cast him off: his look of anguish and humiliation went to her heart with the bitterest pang she had yet known. She moved a step or two away, dreading nothing so much at that moment, with instinctive



"I am afraid I shall not be able to carry your materials this afternoon: I am going to help Esther in the garden."

generosity, as the thought that he might read her knowledge in her face.

"You did not come to the wood?" he asked sharply. His voice sounded as un-

familiar as his step had done.

"No," she answered confusedly. She shrank a little farther away from him and wondered vaguely at the question. Her eyes saw nothing but the white dusty road that seemed to stretch away on and on interminably. She heard his footsteps upon it grow fainter.

A week later Helen Lloyd left the village and passed out of their lives, and for four and twenty years Esther did not hear her

name.

PART SECOND.

T

A thin-faced woman stood in the porch of Westonbury farmhouse shading her eyes from the April sunshine. She was watching the postman shutting the little gate after him. A young girl in her place would have made a pretty picture in the light and shadow of the budding leafage, but this face and figure belonged to a woman of at least middle age.

Her hair was plentifully streaked with gray and gathered back in the strained, uncomely fashion the village considered "neat" in a spinster of indefinite age. Her dress, a little rusty with wear, hung sparely round her, and the sleeve as she lifted it was too short to cover her thin wrist. It was the homely figure of a woman used to hard work, to whom little of the romance of life had ever come. The villagers would have said that she was faded because she was no longer "as young as she used to be"; because it was "a good five and twenty year" since they remembered Esther Morison in her comely girlhood.

The miracle of spring had followed winter, the May meadows had been golden with bloom; the rose-scents had been as sweet in the old garden as if the feet of youth and hope trod there still. Eight years after Helen Lloyd's visit Farmer Morison had been brought home dead, thrown from his horse. Barely a year later his wife had followed him, and at thirty years of age Esther had found herself alone in the world.

She lived at Westonbury farmhouse still. Her father had had some money left him and had made the most of it, and Esther had found that, though the farm itself would pass into other hands, she would have the house and garden. She had enough to live on in a modest way, keeping a little maid and having something to help poorer neighbours. Many of the cottagers she aided in sickness and hard times envied her a little, standing in hot weather at the doors of their close little cottages, their rosy babies heavy in their arms.

"Miss Morison," one or two of them said with unintentional cynicism, "knew when

she was well off."

It was village talk that she had refused to marry "Muster Woodthorpe," who had made no secret of riding four miles two for three times a week in order to persuade her. It would have been utterly beyond their comprehension had anyone told them that she was the loneliest woman in the village.

The old house was full of memories. Esther never woke to the twitter of birds in April dawns or sat in her quiet room listening to the hollow piping of the wind on autumn evenings without the same sad contraction at her heart. She was hardly ever idle; there was always plenty to do in the house; and she nursed the sick and helped the poor without the slightest idea of there being any special goodness in so doing; it was merely "neighbourly." No thought of any change ever crossed her brain, though Will Lycett was unmarried. He had loved Helen Lloyd.

Esther thought sometimes in the idle bitter-sweet minutes when she had finished her housework for the day and sat with her knitting in her hands at the open door that she should like to understand one thing: why he had given up his position in the grammar school years ago, and all his future prospects, and taken the post of schoolmaster in the little Westonbury village. She had never asked him why he had done so; they saw little of each other. Will had ceased his visits after Helen Lloyd's departure, and before that had not even come in to bid her good-bye. It was only when they met now—when they still called each other by the old name—that there was an echo of that bygone summer when they had both been young, when they had dreamed the dreams of youth.

Time had not dealt gently with Will Lycett. It had bowed his shoulders and whitened his hair, and given him a dim hopelessness of expression that lent premature age. Esther noted every change with the old contraction at her heart.

There was only one man in the world to her. Another lover had come at six and thirty, and many women would have hesitated; even Esther knew that he had not come wooing to her little bit of money and land, and in her simple fashion she liked him better than anvone she had ever seen— But she never debated the except Will. question for a single moment.

After Robert Sanders had gone away from the village where he had been a visitor life went back into the old routine, and from that hour to this it had never been

broken.

No presentiment stirred in Esther's heart as she stood in the porch in the April sunshine wondering who could have written her would take it. I send it back to you now. I don't know why I have kept it all these vears. Sometimes I think I liked the writer better than anyone I had ever met, but I could not have married him. They say that I shall die in a month or so. Perhaps you will be glad to know that I married a rich man many years ago and was not happy. I shall call myself still, to you, Helen Lloyd." The old letter, yellow with age, lay in

Esther's lap where it had dropped when she unfolded the other. She lifted it with a

growing numbness at her heart.

"Esther, my darling," it ran, "I can never see you alone now, and so I am taking You have known—I am refuge in writing.

certain as man can be you have known—that I loved you almost from the very day I first saw you. I have loved you ever since as deeply and truly as then.

"I have been trying to see you for days, to ask you to forgive me for having been mad for a timedazed, fascinated, call it what you will. I shall never understand it, but not for one moment was it love. I hardly dare look in your sweet face. But, Esther, will you believe me when I solemnly swear to you that it has never been anything but a temporary madness, in which, thank heaven! I have never been insane enough to say one word of love to Miss Lloyd.

"Esther, Esther, tell me that I have not lost you! Can you pity my madness? Can you forgive me? Above all will you believe that I never in my heart of hearts have been untrue to you. I shall be in the wood at seven to-night. If you can forgive me, will you come and meet me there? If you never can—which heaven forbid !—I shall know what your absence means. O Esther, if forgiveness is possible—if you will promise to be my wife—I shall be the happiest man on earth!"

After four and twenty years!

Esther fell on her knees by her chair in one first terrible burst of anger against the woman who had ruined both lives. It died away. Helen had said that she was dying: she would stand before long in the presence of the Judge.



"Wondering who could have written her a letter with a foreign postmark."

a letter with a foreign postmark. She went into the quiet sitting-room to read it. Drifts of fragrance blown across the garden from the blossoming fruit-trees in the orchard vaguely scented the room. The sweet odour always reminded her of Helen Lloyd -of some delicate, elusive perfume she had Esther opened the letter and read her name.

A mist came to her eyes for a moment, but when it had passed she read steadily on.

"Esther Morison," it began.

It was brief. "I hear you are still at the farm. They say that I am very ill, and I have been told I did you a wrong; but I don't know that I am sorry for it.

"Mr. Lycett gave a letter to your servant for you. I saw it given and told her I

Other pangs smote her heart—the remembrance of their wasted youth, the dream of what might have been. It was for her lover that Esther's heart felt the bitterest pain. But she began to be conscious as she knelt there of a new strange tide of emotion, almost terrifying her at first in its exaltation of joy. The remembrance that he was her lover still, after all these years, had begun to sweep all else before it.

No little child would ever touch her hand now. Will was growing old, and she was older, far older than her age. It would be in the afternoon of their lives that they clasped hands at last. But as Esther rose and looked out with dilated eyes into the garden the old days had come back to her—a miracle had happened greater than the spring-time.

He was her lover still; there had never been any break. How the birds sang in the elms! how blue the sky was! All the mysterious stir of spring was abroad—the promise of fruition in bud and leaf, in the growing life of the green earth, that vaguely touches a thousand hearts with sadness to whom no autumn completion has ever come. No remembrance now of whitened hair, of bowed shoulders, came to Esther Morison's mind. Her vanished youth had come back to her. He was her lover still.

There was only one course open to Esther's simple nature; to tell the man who had sent that letter she had never had it. It did not seem complex to her. Will ought to know that life had stopped for them both that August morning; and now, after four and twenty years, Helen Lloyd's letter had bid it go on.

A hundred innocent fancies crossed her brain after she had tremulously written a line or two asking the schoolmaster to come and see her "when convenient." She went about her homely household duties as one in a dream, always with an underlying sense of joy almost too keen to be faced. A faded woman in a village farmhouse, whose face was wrinkling, whose dress was hopelessly dowdy and ill-made; and yet the great tragedies of life find embodiment sometimes in homely places. The gentle fancies she wove of love and companionship as she swept her old-fashioned sitting-room, taking up every particle of dust in her neat oldmaidenly fashion, as she had done all her life, were those of a young girl.

Will should never work again. He should have the comfortable chair that had been her father's, and the window beside it should be

open all the summer-time, and Esther would delight in keeping the ledge full of sweet-scented flowers. When he had that cough in winter-time she could nurse him. She pictured them growing old side by side—as if they had both been young.

She was dreaming of it, her delicate faded cheek colouring at the sweetness of her own happy fancies, when she heard, an afternoon or so later, his knock at the door. The sound thrilled her happy trembling heart as

her bridal bells might have done.

"Won't you come in?" she said, when she had opened the door. She found her voice strangely husky, and coughed—a little prim, reserved cough that hid her agitation. "I've something to show you."

"It's a beautiful afternoon," he said constrainedly, coming into the hall. His eyes

wandered to the sitting-room door.

"I thought may be it would rain. But it seems to have cleared up for good," she rejoined, going before him into the best room. "I've something to show you," she said again, a quiver in her voice.

A shadow flitted across his face. He drew

his breath quickly.

The old, dim, low-ceiled room! He put out his hand vaguely as if to steady himself as his eyes met it again. The same orchard perfume seemed to linger in its dusky corners. A bowl of spring flowers was standing in the centre of the cloth just where Esther's hands, he remembered, had always been accustomed to put them. He sat down in the chair she touched by the table, feeling as if they were both ghosts. Would the dead look around them so, he wondered heavily, if they could come back again?

But to Esther they were young. It was four and twenty years ago. Instead of faint April odours all the warm scents of August floated in at the window; the fruit was ripening in the orchard. And Will had written her a letter.

She would not show him Helen Lloyd's. Esther thought that half-sad, half-cynical confession was a sacred confidence. She took the other with trembling fingers from her mother's desk and held it out to him. "I only had this a few days ago," she said with great simplicity. A sob rose in her throat.

He took the faded yellow paper and looked at it in vague surprise. Esther wondered if he recognised his own handwriting as minute after minute went by. She heard it rustling in his fingers.

"Esther!" he cried suddenly in a strange

jarring voice, "this is the letter I wrote you."

She looked down at the black silk apron she always put on in the afternoon and mechanically smoothed a wrinkle out of it

"She stretched out her hand once, in a passion of almost maternal pity, to lay it on the bowed head, but a womanly instinct restrained her."

with thin trembling fingers. "I never had it, Will," she said, in a low voice. "Miss Lloyd has just sent it me. She took it from the servant and read it, and she's kept it all these years. I never even saw it before."

"Esther! Esther! Then you didn't keep away from the wood on purpose? You never had my letter at all?" he cried with a sharp strained note of anguish in his voice she had not reckoned on in her patient old-

maidenly reserve. It vaguely

terrified her.

"I never saw it before. It was all a mistake," she rejoined. She could not keep back a sob.

"Perhaps — you'd have come, Esther?" he said in a voice so low no one but herself could have heard it.

"Yes, Will," she answered timidly—her head drooped a little, though he was looking straight before him and not at her face—"I'd have come."

He hid his face in his hands with an inarticulate

She heard the birds singing deliriously outside in the silence. It seemed as if it would never end. She stretched out her hand once in a passion of almost maternal pity, to lay it on the bowed head, but a womanly instinct restrained her. It was the same instinct that had led her to tell him she had never had his letter. It was for him to speak next.

The spring air was throbbing with life and promise. A bee was humming in the sunny garden, in the apricot-blossom, not far from the window. Esther saw the April blue of the sky mirrored for a moment in an old-fashioned glass opposite—and knew that he had risen and

held out his hand.

The gladness died out of her face, suddenly grown old.

"Thank you for letting me know," he said. "You were right to tell me." He went a little way towards the door with an odd groping

movement. "O Esther! Esther!" he cried, suddenly turning and looking back for a moment, a deep strangled sob in his voice, "that she should have told us this now—when it's too late!"

She saw him pass slowly to the door. She watched him go down the path to the gate, with the unfamiliar, uncertain step that had grown upon him with years, and noticed mechanically that he was a long time finding the little latch, remembering vaguely that it was more than twenty years since he had lifted it.

He found it at last and went slowly out, and she fell on her knees beside her chair.

II.

It was more than three months from the day in which Esther's dreams had vanished.

The year had ripened into July again. It was the loveliest month of a summer of shower and sunshine, in which midsummer freshness seemed still to linger about the green country ways. The farmhouse garden was full of roses. They leaned over, shell-pink and creamy white, and touched the raspberry and currant bushes, mingling their delicate odours with the ripening fruit; they peeped in at the sitting-room window and ran clambering over the porch.

Esther put a handful of them into her basket—golden tea-roses, exhaling the very breath of summer—beside the homelier comforts she was taking to an invalid in one of the cottages. She had promised to sit with her a couple of hours while her daughter went out. Her days were filled with little unremembered kindnesses like these.

She looked much older than she had done in the spring as she came slowly from the house and as slowly latched the little gate behind her. The lines in her face had deepened and the gray streaks in her hair were far more noticeable than they used to be. "Miss Morison do age," the cottagers had said of late.

Yes, she had aged. Nothing that she had gone through in youth had left so visible an impression upon her face. Esther had taken up the routine of life again and made no sign, as she had made no sign before; but she was an older woman by many years.

The afternoon sunshine was lying hotly on the cottage door as she came up to it carrying her little basket. When she had taken off her bonnet, and the invalid's daughter—a hardworking elderly woman, only a little younger than herself—had gone out, she moved gently about and did little things for the sick woman's comfort. She arranged the roses in water and brought them, cool and fragrant, to the bedside;

she warmed some of the nourishing broth she had made and waited for the invalid to take it, arranging the pillows as only "Miss Morison" could; and later on she drew down the little blind and made the room cooler.

The afternoon waned. The sick woman slept and woke again. It was nearly four o'clock when there was a knock at the door, and Esther opened it to admit a visitor, a kindly woman who took an interest in the little place and drove over sometimes from Newton. A little later another knock announced the village clergyman, and as these two knew each other well Esther withdrew a little to the window, where she sat listening absently to the flow of talk.

They seemed to have many things to speak of, principally about Newton. The words bore little meaning; but she raised her head at last with wide-open dilating eyes.

"It seems he had a big lad who helped him correct exercise-books and that sort of thing. Lycett is well educated and could do most of his teaching by talking, but it's gone too far for that now. This blindness has been coming on for years. He wanted me to keep his secret, poor fellow, and I've done it; but it's no secret now. I fancy," the clergyman said reflectively, "he must have had some trouble weighing on his mind the last few months, it's increased so rapidly."

"He looks very ill," the visitor said pityingly; "I have noticed it for a long time."

"The unfortunate part of it is nothing can be done," the other rejoined. (He had only been seven years in the parish, and no tale of Esther's youth had reached his ears.)
"It was always a hopeless case; the specialists

told him so years ago."

Esther went back to her place in the window and looked blindly out.

She understood it all now; why he had come to the village school. She understood the faltering step that had grown upon him, the strange dim look in his eyes, even the unrecognising glance that had struck coldly on her heart.

She saw the slow hopeless footsteps again going down the path to the gate. Tears were dropping like rain from her own dimmed eyes.

There was a slight stir behind her; the sick woman's daughter had come back. Esther took her bonnet from the little table where she had placed it and slipped out without notice; she had never been

accustomed to wait for thanks for little deeds that were accounted on both sides

merely neighbourly.

The heat of the day was over. Sun and shadow dappled the leafy lane into which she turned, and the hedges on either side were sweet with honeysuckle and garlanded with long trailing wild-rose sprays. A rabbit ran across the path.

Esther's feet carried her straight onward. She noticed nothing. As her direct and simple nature had led her before to tell Will Lycett she had never had his letter; as it had taught her after he had held out his hand in farewell to make no sign, so now in this new light it seemed to her that at all costs she must learn the answer to one question. There was no vision of happiness now; she did not even include herself in her thoughts. She was conscious of nothing but an overwhelming tide of tenderness and pity.

Hersteps had brought her at last to the little schoolhouse. The afternoon sun was slanting in at the window. She noticed vaguely a few plants set on the ledge, not so well cared for nor so lavish of bloom as those at the farmhouse, yet adding a touch of greenness and colour to the bare low-ceiled room that must be so hot, she thought wistfully, on summer middays. School time was over. The boys had gone home. She saw the half-blind master sitting near the table, his face turned to the light.

His ear suddenly caught the light rustle of her dress. "Esther!" he cried turning. For one instinctive pathetic moment he held out both hands, and a light came into his dim eyes that altered his whole countenance.

"I've come to ask you something," she said with sudden awkwardness. A suffocating sensation came into her throat and her bonnet-strings seemed to choke her. She untied them with shaking fingers.

"Yes, Esther," he answered. He had

sunk back into his old apathy.

"I've thought — since Miss Lloyd sent me that back—— It don't seem as if I knew how to tell you, Will," she cried, with a quick piteous sob. "I've thought sometimes—when you wrote me that letter—you did care for me."

He turned his head and looked at her. It dawned upon Esther that this was the look he had had when the boys had gone out of the schoolroom happy and noisy

and the door had been shut.

"There's never been a minute when I haven't loved you, Esther," he said with

hopeless sadness. "You've always been the same to me, though I was mad once for a few weeks."

He turned his face wistfully to the open window where there was a small rose-tree in bloom

"I've always liked to look at that just because it reminded me of you. It makes me think of the old garden. I thought perhaps when you heard about my blindness you'd come in and say good-bye to me before I left. You understand it all now, don't you, Esther? and why I couldn't talk to you about anything the other day?"

His voice had broken. He raised one hand, grown strangely thin, as if to shade his dim eyes. There was no more timidity

in Esther's heart.

A wave of pity and tenderness swept over her in which all thought of self was as utterly lost and forgotten as if she had had no personal existence. She fell on her knees beside his chair. "Will," she said, taking his hand and hiding her face with one great sob against his arm, "why can't we take up our life again where we left it off—that summer—when we were young?"

A tremor went through him. He looked

at her and vainly tried to speak.

"God bless you, Esther!" he answered at last in a voice vibrating with emotion. "It will be something for me to remember all my life—that you said this to me."

"You are not going to remember it alone," she rejoined with something of her old cheer-

fulness.

"How can a blind man," he said brokenly, "with his livelihood gone, with nothing in the world but a pittance barely enough to keep one person, ask you to marry him, Esther?"

"You have something," she said, taking her courage in her hands again. "We don't want much; and I have a little," she added, with a delicate instinct, as if it were an afterthought.

"God knows! But it's not possible," he answered. He dropped his head on his folded arms. "I was a coward before, I can't be a coward now. I can't let you wait on a half-blind man who can earn nothing."

She rose and put her hand on his shoulder. "Do you think you have been the only lonely one?" she said. "I am getting old too, and I have been alone since I was thirty. I'm going to tell you why I've said 'No' to more than one who's asked me to marry him. It was because I remembered you, Will.

And I thought you were fond of Miss Lloyd all the time; I never knew it was me. I said 'No' once to a good man—you remember Mr. Sanders who stayed in the village—and I thought I was saying it for the sake of somebody who never cared about me and that I should be alone all my life.

"You asked me twenty-four years ago to be your wife," she said almost in a whisper, "and I never had the letter till a little while

ago. I've come to say 'Yes.'"

He put his arm around her and held her closely, his breast heaving with a great sob.

"Will," she said, in a sweet penetrating voice, "years ago we let somebody spoil both our lives; and now because of what the world may say—just because of a few village people, it may be perhaps a friend or two that you and I have got in other places—are you going to do it again?"

"Why should we not have a little walk?" she said. "Shall we go round the garden and see the roses? and then you needn't dream of them."

She slipped her hand inside his arm. The green branches rustled over their heads, the mellow afternoon light shone full upon them, transfiguring the faded faces.

"When the April days come," she said—
"do you remember that April?—you and I will go and gather primroses in our wood, and when we sit out in the sunshine I can read aloud."

"We shall sit side by side in the winter evenings first," he said, "please God."

"I almost think that's the pleasantest time in the whole year," she rejoined. "Don't you remember how we always said the fire burned brighter in the sitting-room than anywhere else. And when the curtains were drawn, Will, how pleasant the room was!"

A mist came to his dim eyes at the homely picture, and he could only mutely press the hand that guided him. Two passers-by, rustic lovers, hardly out of their teens, looked curiously after them.

"The schoolmaster, poor chap!" the boy remarked at length with village brevity.

"He must be blind; she's leading him. I wonder when she's going to get a new dress," the girl rejoined. They passed carelessly on. But the figure in the shabby alpaca turned to look after them. A wonderful indefinable thrill of sympathy was stirring in Esther's breast. The tears were in her faded eyes.

It was spring time. She too was walking

with the lover of her youth.



TURK AT WORK. THE

By C. SUTCLIFFE.



HY court failure by attempting to describe the indescribable. that stronghold at whose gates civilisation has for centuries hammered in vain: that medlev of wealth the most lavish

and poverty the most abject that the world knows? Why attempt to say anything of Stamboul save that it is Stamboul, and then stand apart while the tourist lays his pen in rest and tilts at the great supine giant at his will?

For an account of Stamboul, the city, go elsewhere, and be content to hear what may

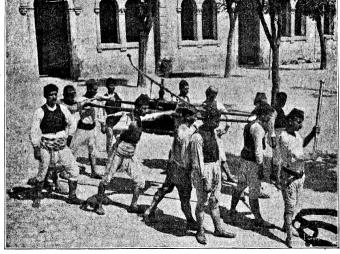
be seen, in a scramble through the place of those who live and work within

You cross bridge. the The true Turk is not to be seen till vou are on its farther side. shows good taste. for Pera and Galata are vile. Arrived there, you step smartly aside in order to avoid the

TULUMBADJI, OR FIREMEN. human missile which is rushing upon you. It is a brigade of firemen, picturesque ruffians, whose long muscular brown limbs enable them to get over the ground more quickly far than would any English fire-engine if introduced into steep step-streets that here form the by-ways. Each man is armed with an axe and a long hooked stick. With the one they will hack down the neighbour of the wooden building which is burning merrily away: with the other they will draw into safety the carpets and cushions which form the chief of its fittings.

The firemen, who are known as tulumbadji, are attired according to the rules of strict propriety, as represented in this illus-Their knickerbockers of white cambric are drawn below their knees, their full shirts are pulled up to their throats. and their sleeves down to the wrist, little vests of crimson cloth are stretched over their chests and shoulders, and a many-coloured sash is wound several times round their waists. As the fun grows fast and furious, however, all these appendages, unnecessary to a tulumbadji, will be flung aside, and he will attack the flames in such a condition that, should a heat-wave pass over him, he need have little fear of charred rags clinging to his limbs.

Yanahen var! Yanghen var! Those who passed first were only the outrunners it seems -the advanced guardof a curious construction having the appearance of a palanquin gone wrong. This is carried by means of long poles on the shoulders of another set of firemen. who, as it is big fire. shout



From a photo by

[Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

Allah! Allah! as they hasten past.

Allah! Allah! Then if the lover of the picturesque be fortunate, and it is a conflagration by night that he is witnessing, he will see a long white arm thrust forth from the block of dusky buildings towards which the crowd has made its way. arm grows longer and longer till it touches the murky curtain above. This it strikes and thrusts aside, leaving in its place a delicate veil of pink which by degrees spreads over the whole of that quarter of the city.

The tulumbadji had until quite recently certain privileges of which they have now, to their great indignation, been deprived.

One of these was that until they, Lords of the Raging Flame, appeared on the scene no one might make any attempt to put the fire out. Till their chief had sanctioned the act, moreover, no water might be drawn from the public wells and fountains.

Sometimes in their zeal the tulumbadji will use their long curved staves to draw out articles from buildings which stand in no danger. Then the other block will be allowed to blaze away in peace for a time while a hand-to-hand fight goes on between the owners of this pilfered treasure and the firemen, who do not see the point of working in the interests of others only.

It is said that the whole of Constantinople, the mosques excepted, is burnt down every twenty years. The wonder is that it is not burnt down every two. The Osmanli's idea of ensuring the safety of his home is to build it of wood from roof to foundation; to let it bake in the suns of a summer such as is his for eight months in the year; to set a pan of charcoal in the middle of his floor; to place the pile of pillows which he calls his bed practically on the top of it; to put a few okes of fresh fuel within easy reach of his hand; to light his pipe, go comfortably to sleep and await what Kismet will send him.

In the romantic days of yore the Sultan for the time being was always supposed to be present at any great conflagration. So soon as it was seen that a whole quarter must be enveloped in flame, messages were sent to the palace to give information. One of the women of the harem was then hastily dressed in scarlet robes kept for the purpose; scarlet slippers were put on her feet, and a long scarlet veil flung over the whole. She would open the door of any apartment where her lord might be, and, standing still and silent in the doorway, would by her presence there indicate the nature of the disaster.

After considering the tulumbadji, one might watch the march past of a band of stalwart Albanians, arrogant and lordly in mind as they are in gait. Each bears an arsenal in his belt consisting of knives, sabres and yataghans, the vacant spaces being filled up with pistols of sorts. Across his shoulders is slung the gun which will still hang there when in the spring he tramps up and down his field of maize or tobacco, scratching the ground with the implement it pleases him to call a plough. These domineering mountaineers are here for the most part to barter the skins and furs they have brought with them for such necessities of life as gun-

powder and firearms, and will presently leave the city for their own crag-perched homes. Some however remain here permanently and for courage and fidelity are among their finest characteristics—they make excellent watchmen. In this realm, where the nurservmaid is unknown, the Albanian also sometimes plays her part, and not the least diverting of the sights of this city, is that of a great bloodthirsty-looking giant issuing from the doorway of some house of a well-to-do Englishman with a tiny, gray-eyed, golden-haired little daughter of the West in his arms. will carry her down the road with unconcealed pride, ostentatiously lifting her veil as he passes some representative of his own race. that it may be seen how far he is honoured and trusted by his employers. Should some street urchin or hamal approach, he will, with a dash of his native ferocity, order him into the gutter that the pavement may be left free for the passing of this white princess. As caretakers they are invaluable, and solve a difficulty which without them would be insolvable, that is how to ensure the safety of the town house when the owner is up the Bosphorus, or the country house when the owner is back in the city. To tell a zaptieh or soldier to keep an eye on it would be to find the building deprived of its last shutter on his return. He would turn in vain from his Circassian servant to his Turk, from his Armenian to his Jew, to his Levantine, his Maltese, or his Greek. Fortitude or perseverance, or some quality, even if not honesty, would in each case be wanting, but with an Albanian he is quite safe. Even if a blood feud in his native village called the mountaineer away in haste, it is possible—not probable, but still possible—that he might recommend a brother to tramp about the doorstep till his patron's return. And with an Albanian armed from toe to tooth on the watch, it would be a fearless and a subtle house-breaker who could make his way in.

I knew only one Albanian watchman who broke his trust, and his offence might be considered justifiable, for his feelings had been mortally, albeit unconsciously, wounded by his patron. The latter presented him, in honour of some fête, with a new suit of clothes gorgeous in embroideries and crimson cloth, also with ample petticoats of white linen and innumerable tags, bosses and fringes of gold or its equivalent. The delighted Albanian fenced himself in with his armoury as usual, then proceeded to strut through the town, parading his bravery at each café affected by those of his nationality. Next

day what a fall was there! The patron indicated, by the signs which were his usual means of communication with his vassal, that the new clothes were not to be held on view every day, but only on special occasions. This offended the mountaineer much. Not only would his comrades think scorn of him when he appeared once more in the cast garments of yesterday, concluding probably that he had been deprived of them from reasons of personal unworthiness, but he foresaw that in order that his lord's whim might be indulged he, Hassan of Kara Drin,

hirsute honours are here accorded, for he it was who had the privilege of tending the poll and chin of Mahomet.

The barber is a man of men in this land where the head is as a rule worn closely shaven. A tuft is usually left on the crown carefully concealed beneath the fez. By this attendant spirits will raise the true believer to paradise when the Archangel Izrafil shall sound his trumpet on the day of the resurrection. The barber is the one individual whom the Turk allows to see him with head uncovered. It would be equally a disgrace



From a photo by]

BARBERS AT WORK.

[Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

would on occasion be compelled to doff and don his apparel twice in twenty-four hours. The thought to an Albanian, conservative on that as on other points, was not to be endured. Consequently in the dark of the night, with the prized covering about his body, he fled back to his mountain fastnesses, and Stamboul knew him and his magnificence no more.

Turn now to the barber, whose patron is Abraham. That patriarch it was who, according to Moslem tradition, was first troubled with gray hair and first used scissors to trim his beard. To one Seliman, also,

to his own person and an insult to his fellows to appear thus in public.

No man, however poor, attempts to shave himself in the East, and the charge varies from what would be two farthings to sixpence of our money. As with the followers of other trades, the barber has his own special quarter of the town and all the most expert hail from Teriaky-Tcharssky. Hither the offshoots of the profession who go to seek their fortune in other parts return when they have won that name and fame which gives them a right of choice in the matter of residence.

he has been in

vour presence

The barber's rites are performed in absolute silence. He summons his subject by a sign from the divan where he has waited his turn. He waits voiceless till the latter has seated himself on the chair. He swathes him in the regulation draperies without a word. Next he places his hand under the well-moulded chin, tilts back the curiously-formed oval-shaped head and proceeds with his business till his customer, no longer feel-

ing the deft brown fingers busied about his poll, is aware that the task is done. Rising speechless as hisattendant. the shaven one gives way another. to drops his coin into the brass bowl placed in readiness for it, and sinks graceful in indolence into his former place on the divan: there he will wait till night or hunger or other some necessity bid him go forth. These calls might prevail on him perhaps, but as for leaving his lair through being bored, or weary of inaction, because duty

insisted he ought to get up and find something to do, no madman in Turkey, however mad he might be, would be mad enough for

This is a description of the barber when at home in his saloon, but there are other species.

One barber waits on you in your own private apartments; another barber is in attendance in the hall of the hotel where you put up for the night; a third accosts you

as you walk innocently along the street, demanding if you want to be shaved; a fourth places you with a row of his other puppets on a rush-bottomed chair in the public street. More wily yet than these, still another will steal up to your couch at dawn and with such skill and dexterity does he conduct his dangerous weapons about your chin and brow, gently turning your head from side to side, that you only realise that

when waking an hour later vou study vour smooth visage in the glass and discover that the most tedious part of your toilet has been performed without your own intervention. · Supreme as is the barber without the gates so is cafédii the within them. On him depends the peace of the household: and what the cook - universal is in the West the Lord of the Sacred Cup is in the East.

Morning,

night he is

occupied in

selecting his

and

noon



From a photo by] [Abdullah From a photo by]

THE CAFEDJI TASTING HIS COFFEE.

[Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

berries, in roasting his berries, in reducing his berries to powder, in deluging them with boiling water, and finally in pouring the seething foaming liquid which results into the dainty *ibrik* of porcelain or of silver studded with coral prepared to receive it, that it may pass to his liege and give him joy. And so soon as the emptied cups in their filigree-holders appear, cafédji once more throws charcoal into his little furnace and recommences his fragrant round. Should

delay take place an indignant clapping of hands will tell that sixty minutes having elapsed since the last cup of coffee was imbibed, his thirsty employer is pining for another.

- Our artist has not caught cafédii in his happiest moment. He does not always appear with a spotted handkerchief, à la Birmingham, girt about his portly waist, and as a rule he places his little charcoal stove on the pavement and squats down by it, his muscular brown arm never ceasing to keep the light-heeled berries in motion till they have assumed their required hue of the In this condition their richest brown. aromatic odour almost succeeds in exerting to the active sentiment of envy the unfortunate Turk who is strolling past, and whose finances only allow him to indulge in coffee six times a day instead of sixteen.

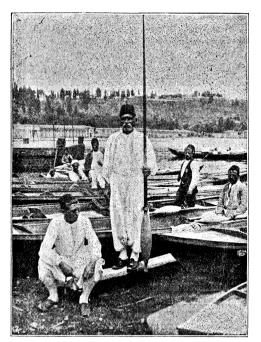
The cafedji is very willing to give you his receipt for making coffee. Happy you, if you can understand it and induce your cook at home to make you some of like flavour. first impresses on you that you must select your berries one by one. This, which is peagreen in colour, and that, which is an unhealthy lemon, must be thrown aside as unfit. Next you must pound your chosen gems with pestle and mortar, not grind them in a mill as do ces autres, and Selim flings five lithe brown fingers abroad over his shoulder in contempt of those who do not realise that the making of coffee is a fine art. When so minute that you can feel no grit and the dusky powder slips through your fingers as the dust from the highway, put it together with some sugar into the longhandled brass pot or jesba which has been warmed for its reception. You next fill it with boiling water "once cooked," as he explains, and let it stand for five seconds, then placing it again on the fire boil it up Some rehearse the process once more. several times, but Selim believes in the ceremony being once repeated only. ends by telling you Arabian-night stories of coffee-cups in use in some of the great seraglios which are studded with gems so large and of so pure a water that their value is sometimes £100 a-piece.

It is a common practice at a state banquet to beg distinguished guests to carry away with them the little cup from which they have drunk as a momento of their host's hospitality. Being aware of this an eminent Englishman, after dining at the Khedival palace in Cairo, pocketed his zarf in obedience, as he believed, to the instructions

of one of the officials, murmured as usual in the, to him, unknown tongue. barrassment was great when, as he rose from the table, some attendants approached him with travs on which was displayed an assortment of dainty little iewelled vessels. Would effendi, they petitioned, deign to choose one of these and restore to them in its place the cup in his pocket, which was one belonging to a service used by Mehemet Ali, and was encrusted by some of the finest diamonds in his Highness's possession? "I felt as if they had accused me of running off with the spoons," concluded the Englishman genially as he illustrated his anecdote by displaying the little goblet which he had been unable to avoid accepting as a substitute for the pilfered treasure.

Yeman or Mocha coffee is that preferred by the Turks, but the supply is so limited it can rarely be procured in the bazaars. That of the great public factory, an establishment unique of its kind, comes for the most part from Ceylon, Brazil or the West Indies. The wealthy pashas have their berries brought direct by caravan from the planta-Thamiss Khana, the tions in Arabia. institution in question, was founded in 1555 by some Arabian merchants. It is now a Government monopoly, and the retail trade is almost entirely supplied by it. There was great prejudice against the excessive use of the berry at one time, and Murad IV ordered all the coffee-houses in the city to be des-This and other Sultans also waged war on the taverns on account of the plots which were hatched there. Such was notably the case in 1622 when the janizaries carried off the young Sultan of the day as a prisoner to the Seven Towers. In consequence of this the coffee-house at Orta Djamessy, where they had conspired, was razed to the ground and for more than a century its site was pointed out as accursed.

Leaving the sultry vicinity of the cafédiees, one makes one's way to the cool domain of the caidji. The latter is undoubtedly the beau of the Bosphorus. Even if he gain a precarious livelihood by waiting in his hired boat for chance passengers, he is freshlooking, daintily-dressed and scrupulously clean. If, however, he belong to the household of his Imperial Majesty, or of one of the princely representatives of the Foreign Powers, he is a thing of beauty indeed. Folds of creamy birunjik, a material made of a combination of filmy silk and delicate wool, fall from his knotted throat to his slender ankle in a line only broken, when he stands at ease, by the brown patch which represents his muscular hand. A crimson fez with its tassels of blue silk is on his head and across his broad shoulders is a



From a photo by

[Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

sleeveless vest of velvet, brilliantly coloured and gorgeously embroidered in gold. When he takes up his long slender oars the garment will be stowed away in the locker on which the "cox," in attire yet more splendid, has

disposed himself.

The Guild of the Caidjees is one of the most esteemed on the Bosphorus, and Noah, as "builder of the great covered caïque," is their patron. In each locker will be found a framed inscription of some of the ninetynine attributes of the deity, in this also they believe they are following the precedent of the most ancient of mariners. Turkey has attained that degree of civilisation which induces her to levy a tax on bachelors, and an unmarried caidji pays a monthly fee of sixteen piastres for right to ply his boat, while a man of wives need only contribute eight to the imperial exchequer.

The Sultan's state caïque is 78 feet in length and is rowed by twenty-four men seated two abreast. Its dominant colours are green and gold on white, a golden palm branch rises from the prow, where also is seen the glittering falcon, emblem of the

house of Osman. Crimson cushions fringed with gold, on which the imperial form reclines, are laid in the bottom of the boat. and over the whole is stretched a canony supported by gilded poles, each of which is surmounted by the crescent. In the gorgeous days of yore the Sultan was constantly to be seen passing up and down the Bosphorus in this glorified barque, with others of the second order of magnificence preceding and following him and smaller craft innumerable in attendance. The boats which carried meaner mortals on their errands of business or pleasure, hurried away to right and left at its approach that the imperial flotilla might spread unimpeded over the whole surface of the water.

Now, however, the pageant is rarely to be witnessed, and the state caïque of the present Sultan is little better known than the old imperial galley of Selim III, which is preserved in the same condition as when last entered by that potentate. So too with the grand caïques of the Embassies. Since the advent of the steam-launch, they are for the most part left to rot in their boathouses, and it is to be feared when they have finally been pronounced unseaworthy they will

never be replaced.

These boatmen, comely and powerful, and formed on the model of the athletes of ancient Greece, often stand high in the imperial favour. Instances might be quoted of those who first came within their lord's line of vision while handling their mighty oars, being later promoted to the posts of Ministers of State or Governors of Provinces. One caidji, the ill-famed Achmet Fevzy, was thus advanced by Sultan Mahmoud, step by step, till he became Admiralin-Chief of the Turkish fleet. 1839 the traitor was despatched on board the flag-ship Mahmoudya to put down the Egyptian rebellion. Instead he delivered the whole fleet into the hands of Mehemet Ali, receiving from the latter an enormous reward in golden lire at the moment, but later, one he more fully merited in the form of a cup of poisoned coffee.

Another guild held in high esteem is that of the workers in leather. This is divided into four classes: shoemakers, saddlers, curriers and tanners. The first-named are so far honoured as to be exempt from military service, and their patron was Abou Horeira, the friend of Mahomet, while the Caliph Omar, himself a currier of renown,

holds his ægis over the tanners.

As with his brother artisans, the worker

in leather performs his task in the open air, and though he rarely exchanges look or word with his comrade, he likes to labour in company. When arrived on the scene of action he unfurls a huge umbrella and fixes its pointed staff in the ground, the cobbles which pave the streets keeping it well in its place. Then he sets beneath his roof tree his square solid stool with its seat



From a photo by]

[Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.
TURKISH SHOEMAKERS.

of twisted reed, draws up his great roll of leather and his establishment is complete. His tools are few and remarkably clumsy. yet it is wonderful how swiftly and deftly he will turn a flat piece of leather into a pair of substantial tchisma or riding-boots. no wasteful worker, and the smallest fragments are carefully set aside as they furnish material for his calling of amulet manufacturer, which is no less profitable than that of shoemaker. He snips and trims these off-shoots till they have assumed some regular form—square, circular or triangular as the piece allowed. Next he fixes a metal crescent, the sacred cipher or circlet of glass, to the one side and to the reverse a square of parchment, on which is inscribed one of the attributes of the deity. He encloses the whole in a covering of linen or silk, and it is unlikely it will remain many hours in his possession before a customer comes past to eagerly press into his hand the paras or piastres which will make the coveted treasure the buyer's own. The demand for these The caidji needs amulets is unlimited. them for his boat, the ass-driver for his beast, the mother for her babe, the stately pasha for the new beauty in his harem. "Life is full of risks, and the evil eye is upon us all; let us protect ourselves as far as in us lies," say they.

There is little bargaining on these occasions. The true Turk is too stately to care to bargain in the Western sense, though he is often driven to it by the importunities of the traveller. The customer, if a native, points out the object desired and extends an open palm with certain coins upon it. The maker of the amulet

shakes his head and smokes on regardless of the stranger's presence. Another coin is produced, but once more the bearded countenance sways to and fro, and the desired amulet is put for a moment out of sight. The customer raises his hands and drops them in token he has nothing more to offer, then Ibrahim produces a second article, which he is willing to part with at the price, or relenting, presses the other into the buyer's hand with a bismillah. At times he addresses his customer, of whose name and domicile he is alike ignorant, as follows: "Thou shalt have it. amulet is sacred. Never will Ibrahim seek to deprive thee of that which has found favour in thine eyes.
To-morrow or after many days

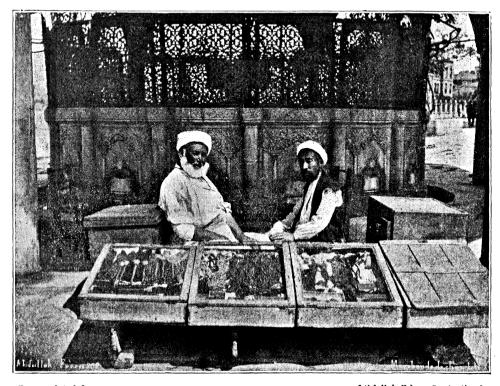
thou shall bring me one piastre more." Then, without one passing thrill of distrust, he indicates that the matter is at an end and assumes an attitude in which he can, with deep solemn gaze, consider the blank wall

opposite in peace.

The domain of the curriers is without the city, near the Seven Towers. The guild was in former times proud of the numbers it supplied to the corps of the janizaries. was also the curriers' boast that they were without exception bachelors. Whether it was that no currier could feel inclinations towards matrimony, or, if feeling those inclinations, he ceased to be a currier, is not The saddler requires for his trade many things with which his British confrère could dispense; among them are tassels, and fringes of gold and silver, strings of glass beads and pearls, pierced shells and strands of worsted, studs and bosses of metal, bows and rosettes of gaily-coloured silk. thing however is never present in a saddler's shop in Turkey, that is pigskin. Of this the Moslem will have none. The hide of every other animal is purified in his eyes by the process of tanning, the pig alone is an exception. Therefore if an English eyer be required, it must be imported or manufactured by a Greek or Armenian. The pack-saddle and the Tartar cushion are still in favour among the old Turks, but the form of that of the West is now very general. The leather seat is however covered with velvet or cloth and edged with fringe or lace, while over the whole is thrown a *shabraque* or saddle-cloth richly embroidered, and if it be intended for the steed bestridden by some wealthy pasha, it will be heavy with precious stones.

Mention has been made of the ninety-nine attributes of the deity. Each of these is represented by a bead on the chaplet which forms the Moslem rosary. "May thy name be exalted, O most high! O most just! O most merciful! O most beneficent!" murmurs the devout Moslem as the beads slip one by one through his fingers, and when he comes to the oblong bar which at regular intervals divides the little balls he rehearses his profession of faith. The untaught or the careless merely repeat the name Allah as they finger the beads. But from Imaum to Hamal no Turk moves without his rosary in his hand or in his pocket. During the stern month of Ramadzan, when no food may pass their lips between sunrise and sunset, and even the cherished narghileh must be set aside, the Moslems spend a great part of the day in patiently telling their beads, while their sombre gaze is fixed on the slow-travelling sun, and their ear awaits the salute from the cannon which is fired so soon as the red globe drops below the horizon.

The teshbighees, or dealers in rosaries. are often men possessed of something substantial in the way of worldly goods. Their little booths are rich in carved screens and handsome tapestries, while the safe into which their wares are tossed at dusk often contains strings of costly pearls, of amber, onyx, agate, or of pierced diamonds and rubies. The common teshbih is made of box or sandalwood, of coral or of mother-ofpearl. For the poverty-stricken there are chaplets composed of horse's hoof, of bits of cork, of dried berries, date-stones, or peas and beans. Few things capable of being pierced come amiss. Here and there is a rosary which is rarely exposed for sale, but is shut off from the vulgar eye by a covering of pink cotton wool, for it is made of the pebbles collected in the Valley of Mina by one who has worshipped at the shrine of Mecca.



From a photo by]

ADVENTURES OF MARTIN HEWITT.

THIRD SERIES.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

Illustrated by T. S. C. CROWTHER.

II.—THE CASE OF THE LATE MR. REWSE.

T



F this case I personally saw nothing beyond the first advent in Hewitt's office of Mr. Horace Bowyer, who put the case in his hands, and then I merely saw Mr. Bowyer's

back as I passed down stairs from my rooms. But I noted the case in full detail after

Hewitt's return from Ireland, as it seemed to me one not entirely without interest, if only as an exemplar of the fatal ease with which a man may unwittingly dig a pit for his own feet—a pit from which there is no climbing out.

A few moments after I had seen the stranger disappear into Hewitt's office, Kerrett brought to Hewitt in his inner room a visitor's slip announcing the arrival on urgent business of Mr. Horace Bowyer. That the visitor was in a hurry was plain from a hasty rattling of the closed wicket in the outer room where Mr. Bowyer was evidently making impatient attempts to follow his announceperson. ment in Hewitt showed him-

self at the door and invited Mr. Bowyer to enter, which he did, as soon as Kerrett had released the wicket, with much impetuosity. He was a stout,

florid gentleman with a loud voice and a large stare.

"Mr. Hewitt," he said, "I must claim your immediate attention to a business of the utmost gravity. Will you please consider yourself commissioned, wholly regardless of expense, to set aside whatever you may have in hand and devote yourself to the case I shall put in your hands?"

"Certainly not," Hewitt replied with a

slight smile. "What I have in hand are matters which I have engaged to attend to, and no mere compensation for loss of fees could persuade me to leave my clients in the lurch, else what would prevent some other gentleman coming here to-morrow with a bigger fee than yours and bribing me away from you?"

"But this—this is a most serious thing, Mr. Hewitt. A matter of life or death—it is indeed!"

"Quite so," Hewitt replied; "but there are a thousand such matters at this moment pending of which you and I know nothing, and there are also two or three more of which you know nothing but on which I am at work. So that it becomes a question of practicability. If you will tell



"Algernon Rewse."

me your business I can judge whether or not I may be able to accept your commission concurrently with those I have in hand. Some operations take months of constant attention; some can be conducted intermittently; others still are a mere matter of a few days—many of hours simply."

"I will tell you then," Mr. Bowyer replied.
"In the first place, will you have the kindness to read that? It is a cutting from the Standard's column of news from the provinces

of two days ago."

Hewitt took the cutting and read as

follows :-

"The epidemic of small-pox in County Mayo, Ireland, shows few signs of abating. The spread of the disease has been very remarkable considering the widely-scattered nature of the population, though there can be no doubt that the market towns are the centres of infection, and that it is from these that the germs of contagion are carried into the country by people from all parts who resort thither on market days. In many cases the disease has assumed a particularly malignant form, and deaths have been very rapid and numerous. The comparatively few medical men available are sadly overworked, owing largely to the distances separating their different patients. Among those who have succumbed within the last few days is Mr. Algernon Rewse, a young English gentleman who has been staying with a friend at a cottage a few miles from Cullanin, on a fishing excursion."

Hewitt placed the cutting on the table at his side. "Yes?" he said inquiringly. "It is to Mr. Algernon Rewse's death you

wish to draw my attention?"

"It is," Mr. Bowyer answered; "and the reason I come to you is that I very much suspect—more than suspect, indeed—that Mr. Algernon Rewse has not died by small-pox, but has been murdered—murdered cold-bloodedly, and for the most sordid motives, by the friend who has been sharing his holiday."

"In what way do you suppose him to have

been murdered?"

"That I cannot say—that, indeed, I want you to find out, among other things—chiefly perhaps, the murderer himself, who has made off."

"And your own status in the matter,"

queried Hewitt, "is that of ---?"

"I am trustee under a will by which Mr. Rewse would have benefited considerably had he lived but a month or two longer. That circumstance indeed lies rather near the root of the matter. The thing stood thus. Under the will I speak of—that of young Rewse's uncle, a very old friend of

mine in his lifetime—the money lav in trust till the young fellow should attain twentyfive years of age. His younger sister, Miss Mary Rewse, was also benefited, but to a much smaller extent. She was to come into her property also on attaining the age of twentyfive, or on her marriage, whichever event happened first. It was further provided that in case either of these young people died before coming into the inheritance, his or her share should go to the survivor. I want you particularly to remember this. will observe that now, in consequence of young Algernon Rewse's death, barely two months before his twenty-fifth birthday, the whole of the very large property—all personalty, and free from any tie or restrictionwhich would otherwise have been his, will, in the regular course, pass, on her twenty-fifth birthday, or on her marriage, to Miss Mary Rewse, whose own legacy was comparatively trifling. You will understand the importance of this when I tell you that the man whom I suspect of causing Algernon Rewse's death, and who has been his companion on his otherwise lonely holiday, is engaged to be married to Miss Rewse."

Mr. Bowyer paused at this, but Hewitt

only raised his evebrows and nodded.

"I have never particularly liked the man," Mr. Bowyer went on. "He never seemed to have much to say for himself. I like a man who holds up his head and opens his mouth. I don't believe in the sort of modesty that he showed so much of—it isn't genuine. A man can't afford to be genuinely meck and retiring who has his way to make in the world—and he was clever enough to know

"He is poor, then?" Hewitt asked.

"Oh yes, poor enough. His name, by-the-bye, is Main—Stanley Main—and he is a medical man. He hasn't been practising, except as assistant, since he became qualified, the reason being, I understand, that he couldn't afford to buy a good practice. He is the person who will profit by young Rewse's death—or at any rate who intended to; but we will see about that. As for Mary, poor girl, she wouldn't have lost her brother for fifty fortunes."

"As to the circumstances of the death,

"Yes, yes, I am coming to that. Young Algernon Rewse, you must know, had rather run down in health, and Main persuaded him that he wanted a change. I don't know what it was altogether, but Rewse seemed to have been having his own little

love troubles and that sort of thing, you He'd been engaged, I think, or very nearly so, and the young lady died, and so on. Well, as I said, he had run down and got into low health and spirits, and no doubt a change of some sort would have done him good. This Stanley Main always seemed to have a great influence over the poor boy —he was about four or five years older than Rewse—and somehow he persuaded him to go away, the two together, to some outlandish wilderness of a place in the West of Ireland for salmon-fishing. It seemed to me at the time rather a ridiculous sort of place to go to, but Main had his wav, and they went. There was a cottage—rather a good sort of cottage, I believe, for the district—which some friend of Main's, once a landowner in the district, had put up as a convenient box for salmon-fishing, and they rented it. Not long after they got there this epidemic of small-pox got about in the district—though that, I believe, has had little to do with poor young Rewse's death. All appeared to go well until a day over a week ago, when Mrs. Rewse received this letter from Main." Mr. Bowyer handed Martin Hewitt a letter, written in an irregular and broken hand, as though of a person writing under stress of extreme agitation. It ran thus:

"My dear Mrs. Rewse,--"You will probably have heard through the newspapers-indeed I think Algernon has told you in his letters—that a very bad epidemic of small-pox is abroad in this district. am deeply grieved to have to tell you that Algernon himself has taken the disease in a rather bad form. He showed the first symptoms to-day (Tuesday), and he is now in bed in the cottage. fortunate that I, as a medical man, happen to be on the spot, as the nearest local doctor is five miles off at Cullanin, and he is working and travelling night and day as it I have my little medicine chest with me, and can get whatever else is necessary from Cullanin, so that everything is being done for Algernon that is possible, and I hope to bring him up to scratch in good health soon, though of course the disease is a dangerous one. Pray don't unnecessarily alarm yourself, and don't think about coming over here, or anything of that sort. You can do no good, and will only run risk yourself. will take care to let you know how things go on, so please don't attempt to come. The journey is long and would be very trying to you, and you would have no place to stay at nearer than Cullanin, which is quite a centre of infection. I will write again to-morrow.—Yours most sincerely,

STANLEY MAIN."

Not only did the handwriting of this letter show signs of agitation, but here and there words had been repeated, and sometimes a letter had been omitted. Hewitt placed the letter on the table by the newspaper cutting, and Mr. Bowyer proceeded.

"Another letter followed on the next day," he said, handing it to Hewitt as he spoke; "a short one, as you see; not written with quite such signs of agitation. It merely says that Rewse is very bad, and repeats the former entreaties that his mother will not think of going to him. Hewitt glanced at the letter and placed it with the other, while Mr. Bowyer continued: "Notwithstanding Main's persistent anxiety that she should stay at home, Mrs. Rewse, who was of course terribly worried about her only son, had almost made up her mind, in spite of her very delicate health, to start for Ireland, when she received a third letter announcing Algernon's death. Here it is. It is certainly the sort of letter that one might expect to be written in such circumstances, and yet there seems to me at least a certain air of disingenuousness about the wording. There are, as you see, the usual condolences, and so forth. The disease was of the malignant type, it says, which is terribly rapid in its action, often carrying off the patient even before the eruption has time to form. Then —and this is a thing I wish you especially to note—there is once more a repetition of his desire that neither the young man's mother nor his sister shall come to Ireland. The funeral must take place immediately, he says, under arrangements made by the local authorities, and before they could reach the spot. Now doesn't this obtrusive anxiety of his that no connection of young Rewse's should be near him during his illness, nor even at the funeral, strike you as rather singular?"

"Well, possibly it is; though it may easily be nothing but zeal for the health of Mrs. Rewse and her daughter. As a matter of fact what Main says is very plausible. They could do no sort of good in the circumstances, and might easily run into danger themselves, to say nothing of the fatigue of the journey and general nervous upset. Mrs. Rewse is in weak health, I

think you said?"

"Yes, she's almost an invalid in fact; she is subject to heart disease. But tell me now, as an entirely impartial observer, doesn't it seem to you that there is a very forced, unreal sort of tone in all these letters?"

"Perhaps one may notice something of the sort, but fifty things may cause that. The case from the beginning may have been worse than he made it out. What ensued

on the receipt of this letter?"

"Mrs. Rewse was prostrated, of course. Her daughter communicated with me as a friend of the family, and that is how I heard of the whole thing for the first time. I saw the letters, and it seemed to me, looking at all the circumstances of the case, that somebody at least ought to go over and make certain that everything was as it should be. Here was this poor young man, staying in a lonely cottage with the only man in the world who had any reason to desire his death, or any profit to gain by it, and he had a very great inducement Moreover he was a medical man, indeed. carrying his medicine chest with him, remember, as he says himself in his letter. In this situation Rewse suddenly dies, with nobody about him, so far as there is anything to show, but Main himself. As his medical attendant it would be Main who would certify and register the death, and no matter what foul play might have taken place he would be safe as long as nobody was on the spot to make searching inquiries—might easily escape even then, in When one man is likely to profit much by the death of another a doctor's medicine chest is likely to supply but too easy a means to his end.

"Did you say anything of your suspicions to the ladies?"

"Well—well I hinted perhaps—no more than hinted, you know. But they wouldn't hear of it—got indignant, and 'took on' as people call it, worse than ever, so that I had to smooth them over. But since it seemed somebody's duty to see into the matter a little more closely, and there seemed to be nobody to do it but myself, I started off that very evening by the night mail. I was in Dublin early the next morning and spent that day getting across Ireland. The nearest station was ten miles from Cullanin, and that, as you remember, was five miles from the cottage, so that I drove over on the morning of the following day. I must say Main appeared very much taken aback at seeing me. His manner was

nervous and apprehensive, and made me more suspicious than ever. The body had been buried, of course, a couple of days or I asked a few rather searching questions about the illness, and so forth, and his answers became positively confused. He had burned the clothes that Rewse was wearing at the time the disease first showed itself, he said, as well as all the bedclothes, since there was no really efficient means of disinfection at hand. His story in the main was that he had gone off to Cullanin one morning on foot to see about a top joint of a fishing-rod that was to be repaired. When he returned early in the afternoon he found Algernon Rewse sickening of small-pox, at once put him to bed, and there nursed him till he died. I wanted to know, of course, why no other medical man had been called in. He said that there was only one available, and it was doubtful if he could have been got at even a day's notice, so overworked was he; moreover he said this man, with his hurry and over-strain, could never have given the patient such efficient attention as he himself, who had nothing else to do. After a while I put it to him plainly that it would at any rate have been more prudent to have had the body at least inspected by some independent doctor, considering the fact that he was likely to profit so largely by young Rewse's death, and I suggested that with an exhumation order it might not be too late now, as a matter of justice to himself. The effect of that convinced me. The man gasped and turned blue with terror. It was a full minute, I should think, before he could collect himself sufficiently to attempt to dissuade me from doing what I had hinted at. He did so as soon as he could by every argument he could think of-entreated me in fact almost desperately. That decided me. I said that after what he had said, and particularly in view of his whole manner and bearing, I should insist, by every means in my power, on having the body properly examined, and I went off at once to Cullanin to set the telegraph going, and see whatever local authority might be proper. When I returned in the afternoon Stanley Main had packed his bag and vanished, and I have not heard nor seen anything of him since. I stayed in the neighbourhood that day and the next, and left for London in the even-By the help of my solicitors proper representations were made at the Home Office, and, especially in view of Main's flight, a prompt order was made for exhumation and medical examination preliminary to an inquest. I am expecting to hear that the disinterment has been effected to-day. What I want you to do of course is chiefly to find Main. The Irish constabulary in that district are fine big men, and no doubt most excellent in quelling a faction fight or shutting up a shebeen, but I doubt their efficiency in anything requiring much more finesse. Perhaps also you may be able to find out something of the means by which the murder—it is plain it is one—was committed. It is quite possible that Main may have adopted some means to give the body the appearance.

even to a medical man, of death from small-pox."

"That." Hewitt said. "is scarcely likely, else, indeed, why did he not take care that another doctor should see the body before the burial? That would have secured him. But that is not a thing one can deceive a doctor over. 0 fcourse in the circumstances exhumation is desirable, but if the case is one of smallpox, I don't envy the

medical man who is to examine. At any rate the business is, I should imagine, not likely to be a very long one, and I can take it in hand at once. I will leave to-night for Ireland by the 6.30 train from Euston."

"Very good. I shall go over myself, of course. If anything comes to my knowledge in the meanwhile, of course I'll let you know."

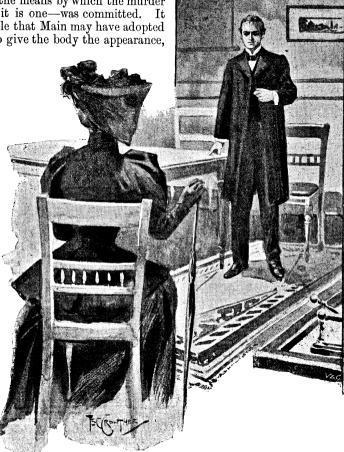
An hour or two after this a cab stopped at the door, and a young lady dressed in black sent in her name and a minute later was shown into Hewitt's room. It was Miss Mary Rewse. She wore a heavy veil, and all she said she uttered in evidently deep distress of mind. Hewitt did what he could to calm her, and waited patiently.

At length she said: "I felt that I must come to you, Mr. Hewitt, and yet now that I

am here I don't know what to sav. Is it the fact that Mr. Bowyer has commissioned vou investigate the circumstances of my poor brother's death. and to discover $_{
m the}$ whereabouts ofMr. Main?"

"Yes, Miss Rewse, that is the fact. Can you tell me anything that will help me?"

"No, no, Mr. Hewitt, I fear not. But it is such a dreadful thing, and Mr. Bowyer is — I'm afraid he is so much prejudice dagainst Mr. Main that I felt I ought to do some-



"' How long have you known Mr. Main?"

thing—to say something at least to prevent you entering on the case with your mind made up that he has been guilty of such an awful thing. He is really quite incapable of it, I assure you."

"Pray, Miss Rewse," Hewitt replied, "don't allow that apprehension to disturb you. If Mr. Main is, as you say, incapable of such an act as perhaps he is suspected of, you may rest assured no harm will come to him. So far as I am concerned at any rate

I enter the case with a perfectly open mind. A man in my profession who accepted prejudices at the beginning of a case would have very poor results to show indeed. As yet I have no opinion, no theory, no prejudice—nothing indeed but a bare outline of facts. I shall derive no opinion and no theory from anything but a consideration of the actual circumstances and evidences on the spot. I quite understand the relation in which Mr. Main stands in regard to yourself and your family. Have you heard from him lately?"

"Not since the letter informing us of my

brother's death."

"Before then?"

Miss Rewse hesitated. "Yes," she said, "we corresponded. But — but there was really nothing—the letters were of a personal and private sort—they were——"

"Yes, yes, of course," Hewitt answered, with his eyes fixed keenly on the veil which Miss Rewse still kept down. "Of course I understand that. Then there is nothing

else you can tell me?"

"No, I fear not. I can only implore you to remember that no matter what you may see and hear, no matter what the evidence may be, I am sure, sure, sure that poor Stanley could never do such a thing." And Miss Rewse buried her face in her hands.

Hewitt kept his eyes on the lady, though he smiled slightly, and asked, "How long

have you known Mr. Main?"

"For some five or six years now. My poor brother knew him at school, though of course they were in different forms, Mr. Main being the elder."

"Were they always on good terms?"

"They were always like brothers."

Little more was said. Hewitt condoled with Miss Rewse as well as he might, and she presently took her departure. Even as she descended the stairs a messenger came with a short note from Mr. Bowyer enclosing a telegram just received from Cullanin. The telegram ran thus:—

Body exhumed. Death from shot-wound. No trace of small-pox. Nothing yet heard of Main. Have communicated with coroner.—

O'Reilly.

TT.

Hewitt and Mr. Bowyer travelled towards Mayo together, Mr. Bowyer restless and loquacious on the subject of the business in hand, and Hewitt rather bored thereby. He resolutely declined to offer an opinion on

any single detail of the case till he had examined the available evidence, and his occasional remarks on matters of general interest, the scenery and so forth, struck his companion, unused to business of the sort which had occasioned the journey, as strangely cold-blooded and indifferent. Telegrams had been sent ordering that no disarrangement of the contents of the cottage was to be allowed pending their arrival, and Hewitt well knew that nothing more was practicable till the site was reached. At Ballymaine. where the train was left at last, they stayed for the night, and left early the next morning for Cullanin, where a meeting with Dr. O'Reilly at the mortuary had been appointed. There the body lay stripped of its shroud, calm and gray, and beginning to grow ugly, with a scarcely noticeable breach in the flesh of the left breast.

"The wound has been thoroughly cleansed, closed and stopped with a carbolic plug before interment," Dr. O'Reilly said. He was a middle-aged, grizzled man, with a face whereon many recent sleepless nights had left their traces. "I have not thought it necessary to do anything in the way of dissection. The bullet is not present, it has passed clean through the body, between the ribs both back and front, piercing the heart on its way. The death must have been

instantaneous."

Hewitt quickly examined the two wounds, back and front, as the doctor turned the body over, and then asked: "Perhaps, Dr. O'Reilly, you have had some experience of a gunshot wound before this?"

The doctor smiled grimly. "I think so," he answered, with just enough of brogue in his words to hint his nationality and no more. "I was an army surgeon for a good many years before I came to Cullanin, and saw service in Ashanti and in India."

"Come then," Hewitt said, "you're an expert. Would it have been possible for the shot to have been fired from behind?"

"Oh, no. See! the bullet entering makes a wound of quite a different character from that of the bullet leaving."

"Have you any idea of the weapon

used?"

"A large revolver, I should think; perhaps of the regulation size; that is, I should judge the bullet to have been a conical one of about the size fitted to such a weapon—smaller than that from a rifle."

"Can you form an idea of from what dis-

tance the shot was fired?"

Dr. O'Reilly shook his head. "The clothes

have all been burned," he said, "and the wound has been washed, otherwise one might have looked for powder blackening."

"Did you know either the dead man or

Dr. Main personally?"

"Only very slightly. I may say I saw just such a pistol as might cause that sort of wound in his hands the day before he gave out that Rewse had been attacked by smallpox. I drove past the cottage as he stood in the doorway with it in his hand. He had the breach opened, and seemed to be either loading or unloading it—which it was I couldn't say."

"Very good, doctor, that may be important. Now is there any single circumstance, incident or conjecture that you can tell me of in regard to this case that you have not

already mentioned?"

Doctor O'Reilly thought for a moment, and replied in the negative. "I heard of course," he said, "of the reported new case of small-pox, and that Main had taken the case in hand himself. I was indeed relieved to hear it, for I had already more on my hands than one man can safely be expected to attend to. The cottage was fairly isolated, and there could have been nothing gained by removal to an asylum—indeed there was practically no accommodation. So far as I can make out nobody seems to have seen young Rewse, alive or dead, after Main had announced that he had the small-pox. seems to have done everything himself, laying out the body and all, and you may be pretty sure that none of the strangers about was particularly anxious to have anything to do with it. The undertaker (there is only one here, and he is down with the small-pox himself now) was as much overworked as I was myself, and was glad enough to send off a coffin by a market cart and leave the laying out and screwing down to Main, since he had got those orders. made out the death certificate himself, and, since he was trebly qualified, everything seemed in order."

"The certificate merely attributed the death to small-pox, I take it, with no qualifying remarks?"

"Small-pox simply."

Hewitt and Mr. Bowyer bade Dr. O'Reilly good morning, and their car was turned in the direction of the cottage where Algernon Rewse had met his death. At the Town Hall in the market place, however, Hewitt stopped the car and set his watch by the public clock. "This is more than half an hour before London time," he said, "and we

mustn't be at odds with the natives about the time."

As he spoke Dr. O'Reilly came running up breathlessly. "I've just heard something," he said. "Three men heard a shot in the cottage as they were passing, last Tuesday week."

"Where are the men?"

"I don't know at the moment; but they can be found. Shall I set about it?"

"If you possibly can," Hewitt said, "you will help us enormously. Can you send them messages to be at the cottage as soon as they can get there to-day? Tell them they shall have half-a-sovereign apiece."

"Right, I will. Good-day."

"Tuesday week," said Mr. Bowyer as they drove off; "that was the date of Main's first letter, and the day on which, by his account, Rewse was taken ill. Then if that was the shot that killed Rewse he must have been lying dead in the place while Main was writing those letters reporting his sickness to his mother. The cold-blooded scoundrel!"

"Yes," Hewitt replied, "I think it probable in any case that Tuesday was the day that Rewse was shot. It wouldn't have been safe for Main to write the mother lying letters about the small-pox before. Rewse might have written home in the meantime, or something might have occurred to postpone Main's plans, and then there would be impossible explanations required."

Over a very bad road they jolted on and in the end arrived where the road, now become a mere path, passed a tumble-down

old farmhouse.

"This is where the woman lives who cooked and cleaned house for Rewse and Main," Mr. Bowyer said. "There is the cottage, scarce a hundred yards off, a little to the right of the track."

"Well," replied Hewitt, "suppose we stop here and ask her a few questions? I like to get the evidence of all the witnesses as soon as possible. It simplifies subsequent

work wonderfully."

They alighted, and Mr. Bowyer roared through the open door and tapped with his stick. In reply to his summons a decent-looking woman of perhaps fifty, but wrinkled beyond her age, and better dressed than any woman Hewitt had seen since leaving Cullanin, appeared from the hinder buildings and curtesied pleasantly.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hurley, good morning," Mr. Bowyer said, "this is

Mr. Martin Hewitt, a gentleman from London, who is going to look into this shocking murder of our young friend Mr. Rewse and sift it to the bottom. He would like you to tell him something, Mrs. Hurley."

The woman curtesied again. "An' it's the jintleman is welcome, sor, sad doin's as ut is." She had a low, pleasing voice, much in contrast with her unattractive appearance, and characterised by the softest and broadest brogue imaginable. "Will ye not come in? Mother av Hiven! An' thim two livin'

"Tell me all that happened on the day that you heard that Mr. Rewse was ill—Tuesday week."

"In the mornin', sor, 'twas much as ord'nary. I was over there at half afther sivin, an' 'twas half an hour afther that I cud hear the jintlemen dhressin'. They tuk their breakfast—though Mr. Rewse's was a small wan. It was half afther nine that Mr. Main wint off walkin' to Cullanin, Mr. Rewse stayin' in, havin' letthers to write. Half an hour later I came away mesilf. Later than that (it was nigh elivin)

I wint across for a pail from the yard, an' then, through the windy as I passed I saw the dear young jintleman sittin' writin' at the table calm an' peaceful — an' saw him no more in this warr!' "

"And after that?"

"Afther that, sor, I came back wid the pail, an' saw nor heard no more till two o'clock, whin Mr. Main came back from Cullanin."

"Did you see him as he came back?"

"That I did, sor, as I stud there nailin' the fence where the pig bruk ut. I'd been there an' had me oi down the road lookin' for him an hour past, expectin' he might be bringin' somethin' for me to cook for their dinner. An' more by token he gave me the toime from his watch, set by the Town Hall clock."

"And was it two o'clock?"

"It was that to the sthroke, an' me own ould clock was right too whin I wint to set

"One moment; may I see your clock?"
Mrs. Hurley turned and shut an open
door which had concealed an old hanging
clock. Hewitt produced his watch and
compared the time. "Still right I see,
Mrs. Hurley," he said; "your clock keeps
excellent time."

"It does that, sor, an' nivir more than claned twice by Rafferty since me own father (rest his soul!) lift ut here. 'Tis no bad



"'Mrs. Hurley,' he said, 'your clock keeps excellent time."

together, an' fishin' an' readin' an' all, like brothers! An' trut' ut is he was a foine young jintleman indade, indade!"

"I suppose, Mrs. Hurley," Hewitt said, "you've seen as much of the life of those two gentlemen here as anybody?"

"True ut is, sor; none more—nor as much."

"Did you ever hear of anybody being on bad terms with Mr. Rewse—anybody at all, Mr. Main or another?"

"Niver a soul in all Mayo. How could ye? Such a foine young jintleman, an' fair-spoken an' all."

clock, as Mr. Rewse himsilf said oft an' again; an' I always kape ut by the Town Hall toime. But as I was savin'. Mr. Main came back an' gave me the toime: thin he wint sthraight to his house, an' no more av him I saw till may be half afther three."

"And then?"

"An' thin, sor, he came across in a sad takin', wid a letther. 'Take ut.' sez he. 'an' have ut posted at Cullanin by the first that can get there. Mr. Rewse has the sickness on him awful bad, he sez, an' ye must not be near the place or ve'll take ut. I have him to bed, an' his clothes I shall burn behin' the cottage,' sez he, 'so if ye see smoke ve'll know what ut is. There'll be no docthor wanted. I'm wan mesilf, an' I'll do all for 'um. An' sure I knew him for a docthor ivir since he come. 'The cottage ye shall not come near,' he sez, 'till ut's over one way or another, an' yez can lave whativir av food an' dhrink we want midbetwixt the houses an' go back, an' I'll come and fetch ut. But have the letther posted,' he sez, 'at wanst. 'Tis not contagious,' he sez, 'bein' as I've dishinfected it mesilf. But kape yez away from the cottage.'

"And then did he go back to the cottage

at once?"

"He did that, sor, an' a sore stew was he in to all seemin'-white as paper, and much need, too, the murtherin' scutt! An' him always so much the jintleman an' all. Next day I saw no more av him that day. he laves another letther wid the dirthy plates there mid-betwixt the houses, an' shouts for 'Twas for the poor young ut to be posted. jintleman's mother, sure, as was the other An' the day afther there was another letther, an' wan for the undhertaker, too, for he tells me it's all over, an' he's dead. An' they buried him next day followin'."

"So that from the time you went for the pail and saw Mr. Rewse writing, till after the funeral, you were never at the cottage

at all?"

"Nivir, sor; an' can ye blame me? Wid children an' Terence himself sick wid bron-

chitis in this house?"

"Of course, of course, you did quite right indeed you only obeyed orders. But now think; do you remember on any one of those three days hearing a shot, or any other unusual noise in the cottage?"

"Nivir at all, sor. 'Tis that I've been thryin' to bring to mind these four days. Such may have been, but not that I heard."

"After you went for the pail, and before

Mr. Main returned to the house, did Mr. Rewse leave the cottage at all, or might he have done so?"

"He did not lave at all, to my knowledge. Sure he might have gone an' he might have come back widout my knowin'. him I did not."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hurley. I think we'll go across to the cottage now. If any people come will you send them after us?

I suppose a policeman is there?"

"He is, sor. An' the serjint is not far They've been in chyarge since Mr. Bowyer wint away last—but shlapin'

Hewitt and Mr. Bowyer walked towards "Did you notice," said the cottage. Mr. Bowyer, "that the woman saw Rewse writing letters? Now what were those letters, and where are they? He has no correspondents that I know of but his mother and sister, and they heard nothing from him. Is this something else?—some other plot? There is something very deep here."

"Yes," Hewitt replied thoughtfully, "I think our inquiries may take us deeper than we have expected; and in the matter of those letters—yes, I think they may lie

near the kernel of the mystery."

Here they arrived at the cottage—an uncommonly substantial structure for the It was square, of plain, solid brick, with a slated roof. On the patch of ground behind it there were still signs of the fires wherein Main had burnt Rewse's clothes and other belongings. And sitting on the window-sill in front was a big member of the R.I.C., soldierly and broad, who rose as they came and saluted Mr. Bowyer.

"Good-day, constable," Mr. Bowyer said.

"I hope nothing has been disturbed?" "Not a shtick, sor. Nobody's as much

as gone in."

"Have any of the windows been opened

or shut?" Hewitt asked.

"This wan was, sor," the policeman said, indicating the one behind him, "when they took away the corrpse, an' so was the next round the corrner. 'Tis the bedroom windies they are, an' they opened thim to give ut a bit av air. The other windy behin'—sittin'-room windy—has not been opened."

"Very well," Hewitt answered, "we'll take a look at that unopened window from

the inside."

The door was opened and they passed inside. There was a small lobby, and on the



"'He laves another letther wid the dirthy plates . . , an' shouts for ut to be posted,"

left of this was the bedroom with two single beds. The only other room of consequence was the sitting-room, the cottage consisting merely of these, a small scullery and a narrow closet used as a bath-room, wedged between the bedroom and the sitting-room. They made for the single window of the sitting-room at the back. It was an ordinary sash window, and was shut, but the catch was not fastened. Hewitt examined

catch was not fastened. Hewitt examined the catch, drawing Mr. Bowyer's attention to a bright scratch on the grimy brass. "See," he said, "that nick in the catch exactly corresponds with the narrow space between the two frames of the window. And look "—he lifted the bottom sash a little as he spoke—"there is the mark of a knife on the frame of the top sash. Somebody has come in by that window, forcing the catch with a knife."

"Yes, yes!" cried Mr. Bowyer, greatly excited, "and he has gone out that way too, else why is the window shut and the catch not fastened? Why should he do that? What in the world does this thing mean?"

Before Hewitt could reply the constable put his head into the room and announced that one Larry Shanahan was at the door, and had been promised half-asovereign.

"One of the men who heard a shot," Hewitt said to Mr. Bowyer.

"Bring him in, constable."

The constable brought in Larry Shanahan, and Larry Shanahan brought in a strong smell of whisky. He was an extremely ragged person, with only one eye, which caused him to hold his head aside as he regarded Hewitt, much as a parrot does. On his face sun-scorched brown and fiery red struggled for mastery, and his voice was none of

the clearest. He held his hat against his stomach with one hand and with the other

pulled his forelock.

"An' which is the honourable jintleman," he said, "as do be burrnin' to prisint me

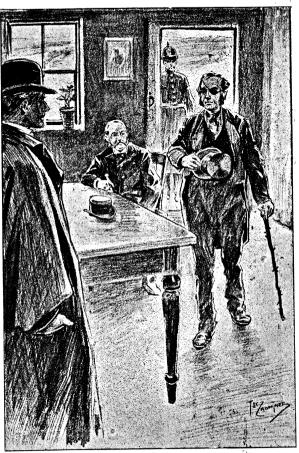
wid a bit o' goold?"

"Here I am," said Hewitt, jingling money in his pocket, "and here is the half-sovereign. It's only waiting where it is till you have answered a few questions. They say you heard a shot fired hereabout?

- "Faith, an' that I did, sor. 'Twas a shot in this house, indade, no other."
 - " And when was it?"
 - "Sure, 'twas in the afthernoon."

"But on what day?"

- "Last Tuesday sivin-noight, sor, as I know by rayson av Ballyshiel fair that I wint to."
 - "Tell me all about it."
 - "I will, sor. 'Twas pigs I was dhrivin'



"An' which is the honourable jintleman as do be burnin' to prisint me wid a bit o' goold?'"

that day, sor, to Ballyshiel fair from just beyond Cullanin. At Cullanin, sor, I dhropped in wid Danny Mulcahy, that intintioned thravellin' the same way, an' while we tuk a thrifle av a dhrink in comes Dennis Grady, that was to go to Ballyshiel similiarously. An' so we had another thrifle av a dhrink, or maybe a thrifle more, an' we wint togedther, passin' this way, sor, as ye may not know, bein' likely a shtranger. Well, sor, ut was as we were just forninst this

place that there came a divil av a bang that makes us shtop simultaneous. 'What's that?' sez Dan. 'Tis a gunshot,' sez I, 'an' 'tis in the brick house too.' 'That is so,' sez Dennis; 'nowhere else.' And we lukt at wan another. 'An' what'll we do?' sez I. 'What would yez?' sez Dan; ''tis none av our business.' 'That is so,' sez Dennis again, and we wint on. Ut was quare, maybe, but it might aisily be wan av the jintlemen emptyin' a barr'l out o' windy or what not. An'—an' so—an' so—" Mr. Shanahan scratched his ear, "an' so—we wint."

"And do you know at what time this was?"

Larry Shanahan ceased scratching, and seized his ear between thumb and fore-finger, gazing severely at the floor with his one eye as he did so, plunged in computation. "Sure," he said, "'twould be—'twould be—let's see—'twould be—" he looked up, "'twould be half-past two maybe, or maybe a thrifle nearer three."

"And Main was in the place all the time after two," Mr. Bowyer said, bringing down his fist on his open hand. "That finishes it. We've nailed him to the

minute."

"Had you a watch with you?" asked Hewitt.

"Divil of a watch in the company, sor. I made an internal calculation. 'Tis foive mile from Cullanin, and we never lift till near half an hour after the Town Hall clock had struck twelve. 'Twould take us two hours and a thrifle more, considherin' the pigs, an' the rough road, an' the distance, an'—an' the thrifle of dhrink." His eye rolled slyly as he said it. "That was my calculation, sor."

Here the constable appeared with two more men. Each had the usual number of eyes, but in other respects they were very good copies of Mr. Shanahan. They were both ragged, and neither bore any violent likeness to a teetotaler. "Dan Mulcahy and Dennis Grady," announced the constable.

Mr. Dan Mulcahy's tale was of a piece with Mr. Larry Shanahan's, and Mr. Dennis Grady's was the same. They had all heard the shot it was plain. What Dan had said to Dennis and what Dennis had said to Larry mattered little. Also they were all agreed that the day was Tuesday by token of the fair. But as to the time of day there arose a disagreement.

"'Twas nigh soon afther wan o'clock,"

said Dan Mulcahy.

"Soon afther wan!" exclaimed Larry

Shanahan with scorn. "Soon afther your grandmother's pig! 'Twas half afther two at laste. Ut sthruck twelve nigh half an hour before we lift Cullanin. Why, yez heard ut!"

"That I did not. Ut sthruck eleven,

an' we wint in foive minutes."

"What fool-talk ye shpake Dan Mulcahy."Twas twelve sthruck; I counted ut."

"Thin ye counted wrong. I counted ut, an' 'twas elivin."

"Yez nayther av yez right," interposed Dennis Grady. "'Twas not elivin when we lift; 'twas not, be the mother av Moses!"

"I wondher at ye, Dennis Grady; ye must have been dhrunk as a Kerry cow," and both Mulcahy and Shanahan turned upon the obstinate Grady, and the dispute waxed

clamorous till Hewitt stopped it.

"Come, come," he said, "never mind the time then. Settle that between you after you've gone. Does either of you remember—not calculate, you know, but remember—the time you got to Ballyshiel?—the actual time by a clock—not a guess."

Not one of the three had looked at a

clock at Ballyshiel.

"Do you remember anything about coming home again?"
They did not. They looked furtively at

one another and presently broke into a grin.

"Ah! I see how that was," Hewitt said good-humouredly. "That's all now, I think. Come, it's ten shillings each, I think." And he handed over the money. The men touched their forelocks again, stowed away the money and prepared to depart. As they went Larry Shanahan stepped mysteriously back again and said in a whisper, "Maybe the 'jintlemen wud like me to kiss the book

on ut? An' as to the toime ——"
"Oh, no thank you," Hewitt laughed.
"We take your word for it Mr. Shanahan."
And Mr. Shanahan pulled his forelock again and vanished.

"There's nothing but confusion to be got from them," Mr. Bowyer remarked testily.

"It's a mere waste of time."

"No, no, not a waste of time," Hewitt replied, "nor a waste of money. One thing is made pretty plain. That is that the shot was fired on Tuesday. Mrs. Hurley never noticed the report, but these three men were close by, and there is no doubt that they heard it. It's the only single thing they agree about at all. They contradict one another over everything else, but they agree completely in that. Of course I wish we could have got the exact time; but

that can't be helped. As it is it is rather fortunate that they disagreed so entirely. Two of them are certainly wrong, and perhaps all three. In any case it wouldn't have been safe to trust to mere computation of time by three men just beginning to get drunk, who had no particular reason for remembering. But if by any chance they had agreed on the time we might have been led into a wrong track altogether by taking the thing as fact. But a gunshot is not such a doubtful thing. When three independent witnesses hear a gunshot together there can be little doubt that a shot has been fired. Now I think you'd better sit down. Perhaps you can find something to read. I'm about to make a very minute examination of this place, and it will probably bore you if you've nothing else to do."

But Mr. Bowyer would think of nothing but the business in hand. "I don't understand that window," he said, shaking his finger towards it as he spoke. "Not at all. Why should Main want to get in and out by a

window? He wasn't a stranger."

Hewitt began a most careful inspection of the whole surface of floor, ceiling, walls and furniture of the sitting-room. At the fireplace he stooped and lifted with great care a few sheets of charred paper from the grate. These he put on the window-ledge. "Will you just bring over that little screen," he asked, "to keep the draught from this burnt paper? Thank you. It looks like letter paper, and thick letter paper, since the ashes are very little broken. The weather has been fine, and there has been no fire in that grate for a long time. These papers have been carefully burned with a match or a candle."

"Ah! perhaps the letters poor young Rewse was writing in the morning. But

what can they tell us?"

"Perhaps nothing—perhaps a great deal." Hewitt was examining the cinders keenly, holding the surface sideways to the light. "Come," he said, "see if I can guess Rewse's address in London. 17 Mountjoy Gardens, Hampstead. Is that it?"

"Yes. Is it there? Can you read it? Show me." Mr. Bowyer hurried across the

room, eager and excited.

"You can sometimes read words on charred paper," Hewitt replied, "as you may have noticed. This has curled and crinkled rather too much in the burning, but it is plainly notepaper with an embossed heading, which stands out rather clearly. He has evidently brought some notepaper with him from

home in his trunk. See, you can just see the ink lines crossing out the address; but there's little else. At the beginning of the letter there is 'My d——' then a gap, and then the last stroke of 'M' and the rest of the word 'mother.' 'My dear Mother,' or 'My dearest Mother' evidently. Something follows too in the same line, but that is unreadable. 'My dear Mother and Sister' perhaps. After that there is nothing recognisable. The first letter looks rather like 'W,' but even that is indistinct. It seems to be a longish letter—several sheets, but they are stuck together in the charring. Perhaps more than one letter."

"The thing is plain," Mr. Bowyer said.
"The poor lad was writing home, and perhaps to other places, and Main, after his crime, burned the letters, because they would have stultified his own with the lying tale

about small-pox."

Hewitt said nothing, but resumed his general search. He passed his hand rapidly over every inch of the surface of everything in the room. Then he entered the bedroom and began an inspection of the same sort there. There were two beds, one at each end of the room, and each inch of each piece of bed linen passed rapidly under his sharp eye. After the bedroom he betook himself to the little bath-room, and then to the scullery. Finally he went outside and examined every board of a close fence that stood a few feet from the sitting-room window, and the brick-paved path lying between.

When it was all over he returned to Mr. Bowyer. "Here is a strange thing," he said. "The shot passed clean through Rewse's body, striking no bones, and meeting no solid resistance. It was a good-sized bullet, as Dr. O'Reilly testifies, and therefore must have had a large charge of powder behind it in the cartridge. After emerging from Rewse's back it must have struck something else in this confined place. Yet on nowhere—ceiling, floor, wall nor furniture—can I find the mark of a bullet nor the bullet

itself.

"The bullet itself Main might easily have

got rid of."

"Yes, but not the mark. Indeed, the bullet would scarcely be easy to get at if it had struck anything I have seen about here; it would have buried itself. Just look round now. Where could a bullet strike in this place without leaving its mark?"

Mr. Bowyer looked round. "Well, no," he said, "nowhere. Unless the window was

open and it went out that way."

"Then it must have hit the fence or the

brick paving between, and there is no sign of a bullet there," Hewitt replied. "Push the sash as high as you please, the shot couldn't have passed *over* the fence without hitting the window first. As to the bedroom windows, that's impossible. Mr. Shanahan and his friends would not only have heard

the shot, they would have seen it—which they didn't."

"Then what's the meaning of it?"

"The meaning of it is simply this: either Rewse was shot somewhere else and his body brought here afterwards, or the article, whatever it was, that the bullet struck must have been taken away."

"Yes, of course. It's just another piece of evidence destroyed by Main, that's all. Every step we go we see the diabolical completeness of his plans. But now every piece of evidence missing only tells the more against him. The body alone condemus him past all redemption."

Hewitt was gazing about the room thoughtfully. "I think we'll have Mrs. Hurley over here," he said; "she should tell us if anything is missing. Constable, will you ask Mrs. Hurley to step over here?"

Mrs. Hurley came at once and was brought into the sitting-room. "Just look about you, Mrs. Hurley," Hewitt said, "in this room and everywhere else, and tell me if anything is missing that you can remember was here on the morning of the day you last saw Mr. Rewse."

She looked thoughtfully up and down the room. "Sure, sor," she said, "'tis all there as ord'nary." Her eyes rested on the mantelpiece and she added at once, "Except the clock, indade."

"Except the clock?"

"The clock ut is, sure. Ut stud on that same mantelpiece on that mornin' as ut always did."

"What sort of clock was it?"

"Just a plain round wan wid a metal case

—an American clock they said ut was. But ut kept nigh as good time as me own."

"It did keep good time, you say?"

"Faith an' ut did, sor. Mine an' this ran together for weeks wid nivir a minute betune thim."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hurley, thank you;



"He took the tongs, and with one leg levered the stone up."

that will do," Hewitt exclaimed, with something of excitement in his voice. He turned to Mr. Bowyer. "We must find that clock," he said. "And there's the pistol; nothing has been seen of that. Come, help me search. Look for a loose board."

"But he'll have taken them away with

him, probably."

"The pistol perhaps—although that isn't likely. The clock, no. It's evidence, man, evidence!" Hewitt darted outside and

walked hurriedly round the cottage, looking this way and that about the country

adiacent.

Presently he returned. "No," he said, "I think it's more likely in the house." He stood for a moment and thought. made for the fireplace and flung the fender across the floor. All round the hearthstone an open crack extended. "See there!" he exclaimed as he pointed to it. He took the tongs, and with one leg levered the stone up till he could seize it in his fingers. Then he dragged it out and pushed it across the linoleum that covered the floor. space beneath lay a large revolver and a common American round nickel-plated clock. "See here!" he cried, "see here!" and he rose and placed the articles on the mantel-The glass before the clock-face was smashed to atoms, and there was a gaping rent in the face itself. For a few seconds Hewitt regarded it as it stood, and then he turned to Mr. Bowyer. "Mr. Bowyer," he said. "we have done Mr. Stanley Main a sad injustice. Poor young Rewse committed suicide. There is proof undeniable," and he pointed to the clock.

"Proof? How? Where? Nonsense, man. Pooh! Ridiculous! If Rewse committed suicide why should Main go to all that trouble and tell all those lies to prove that he died of small-pox? More even than

that, what has he run away for?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Bowyer, in a moment. But first as to this clock. Remember, Main set his watch by the Cullanin Town Hall clock, and Mrs. Hurley's clock agreed exactly. That we have proved ourselves to-day by my own watch. Mrs. Hurley's clock still agrees. This clock was always kept in time with Mrs. Hurley's. Main returned at two exactly. Look at the time by that clock—the time when the bullet crashed into and stopped it." The time was three minutes to one.

Hewitt took the clock, unscrewed the winder and quickly stripped off the back, exposing the works. "See," he said, "the bullet is lodged firmly among the wheels, and has been torn into snags and strips by the impact. The wheels themselves are ruined altogether. The central axle which carries the hands is bent. See there! Neither hand will move in the slightest. That bullet struck the axle and fixed those hands immovably at the moment of time when Algernon Rewse died. Look at the mainspring. It is less than half run out. Proof that the clock was going when the shot struck it. Main left

Rewse alive and well at half-past nine.

did not return till two—when Rewse had been dead more than an hour."

"But then, hang it all! How about the lies, and the false certificate, and the

bolting?"

"Let me tell you the whole tale, Mr. Bowver, as I conjecture it to have been. Poor young Rewse was, as you told me, in a had state of health—thoroughly run down, I think you said. You said something of his engagement and the death of the lady. This pointed clearly to a nervous—a mental upset. Very well. He broods and so forth. He must go away and find change of scene and occupation. His intimate friend Main brings him here. The holiday has its good effect perhaps, at first, but after a while it gets monotonous, and brooding sets in again. I do not know whether or not you happen to know it, but it is a fact that four-fifths of all persons suffering from melancholia have suicidal tendencies. This may never have been suspected by Main, who otherwise might not have left him so long alone. any rate he is left alone, and he takes the opportunity. He writes a note to Main and a long letter to his mother—an awful, heartbreaking letter, with a terrible picture of the mental agony wherein he was to dieperhaps with a tincture of religious mania in it, and prophesying merited hell for himself in the hereafter. This done, he simply stands up from this table, at which he has been writing, and with his back to the fireplace shoots himself. There he lies till Main returns an hour later. Main finds the door shut and nobody answers his knock. He goes round to the sitting-room window, looks through, and perhaps he sees the Anyway he pushes back the catch with his knife, opens the window and gets in, and then he sees. He is completely knocked out of time. The thing is terrible. What shall he—what can he do? Poor Rewse's mother and sister dote on him, and his mother is an invalid—heart disease. To let her see that awful letter would be to kill He burns the letter, also the note to Then an idea strikes him. Even without the letter the news of her boy's suicide will probably kill the poor old lady. Can she be prevented hearing of it? Of his death she must know — that's inevitable. But as to the manner? Would it not be possible to concoct some kind lie? then the opportunities of the situation occur to him. Nobody but himself knows of it. He is a medical man, fully qualified, and empowered to give certificates of death. More, there is an epidemic of small-pox in the neighbourhood. What easier, with a little management, than to call the death one Nobody would be anxious by small-pox? to examine too closely the corpse of a smallpox patient. He decides that he will do it. He writes the letter to Mrs. Rewse announcing that her son has the disease, and he forbids Mrs. Hurley to come near the place for fear He cleans the floor—it is of infection. linoleum here, you see, and the stains were fresh-burns the clothes, cleans and stops At every turn his medical knowledge is of use. He puts the smashed clock and the pistol out of sight under the In a word he carries out the whole thing rather cleverly, and a terrible few days he must have passed. It never strikes him that he has dug a frightful pit for his own feet. You are suspicious, and you come across. In a perhaps rather peremptory manner you tell him how suspicious his conduct has been. And then a sense of his terrible position comes upon him like a He sees it all. He has dethunderclap. liberately of his own motion destroyed every evidence of the suicide. There is no evidence in the world that Rewse did not die a natural death, except the body, and that you are going to dig up. He sees now (you remind him of it in fact) that he is the one man alive who can profit by Rewse's death. And there is the shot body, and there is the false death certificate, and there are the lying letters, and the tales to the neighbours and everything. He has himself destroyed everything that proves suicide. All that remains points to a foul murder and to him as the murderer. Can you wonder at his complete breakdown and his flight? What else in the world could the poor fellow do?"

"Well, well—yes, yes," Mr. Bowyer replied thoughtfully, "it seems very plausible of course. But still, look at probabilities, my dear sir, look at probabilities."

"No. but look at possibilities. There is that clock. Get over it if you can. Was there ever a more insurmountable alibi? Could Main possibly be here shooting Rewse and half way between here and Cullanin at the same time? Remember, Mrs. Hurley saw him come back at two, and she had been watching for an hour, and could see more than half a mile up the road."

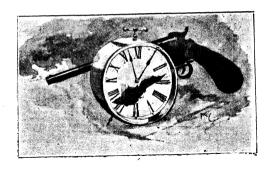
"Well, yes, I suppose you're right. And what must we do now?"

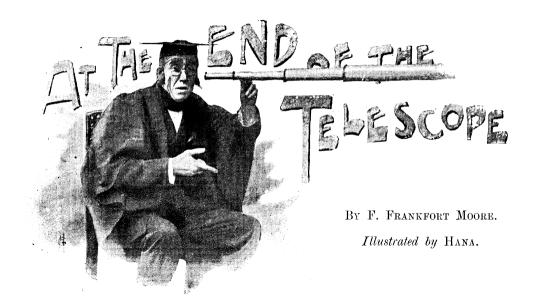
"Bring Main back. I think we should Say, 'Rewse is advertise to begin with. proved to have died over an hour before you came. All safe. Your evidence is wanted, or something of that sort. And we must set the telegraph going. The police already are looking for him, no doubt. Meanwhile

I will look here for a clue myself."

The advertisement was successful in two Indeed Main afterwards said that he davs. was at the time, once the first terror was over, in doubt whether or not it would be best to go back and face the thing out, trusting to his innocence. He could not venture home for money, nor to his bank, for fear of the police. He chanced upon the advertisement as he searched the paper for news of the case, and that decided him. His explanation of the matter was precisely as Hewitt had expected. His only thought till Mr. Bowyer first arrived at the cottage had been to smother the real facts and to spare the feelings of Mrs. Rewse and her daughter. and it was not till that gentleman put them so plainly before him that he in the least realised the dangers of his position. That his fears for Mrs. Rewse were only too well grounded was proved by events, for the poor old lady only survived her son by a

These events took place some little while ago, as may be gathered from the fact that Miss Rewse has now been Mrs. Stanley Main for nearly three years.







Y casual observation, through the optimist's end of the telescope, of some prominent incidents bearing upon the latest celebration of Christmas leads me to feel very

strongly that, as a nation, we are the most charitably inclined of any on the face of the earth—that is, of course, of any moderately civilised nation: among some uncivilised races the same spirit abounds to a much greater extent. The English people are delighted to be regarded as the delegates of Providence by the rest of the world. Should an earthquake occur in Central America a "fund" is started in London for the relief of the sufferers, and no doubt the administrators of the proceeds in the vicinity of the catastrophe have their minds relieved on the subject of providing for their own future for a year or two. Should a massacre of (nominal) Christians take place in some region, the geographical boundaries of which are a trifle vague, an indignant letter—not necessarily in the Times—constitutes the nucleus of a "fund," just as a stray grain of sand in an oyster results in the formation of a pearl. "It grips 'em 'ere," said an actor to me one day in describing the effect upon an audience of a certain scene in a melodrama. He clutched the folds of his waistcoat at the "left centre," as the prompt books would describe it, at the same instant. So it is when a story of disaster in a distant country is properly told in a daily paper, "it grips 'em 'ere," and the result is that the English people are looked on as the almoners to the rest of the world.

A few days ago however I came across one person who was clearly ready to go much farther than Lord Salisbury as an advocate of Protective measures for the benefit of home dleness. He was accepting, not soliciting, alms, and round his neck hung a card on which the thrilling word "Englishman" was inscribed. I noticed that many persons admitted his claim to pecuniary assistance without a moment's hesitation. He probably earned, taking the bad days with the good, about thirty shillings per diem. I trust that he will acquit me of any intention to cast a slight upon his profession by not estimating his earnings in multiples of a guinea

* * *

I very much doubt if he would find himself so well off at the end of the year if he possessed some lucrative physical infirmity, such as blindness, or that almost irresistible combination, deafness and dumbness. I am given to understand that any member of the profession who is fortunate enough to be afflicted with deafness and dumbness is looked upon as a made man. He does not require such artificial aids to distinction as a wooden leg—though wooden legs as a means of livelihood are not to be despised—or a deficiency of arms—though a scarcity of these members constitutes a fairly lucrative basis for an appeal to the charitable. Still, it is perfectly plain that to "grip 'em 'ere"—under the watch pocket—that simple word "Englishwould be worth all the complex machinery of the Surgical Aid Society's prospectus,

The man was an artist. He understood his countrymen and their wives and daughters as not many writers of books understand them. He had found the title of which novelists have been in search for years, walking up and down the creaking boards of their garrets and rumpling their hair—those of them that are fortunate enough to have any hair re-What bungling attempts to arrest the attention of passers-by the novel-writers make compared to the one effort of that man! It is no wonder that the passers-by pass by the bookstalls. No word on the back of a novel "grips 'em 'ere." But I could see that every human being, and a policeman as well, felt the force of the appeal embodied in the word "Englishman." Everyone was gripped, even the policeman, who is usually the one who grips, not who is gripped. Perhaps when the beggar is rich enough he may drift into another branch of the same profession and become a novelist. Then we shall see something in the way of titles that will astonish even the compiler of "Debrett," who must by this time be difficult to surprise in that branch of imaginative industry.



Only a few weeks ago I was talking to a distinguished lady artist who had painted some striking groups that included a couple of professional beggars. She told me that she thought she would be both economical and realistic at the same moment by engaging as models "the real thing." She hired a beggar man, to whom she had frequently given small sums, and she found that he posed very well At the end of two hours she offered him five shillings. He looked at the coins with the bird-like tilt of the head which marks the licensed cabdriver, and made the usual inquiry, "Wot's this faw?" The lady explained that half-a-crown an hour was the maximum allowed by law to the average model. With considerable dignity he assured her that that honorarium, though probably adequate so far as the average model was concerned, would not compensate him for the time wasted in her studio, and while he should be quite willing to assist her in her composition, he felt that there must be a limit to one's self-sacrifice in the cause of art. hoped she would thoroughly appreciate the delicate position he occupied, but he regretted that he must ask her for another half-crown if she wanted him to come to her again.

* * *

He did not get that other half-crown.

It is scarcely necessary to say that a person possessing the amour proper of such a mendicant would not be the one to weary a possible donor by the whine which amateurs fancy is so effective. No, that reticence which we are assured in some directions is so powerful an element in literary expression, is equally potent in another appeal for alms. fact the true mendicant is as well aware as if he were a contributor to the Nineteenth Century. He knows perfectly well that the man who vields to the importunings, delivered in a minor kev, of a beggar is almost invariably mad with himself for having been weak enough to give way to the appeal of a story which his own sense tells him must be false. consequently he pulls himself together and is able to turn a deaf ear to the whine for perhaps several weeks; whereas the man who sees before him the flutter of a tattered garment but hears no piteous voice come from its "looped and windowed raggedness." gives freely and feels thoroughly well satisfied with himself afterwards. He has done it "off his own bat," so to speak. A man who responds after many refusals to the appeal of the whine simply feels that he has got the worst of the argument: but the other man feels that he has been truly generous and hastens to increase his gratification on this basis. Thus it is that no mendicant worthy of the name will importune a passer-by. A real self-respecting beggar—one who would scorn to do a day's work, and who regards the casual ward with proper contempt — confronts his fellow-men with firm step and head erect, pins the word "Englishman" on his bosom and receives donations in silence.

* * *

It was such a mendicant as this whom I noticed glancing contemptuously at a poor paralysed wretch who was kneeling on the curb turning the handle of a wheezy organ that rested on the ground. "Say, mate," said the critic, after eyeing him for some time, "say, ain't that playing very low down?"

* * *

There is scarcely any form of self-gratification in which the average Englishman is so fond of indulging as indiscriminate charity. Some years ago, when the newspapers were full of accounts of the distress prevailing in many directions, a clergyman wrote to an influential journal deploring the thoughtlessness of the sufferers. He had, he said, just returned from visiting one family, the head

of which had been without work for several weeks. "What was my amazement," the clergyman wrote, "when I found, lying in front of the wretched fire, a fine sable collie dog apparently well cared for. When I endeavoured to explain to the family that such a dog should only be in the possession of people occupying an independent position in life, my remonstrance was received with indignation; and yet the case of this family had been brought under my notice as one of great urgency."

* * *

The next day the editor of the journal that published this very reasonable letter received contributions for the collie to the amount of close upon a hundred pounds, and the poor clergyman, to whom the money was forwarded, was in despair. Nothing however was left to him but to hand over the money to the people whom he had held up to the execration of the public as an example of gross improvidence.





More recently there was a terrible accident in a northern town by which some twenty school children lost their lives. Forthwith donations began to pour in upon the coroner, the town clerk, the mayor, and the chief constable, from all parts of the kingdom. Donations for what? Well, nobody knew and nobody cared to know except the unfortunate gentlemen who had the office of trustee forced upon them. The parents of the majority of the unfortunate little ones were in comfortable circumstances, and though this fact was given the widest publicity, the money continued pouring in until the officials were compelled to hire a staff of clerks to deal with the post-office orders and stamps which arrived by every post. Ultimately, I believe, a wing was added to the local children's hospital out of the money contributed by an indiscriminating public as an expression of their sympathy with the sufferers.

* * *

More recently still a story was told at a London police court. I quite forget the details, but I am nearly certain that they had a bearing upon a little girl and a cat—perhaps it was a fox terrier. At any rate the story "gripped 'em 'ere," and the police magistrate got pounds, shillings and pence by every post. People met policemen at the street corners and handed them over sovereigns for the "fund"—this is actually a fact—though some of the policemen had never heard of the case, and received the money with the well-bred protest which is acquired by persons who are in the habit of declining gratuities.

* * *

But all the humours of indiscriminate charity are insignificant compared with that which was perpetrated by a Saxon Government some years ago in the West of Ireland. It may have been noticed that a Government going out of office or about to make an appeal—sometimes in formâ pauperis—is most charitably inclined, consequently when the suggestion was made that some £50,000 should be distributed among certain districts in the West of Ireland the Government of the day, being about to dissolve Parliament, ran the bill embodying this design through both Houses in the course of a day or two, and the money was shipped across the Channel. The sequel was revealed by a Commission of Enquiry some years later and printed in a Blue Book, which, for rollicking humour went far beyond any Irish novel ever published. It appears that the Boards of Guardians who were responsible for the distribution of the funds spent not only the original £50,000 but another £20,000 which they had not got; but it was quite plain that they had carried out the scheme of distribution with laudable impartiality, for it was proved that in some districts every family received a portion of the money quite irrespective of their circumstances. Men drove in their own vehicles—some of them tandem—to receive their relief, and statistics proved that in two of the distressed districts the number of families whose names appeared on the list as recipients considerably exceeded the total number of families residing in the districts. When these facts were brought to light people only laughed. What was the good of making a fuss about £70,000, they

asked. The money was spent, and that was the end of the whole business.

* * *

I believe that there are in America some widows of the men who fell in the course of the struggle for Independence, and they continue to draw their allowance from the State quarterly. I understand too that the number of pension-drawing widows of the men who fell in the conflict of 1862–66 is increasing annually. And yet the controllers of the United States Treasury are at their wit's end to know how to spend their revenue!





"WON'T I FALL?"
222

GODDESSES AND EMPRESSES: COIFFURE AND CHARACTER

CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES

Illustrated by Jessie Caudwell.



ERE the dear dead women whose names have come down to us so different from our living selves? Often as I walk through a picture or sculpture gallery I try to

realise them to myself: to imagine them breathing, vital, face to face. Their lips are sealed with eternal silence. How I long to hear it broken! What think they of their descendants? Are we really as "new" as our enemies say? Would Helen, Cleo-Mary Stuart, Vittoria patra. Lucretia, Colonna. Christina of Sweden recognise us as spiritually akin to them, and tell us that we are more like than unlike our foremothers?

We are probably better educated than some of them, and live in a generation more favourable to individual development than others, but are we different au fond? think not. The difference lies chiefly in the fashions! Alas that those women who made and marred history cannot voice what they did and felt and thought, bidding us judge in how far the verdict of their contemporaries was true. Their spells lie with them in the dust, or they might tell by what witchery they ensuared the hearts of men. They were not all beautiful, but they were all beloved, and is not true love the best thing life has to offer?

Wishes however are vain. One can but look and speculate, forming conclusions wise or unwise, erroneous or correct according to our degree of insight, and our power of

reading faces.

I passed one day through the galleries of the British Museum and studied the faces of the Roman empresses, trying to see how much of nineteenth or twentieth century humanity I could discern in them. more I murmured at my powerlessness to read those faces aright.

Suddenly I bethought me of clever Miss Annie Oppenheim the physiognomist. should we not make the round together, examining not only empresses but goddesses, nymphs and muses? I might frivolously confine myself to externals—their attitudes, their robes, their style of hair-dressing. She

should diagnose their character or lack of it

No sooner said than done. One dull morning we made our way to the Museum, left reverence at the door, and walked to the end of the Greek gallery, pausing before an archaic statue of Diana. Poor Diana! stuck on a pedestal within the foggy boundaries of Bloomsbury, to be gazed upon blankly by excursionists, and criticised by transatlantic tourists. How long it was since men had worshipped at her shrine. The thunders that at Ephesus would have stricken the profane; the power that for a glance had changed Acteon to a stag-where were they?

We braved them, and Diana never heeded. cold, proud, sweet godgoddess s h e looked, despite the quaint, stiff folds wherein the sculptor's lack of skill enveloped her. The face was beautiful. Imperious, serene and noble in expression, with



DIANA ARTEMIS.

hair waved full above the ears and banded by a chaplet, she still looked worthy of divine

"What do you think that face betokens?" I asked. "Purity," said Miss Oppenheim.
"Notice the upper lip. It lies close, fits in to the teeth as it were, and this is always indicative of chastity. Sensuality is expressed by an upper lip curling cut from the teeth. See that head of Mercury close by. It is fine, but note the upper lip. That shows an animal nature."

Obediently I looked at Mercury's lip. It gave to the face a yearning, breathless expression, a something that the Germans call sehnsuchtsvoll. Then we came back to Diana.

"What else?" I asked.

"The lower lip, full at its angles, shows



DIANA.
(First Cent. B.C.)

kindness and sympathy. The brow is peculiar, with a large organ of form at the inner corner of the eye. She would catch and aim well. Constructiveness is also shown. The long throat betokens love of exercise and fresh air. All long-necked animals love air and freedom. The ears show energy by setting out slightly from the head.

"You consider then that the sculptor has really made a head to correspond with the character mythology assigns to Diana?"

"Yes, remarkable knowledge of ana-

tomical physiognomy is shown."

On a bracket near by was an archaic bust of the same goddess, but in this she looked older, and had a gleam of humour about the lips. Her hair was amazing. It had no visible parting, but was crimped into queer laboured little waves, and looped above the ears in five small plaits. Evidently the divinities took time over their toilet. Diana wore a coronet that bore five ornaments, like Tudor roses, and on each side of her face fell in front a piece of hair like a strap divided into three, and producing an effect like the Sphinx's head-dress.

"Vanity," I commented, "apparently existed before the nineteenth century," and stopped by a third Diana, whom Miss Oppenheim passed over as the bust did not correspond with her idea. I was interested however to note a novelty—or should one not rather say an "antiquity"?—in hair dressing. The front locks were taken up and tied in a large Alsatian bow on top of the head. What women call the "back hair" was short and caught into a bunch behind, so that it stood

out like a shaving brush.

A water-nymph on a bracket had dressed her *chev.'ure* somewhat as Mrs. Patrick Campbell wore hers in 'Mrs. Tanqueray.' Ancient and modern touched. It framed the face and fell low on the neck, but in front was drawn more forward.

Next we were attracted by a helmeted

Minerva. The Goddess of Wisdom showed her characteristic by the simplicity of her style. Her hair was beautiful and wavy, but quite plainly dressed. She was uncommonly good-looking, if a little stern.

"What does that face show?" I asked.

"Intellect," said Miss Oppenheim. "Note the length from ear to eye. Then there is great will power shown in that jaw. When the jaw comes outside the neck—see what I mean?—when the neck has the effect of being relatively slender and lying well under the jaw, courage, resolution and force of character are indicated. When, on the contrary, the neck is as wide as the jaw and starts at right angles from it, weakness, pliability and want of determination may be looked for."

I hurried over Minerva, for a bust of Venus came next, and I was naturally anxious to hear if her physiognomical traits bore out the light reputation that mythology has given The first glance showed me that Venus at any rate was anxious to save appearances. She had actually copied Diana's mode of hair-dressing, tied her front hair in a demure and stately bow knot on top of her head and gathered her abundant locks into a low twist behind. Venus evidently had the courage of her opinions, or could it be that it was she who really set the fashion, and that Diana, with the perverse desire to sail near the wind-in appearance at least-shown by so many women of blameless reputation, followed the lead of the pleasure-loving goddess?

Many of our most admired modes the present day are set by ladies fair but frail, and perhaps even in Olympia matterswere not very different. Still I had thought better Diana.



As neither of the immortals deigned to enlighten me I did as the world does, expressed hope for the best, but believed the worst.

"Now for Venus," said I to Miss Oppenheim,

"She has a sensual mouth." remarked the physiognomist severely. That was to be expected.
"Very bad?" I asked.

Venus was

evidently going to be shown up.

said Miss Oppenheim disappointingly. "Simply denoting tendencies. There are many people who have vicious inclina-tions and don't give way to them, and there are others that have no inclinations in particular. As a matter of fact good people are bad people who never wilfully do evil. I wouldn't give a farthing for those who have no capacity for being bad if they like. That is not a bad face.

"Come here," said I suddenly, drawing her into a little square vestibule where. opposite a copy of the Discobulus, stood in a niche an exquisite full-length statue of Aphrodite. "Look at this Venus. It is my ideal of beautiful womanhood, the embodiment of maternity and sweetness."

"The face is emblematical of all that is womanly," was Miss Oppenheim's verdict. "The mouth is more refined than in the bust we have just looked at. Great love of children is indicated. There is softness in the small chin. The jaw does not come outside the throat, thus showing a lack of will."

There was a divine simplicity in face, figure and attitude. The hair was brought softly back and turned up at the nape in a small twist. What struck me with all these grand antique masterpieces was that none of the women's heads showed enormous masses of hair. Hair, thick if you will, wavy, and growing beautifully above broad low brows,



but not remarkably long or abundant. If the young lady from the suburbs who still imagines thata big chignon is fashionable, possessed in reality the amount of hair that pads and frizzing enable her to affect, she would have a far more abundant supply

than those who have passed in all ages as models of feminine beauty. A great mass of hair, as a matter of fact, is a disadvantage to a woman and can seldom or never be arranged to look really well.

Beyond Venus was a bust, the head of a

Muse. "What have you to say about her?"

I queried.

"No reasoning faculties; much imagination and ideality: wonderful intuition." was the reply. One does not imagine a Muse to be that sort of person. To my eyes this

particular Muse seemed a bright. alert. modern young looking woman, with a mouth. round chin and rather forenarrow head. Hér bair was divided a little way down the centre, then taken back into a veritable " bun." How stale the "bun" is !



A ROMAN EMPRESS.

Juno, in the next gallery, showed, as might be expected, "great firmness." That sounded disagreeable somehow. People often do talk of a woman's being "firm" and "strong-minded," as if it were nice to be irresolute and weak-minded. It is only when one has had some little experience of what weak-minded, irresolute women can be that one doubts the charm of these gentle qualities. Juno perhaps was a triffe too determined, but there were excuses for her.

"Her jaw comes beyond her throat," remarked Miss Oppenheim. I had heard before from a schoolboy that Juno's jaw was her great point and made her unpopular in Olympia, but did not mention this.

"What else?" I asked.

"A sense of humour"-saving grace in woman or goddess. "Sarcasm in these downward curves." Poor Juno! Of course Jupiter didn't like that. "Love of the beautiful shown in her broad chin."

On the whole I rather liked Juno. She had character, and was perhaps a bit of a spitfire, but never namby-pamby. She wore a diadem and her hair falling loosely behind on her neck, then turned up and twisted.

Beside her was another Venus, less dignified and beautiful than the other, this time preparing for the bath. Her hair was in the popular Olympian style, bow knot on top. It was evident the fashion was hers. Yet again I was bewildered: Diana close by wore the very same coiffure!

After all the statues of the goddesses

were but indications of the sculptor's fancy. The Roman empresses proved more entertaining, for their busts were probably portraits.

We stopped short before the first, distinguished by no name. She was a smooth-



cheeked, round faced, matronly personage with a shrewd and rather humor-0 11 8 mouth. Quite the most striking thing about her was her coiffure. that threw all the simple goddesses quite in the shade. It consisted ofseventeen small

vertical barrel curls, set in a semicircle from ear to ear. Behind these came two lateral rows of short fat curls, twelve in each. The rest of her hair, golden or otherwise.

Was 'angin' down 'er back,

as the roystering wayfarers sing on Saturday nights. This nice empress, hair and all, was dug up in the grounds of the Villa Casali at Rome.

"What was her character?" I asked Miss Oppenheim, as if her imperial majesty was a maid-servant. How she would have resented the question had she been capable of uttering a protest. Fortunately the reply was not exactly unfavourable. "Pure mouth; much determination; a fine brain; pleasure-loving eyes. The thinness of the bridge of the nose shows love of spending money. Her small, round chin betrays desire for affection. She was a sybarite and had not much will power where her passions were concerned."

The next empress in the row was Domitia Longina, wife of Domitian, a prim person with an air of great precision, and wearing what seemed at first sight a bath-sponge on her head by way of fringe. Even to my eyes, less skilled in noting shades of character than Miss Oppenheim's, there was a distinct suggestion of temper about the corners of her mouth. I felt that now I quite understood why Domitian went out and persecuted Christians. The bath-sponge fringe was very marvellous, and not unlike some of the modern horrors in hair dressing that misguided women wear under the delusion that they are making themselves look fashionable and fascinating.

Quite modern were the sleek coils at the back, so smooth that one saw vast trouble must have been taken to make the bath-sponge so uncompromisingly cellular. There was something a little mocking in the face.

"She possessed marvellous independence," was Miss Oppenheim's verdict, "self-will and determination. That long upper lip signifies the power of endurance. The tip of the nose shows assertion, the wide bridge acquisitiveness, the prominent eyes lack of perception." (Dear, dear! poor Domitian! He was evidently himself a martyr.) "When the eyes are set level with the forehead," went on Miss Oppenheim, "their possessor does not see far into things. He or she notices only whatever it is impossible to escape. Deep set eyes show penetration."

"Unpleasant person as a wife," was my "But here is Sabina, Julia comment. Sabina, the wife of Hadrian. Tell me what you think of her." I had read "Der Kaiser," by George Ebers, and did not expect to hear much good. Sabina had the most wonderful thing in hair we had come to yet. Its arrangement must have been a task of almost superhuman difficulty. I felt that if mine were once done up after that fashion I should never take it down. In front was a three-tiered head-dress, whether a tiara or an elaborate structure of false hair I could not determine. A little curl over each ear seemed to suggest hair, but then, how did she ever work it into that shape?

The extreme front looked like a Grecian plait laid flat, but the next row bore a

pattern of squares and triangles that puzzled me. unacquainted with the toilet Roman empresses. Behind was a third row with a rolled edge. The back hair carefully was crimped with an iron. Nature never made those level sharp lines, or



JULIA SABINA.

perhaps indeed the sculptor was at fault. I doubt it however, for Sabina looked like a lady that would have naturally straight hair that waved "with deeficulty." At the back was a muffin-shaped coil of plaits. Sabina looked

a shrew. "Here," thought I, "is a person of rigid, of uncompromising principles, and very very easily shocked. I know the kind. They are not uncommon in our own day and country. Dear souls, what terrible mischief they make!

Miss Oppenheim's verdict was as follows:— "Inquisitive, determined—her throat is small



ANNIA FAUSTINA (THE YOUNGER).

and the jaw comes outside it-precise, contesting, energetic. She liked to take the lead. Firmness and fidelity are shown by her chin. She was resentful but straightforward and constructive."

The next empress, Faustina the elder, wife of Antoninus Pius, I gazed on in astonishment. She seemed to be the very type of the British matron, narrow forehead, neat hair, pursed lips, a high nose, and a sense of her own dignity, eminently respectable appearance, hair divided down the centre, brought up to the top of the head and done in a figure eight coil behind, just as it was worn a few years ago. Good gracious! Surely I had met her in the flesh!

Miss Oppenheim said she had small mental capacity, the cheeks and jaw being wider than the brain; great economy; acquisitiveness shown by the nose, calculation and accuracy by the eyebrows. She was a woman who would look after the candle ends. this chimed in with my own idea of her, but Miss Oppenheim went on to give the lady credit for qualities which I did not imagine she possessed. "She was tactful," she declared, "judging by her deep-set eyes, and had a peaceful face. Her small nostrils show a great dislike for strife." Well, a physiognomist ought to know.

Farther on was a pretty, plump little woman, with a somewhat bird-like and perky air. She was absolutely of to-day in looks and style of hair dressing. Her neat rippling Madonna bands were brought over her ears and knotted low behind. She poised her head high and looked as if she could hold her own against anyone. The bust was of Annia Faustina the younger, the notorious wife of Marcus Aurelius. However I didn't let Miss Oppenheim know, for I wanted an unbiased opinion first.

"H'm! No tact: wonderful self-assertion: fond of talking, as shown by the fulness under her eyes; selfish, always wanting to be amused. The width of her nose at the tip shows lack of reserve. Pure mouth." gasped.) "That she was very pleasure-loving is shown by the depth of the eyebrows over

the eve."

"Then on the whole you don't think she could have been very bad?"

"No, not very. Frivolous perhaps." "But," said I in low, awe-stricken accents,

"she was a—a—a scorcher!"

"Well," said Miss Oppenheim, "she may have been anything you like, but I can only go by the indications given by the bust. The sculptor may be in fault. Perhaps it is a bad likeness. But if she had the sort of face here represented she was the kind of woman I sav."

Beside Faustina was the bust of Claudia Olympias, a noble Roman lady who lived in the time of Nero. Claudia looked as if she

were good very good, but painfully stupid. She was undeniably plain. Her head was slightly turned away, and she had a far - off look in her eyes as if she objected to find herself in such close proximity to Faustina, and w as consequently a little embarrassed, while Faustina, bold as brass,



CLAUDIA OLYMPIAS.

did not care a jot. No use pretending not to see her. One might imagine it rejoiced her that Claudia should feel uncomfortable. and she seemed as if she could make scathing remarks on the provincial elabora-

tion of her neighbours' coiffure.

The virtuous widow, whose excellence has been celebrated by her freedman Epithymetus, had twenty-four circular objects, with a little hole in each—presumably flat curls—round her forehead, though I decline definitely to class them. They might have been metal, or a removable head-dress. Two other rows, lateral these, towered behind, each having in the middle flat graduated curls like the keystone of an arch. The back however was most marvellous of all, being crowned apparently by a circular aircushion, over which the hair was drawn, and covered by an elaborately patterned netfework. It might however have been composed



of endless small plaits supported by a frame. The centre anyhow was hollow, in true air-

cushion style.

"She has a sensual mouth," said Miss Oppenheim unkindly. "She loved physical rather than mental pleasures." Oh Claudia! I should not have thought it. " Excessive sympathy, amounting almost to weakness, is shown by the slightly hanging under lip. She had musical capacity, and though not intellectual was not lacking in brain. She was neither quick nor bright, but had a marvellous memory, and little or no penetration." Perhaps that was why she allowed Epithymetus to carve her bust, and turn her out looking a dowdy person with no figure to speak of. If she really was like her effigy the sculptor showed her justice without mercy. Lucilla, wife of Verus, a small-featured baby-faced personage looking ridiculously young for a Roman Empress, wore her hair waved, divided, drawn loosely back and

rolled round behind.

Miss Oppenheim did not bestow much her. attention on saving she appeared like a girl of twelve. with a keen sense of the ridiculous and a love of good living. We accordingly passed on to a beautiful and majestic woman. Crispina, wife of Commodus. reminded me



OTACILLA SEVERA.

somehow of portraits of the Empress Eugénie at the height of her splendour and beauty.

"That is a very powerful head," said Miss Oppenheim. "The nose shows great refinement. She had remarkable reasoning powers, but a rather weak chin. The lips are well defined. She has a sad expression, and indeed the face lacks mirth. That is the head of a woman who thought and criticised, but she had little power of expression. She would always feel more than she could say. That often gives a beautiful expression, telling of depth of character.

Crispina's hair was wonderful. She, with Claudia Sabina and the unnamed empress, bore off the honours of the gallery. Her locks were divided in front and waved. A curious rippled band of hair made a frame for her face and was brought low behind the ears, narrowing till it disappeared under an enormous chignon with three divisions.

It did not spoil her however; another instance that a beauty may wear anything and look well in it.

Julia Mammæa set a new style, followed with slight variations by all the succeeding empresses. This consisted in wearing the hair rather plain, waved, with or without a



AN IONIC FEMALE.

coronet, brought low on the neck so as to make two distinct loops under the ears, loops that might be seen from the front, framing the neck on each side; the ends were turned into a small flat circle of coils or

plaits.

Julia was a woman of Oriental, one might say Jewish, type, voluptuous in expression. Miss Oppenheim saw in her face indications of a love of the beautiful and of truth. Sabina Tranquillina, wife of Gordianus Pius. had a mouth that showed great firmness. independence and activity. "All these women," went on Miss Oppenheim, "were above the average in intellect."

Otacilla Severa, wife of Philip, struck me as looking stupid, conceited and determined, a little body who thought a great deal of herself. She too wore the loop, but the ends of her hair were plaited into a broad plait turned up and secured on the top of her "That advanced lower lip shows a criminal tendency," was Miss Oppenheim's comment.

Finally we came to Herennia Etruscilla, the most intelligent, alert-looking woman we had vet seen. Her expression was brilliant. She looked witty, sarcastic, and companion-

able. but Miss Oppenheim said she showed a certain lack of scruple. "That is a businesslike head," she remarked, "but the nose is somewhat coarse. The low wide brow shows width of intellect and of ideas, the eyebrows indicate a pretty talent for diplomacy. She was intriguing and fond of travel, a shrewd woman and daring. Hers is the head of a pioneer."

Like so many others she wore her hair divided down the centre and caught into a knot behind under a pointed diadem. The face was singularly vivid and attractive, in marked contrast with that of a pretty but stupid and broken-nosed Ionic female figure close by, with two locks of hair curled and hanging down like a spaniel's ears on each side of her face. "She," said Miss Oppenheim, " was imaginative and romantic." Poor dear! Romance does not accord with a broken nose!

And now will those who are tired of our tame nineteenth century coiffures please study the illustrations and adopt whichever suits them.



THE BUREAU DRAWER.

BY HAROLD AVERY.

Illustrated by St. Clair Simmons.



E turned it out the other day, the top drawer of our old bureau.

Similar pieces of furniture are to be found in nearly every home—household pen-

sioners which have done their work, and, being replaced by something more modern and up to date, are put away in a corner to be kept clean and looked at. The bureau has long been on the retired list, but in the days of active service—days when the hand that rocked the cradle, rather than the hand that thumped the tub, was supposed to rule the world—the mother of the family always used this old-fashioned contrivance as her desk.

On her silver-wedding day we children gave her a devonport, but it was at the bureau that she always sat to write to us when one by one we left home and went away to school; and there it is that I think I see her to-night, with the light falling on her face from the little oil lamp that the servants would grumble at now if it were given them to use in the kitchen.

The top drawer was especially hers, and remains exactly as she left it, though in the eyes of a stranger the contents would appear but a double handful of rubbish. To her however every trifle was a precious treasure, and as we turn them over it seems as though, instead of the bureau drawer, her own dear heart lies open before us with all its loving

secrets revealed to our gaze.

Here is a bundle of photographs, taken in the days of head-rests and studied positions, when gentlemen stood with one arm akimbo and the other resting on a table or marble column, while the right leg was accurately crossed in front of the left, and when the moment which preceded the taking off of the cap was solemn enough to render it well-nigh impossible to put on that pleasant expression which the artist vainly implored one to assume. But these pictures are all of children; some frowning, some smiling, others with a look of patient endurance, while on the faces of a few appears an expression of interested expectation, which shows that they were still the victims of a well-meaning fraud, and believed in the fabled bird,

which, if they watched closely, would be seen to fly out of the lens. What an immense amount of time and trouble she and Mary Jane must have taken in arranging those bows and sashes, and in producing those astonishing curls and top-knots! The photographs of that era were subject to attacks of jaundice and measles; in course of time they grew yellow and spotted, and some of these have suffered in the manner described, but they were treasured up in the bureau drawer and have remained there to this day in the same old cloth-lined envelope, fraved and crumpled from frequent handling.

On this silver rattle, with a handle of red coral, I verily believe that the whole family in turn cut the greater number of their first Whether the rattle was in any way responsible for the articles thus produced I do not know; if so it can hardly be regarded as a family treasure, for we all were martyrs to face-ache. She used, with a great deal of coaxing and persuasion, to inspire us with sufficient courage to accompany her to the dentist's. We started with a vast amount of swagger and then kicked and screamed for a quarter of an hour before we could be induced to sit back in the fatal chair and open our months. On returning home she always said we had behaved like heroes, and told such an exaggerated story of the size of the tooth and the courageous in which we had borne the manner extraction, that for my own part I felt inclined, had such a thing been possible. to have fallen on my own neck and wept at the recital of my sufferings, and the fortitude with which they had been endured. She was immensely proud of us, and thought that in the future we should all distinguish ourselves and do great things, though what should have given rise to this belief it would be difficult to say, for we were very ordinary children. Here however, under the photographs, are some of the works of art which were, at all events in her eyes, so full of promise. A water-colour daub representing a brown monstrosity with yellow spots, which, from the word "Polley" appearing beneath it, I recognise as a horse; a gaudy scrap of wool work left half unfinished by little hands that soon grew weary of the work, and a



"As we turn them over it seems as though . . . her own dear heart lies open before us."

rough, lopsided paper-knife, carved out of a bit of cherry-wood, and with an edge so blunt and uneven that it would be perfect butchery to use it on the uncut leaves of any book or magazine.

So we pass from one relic to another until, in the same envelope which contains a small paper book, on each leaf of which is a lock of hair, kept in position with a stitch of silk, and carefully named and dated, we find a little picture. It is one of the first of the coloured prints. We thought a lot of them then, though hardly any youngster would put such a thing in his scrap-book nowadays. But this particular one was dear to her. Why? Why, because long ago it was held for a few moments in the hand of a dying child.

That was the girl. In another corner of the drawer is a little parcel containing a knife, a chestnut on a string, and a broken pencil-case; those were the boy's; she took them out of the pocket of his jacket after he had worn it for the last time, wrapped them up and remembered, thirty years afterwards, where the packet was, and what it contained.

It was on the anniversary of his birth she mentioned it, and added, "He is thirty-five to-day," for she always spoke of their ages in

the present tense.

I have seen her once or twice open this drawer and turn over its contents, and when she did so it was always with the same sweet smile which was on her face when, standing beside her bed, we heard her call by name the children who had gone before.



The Editor's Scrap-Book.

Hill.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.



EBRUARY 7 is the eighty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens, the greatest laughtermaker of this century. While his books circulate by tens of thousands he needs no memorial to recall his fame. "He sent a merry

ring of healthy laughter round the world."



DEAN HOLE tells a capital story of a small boy who visited Rochester Cathedral, and having attentively read the inscription on the tiny brass plate erected in honour of the great novelist "by his executors," gravely asked his mother, "Why was Charles Dickens executed, and who were his executors?" I remember another incident, connected with the grave of the novelist in Westminster Abbey. A little bunch of flowers was laid on the tomb, on one of the anniversaries of the death of Dickens, with this inscription: "From a boy. He loved little children." Many can recall the thrill of sorrow which passed through Great Britain when the news of his death were announced. His family hoped against hope, and summoned Dr. (now Sir) J. Russell Reynolds to a consultation at the bedside of the dving man, but he was past the cures of medicine.

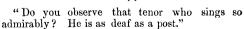


No writer, I venture to say, was such a real personality to his great public as Dickens. Certainly no novelist has given the world so many photographs of men, women and children with whom we are all familiar. A critic not long ago maintained that Sherlock Holmes was the only figure on the modern literary stage who had become common property. If you ponder over this statement I think you will come to the same conclusion. There is no man or woman in the novels of George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, W. E. Norris, or Mrs. Oliphant—to make a random selection—who is mentioned in general conversation among poor or rich, educated or ignorant. Sir Walter Besant's Gilead P. Beck is occasionally quoted as the man who "struck ile," but not one of that talented writer's characters has "entered society" in the same sense as genial Mr. Pickwick, active Sam Weller, jolly Mark Tapley, poor Miss Flite, hopeful Micawber, and a score of others.



If you consider the numerous works of William Black, R. D. Blackmore, Rider Haggard, Miss Braddon, you will be forced to the conclusion that, popular as they are, these novelists have not given the world a man or woman with whom the aristocrat and the gamin, the clerk and the school-girl,

are equally well acquainted. Father Time—a critic who is ever revising our stories—deals lightly with Charles Dickens, and allows another generation to laugh and weep over his pure pages. No humorist has lately arisen to make us mingle our tears with laughter, although the two emotions are near neighbours. There was an "empty chair" in the home of Literature, left by the death of



Dickens, just as real as that which Luke Fildes

portrayed in his picture of the study at Gad's

"If he is deaf, pray how does he know when

he has done singing?"

"The conductor gives him a sign."



LADY (widow): Do you know that my daughter has set her eyes upon you, Herr Miller?

GENT (flattered): Has she really?

LADY: Certainly; only to-day she was saying, "That's the sort of gentleman I should like for my papa."

"I'D rather have a nutmeg than fame," said the

idiot. "Why?" said the wise man.

"Because," replied the idiot, "fame is for the great, but the nutmeg is for the grater."



MISS GUSH: Why, this box of writing paper is perfumed with violet. How strange! Why do you do that?

SALESMAN: So that your correspondence may be kept inviolate, Miss.

MISS GUSH: What a good idea. I will take three boxes.

"LET me show you our new correspondence paper for ladies; we consider this is the greatest novelty of the season."

"It is very pretty; but why is it specially for

ladies?"

"It has the letters 'P.S.' engraved at the top of the inner sheet."

LITTLE FRANK: When is a man called a confirmed liar, papa?

PAPA: When nothing that he says is confirmed.



FRIEND: What are you going to call the baby? Young Mother (sadly): I don't know. His father gives him a worse name every night.

THE FIVE-TEN TRAIN.

By W. Pett Ridge.

The early evening train backed carefully into the City station as one conscious of having important passengers to carry; the doors of first-class carriages were opened and mat-baskets placed on the racks by attentive porters who could see the tipping season ahead. The stout florid old gentleman with a huge white dahlia in his coat flopped down into the corner of the compartment, puffed very hard at his cigar, pressed against the glass his patent candle, lighted it, and glowered resentfully at the other passengers. He fixed a long lad opposite with a definite eye, and when the long lad opposite lighted a cigarette the stout florid City man growled.

"Did you say you wanted the window down?"

asked the long lad.

"No, sir, I did not say anything of the sort. I don't want my head blown off, and I've had quite enough worry in the City to-day without having half a ton of coal-dust in my eye. I'm not a polar bear, sir."

The long youth asked "Why not?" but the florid gentleman fortunately did not hear the question.

"There is a class of people in this world," he said, flicking the ash from his cigar to his bulgy capacious waistcoat, "who must always be interfering with everything. If they see a window up they want it down; if they see a door shut they want it open; if they see the gas low they want it up. Always restless, always pottering about. Great heavens, man! why can't people keep still? It's the great curse of this present so-called generation of ours that everyone must be continually on the go. Why in the world don't people keep quiet and mind their own business, eh?"

The long youth had found an enchanting inquest in his evening paper and did not answer.

"What I can't stand, what I never could stand, and what I never will stand," he went on oratorically, "is the man who forces his conversation on other people and bothers them when they want to be quiet. It's one of those foolish, stupid blunders that youth commits simply and wholly and entirely from the want of experience, and the worst of it is they won't be told. Oh dear no! You mustn't attempt to teach them anything." (With much bitterness.) "Tell them they're wrong, tell them they're making a mistake, tell them they're making a blunder, and bless my soul, they're ready to bite your head off before you can say 'knife!' No, in the present day it is only the very young who are rich in experience. There's a set of half-baked young fools looking like dough who are going about this London of ours, sir, at the present day who, lumped all together, have got just about the intellect of a hen."

He chuckled a little with satisfaction at having found this simile, and said it thrice over for

luck. The long youth nodded.

"After all," went on the stout gentleman softened by success, "after all I suppose it's what one might venture to call the spirit of the age. I look at girls nowadays, and what do I find? What do I find, sir, eh?"

The long youth, slightly interested, looked up.

"I find a desire to reverse their sex and to upset the arrangements of—er—Providence in every shape and form. In fact," he smiled, "I—I made rather a good sort of joke—you might eall it a pun perhaps—the other evening after dinner. We were talking on this very subject and I happened to remark quite casually—I didn't think over the joke at all, it came out just as naturally as I'm giving it to you at the present moment—I said that whereas in the old days girls wanted to get married and cried 'Altar, altar,' now their cry is 'Alter, alter.'"

The stout gentleman laughed very much at this, and when he had wiped his eyes and relighted his cigar he spelt the joke carefully, and laughed again. The long youth muttered some suggestion about sending it to the *Rock*, and turned to the

racing results.

"Take my two girls at home now."

The youth shook his head and said he wasn't

having any.

"If I didn't keep them well in hand and put a stopper on every little—what shall I say?—tendency that way, why I've no doubt they too would want to smoke their cigarettes and ride their bicycles, and play the cornet, and carry on like one o'clock. Fortunately for them, sir, I say fortunately for them, they have a parent."

The long youth said that he knew lots of girls

who had parents.

"In the case of my daughters it's an uncommonly good thing for them. Un-commonly good, sir. Why, you see girls in other families go and blunder into marriage before they've finished cutting their teeth almost. You don't find my girls like that. I don't mind telling you—you seem a fairly intelligent young man."

He laid an emphasis on the word "seem" in order to prevent any idea that he was assuming

responsibility.

"I don't mind telling you in confidence that the plan I have is this. It's a very simple one. Say that I find some young fellow walking home with them from church, or sending them books from Mudie's, or lifting hats a little too much to them when they pass them. What do I do?"

The youth opposite said he didn't know.

"Why I take the first opportunity of having five minutes' talk with that young gentleman. take him by the coat button in a friendly way, a perfectly friendly way, and I say, 'Look here, sir, what the deuce is the idea of all this nonsense? What does it mean, eh? What are you driving at, eh? Do you mean straightforward, prompt, and manly business, or do you mean only tomfoolery.' That's the way I talk to them. I'm a blunt outspoken man, mind you, and I don't mince my words. What's the result? Why simply this, that having adopted that policy for a certain number of years my girls are at the present moment as single as they were whenwhen they were born. One's thirty-two and the other's thirty-four, and in a few years' time they'll be old enough to select husbands for themselves, and then "-he fluttered his newspaper-" and then I shall wash my hands of all the responsibility. All the responsibility, sir."

The stout, florid gentleman sat back and

frowned at the long youth. The long youth shifted uneasily but said nothing. Being pressed however for an opinion he submitted respectfully

that it was a bit rough on the girls.

"I knew you'd say that," declared the florid gentleman triumphantly; "I could have sworn those were the very words that you were going to use. I could see them coming. It's just what I should have expected from a young man with absolutely no experience of the world."

The youth said, with some show of spirit, that he'd knocked about as much as most chaps of his

"Yes, yes, ves," said the stout gentleman testily, "I dare say you have, but that's not the point. Don't let us get away from the main argument or else we shan't know what we are talking about. The whole gist of the matter is this. A young chit of a girl, of say twenty-eight, sees somebody she likes, and there" (with sarcasm) "there she is, in love as she calls it. But my good sir, she doesn't know when she's in love and when she isn't, unless she's got some one close at hand to

give her advice in the matter. For instance, what they call falling in love, I might call an accident that has to be prevented just like any other catastrophe. You see the great thing about me is this. I've argued all these matters out with myself and thought them over and settled them-They haven't. And that's why I think that a good many of these affairs ought to be submitted to those of us who know instead of-"

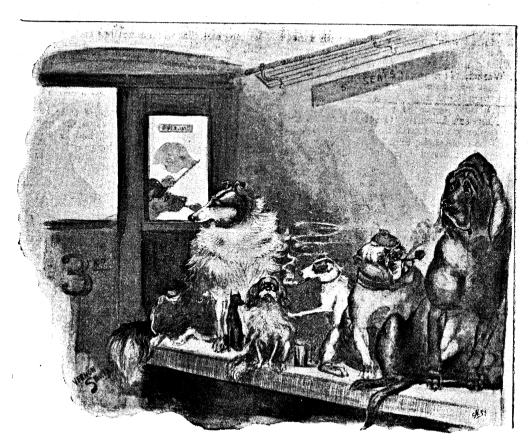
The train slackened and the florid gentleman collected his mat-basket and his newspapers and

his patent reading candle.

"Here I am," he said, craning himself into position, "here I am, at what I may perhaps venture to call my-er-destination. If any words of mine have been of use to you, my dear young sir, why all I can say is that you are as welcome to them as though they were your own. Above all let me counsel you to avoid any

tendency to forcing yourself on—"
"Nah then, sir," said the porter at the door, "we can't keep this trine here all night while you

argue. In or out, one or the other."



"Third-Class Smoking."

WILKINS: Good heavens! Chawley has swallowed his pocket mirror. It will kill him.

Jones: Sure. Anything that's food for reflec-

tion would kill Chawley.



"Three kinds of juries figure prominently in trials now," said the judge.

"What are they?" asked his friend.
"Grand jury, common jury, and perjury.



HE: Will you marry me? She: Are you serious? HE: Absolutely. She: Then I won't.



"That Smith woman celebrated her wooden wedding to-day."

"Why, I thought she was just married to-day."

"So she was; she married a block."

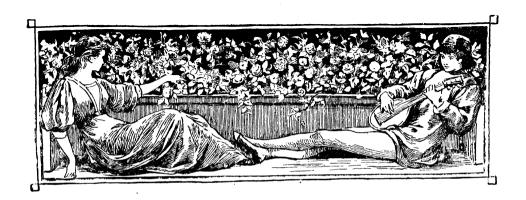


In the spring an old man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of seeds! Every descendant of the Grand Old Gardener has at one time or another tried to follow this primary pursuit, with various results. Most of us get tired of gardening. "What a man needs in gardening," says Charles D. Warner, "is a cast-iron back with a hinge in it. The hoe is an ingenious instrument, calculated to call out a great deal of strength at a great disadvantage. If I were rich," continues the American humorist, "I think I would have my garden covered with an awning, so that it would be comfortable to work in. It might roll up and be removable, as the great awning of

the Colosseum was. Another very good way to do—and probably not so expensive as the awning—would be to have four persons of foreign birth carry a sort of canopy over you as you hoed. And there might be a person at the end of the row with some cool and refreshing drink. Agriculture is still in a very barbarous stage. I hope to live yet to see the day when I can do my gardening, as tragedy is done, to slow and soothing music, and attended by some of the comforts I have named."



"Broad acres are a patent of nobility; and no man but feels more of a man in the world if he have a bit of ground that he can call his own. However small it is on the surface it is four thousand miles deep, and that is a very handsome property. The first pleasant thing about a garden in this latitude is that you never know when to set it going. If you want anything to come to maturity early you must start it in a hothouse. If vou put it out early the chances are all in favour of getting it nipped with frost, for the thermometer will be 90° one day, and go below 32° the night of the day following. And if you do not set out plants or sow seeds early you fret continually, knowing that your vegetables will be late, and that while Jones has early peas you will be watching your slow-forming pods. This keeps you in a state of mind. When you have planted anything early you are doubtful whether to desire to see it above ground or not. hot day comes you long to see the young plants, but when a cold north wind brings frost you tremble lest the seeds have burst their bands. Your spring is passed in anxious doubts and fears, which are usually realised, and so a great moral discipline is worked out for you."







[See "Dr. Nikola," by Guy Boothby, page 239, "I BAN DOWN THE STREET AS FAST AS I COULD GO,"

DOCTOR NIKOLA

By Guy Boothby.*

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

CHAPTER IV.

WE SET OUT FOR TIENTSIN.



COULD hardly believe the evidence of my senses. Nikola's disguise was so perfect that it would have required almost superhuman cleverness to have penetrated

it. In every particular he was a perfect Celestial. His accent was without a flaw, his deportment exactly what that of a high-class Chinaman would be, while his general demeanour and manner of sustaining his character could not have been cavilled at by the most fastidious critic. I felt that if he could so easily hoodwink me there could be little doubt that he would pass muster under less exacting scrutiny. So as soon as I had realised what it meant I sprang to my feet and warmly congratulated him, not a little relieved, you may be sure, to find that I was with friends and was not to be tortured as I had at first supposed.

"What do you think of my disguise?"

asked Nikola.

"It is perfect," I answered. "Considering your decided personality I had no idea it could possibly be so good. But where are we?"

"In a bungalow I have taken for the time being," said Nikola. "And now let us get to business. The man whom you saw on my right was Laohwan, the person whom I told you I expected from Pekin. He arrived half an hour after you had left me this evening, gave me the information I wanted, and now I am ready to start as soon as you are."

"Let me go home and put one or two things together," I answered, "and then I'm

your man."

"Certainly," said Nikola. "One of my servants shall go with you to carry your bag, and to bring you back here as soon as

your business is completed."

With that, accompanied by a boy, I set off for my abode. When we reached it I left him to wait for me outside in the street, and let myself into my bedroom by the window. Having done so I set to work to put

together the few little odds and ends I wished to take with me on my journey. This finished I locked my trunks, wrote a letter to my landlord, enclosing the amount I owed him, and then another to Barkston, asking him to be good enough to send for and take charge of my trunks until I returned from a trip into the interior. When I had done this I passed out of the house again, joined the boy who was waiting for me at the gate, and returned to the bungalow in which I had been so surprised by Nikola that evening. It was nearly twelve o'clock by the time I reached it, but I had no thought of fatigue. The excitement of our departure obliterated all thoughts of ought else. We were plunging into an unknown life which bristled with dangers and adventures, and though I did not share Nikola's belief as to the result we should achieve. I had the certain knowledge that I should be well repaid for the risk I ran.

When I entered the house I found my employer awaiting me in the room where I had been hoaxed that evening. He was still in Chinese garb, and once again as I looked at him I felt it difficult to believe that this portly, sedate-looking Chinaman could be

that slim European Dr. Nikola.

"You have not been long, Mr. Bruce," he said; "and I am glad of it. Now if you will accompany me to the next room I will introduce you to your things. I have purchased for you everything that you can possibly need, and as I am well acquainted with your power of disguise I have no fear at all as to the result."

Thanking him for his good opinion I divested myself of my European habiliments and set to work to don those which were spread out for my inspection. Then with some mixture from a bottle which Nikola handed me I stained my face, neck and arms, after which my pigtail, which was made on a cleverly contrived sort of scalp wig, was attached, and a large pair of tortoiseshell glasses, of a similar pattern to those worn by Nikola, were placed upon my nose. My feet were encased in sandals, a stiff round hat of the ordinary Chinese pattern was placed upon my head, and this, taken with my thickly padded robe of yellow silk,

^{*} Copyright, 1895, by Guy Boothby.

gave me a most portly and dignified appearance. When Nikola returned to the room he examined me carefully and expressed himself as highly pleased with the result; indeed when we greeted each other in the Chinese fashion and language he would have been a sharp man who could have detected that we were not what we pretended to be.

that we were not what we pretended to be.

"Now," said Nikola, "if you are ready
we will test the efficiency of our disguises.
It is now a quarter to twelve and there is a
meeting at the house of a man named Lo



Ting at midnight. The folk we shall meet there are members of a secret society aiming at the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty. Laohwan has gone on ahead, and, being a member of the society, he is to report to them the arrival of two distinguished merchants from the interior who are also members. I have got the passwords, and I know the general idea of their aims, so with your permission we will set off at once.

As we go I will explain more fully our intentions."

"But you are surely not going to penetrate into a secret society to-night?" I said, astonished at the coolness with which he proposed to run such an enormous risk. "Wouldn't it be wiser to wait until we are a little more accustomed to our dresses?"

"By no means," answered Nikola. "This will be a very good test. If we are detected by the folk we shall see to-night we shall know where the fault lies, and we can turn back and remedy it before it is too late. If we get through all right we shall probably have derived some important information to help us on our way, and, what is equally to the point, shall have additional confidence in our powers. Come along."

He passed into the passage and led the way through the house out into the compound, where a couple of chairs with their attendant coolies were awaiting us. We stepped into them and were presently being borne in a dignified fashion down the street.

In something under twenty minutes our bearers stopped and set us down again; we alighted, and when the coolies had disappeared Nikola whispered in Chinese that the password was "Liberty," and that as one said it it was necessary to place the fingers of the right hand in the palm of the left. If I should be asked any questions I was to trust to my mother wit to answer them satisfactorily.

We approached the door, which was down a small alley, and when we reached it I noticed that Nikola rapped upon it twice with a large ring he wore upon the first finger of his right hand. In answer a small and peculiar sort of grille was opened, and a voice within said in Chinese—

"Who is it that disturbs honest people at this unseemly hour?"

"Two merchants from Szechuen who have come to Shanghai in search of liberty," said my companion, holding up his hands in the manner described above.

Immediately the door was opened and I followed Nikola into the house. The passage was in pitch darkness and terribly close. As soon as we had entered the front gate was shut behind us, and we were told to walk straight forward. A moment later a door at the further end opened, and a bright light issued forth. Our conductor signed to us to enter, and assuming an air of humility, and folding our hands in the prescribed manner before us, we passed into a large apartment in which were seated

possibly twenty men. Without a word we crossed and took up our position on a sort of divan at the further end. Pines were handed to us, and for what must have been nearly five minutes we continued solemnly to puff out smoke, without a word being uttered in the room. If I were to say that I felt at my ease during this long silence it would hardly be the truth; but I

ings may have been I did not let a sign of my embarrassment escape me. Then an elderly Chinaman, who sat a little to our right. and who was. without doubt. the chief person present, turned to Nikola and addressed to him a question relative to his visit to Shanghai. Nikola answered slowly and gravely, after the Celestial fashion, deprecating any idea of personal advantage, and asserting that it was only to have the honour of saying he had been in Shanghai that he had come at all. When he had finished, the same question was addressed to me. answered in similar terms, and then another silence fell upon

flatter myself whatever my feel-

us all. Indeed it was not until we had been in the room nearly half an hour that any attempt at business was made. Then such a flow of gabble ensued that I could hardly make head or tail of what I heard. Nikola was to the fore all through; he invented plots for the overthrowing of dynasties, each of which had a peculiar merit

"He rapped upon it twice."

of its own: he theoretically assassinated persons in high places, and, what was more, disposed of their bodies afterwards, and to my thinking out-heroded Herod in his zeal. Before he had been an hour in the place he was at the head of affairs, and had he so desired could have obtained just what he wanted from those present. I did my best to second his efforts, but my co-operation was

hardly needed. Three o'clock had passed before the meeting broke up. Then one by one the members left the room, until only Laohwan, the old man who had first addressed us. Nikola and myself remained in occu-

nation.

Then little by little, with infinite tact, Nikola led the conversation round into the channel wanted. How he had learnt that the old man knew anything at all of the matter was more than I could understand. But that he did know something, that, with a little persuasion, he might be induced to give us the benefit of his knowledge, soon became evident.

"But these things are not for everyone," he said, after a brief recital of the tales he had heard. "If my honour-

able friend will be guided by one who is old enough to be his father, he will not seek to penetrate further."

"The sea of knowledge is for all who can swim in it," answered Nikola, puffing solemnly at his pipe. "I have heard these things often, and I would make my mind certain of their truth. Can you help me to



such inquiries? It is for the sake of the light of heaven."

As he spoke he took from a pocket under his upper coat the small stick he had obtained from Wetherell. The old man no sooner saw it than his whole demeanour changed; he knelt humbly at Nikola's feet and implored his pardon.

"If my lord had spoken before," he said tremblingly, "I would have answered truth-

fully. All that I have is my lord's."

"I want nothing," said Nikola, "beyond the next step. This I must have at once."

"My lord shall be instantly obeyed," said

the old man.

"It is well," Nikola answered. "Let there be no delay, and let no word pass your lips. Send it to our friend Laohwan, who

will bring it to me."

Having said this he rose to go, and in five minutes we were back in our respective chairs being borne down the street again. When we reached the house from which we had started Nikola called me into the room where we had dressed.

"You have had an opportunity now of seeing the power of that stick," he said. "It was Laohwan who discovered that the man was a member of the society. All that talk of overthrowing the Manchu dynasty was simply balderdash, partly real, but also meant to deceive. Now if all goes well the old fellow will open the first gate to us, and then we shall be able to go ahead. Let us change our clothes and get back to my own house. If I mistake not we shall have to be off up the coast before breakfast time."

With that we set to work, and when we were once more dressed in European habiliments, left the house and returned to the bungalow where I had first called upon Nikola. By this time it was close upon daylight and already a stir of life was discernible in the streets. Making our way into the house we proceeded direct to Nikola's study, where his servants had prepared a meal for us. We sat down to it and were in the act of falling to upon a cold pie when a boy entered with the announcement that a Chinaman was in the hall and desired to speak with us. It was Laohwan.

"Well," said Nikola, "what message does

the old man send?"

In reply Laohwan, who was not prodigal of speech, took from his sleeve a large card on which were some words written in Chinese characters. Nikola glanced at them, and having mastered their purport handed the card across the table to me. It contained the following message:—

"In the house of Quong Sha, in the Street of a Hundred Tribulations, Tientsin."

That was all.

Nikola turned to Laohwan.

"At what time does that French boat sail?" he asked.

"At half-past six," answered Laohwan promptly.

Nikola looked at his watch, thought for a

moment and then said—

"Go on ahead. Book your passage and get aboard as soon as you can; we will join her later. But remember until we get to Tientsin you have never set eyes on us before."

Laohwan bowed and left the room.

"At this point," said Nikola, pouring himself out a cup of black coffee, "the real adventure begins. It is a quarter to five now; we will take it easy for half an hour and then set off to the harbour and get aboard."

Accordingly, as soon as we had finished our meal we seated ourselves in lounge chairs and lit cigars. For half an hour we discussed the events of the evening and, exactly as the clock struck a quarter past five, rose to our feet again. Nikola rang a bell and his principal boy entered.

"I am going away," said Nikola. "Most probably you will not see my face again for a year. In the meantime you will take care of this house; you will not let one thing be stolen; and if when I come back I find a window broken or as much as a pin missing, I'll saddle you with ten million devils. You

understand me?"

The boy looked into his face and nodded. "That will do," said Nikola. "You can go."

As the servant left the room my curious friend gave a strange whistle. Next moment the black cat came trotting in, sprang on her master's knee and crawled up on to his shoulder. Nikola looked at me and smiled.

"What wife would be so constant?" he

I laughed; the idea of Nikola and matrimony somehow did not harmonise. He lifted the cat down and placed him on the table.

"Apollyon," said he, with the only touch of regret I saw him show throughout the trip, "we've got to part for a year. Good-bye old cat, good-bye."

Then having stroked the animal gently

once or twice he turned briskly to me.

"Come along," he said; "let us be off.

Time presses."

The cat sat on the table watching him and appearing to understand every word he uttered. Nikola stroked its fur for the last time and then walked out of the room. I followed at his heels and together we passed out into the compound. By this time the streets were crowded. A new day had begun in Shanghai, and we had no difficulty in obtaining 'rickshaws.

"The Vectis Queen," said Nikola, as soon as we were seated. The coolies immediately started off at a run, and in something under a quarter of an hour we had reached the wharf side of the Hwang-Pu River. The boat we were in search of lay well out in the stream, and for this reason it was necessary that we should charter a sampan to reach

ner.

Arriving on board we interviewed the purser and, when we had paid our fares, were shown to our cabins. The Vectis Queen, as all the East knows, is not a large steamer, and her accommodation is, well to say the least of it, limited. But at this particular time of year there were not a great many people travelling, consequently we were not overcrowded. As soon as I had arranged my baggage I left my cabin and went on deck. Small is the world! Hardly had I stepped off the companion-ladder before I was accosted by a man whom I thought at the other end of the earth.

"Why, Wilfred Bruce!" he cried. "Who'd

have thought of seeing you here."

I turned and found standing before me no less a person than a certain James Downing, a man with whom I had been well acquainted on the Australian coastal service.

"How long have you been up here?" I inquired, not best pleased, as you may

suppose, at seeing him.

"Getting on for a year," he answered.
"I came up with one of our boats, had a row with the skipper, and left her in Hong-Kong. After that I joined this line. But though I don't think much of the Chinkies, I am fairly well satisfied. You're looking pretty well, old man; but you've got precious sunburnt since I saw you last."

"It's the effect of too much rice," I said

with a smile.

He laughed with the spontaneous gaiety of a man who is ready to be amused by anything however simple, and then we walked up the deck together. As we turned to retrace our steps Nikola emerged from the companion-hatch and joined us. I intro-

duced Downing to him, and in five minutes you would have supposed them friends of years' standing. Before they had been together a quarter of an hour Nikola had given him a prescription for prickly-heat, from which irritation Downing suffered considerably, and when this proved successful the young man's gratitude and admiration were boundless. By breakfast time we were well down the river, and by midday Shanghai lay far behind us.

Throughout the voyage Nikola was in his best spirits; he joined in all the amusements. organised innumerable sports and games, and was indefatigable in his exertions to amuse. And while I am on this subject let me say that there was one thing which struck me as even more remarkable than anything else in the character of this extraordinary man, and that was his extreme fondness for children. There was one little boy in particular on board the boat, a wee toddler scarcely four years old, with whom Nikola soon established himself on terms of intimacy; he would play with him for hours at a stretch, never tiring and never for one moment allowing his attention to wander from the matter in hand. I must own that when I saw them playing together under the lee of one of the boats on the promenade deck, on the hatchways, or beneath the awning aft, I could scarcely believe my eyes. I had to ask myself if this man, whose entire interest seemed to be centred on paper boats and pigs cut out of orange peel, could be the same Nikola from whom Wetherell, ex-Colonial Secretary of New South Wales, had fled in London as from a pestilence, and at the sight of whom Benwell, of the Chinese Revenue Service, had excused himself and rushed out of the club in Shanghai. That however was Nikola's way. If he were making a paper boat, cutting a pig out of orange peel, weaving a plot round a politician, or endeavouring to steal the secret of an allpowerful society, he would give the matter in hand his whole attention, make himself master of every detail, and never leave it till he had achieved his object or had satisfied himself that it was useless for him to work at it any longer.

Throughout the voyage Laohwan, though we saw him repeatedly, did not for a moment allow it to be supposed that he knew us. He was located on the for ard deck, and, as far as we could gather, spent his whole time playing fan-tan with half a dozen compatriots on the

cover of the forehatch.

The voyage up the coast is not an exciting

one, but at last, about sunset one evening, we reached Tientsin, which, as all the world knows, is a treaty port located at the confluence of the Yu-Ho or Grand Canal with the river Pei-Ho. As soon as we came alongside the jetty we collected our baggage and went ashore. Here another thing struck me. Nikola seemed as well acquainted with this place as he was with every other, and as soon as we arrived on the Bund called 'rickshaws and bade the coolies convey us without delay to a certain Mr. Williams' residence in the European Concession.

This proved to be a house of modest size, built in the fashion usual in that part of the East. As we alighted from our 'rickshaws, a tall elderly man, with a distinctly handsome cast of countenance, came into the veranda to welcome us. Seeing Nikola he for a moment appeared to be overcome with

surprise

"Can it be possible that I see Dr. Nikola?"

he cried.

"It is not only possible but quite certain that you do," said Nikola as he signed to the coolie to lift his bag out and then went up the steps. "It is two years since I had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr. Williams, and now I look at you you don't seem to have changed at all since we taught Mah Feng that lesson in Seoul."

"You have not forgotten that business

then, Dr. Nikola?"

"No more than Mah Feng has," my companion answered with a short laugh.

"And what can I do for you now?"

"I want you to let us tax your hospitality for a few hours," said Nikola. "This is my friend Mr. Bruce, with whom I am engaged on an important piece of work."

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, sir," said Mr. Williams, and having shaken hands with us he escorted us into

 ${f the\ house}$

Ten minutes later we were quite at home in his residence and were waiting, myself impatiently, for a communication from And here I must pay another Laohwan. tribute to Nikola's powers of self-concentration. Anxious as the time was, peculiar as was our position, he did not waste a moment in idle conjecture, but taking from his travelling bag an abstruse work on chemistry, which was his invariable companion, settled himself down to a study of it; even when the messenger did come he did not stop at once, but continued the calculations upon which he was engaged until they were finished, when he directed Laohwan to inform him as to the progress he had made.

"Your arrival," said the latter "is expected, and though I have not been to the house I have learned that preparations are being made for your reception."

"In that case you had better purchase ponies and have the men in readiness, for in all probability we shall leave for Pekin to-

morrow morning."

"At what time will your Excellency visit the house?" asked Laohwan.

"Some time between half-past ten and eleven this evening," answered Nikola, and

thereupon our trusty retainer left us.

At seven o'clock our evening meal was served. After it was finished I smoked a pipe in solitude while Nikola went into a neighbouring room for half an hour's earnest conversation with our host. When he returned he informed me that it was time for us to dress, and thereupon we went to our respective rooms and attired ourselves in our Chinese costumes. Having done this we let ourselves out by a side door and set off for the native city. It was fully half-past ten before we reached it, but we preferred to allow those who were expecting us to wait rather than that we should betray any appearance of hurry.

Anyone who has had experience of Tientsin will bear me out when I say that of all the dirty and pestilential holes this earth of ours possesses there are very few to equal it, and scarcely one that can surpass it. Narrow, irregular streets, but little wider than an average country lane in England, run in and out and twist and twine in every con-Overhead the second ceivable direction. stories of the houses, decorated with signboards, streamers and flags, almost touch each other, so that even in the middle of the day a sort of dim religious light prevails. At night, as may be supposed, it is pitch dark. And both by day and night it smells abominably.

Arriving at the end of the street to which we had been directed we left our conveyances and proceeded for the rest of the distance on foot. Half way down this particular thoroughfare—which was a little wider, and certainly a degree more respectable than its neighbours, we were met by Laohwan—who conducted us to the house of which we were

in search.

In outward appearance it was not unlike its fellows, was one story high, had large overhanging eaves, a sort of trellis-shielded veranda, and a low arched doorway. On this last our Chinese companion knocked with his fist, and at the third repetition the door was opened. Lachwan said something in a low voice to the janitor, who thereupon, with many bows, admitted us.

"There is but one sun," said the guardian

of the gate humbly.

"But there be many stars," said Nikola.



"Wrinkled like a sun-dried crab-apple,"

whereupon the man led us as far as the second door along the passage. Arriving at this he knocked upon it in a peculiar manner. It was instantly opened, and we stepped inside. Here stood another man holding a queer-shaped lamp in his hand. On seeing us he intimated that we should follow him, which we did, down a long passage, to bring up finally at a curtained

archway. Drawing the curtain aside he bade us pass through, and then re-drew it after us.

On the other side of the arch we found ourselves in a large dark-coloured room, the floor, walls and ceiling of which were made of some wood remarkably resembling teak. It was unfurnished save for a few scrolled banners suspended at regular intervals upon the walls, and a few cushions in a corner. When we entered it was untenanted, but we had not long to wait before our solitude was I had turned to speak to interrupted. Nikola, who was examining a banner on the left wall, when suddenly a quiet footfall behind me attracted my attention. I wheeled quickly round to find myself confronted by a Chinaman whose age could scarcely have been less than eighty years. His face was wrinkled like a sun-dried crab-apple, his hair was almost white, and I noticed that he walked with a stick. One thing struck me as very curious about his appearance. Though the house in which we found ourselves was by no means a small one, though it showed every sign of care, and even in places betokened the possession of considerable wealth on the part of its owner, this old man, who was undoubtedly the principal personage in it, was clad in garments that evidenced the deepest poverty. When he reached Nikola, whom he seemed to consider, as indeed did everyone else, the chief of our party, he bowed low before him and said—

"Your Excellency has been anxiously expected. All the arrangements for your progress onward have been made this week past."

"Very good," said Nikola. "And what

"News has been sent on to Pekin," said the old man, "and the chief priest will await you in the Llamaserai. I can tell you no more."

"And now let us know what has been said about my coming."

"It is said that they who have chosen,

have chosen wisely."

"That is well; I am satisfied," said Nikola. "Now leave us; I am tired and would be I shall remain the night in this house and go onwards at daybreak to-morrow morning. See that I am not disturbed."

The old man assured Nikola that his wishes should be respected, and having done so left the room. When he had gone Nikola drew me to the further end of the apartment and whispered hurriedly—

"I see it all now. Luck is playing into

our hands. If I can get hold of the two men I want to carry this business through I'll have the society's secret or die in the attempt. Listen to me. When we arrived to-night I learnt from Williams, who knows almost as much of the under life of China as I do myself, that what I suspected has taken place. That is that after this long interval there has been an election to fill the place of the man whom China Pete killed in the Llamaserai to obtain possession of that The man chosen is the chief priest of the Llama temple of Hankow, a most religious and extraordinary person. expected in Pekin either this week or next. These people have mistaken me for him, and I mean that they shall continue in their error. If they find that we are hoodwinking them we are dead men that instant, but if they don't, and we can keep this other man out of the way, we stand an excellent chance of getting from them all we want to know. It is a chance that might never come again, so we must make the most of it. attend carefully to me. It would never do for me to leave this place to-night, but it is most imperative that I should communicate with Williams. I must write a letter to him, and you must take it. He must send two cablegrams without an instant's delay."

So saying he drew from a pocket inside his sleeve a small notebook, and, what seemed most incongruous, a patent American fountain pen. Seating himself upon the floor he began to write. For nearly five minutes complete silence reigned in the room, then he tore two or three leaves from

the book and handed them to me.

"Take these to Williams," he said. "He must find out where this other man is, without losing an instant, and then communicate with the folk to whom I am cabling. Come what may they must catch him before he can get here and carry him out to sea. Once there he must not be allowed to land again until you and I are safely back in Shanghai."

"And who is Williams to cable to?"

"To two men in whom I have the greatest confidence. One is named Eastover, and the other Prendergast. He will send them this message."

He handed me another slip of paper.

"To Prendergast, care Gregson, Hong-Kong—

"Come Tientsin next boat. Don't delay a moment. When you arrive call on Williams at once.

NIKOLA."

CHAPTER V.

I RESCUE A YOUNG LADY.

HAVING left the room in which Nikola had settled himself I found myself in the passage, where I was accosted by the same doorkeeper who had admitted us to the house, and who now preceded and ushered me into the street. Once there I discovered that the condition of the night had changed. When we had left Mr. Williams' residence it was bright starlight, now heavy black clouds covered the face of the sky, and as I passed down the street in the direction of the English Concession a heavy peal of thunder rumbled overhead. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and, as I could not help thinking, a curious quiet lay upon the native city. There was an air of suppressed excitement about those Chinamen whom I met that puzzled me, and when I came upon knots of them at street corners, such scraps of conversation as I was able to overhear did not disabuse my mind of the idea that some disturbance was in active preparation. However I had not time to pay much attention to them. I had to find Mr. Williams' house, give him the letter, and get back to Nikola with as little delay as possible.

At last I reached the Concession, passed the consul's house, and finally arrived at the

bungalow of which I was in search.

A bright light shone from one of the windows and towards it I directed my steps. On reaching it I discovered the owner of the house seated at a large table writing. I tapped softly upon the pane, whereupon he rose and came towards me. That he did not recognise me was evident by his reception of me.

"What do you want?" he asked in

Chinese as he opened the window.

Bending a little forward so as to reach his ear I whispered the following sentence into it: "I should like to ask your honourable presence one simple question."

"This is not the time to ask questions however simple," he replied; "you must

come round in the morning."

"But the morning will be too late," I answered earnestly. "I tell you by the spirit of your ancestors that what I have to

say must be said to-night."

"Then come and for mercy's sake say it," he replied a little testily, and beckened me into the room. I did as he desired, and seated myself on the stool before him, covering my hands with my great sleeves

in the orthodox fashion. Then, remembering the Chinese love of procrastination, I began to work the conversation in and out through various channels until I saw that his patience was well-nigh exhausted. Still however he did not recognise me. Then leaning towards him I said—

"Are you aware, Mr. Williams, that your house has been watched since sundown?"

"By whom, and for what reason?" he inquired, looking, I thought, a little uncomfortable.

"By three men, and because of two strangers who arrived by the mail boat this afternoon."

"What strangers?" he inquired innocently. But I noticed that he looked at me rather more fixedly than before.

"The man whom we call 'The man with the devil's eyes'—but whom you call Nikola

—and his companion."

I gave Nikola's name as nearly as a Chinaman would be able to pronounce it, and then waited to see what he would say next. That he was disconcerted was plain enough, but that he did not wish to commit himself was also very evident. He endeavoured to temporise, but as this was not to my taste I revealed my identity by saying in my natural voice and in English—

"It would seem that my disguise is a very

good one, Mr. Williams."

He stared at me.

"Surely you are not Mr. Bruce?" he cried.
"I am," I answered, "and what's more
I am here on an important errand. I have
brought you a letter from Nikola, which you

must read and act upon at once."

As I spoke I produced from a pocket in my sleeve the letter Nikola had given me and handed it to him. He sat down again at the table and perused it carefully. When he had done so once he read it again, then a third time. Having at last got it by heart he went across the room to a safe in the corner. Having unlocked it he opened a drawer and carefully placed the slip of paper in it. Then he came back and took up his old seat again. I noticed that his forehead was contracted with thought, and that there was an expression of perplexity, and one might have almost said of doubt, about his mouth. At last he spoke.

"I know you are in most of Nikola's secrets, Mr. Bruce," he said, "but are you aware of the contents of this letter?"

"Does it refer to the man who is expected in Pekin to take up the third stick in the society?" "Yes," he answered slowly, stabbing at his blotting-pad with the point of a pen as he did so, "it does. It refers to him very vitally."

"You are revolving in your mind the advisability of what Nikola says about

abducting him I suppose?"

"Exactly. Can Nikola be aware, think you, that the man in question was chief priest of one of the biggest Hankow temples?"

"I have no doubt that he is. But you say 'was.' Has the man then resigned his appointment in order to embrace this new calling?"

"I suppose so."

"Well in that case it seems to me that the

difficulty is considerably lessened."

"In one direction, perhaps; but then it is increased in another. If he is still a priest and we abduct him then we fight the Government and the Church. On the other hand, if he is no longer a priest, and the slightest suspicion of what we are about to do leaks out, then we shall have to fight a society which is ten times as powerful as any government or priesthood in the world."

"You have Nikola's instructions I

 ${\rm suppose} \ ? \ "$

"Yes, and I confess I would rather deal with the Government of China and the millions of the society than disobey him in one single particular. But let me tell you this, Mr. Bruce, if Nikola is pig-headed enough to continue his quest in the face of this awful uncertainty I would not give a penny piece for either his life or that of the man who accompanies him. Consider for one moment what I mean. This society, into whose secrets he is so anxious to penetrateand how much better he will be when he has done so he alone knows—is without doubt the most powerful in the whole wide world. If rumour is to be believed its list of members exceeds twenty millions. It has representatives in almost every town and village in the length and breadth of this great land, to say nothing of Malaysia, Australia and America; its rules are most exacting, and when you reflect for one moment that our friend is going to impersonate one of the three leaders of this gigantic force, with chances of detection menacing him at every turn, you will see for yourself what a foolhardy undertaking it is."

"I must own I agree with you, but still

he is Nikola."

"Yes. In that you sum up everything. He is NIKQLA."

"Then what answer am I to take back to him?"

"That I will proceed with the work at once. Stay, I will write it down, that there may be no possible mistake."

So saying he wrote for a moment, and when his letter was completed handed it to

I rose to go.

"And with regard to those telegrams?" I said.

"I will despatch them myself the very moment the office is open," he answered. "I have given Nikola an assurance to that effect in my letter."



"'Kueidzu!' he cried."

"We leave at daybreak for Pekin, so I will wish you good-bye now."

"You have no thought of turning back, I suppose?"

"Not the very slightest."

"You're a plucky man."

"I suppose I must be. But there is an old saying that just meets my case."

"And that is?"

"'Needs must when---"

"Well, shall we say when Nikola——?"

"Yes. 'Needs must when Nikola drives.' Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and may good luck go with

you."

I shook hands with him at the front door and then descended the steps and set off on my return to the native city. As I left the street in which the bungalow stood a clock struck twelve. The clouds, which had been so heavy when I set out, had now drawn off the sky, and it was bright starlight.

As I entered the town proper my first impression was in confirmation of my original feeling that something out of the common was about to happen. Nor was I deceived. Hardly had I gone a hundred yards before a tunult of angry voices broke upon my ear. The sound increased in volume, and presently an excited mob poured into the street along which I was making my way. Had it been possible I would have turned down a bypath and so escaped them, but now this was quite impossible. They had hemmed me in on every side, and, willy-nilly, I was compelled to go with them.

For nearly half a mile they carried me on in this fashion, then, leaving the thoroughfare along which they had hitherto passed, they turned sharply to the right hand and brought up before a moderate-sized house having a double frontage and standing at a corner. Wondering what it all might mean, I accosted a youth standing by my side and questioned him. His answer was brief, but

to the point—

"Kueidzu!" (devil) he cried, and picking up a stone hurled it through the nearest window.

The house, I soon discovered, was the residence of a missionary, who, I was relieved to hear, was absent from home. As I could see the mob was bent on wrecking his dwelling I left them to their work and proceeded on my way again. But though I did not know it yet another adventure was in store for me.

As I turned from the street into which I had passed from that in which the mob was destroying the residence of the missionary, I heard a shrill cry for help. I immediately came to a standstill in order to discover whence it had proceeded. I had not long to wait, however, before I found it, for almost as I stopped it rang out again. This time it undoubtedly came from a dark lane on my Without a second's thought I picked up my heels and ran across to it. At first it was so dark I could see nothing; then at the further end I made out three figures, and towards them I hastened. When I got there I found that one was a girl, the second an old man, who was stretched upon the ground; both were English, but their assailant was an active young fellow of the coolie class. He was standing over the man's body menacing the girl with a knife. My sandals made no noise upon the road, and as I came up on the dark side of the street neither of the trio noticed my presence until I was close upon them. But swift as I was I was hardly quick enough, for just as I arrived the girl threw herself upon the man, who at the same instant raised his arm and plunged his knife into her shoulder. It could not have penetrated very deep however before my fist was in his face. He rolled over like a ninepin.

and for a moment lay on the ground without moving. But he did not remain there very long. Recovering his senses he sprang to his feet and bolted down the street, yelling "Kueidzu! kueidzu!" at the top of bringing the mob to his assistance.

Before he was out of sight I was kneeling by the side of the girl upon the ground. She was unconscious. Her face was deadly pale, and I saw that her left shoulder was soaked in blood. From her I turned to the old man. He was a fine-looking old fellow. fairly well dressed and boasting a venerable white He lay stretched beard. out at full length, and one glance at his face was sufficient to tell me his fate. How it had been caused I could not tell, but there was no doubt about the fact that he was dead. When I had convinced myself of this I went back to the girl. Her eyes were open, and as I knelt beside her she

"What has happened?"

"You have been wounded," I answered.

"And my father?"

"I am sorry to have to say that he is dead,"

With that she uttered a little cry and for a moment lost consciousness again. I did not however wait to question her any further but went across to where her father lay and picking the body up in my arms carried it across the street to a dark corner. Having placed it there I returned to the girl and lifting her on to my shoulder ran down the street in the direction I had come as fast as I could go. In the distance I could hear the noise of the mob, who were still engaged wrecking the unfortunate missionary's dwelling.

Arriving at the spot where I had stood when I first heard the cry for help, I picked up my old course and proceeded along it to my destination. In something less than ten



"He bolted down the street."

minutes I had reached the house and knocked, in the same peculiar manner, upon the door, which was immediately opened. As soon as I had given the password I was admitted with my burden. If the custodian of the door thought anything he did not give utterance to it but permitted me to reach the second door unmolested.

Again I knocked, and once more the door was opened. Eut this time I was not to pass unchallenged. Though I had given the

password correctly the giant bade me wait while he scrutinised the burden in my arms.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"Have you the right to ask?" I said. "Stand aside or there are those who will

make you pay for stopping me."

He looked a trifle disconcerted, and after a moment's hesitation signed to me to pass. I took him at his word and proceeded into the room where I had left my chief. Nikola was eagerly expecting me I gathered from the pleasure my appearance gave him.

"You are late." he cried, coming quickly across to me, and at the same instant closing the door behind me. "I have been expecting you this hour past. But what have you

got there?"

"A girl," I answered, "the daughter of a missionary I believe. She has been wounded, and even now is unconscious. If I had not discovered her she would have been killed by the man who murdered her father."

"But what on earth made you bring her

here?"

"What else could I do? Her father is dead, and I believe the mob has wrecked her house?"

"Put her down," said Nikola, "and let me look at her."

I did as he bade me, and thereupon he set to work to examine her wound. deftness extraordinary, and a tenderness of which one would hardly have believed him capable, he bathed the wound with water. which I procured from the adjoining room, then having anointed it with some stuff from a small medicine chest he always carried about with him, he bound it up with a piece of Chinese cloth. When his work was finished he said—

"Lift her up while I try the effect of this

upon her."

From a pocket he took a small cut-glass bottle, shaped something like that which European ladies use for carrying smellingsalts, and having opened her mouth poured a few drops of what it contained upon her Almost instantly she opened her eyes, looked about her, and seeing, as she supposed, two Chinamen bending over her, fell back with an expression of abject terror But Nikola, who was still on her face. kneeling beside her, reassured her, saying in English-

"You need have no fear. You are in We will protect you, come safe hands.

what may."

His speech seemed to recall her to a remembrance of what had happened.

"Oh, my poor father!" she cried. "What

have you done with him?"

"To save your life," I answered, "I was compelled to leave his body in the street where I had found it, but it is quite safe."

"I must go and get it," she said. And as she spoke she tried to rise, but Nikola

put out his hand and stayed her.

"You must not move," he said. "Leave everything to me. I will take care that your father's body is found and protected."

"But I must go home."

"My poor girl," said Nikola tenderly, "you do not know everything. You have no home to go to. It was wrecked by the mob this evening."

"Oh dear! oh dear! Then what is to become of me? They have killed my father, and wrecked our house! And we trusted

them so."

Without further discussion Nikola rose and left the room. Presently he returned

and again approached the girl.

"I have sent men to find your father's body," he said. "It will be conveyed to a safe place, and within half an hour the English consul will be on the trail of his murderer. Now tell me how it all occurred."

"I will tell you what I can," she answered. "But it seems so little to have brought about so terrible a result. My father and I left our home this evening at half-past seven to hold a service in the little church our few converts had built for us. During the course of the service it repeatedly struck me that there was something wrong, and when we came out and saw the crowd that had collected at the door of the little building this impression was confirmed. they intended to attack us or not I cannot say, but just as we were leaving a shout was raised, and instantly off the mob set, I suppose in the direction of our house. I can see that now, though we did not suspect it Fearing to follow in the same direction we passed down a side street, intending to proceed home by another route. But as we left the main thoroughfare and turned into the dark lane where you found us, a man rushed out upon my father and with a thick stick or a bar of iron felled him to the ground. I endeavoured to protect him and to divert his attention to myself, whereupon he drew a knife and stabbed me in the shoulder. Then you came up and drove him off."

As she said this she raised my hand and kissed it.

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am to

you," she said.

"It was a very small service," I answered, feeling a little confused by her action. "I only wished I had arrived upon the scene earlier."

"Now whatever am I to do?"

"Have you any friends in Tientsin," inquired Nikola. "Anyone to whom you can go?"

"No, we know no one at all," the girl replied. "But I have a sister in Pekin, the wife of a missionary there. Could you help

me to get so far?"

"Though I cannot take you myself," said Nikola, "if you like I will put you in the way of getting there. In the meantime you must not remain in my house. Do not be afraid however, I will see that you are

properly taken care of."

Again he left the room, and while he was gone I looked more closely at the girl whom I had rescued. Her age might have been anything from twenty to twenty-three, her face was a perfect oval in shape, her skin was the most delicate I had ever seen, her mouth was small, and her eyes and hair were a beautiful shade of brown. But it was her sweet expression which was the chief charm of her face, and this was destined to haunt me for many a long day to come.

I don't think I can be accused of being a ladies' man (somehow or another I have never been thrown much into woman's society), but I must confess when I looked into this girl's face a thrill, such as I had never experienced before, passed over me.

"How can I ever thank you for your

goodness?" she asked simply.

"By bearing your trouble bravely," I answered. "And now may I ask your name?"

"Why not? My name is Medwin, Gladys

Mary Medwin. And yours?"

"It ought to be Mah Poo in this dress, oughtn't it? In reality it is Wilfred Bruce."

"But why are you disguised in this

fashion?"

"That I am sorry to say I cannot tell you," I answered. "Do you know, Miss Medwin, it is just possible that you may be the last Englishwoman I shall ever speak to in my life?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Again I can only say that I cannot tell you. But I may tell you this much, that I am going away in a few hours' time to under-

take something which more probably than not will mean that I shall lose my life. I don't know why I should say this to you, but one cannot be prosaic at such moments as these. Besides I seem to have known you for years. You say I have done you a service, will you do one for me?"

"What can I do?" she asked, placing her

little hand upon my arm.

"This ring," I said, at the same time drawing a plain gold circlet from my finger, "was my poor mother's last gift to me. I dare not take it with me where I am going. Would it be too much to ask you to keep it for me? In the event of my not returning, you might promise me to wear it as a little memento of the service you say I have done you to-night. It would be pleasant to think that I have one woman friend in the world."

As I spoke I raised the hand that lay upon my arm, and holding it in mine placed the

ring upon her finger.

"I will keep it for you with pleasure," she said. "But is this work upon which you are embarking really so dangerous?"

"More so than you can imagine," I replied. "But be sure of this, Miss Medwin, if I do come out of it alive I will find you out and claim that ring."

"I will remember," she answered, and

just as she had finished speaking Nikola

re-entered the room.

"My dear young lady," he said hurriedly, "I have made arrangements for your safe conduct to the house of a personal friend, who will do all he can for you while you remain in Tientsin. Then as soon as you can leave this place he will have you escorted carefully to your sister in Pekin. Now I think you had better be going. A conveyance is at the door, and my friend will be waiting to receive you. Mr. Bruce will you conduct Miss Medwin to the chair."

"You are too good to me."

"Not at all. You will amply compensate me if you will grant me one favour in return."

"How can I serve you?"

"By never referring in any way to the fact of your having met us. When I tell you that our lives will in a great measure depend upon your reticence I feel sure you will comply with my request."

"Not a word shall escape my lips."

Nikola bowed and then almost abruptly turned on his heel and walked away. Seeing that it was meant as a signal that she should depart, I led the way out of the room down the passage and through the front door into

the street, where a chair was in waiting. Having placed her in it I bade her goodbye in a whisper.

"Good-bye," I said. "If ever I return alive I will inquire for you at the house to

which you are now going."

"Good-bye, and may God protect you!"

She took my hand in hers and next moment I felt something placed in the palm. Then I withdrew it; the coolies took up the poles, and presently the equipage was moving down the street.

I turned and went back into the house to find Nikola pacing up and down the room where I had left him, his hands behind his back and his head bowed He looked up at me and, without referring to what had happened, said quickly—

"The ponies will be at the door in an hour's time. If you want rest you had

better take it now."

"What do you intend doing?" I asked.

"I am going to have an interview with the old man we saw to-night. I want to try and worm some more information for our guidance out of him. Don't leave this room until my return, and above all remember in your future dealings with me that I am a chief priest and as such am entitled to the deepest reverence. Always bear in mind the fact that che little mistake may upset all our plans and may land both our heads on the top of the nearest city gate."

"I will remember," I said. And he there-

upon left the room.

When he had gone I put my hand into my pocket and drew out the little keepsake Miss Medwin had given me. It proved to be a small but curiously chased locket, and to my

sorrow contained no photograph. She had evidently worn it round her neck for a small piece of faded ribbon was still attached to it. I looked at it for a moment and then slipped the ribbon round my own neck, for so only could I hope to prevent its being stolen from me. Then I laid myself down upon a mat in a corner and in less time than it takes to tell fell fast asleep. It must have been nearly an hour later when I woke to find Nikola shaking me by the shoulder.

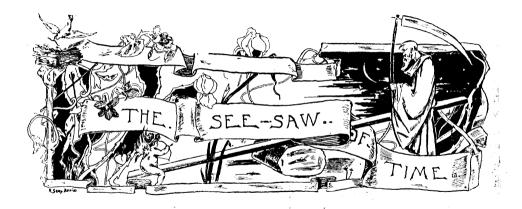
"Time's up," he said. "The ponies are at the door, and we must embark on the

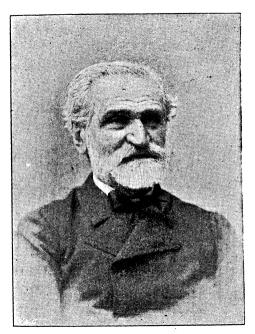
next stage of our adventure."

I had hardly collected my faculties and scrambled to my feet before the old man whom I had seen on the previous evening entered the room, bringing with him a meal which consisted principally of rice and small coarse cakes made of maize. We fell to work upon them and soon had them finished, washing them down with repeated cups of excellent tea.

When our meal was ended Nikola led the old man aside and said something to him in an undertone, emphasising his remarks with solemn gestures. Then with the whole retinue of the house at our heels to do us honour, we proceeded into the courtyard to find Laohwan in waiting with five ponies. Two were laden with baggage, upon one of the others Nikola seated himself, I appropriated the second, Laohwan contenting himself with the third. Then amid the respectful greeting of the household the gates were opened and we rode into the street. As Nikola said, we had embarked upon another stage of our adventures.

(To be continued.)



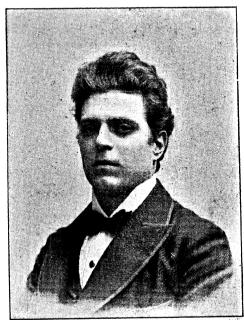


THE OLDEST OPERA COMPOSER IN EUROPE: SIGNOR VERDI.

(AGED 81.)

GUISEPPE VERDI is a native of Rancola, a village in Parma, where his father kept an inn. He studied music in Milan, and published his first work fifty-seven years ago. His operas "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," and "Rigoletto," have given him world-wide fame; his Requiem Mass, too, is known all over Europe. Verdi sat for a time in the Italian Parliament. He has received many honours and decorations, and was accorded enthusiastic ovations when he visited Paris in 1894. Verdi loves a quiet country life, in which he can enjoy his simple tastes.

PIETRO MASCAGNI, the son of a baker, was born in Leghorn. He studied for a time at the Conservatoire in Milan, and afterwards became a teacher in Cerignola. His one act opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," was successful in winning the prize in a competition, and speedily became famous throughout Europe, partly by reason of its charming Intermezzo. "L'Amico Fritz" and "I Rantzau," while less known, have also brought their composer an increased reputation. In London, where he conducted his operas, Mascagni was fêted in musical circles in 1893.

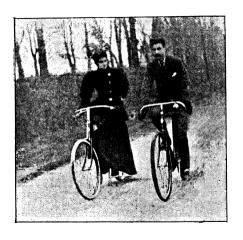


From a photo by] [Guigoni & Bossi.

THE YOUNGEST OPERA COMPOSER IN EUROPE:

PIETRO MASCAGNI.

(AGED 32.)







CYCLE SONGS.-II.

"THIS HILL IS DANGEROUS."
BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Illustrated by Charles Knight.

- "This hill is dangerous," I said,
 As we rode on together
 Through sunny miles and sunny miles
 Of Surrey heather.
- "This hill is dangerous—don't you think
 We'd better walk it?"
- "Or sit it out—more danger still!"
 She smiled—"and talk it?"







- "Are you afraid?" she turned and cried
 So very brave and sweetly.
 Oh that brave smile that takes the heart
- Captive completely!
 "Afraid?" I said, deep in her eyes
- Recklessly gazing;
 "For you I'd ride into the sun
 And die all blazing!"







"I never yet saw hill," I said,

"And was afraid to take it;
I never saw a foolish law,
And feared to break it.

Who fears a hill or fears a law
With you beside him?

Who fears, dear star! the wildest sea
With you to guide him?"

Then came the hill—a cataract,

A dusty swirl before us;
The world stood round—a village world—
In fearful chorus.
Sure to be killed! Sure to be killed!
O fools, how dare ye!
Sure to be killed—and serve us right!
Ah, love, but were we?







The hill was dangerous we knew,

And knew that we must take it;

The law was strong—that too we knew,

Yet dared to break it.

And those who'd fain know how we fared

Follow and find us,

Safe on the hills, with all the world

Safely behind us.





MISS MARGARET MACINTYRE.

MOMENTS

WITH

MODERN MUSICIANS.

III.—A CHAT WITH MISS MACINTYRE.

By Archibald Cromwell.



HE Albert Hall is apparently a magnet to singers as well as to audiences, for near it you find the residences of many famous vocalists. Madame Christine Nilsson, now the

Countess de Miranda, used to live in its immediate neighbourhood; Madame Albani's house is only a few minutes' walk from the hall where she so often sings; and it was not far from it that I found Miss Margaret Macintyre's home on a recent sunny afternoon

Since I interviewed the young prima donna one foggy morning five years ago, after she had been the heroine of *Ivanhoe* at the National Opera House, "a good many things have happened." The promise which Miss Macintyre then gave of becoming a great singer has been fulfilled, and she has had the unique honour of being the first British prima donna at La Scala, Milan.

There was plenty of singing throughout our chat, though the music was provided, not by Miss Macintyre, but by a large orchestra of birds brought from South Africa as one of the many mementoes of her visit, and their lovely notes were a fit accompaniment to the voice of Miss Macintyre as she told me of her holiday tour in the Dark Continent.

"I had been feeling very tired with my work at La Scala, Milan, and so it was a very welcome change for me to go to the Cape. And besides, my mother and I wanted to see my two brothers who have been living there some time. No, they fortunately were not in the least affected by the political disturbances in January; they have nothing to do with the Government. I liked Africa very much indeed. We travelled a good deal about, for there was no original idea of my

singing much. But after being engaged for four concerts, the audiences were so large that ultimately I sang in opera eighteen times in one town alone. The Scotch folks everywhere were so kind; they came to the railway station to meet me, and there was always a deputation with an address of welcome, and they seemed as if they could not do too much to make me happy. I was never so proud of being Scotch as when they treated me so well in Africa. For encores I nearly always gave a Scotch ballad, or 'Home, Sweet Home,' and that used to please them immensely."

"Did you see President Kruger?"

"Yes, and I have just received this admirable portrait of himself and his wife, with his autograph. He is a very quiet, longheaded man; he does not care for music, I think. He and Mrs. Kruger live very simply; but there is no doubt as to his immense power."

"And did you have many gold-diggers in

your audiences, Miss Macintyre?"

"Oh ves, but no thrilling incidents of men leaping on the platform, such as you read happen in California. They were appreciative, and more critical than I expected. The people in the stalls were, of course, acquainted with good music in Berlin, Paris, or London, so it was not surprising that they preferred opera to a general concert. Mr. Santley and Signor Foli have visited many of the towns. One thing I could not help noticing, the same people came every evening. Oh yes, we singers recollect faces very well, as a rule. Naturally, you see a different set of faces at the opera in Covent Garden theatre to those you see at a ballad concert. Of the two I think the ballad concert audiences look more pleased. They regard the occasion as an unusual treat, and are determined to get their money's worth—and a good deal more if possible."

"What are your views about encores?"

"Well, the way I look at the question is that everybody likes appreciation, and it is easy to show gratitude by a little extra effort. You have no idea how trying it is when there is no applause, such as is the case at the State Concerts in Buckingham

Inever feel more nervous than when I face that brilliant and highly discriminative audience. Of course all the royal family are good musicians. and a word of appreciation from them is really valuable; and they are very kind in their expressions after you have sung."

"That reminds me, Miss Macintyre, that you have sung several times before the

Queen."

"Yes, and very delightful it has always been to appear before her Majesty. That autograph portrait she gave me after one of my visits. Another time the Queen gave me this lovely gold orna-

ment of an angel with exquisite diamond wings. Is it not beautiful? She gave Signor Tamagno a silver box in which to keep the cigars he loves so much. What an artist that man is! I did enjoy singing in opera with him. When we were to play 'Otello' there was hardly a chance of a proper rehearsal. But he took such a lot of trouble to show me the many little points that one has to regard in a performance. He is one of the few great singers who, though they are anxious to achieve personal success, want their colleagues to make a hit as well.

The Queen was charmed with his voice, though when I thought of the small room in which we were to play I wondered how the roof would stay on if Tamagno were to exert himself to his full powers! But he was, like Lord Clive, surprised at his own moderation. The Queen sent for us after the performance, and was very complimentary and gracious. Her manner quite disarms nervousness, and it is a pleasure to listen to her clear voice and well-chosen phrases.

From a photo by]
MISS MARGARET MACINTYRE.

[Elliott & Fry.

The Queen knows a great deal about operas, new and old, and recollects the singers whom she has heard interpretthem.even as far back as fifty years ago. When I have sung pieces before the Queen she has chosen which she would prefer out of a list submitted to her. The princesses too take a great interest in the programme, and the whole occasion is one of much interest. The Queen is so quietly dignified that it is difficult to realise that vour most attentive listener is the ruler of the British Empire."

"Tell me something about your work in Milan."

"I went to La

Scala in 1894, and stayed till 1895. It was at first rather an ordeal, for, being a foreigner, the Italians were disinclined to receive me cordially. In fact some of the officials said that they did not think my voice was strong enough to fill La Scala, and altogether I was rather frightened at my first appearance in the great theatre. However, gradually the audiences grew more appreciative, and in the end they were on the best of terms with me. The Italian methods of singing are very interesting, and I think the experience did a great deal



From a photo by] [Elliott & Fry.
AS ELIZABETH IN "TANNHAUSER."

for me—at least people say so, and they are the best judges. Not that I worry much over what the newspapers say. Life is too short to read most of them, though they have been very kind to me. Out in Africa I saw rather more of English newspapers than I've ever found time to see at home. You find the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated* London News in the most out-of-the-way parts-old copies, worn with constant handling, testifying to the value they put on news from the mother country. I forgot to tell you that I went to Kimberley and saw the diamond mines. They gave me a lovely uncut stone as a memento of my visit. I didn't carry away any nuggets of gold with me! They have invited me to go back again to South Africa, and perhaps I may some day, if only for the sake of seeing the many kind friends I made there."

"When are you going to America?"

"I don't know; I've just had an offer to sing at the Cincinnati Festival, where Mr. Edward Lloyd has twice appeared. But I am told it is very tiring work travelling long distances in the United States, so I rather fear the business. One has to do plenty of travelling in any case. Last week, for instance, I sang six times, all in different places, going as far as Scotland. Yet I'm thankful to say I have only failed to keep one engagement in the last few months."

"I suppose, Miss Macintyre, you get plenty of letters?"

"Indeed I do. And some of them are so extraordinary. A mother will write and say she is sure her daughter will be a second Albani if only she could be encouraged: a lady will ask me to sing at a bazaar ever so far away and assure me that it will make the success of the day, adding that she even travelling expenses. cannot offer Then the autograph-hunters are always busy. sending such pretty books for me to scribble in: and people want to know your favourite pudding or poem! I have had some curious presents, too, from people who wanted to show their appreciation; all the way from Africa we are constantly receiving little reminders of our pleasant visit. Sometimes these well-wishers are rather embarrassing. When I am at the opera, perhaps just as a quick change has to be effected, a message comes—'Will Miss Macintyre oblige two ladies with her autographed portrait? Yes, it is a trifle irritating to be thus interrupted, for singing in opera requires all your



From a photo by] [Ricci, Milan.

AS SIEGLINDE IN "DIE WALKURE," AT LA SCALA,
MILAN.

best strength and thought. The public does not imagine the strain on the nerves and the memory which the playing of an important rôle implies, and when one's work is over it is delightful to sit quite still and Yet, as I have often said, opera is splendid."

"By the way, have you played in opera on the Continent otherwise than at Milan?"

"Not very much, though I have had several chances. Only to-day I got a telegram from Signor Mancinelli asking me to undertake a rôle at Naples, but my list of engagements quite prevents me doing so at such

short notice. You may recollect I sang in Berlin. They did not require me and other foreign artistes to sing German. so we used Italian, which was all the pleasanter. I liked the Berlin audiences, for they were not too speedy in applause. puts you on your mettle to know you have critical hearers."

" As to the Festivals, are you likely appear at any this year?"

"I am not sure; one is glad not to look too far ahead. It is always a delight to sing in such works as 'Elijah,' of which I am specially fond, or the 'Messiah,' of which the public fortunately never tires. I am going to the Eisteddfod in the summer for the first time, though I have often sung in Wales."

Before I conclude this brief record of a very interesting conversation, all the pleasanter because Miss Macintyre abhors formality almost as much as interviewers, perhaps a few words about her early career may fill in the gaps in the foregoing story of her later work. She is the daughter of General Macintyre, late of the Royal Artillery, and was born in India. She went to Dr. Wylde's branch of the London Academy of Music in Brighton, and then continued her musical studies in London under Signor Garcia's tuition. The bronze medal of the London Academy was won by her in 1883, the silver medal in the following year, and the gold medal in 1885. When the illustrious Abbé Liszt paid his last visit to this country he spent one afternoon at the London Academy and heard his own

oratorio, "St. Elizabeth." rendered by the students. Miss Macintvre taking the soprano soli and earning his cordial praise. Liszt delighted the students by sitting down to the piano after the performance and playing in his inimitable manner two or three pieces. It was one evening in May 1888 when Miss Macintyre took by storm the great audience which thronged



From a photo by]

MISS MACINTYRE AS MARGUERITE.

Covent Garde, theatre by her brilliant singing as Michaela in "Carmen.". There was only one opinion about her fine voice, and soon was evident the high dramatic instinct which has since been allied to her vocal achievements. Miss Macintyre has now attained so undisputed a position in the musical world that it would be redundant to say more about her present style, which wins for her wherever she sings new friends and admirers who are proud of the speedy success attained by our popular British prima donna.

ON GIRAFFES GENERALLY

BY GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

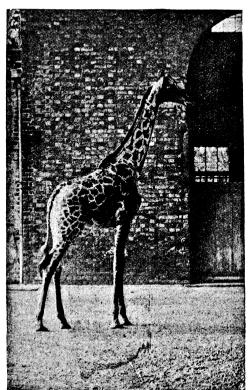
Illustrated from photographs taken by the Author.



EERARFS," wrote the American schoolboy, "is interesting critters, for their drinks do them real good, as they take such a powerful long time treaching down

their throats." But even putting this aside, the arrival of the new and rare South African giraffe at the Zoological collection in Regent's Park, and the enormous price (£800) paid for her and four antelopes make the subject of giraffes in general a particularly interesting one just now.

For nearly sixty years the Zoological Society were able to make a very fair show of these quaint-looking creatures, but one by one they dropped off until at last only the old male shown in our illustration was left, and three years ago he too joined the great majority, leaving the tall giraffe house and roomy paddock to be tenanted only by such



" DAISY."

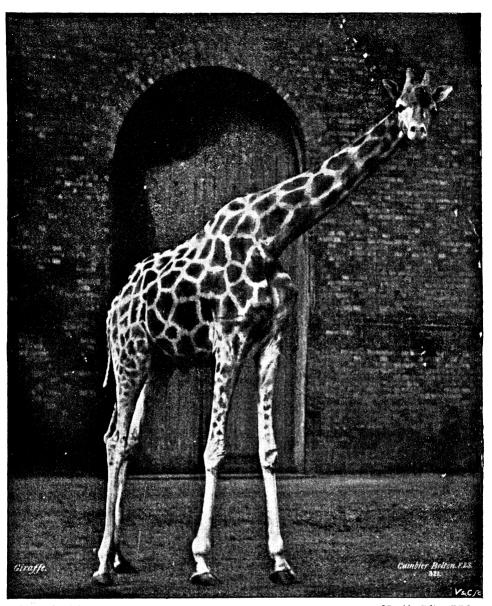


"DAISY" DOES A STRETCH.

small fry as yaks and Zebu oxen, which were slaughtered last winter as food for the carnivora when, owing to the severe frost, no horses or goats could be obtained.

But now this is all happily changed, and once more we can look upon a really noble specimen of the giraffe raising her long neck and graceful head and with outstretched tongue trying to pull down any leaves within her reach in the paddock, or stretching over the railings surreptitiously plucking the artificial flowers from some lady's hat or bonnet.

But elegant and graceful as "Daisy" may be at general times she can now and then place herself in the queerest possible positions, and only a short time ago the Prince and Princess of Wales and their party when at the Zoological Gardens were treated to such an exhibition of giraffe antics as has rarely been witnessed out of Africa. The noise of the wind rustling through the trees suddenly set "Daisy" off into a wild gallop round and round the enclosure, and she improved on this with such a series of capers and kickings that she fairly "brought down the house," and spectators who ought to know declare that it is a long time since the Prince enjoyed such a hearty fit of laughter as he did on that occasion.



From a photo by]

THE LAST MALE GIRAFFE AT THE ZOO.

 $[{\it Gambier \; Bolton, \; F.Z.S.}$

The late Frank Buckland is credited with the apt remark, "What a terrible thing it must be for a giraffe to have a sore throat," to which one may well add, "What gallons of gargle and yards of red flannel he would require." Still, apart from the sore throat, it is undoubtedly this long neck that most strikes anyone on first seeing a giraffe, and it may surprise many to know that in spite of its great length it possesses exactly the same number of bones or vertebræ (viz. seven) as human beings, whales, and indeed, with three exceptions, the whole of the mammalia.

This long neck is of the greatest possible use to them as they but rarely graze, their food consisting almost entirely, when in their natural state, of leaves which they pull off the trees to a considerable height from the ground, assisted by their tongues, which are very long and flexible. When it comes

to grazing or drinking they are compelled to straddle their legs wide apart to enable them to reach the ground with their heads, and we give several illustrations of these quaint positions.

Scientists place the giraffe in a distinct family or group by itself, between the ante-



HORNS AND VERTEBRÆ.

lopes and the deer. on account of the horn-like appendages which rise from the forehead. When young these horns are quite separate from the bones of the skull, but as the giraffe gets older they join to them, and during a desperate fight between two males in captivity some years ago, the horns of one were said to be driven into the head of the other: but they can scarcely be

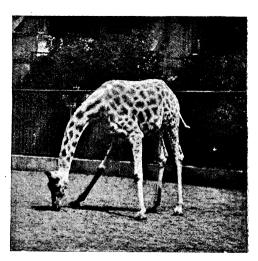
termed general weapons of defence, as they trust to their kicking powers alone when attacked by enemies, and a blow from the hind leg of an 18-foot giraffe is not a thing to be sneered at by any means.

During "Daisy's" gallop round her paddock the extraordinary appearance of these animals when galloping was seen to perfection, for she screwed up her tail like a corkscrew above her back, and each stride she took brought her hind legs, one on each



GIRAFFE: BACK VIEW.

side, straddled in front of her forelegs; but although appearing to travel at a great pace, a horse in really hard condition can soon run a giraffe down, especially if it is at all fat, and at this time their flesh is excellent eating, whilst their skins are now worth £3 to £4 apiece. And so each year sees them becoming rarer and harder to obtain, for they are driven farther and farther back into the centre of Africa by the ever-increasing advance of civilisation, and unless steps are taken quickly to ensure a "close time" for them, as has already been done with the

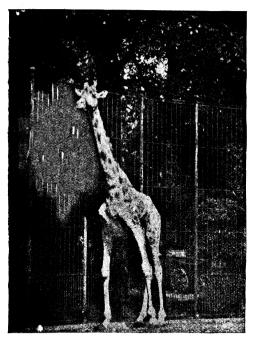


GIRAFFE: FRONT VIEW.

elephant and many of the antelopes, they must soon become extinct, or at all events driven into such utterly inaccessible places in the African deserts that none will ever be brought out alive owing to the enormous distance from the coast and the impossibility of transport.

Naturalists are at last recognising these facts, and the consequence is that the price of living giraffes is rising rapidly, and it is not at all improbable that we shall hear of 1000 to 1200 guineas being paid for a good specimen shortly by one of the Continental societies.

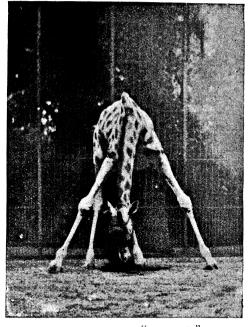
Bearing these facts in mind, it may prove interesting to see a few of the living specimens in Europe to-day. The two at Antwerp are both females and decidedly aged. The patriarch at Amsterdam is seven-and-twenty years old, and his widely-bowed front legs and overgrown hoofs proclaim him as one of the very oldest specimens ever known. It really seemed almost a cruelty to make



AN ANCIENT AT AMSTERDAM. the old gentleman do "a spread," and it took him several moments to make up his mind, and then even longer to gradually let himself down. But eventually he did it in quite the orthodox way, placing one foot somewhat in front and the other as far back as possible, and then by a series of jerks,

he kept on increasing the distance between the two, until at last he was able to reach the ground, and twisting his long prehensile tongue (which as is often the case with human beings—age had in no way shortened) round the leaves, he jerked himself back to his normal position once more.

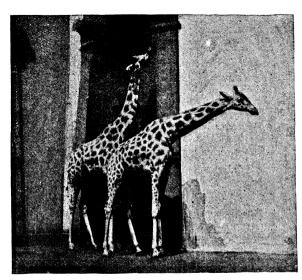
The photographs show very plainly the difference in the markings of the two varieties,



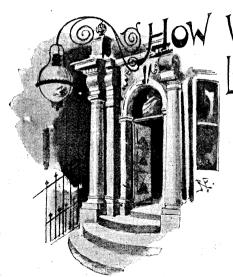
THE ANCIENT DOES "A SPREAD."

the rare South African specimen having large patches of dark brown or chestnut sprinkled over a paler ground colour, whilst the others are chestnut coloured animals, marked by a network of fine tawny lines. The only fault in the portrait of "Daisy" is one for which the artist cannot be blamed, as, like the up-to-

housemaid date who reads all the Society papers but never washes the back of her neck, "Daisy," after spending hours in rubbing the soot and dirt off the palings and spoiling the colour of her neck, absolutely refuses to have it washed or even brushed, so that her portrait will have to go down to posterity bearing a neck severaldegrees darker in colour than the rest of her body.



AT ANTWERP.



SPRING GARDENS.



HE London County Council has been only seven years in existence, but during that short period it has raised more hopes and caused more fears than any other munici-

pality ever did in half a century. Until recently the people of London—or those who paid any attention to public affairswere divided into two classes. There were those who regarded the Council as a mighty engine for reform, and its members as men actuated by the highest feelings of municipal There were others who looked upon it as a dangerous institution, and called the councillors a collection of faddists and busybodies, doing things which they ought to leave alone, and leaving undone things which they ought to do. There were enthusiastic supporters on the one side, vehement enemies on the other. Eminent men had from the first been found in the Council, but they did not save it from the hostility of the people vaguely defined as "the classes." the last election some people, hitherto apathetic and indifferent, organised and voted, and "the masses" did not show such a lively sense of services rendered and promised as formerly, so that all round there was a moderating and sobering effect. now that the Council is more equally divided between parties, and has received the leavening influence of a dozen lords, it has become more respectable in the eyes of its former It may be less active, but that enemies. they think is an improvement. It may not

WE ARE GOVERNED. ONDON'S PARLIAMENT AT WORK

BY ROBERT DONALD.

Illustrated by A. C. GOULD and RAYMOND POTTER; and from photographs.

be so aggressive, but then it is considered less dangerous.

The County Council has many distinguishing features, and is in some respects unique. It is the only County Council of its kind—the only so-called county authority exercising functions of a purely municipal character in an urban area. And while London's Parliament carries on greater municipal undertakings than any town council in the country, it has not the status of the Corporations of such towns as Guildford, the enterprising and public-spirited capital of Surrey, or Sandwich, with a few hundred inhabitants. It has none of the outward and visible signs or emblems of corporate existence. Its chairman has no chain of office, its members no official robes. Council has no mace, and not even arms. Everything at Spring Gardens is severely plain, and the Council glories in its democratic simplicity. It sighs not for insignia or the symbols of authority, but resolutely resents any departure from its simple ways. When a year or two ago it was proposed that the Council should obtain arms, the idea was laughed out of court, and Mr. Walter Crane designed a seal, which, if not recognised by the Heralds' College, serves the purpose of armorial bearings. Only a few months ago a committee, heedless of this dangerous precedent, recklessly suggested that the Council's messenger—a Crimean hero, who acts as sergeant-at-arms, without arms or uniform on Council meeting-days-should be deco-The suggestion was rated with a medal. ridiculed as the thin edge of the wedge which would lead councillors to aspire to such splendours as gold badges and cocked One witty member was shocked to think that the councillors should aspire to wear anything more expensive than the white

flower of a blameless life. So the messenger did not get his medal.

The Council is peculiar in another matter: it has a pious regard for the ratepayers' pockets—so far as the councillors are concerned. Not a twopenny sandwich do they eat, or drink a cup of tea at the public expense. Whether they are on committees for hours at Spring Gardens, spending a day down the river in the congenial task of examining the deodorisation of sewage, or visiting the parks or building works, they have always the privilege of paying for their own refreshments. When in the discharge of their duty they spend a day in the country at a lunatic asylum or an industrial school, the Council generously permits them to lunch

at these establishments—on payment of the cost of victuals consumed.

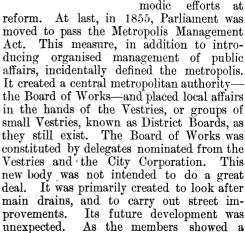
The greatest municipality in the country, and the one which attracts most attention in the world, is, we see, the least particular about its appearance. Democratic in its customs and constitution, it is equally democratic in its personnel. Its members represent all phases of society: the premier Duke of England, present and past Ministers of the Crown, lords of various degrees, bankers, barristers,

doctors, retired Government officials, engineers, merchants, manufacturers, authors, journalists, military and naval men, shopkeepers, tradesmen, publicans and preachers, mechanics and labourers—all are found working together in London's Parliament. Their opinions are as varied as their social positions—graduating from high old Torvism to the Radical socialism of the Independent Labour Party. The House of Commons does not equal the Council in its varied and representative composition, and does not excel it in debating power and administrative ability. "This assembly," as Lord Rosebery once said when chairman of the Council, "is not merely not afraid to meet a comparison with the House

Commons, but it sets an example to the House of Commons."

Before I notice some of the special features of London's Parliament, and describe it at work, I will refer briefly to its creation and to its predecessor. The Council bulks so largely in the eyes of the public that people are apt to forget that it is not the first central municipal authority which London possessed. Up to 1856 London had no organised central government. There was the old City with its grand traditions and its special privileges—a municipal oasis in the centre of the ever-growing metropolis. Outside the City all was chaos. There was a collection of overgrown villages, without homogeneity, without system, without the

> rudiments of good government. tangle of over 300 petty parochial authorities and commissions, some having the semblance of representative institutions, others selfappointed, all more or less irresponsible, bungled at trying to govern, and neglected everyone's interest except their own. Parliament nowand then felt the disgrace of leaving the capital of the empire in this deplorable condition, and there were spas-





THE SEAL OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL. (Designed by Walter Crane.)

readiness to take up new duties the Board's functions constantly expanded and during its thirty-three years' existence it carried out many important street improvements, built the Thames Embankment, cleared insanitary areas, provided new parks, and transformed the appearance of the metropolis in many ways. But after all its good work it died under a cloud, "unwept, unhonoured and unsung." The peculations of a few officers, the nepotism and corruption of a few members, led to its timely extinction during a period of awakening civic spirit and the reform of county government. History will never give the Board the credit which it deserves for the good works it did or the part which it played in shaping the future government of the metropolis.

As the development of the Metropolitan Board, from a body intended to concern itself with one or two specific duties to a great central administrative authority, was accidental, so also was the creation of the County Council. It was purely a coincidence that the inquiry into the affairs of the Board happened at the time when Parliament was considering a scheme for the reform of county



THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G. (First Chairman of the London County Council, 1889-1891.)



RIGHT HON. C. T. RITCHIE, M.P. (Who pioneered the Local Government Bill, 1888, through the House of Commons, and was for a few months in 1895 an alderman of the London County Council.)

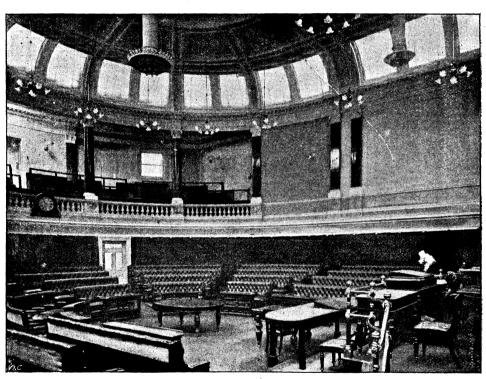
government. The problem of London and its anomalous position could not be left untouched Before Mr. Ritchie—then at the head of the Local Government Board—could deal with London as a county he had to create it. The metropolis, as defined in 1855, was in three counties. Middlesex claimed all that was north of the Thames, except the City, which was a county in itself, while Surrey and Kent shared the south side. The new county was carved out of these old counties, which formerly exercised county iurisdiction over the whole area, that rates and methods of government were different on the north and south side of the Thames. In place of the indefinite and shadowy metropolis - which meant a different area if the name was applied to police purposes, postal arrangements, municipal and poor law purposes, or the work of the Registrar-General—a new London was created. The common interests and unity of the four-and-a-half million people who lived in three counties were recognised by Parliament for the first time. Instead of having as a central authority a nominated, glorified vestry, London was last given a democratic Parliament.

The Corporation of the old City still remained—somewhat shorn of its former powers—having all the privileges, all the dignities, and all that is picturesque in civic life. In some respects there was and is dual jurisdiction, and no one accepted the establishment of the County Council as the final settlement of the London problem. But that is another question.

The creation of the County Council worked a revolution among the people of London. It awoke new enthusiasms; it called forth new talent, which might have

nineteen aldermen chosen by the new Council were such notable men as Lord Lingen, Lord Hobhouse, Lord (then Sir Thomas) Farrer, the Earl of Meath, Sir (then Mr.) Arthur Arnold, Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. G. E. W. Russell.

There were some initial disadvantages in bringing together 137 men—mostly strangers to each other and strangers to public work—as Lord Rosebery found when he took the chair. All the members were bursting with a desire to do something, but they knew not what. No one who had witnessed the



From a photo by]

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL CHAMBER.

[Bedford Lemere, Strand.

lain latent and dormant but for its stimulating influences; it developed a new type of municipal statesmen. Lord Rosebery set the leading example, and was returned at the head of the poll, with Sir John Lubbock for the City. Men like Sir John Hutton, Mr. Chas. Harrison, Mr. W. H. Dickinson, Mr. J. Williams Benn, Mr. Melvill Beachcroft, Mr. Antrobus, Mr. John McDougall, Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, Mr. John Burns and Sir Arthur Arnold, who were new to municipal work, showed a wonderful adaptability to their new life, and an equally wonderful capacity to serve their city. Amongst the

turbulent first meetings in the Council room of the Guildhall—lent for the purpose—would have thought that the effervescence then shown would soon disappear, and the new Council become a businesslike assembly. There were preliminary matters to settle, such as the standing orders, the arrangements for business, the distribution of committee work, which the new members lacked the experience to deal with, but nevertheless wished to arrange. Under the able and tactful chairmanship of Lord Rosebery the Council was soon piloted through the breakers into smooth waters. Not that

the Council settled down to the humdrum routine of business. It did the business, to be sure, but it did not settle down. So much stored-up enthusiasm and energy as the Progressives (as the majority called themselves)

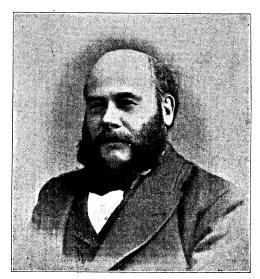


RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P. (Alderman of the Council; Chairman, 1891, 1892.)

represented was not likely to be satisfied with the work prepared for them. They were bursting with schemes for reform. There was a feverish anxiety to g_0 forward; to enlarge the sphere municipal activity; to initiate great undertakings: obtain new legislative powers.

There was, and still is, much misunderstanding in the public mind as to the duties of the Council. It has been the custom of the man who grumbles to blame the Council for everything which

goes wrong. If the streets are dirty, the drains wrong, the light bad—in the absence of any knowledge to the contrary the Council is held responsible. The distribution of governmental authority in London still remains in such a muddle that the average citizen cannot be expected to grasp its intricacies. It is as well to know, however, that the Council is not responsible for the condition of the streets, or the drains. Most things which come under everyone's notice—the cleaning of streets, the removal of refuse, the lighting arrangements, and the enforcement of sanitary laws, are matters of local concern attended to by the Vestries or District Boards. The Council, roughly speaking, attends to things which are common to the whole of London, but the dividing line is arbitrary, and jurisdiction sometimes overlaps. Its main duties are as follows:—It manages the fire brigade; it has charge of the main drainage system, which involves the maintenance of numerous pumping stations, of great works at Barking and Crossness for the treatment of sewage, and of a fleet of ships to carry sludge to sea; it keeps the parks and recreation grounds; it is responsible for means of communication over the Thames (outside the City), and in this department keeps many bridges in order. provides a free ferry at Woolwich by which five million passengers cross the Thames every year, and is carrying out the Black-Tunnel—a stupendous engineering work constructed on new principles and at a cost of about a million pounds. Then it executes street improvements which are metropolitan in character, and builds artisans' dwellings and municipal lodging-houses. It is the central authority for tramways, and is acquiring the lines as fast as the law gives opportunity. It carries out the building laws, which means that it sanctions the erection of new houses and the making of new streets, and employs surveyors in every district, who deal with dangerous structures and other matters. All the music halls and some of the theatres are licensed by the Council. It takes care of the insane in five huge asylums, and manages two industrial schools. As a licensing authority it controls cowsheds and slaughterhouses; as an inspecting authority it has multifarious duties to discharge; tests all weights and measures; sees that coal is sold just weight; passes gas and electric light meters before they come into use, and enforces the Shop Hours Regulation Act. As a supervising authority it sees



From a photo by]

[G. Jerrard, Regent Street.

SIR JOHN HUTTON.

(Member for South St. Pancras and Chairman of the

Council, 1892-1895.)

that the local administrators carry out the public health laws, and makes numerous by-laws for their guidance. It is the central authority for technical education, and in this department carries on a great educational work. Then there is the municipal contractor—the works department—which has more responsible duties than any other branch. These are only the great departments of the Council's work.

This mere catalogue of its principal duties

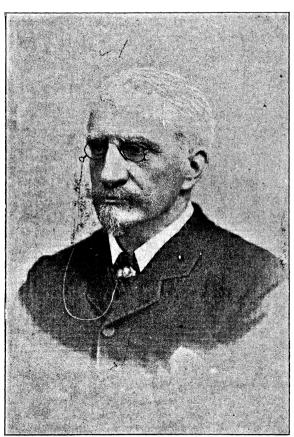
perhaps does not convey very much to the reader, but to execute them involves an outlav of two millions a vear and the employment of 7500 officials and employés, and the 137 councillors have the responsibility of seeing that the work is well done and the money economically spent.

Turning now to the internal organisation of the Council, we find, to start with, that it is well provided with chairmen. It has a chairman. a vice - chairman deputya chairman. Untilnow the deputychairman has been the head of the administrative staff and a paid official. The pay $_{
m the}$ official and work has been abolished, but the

position remains. The vice-chairman's duty, as vice-chairman, is to sit on the right of the chairman at the Council meetings and to take the chair in his absence. The deputy-chairman keeps the chairman company on the left and replaces him when he and the vice-chairman are both absent. All the three are members of all committees, and are supposed to devote a large amount of time to the work in return for the honour which the Council confers upon them.

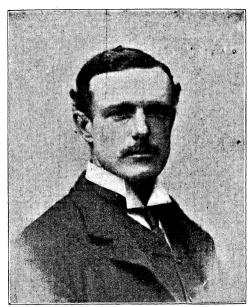
The chairman is expected to give most attention to the duties and to keep in touch with all departments. The Council has had four chairmen—all exceedingly able men and representative of the new type of municipal statesmen which the Council has developed. There was Lord Rosebery, who served an apprenticeship on the Council for the higher place in the State which he was called upon to fill. Next came Sir John Lubbock, banker and scientist, another

scientist, another legislator, who was succeeded by Sir John Hutton, retired from business as a newspaper proprietor. who served three vears, and third Counciltook as its first chairman Sir Arthur Arnold. author and publicist. To Lord Roseberv fell the difficult task of breaking in the first Council and doing the serious work of organisation. He threw himself into the with the greatest energy, and was soon on the best possible terms with the Council. His tact, his -readv wit. his keen intellect stood him in good stead in the chair. He loved the work, tiring as it was, and his splendid example stimu-



m a photo by] [Jerrard. SIR ARTHUR ARNOLD. (Chairman of the London County Council since 1895.)

lated the rank and file. Lord Rosebery was elected to the Council for the second term by East Finsbury, practically without his consent, as he never appeared as a candidate. He accepted the position, and returned for a brief period to the chair and started the second Council on its career. Lord Rosebery continued his membership of the Council when he was Foreign Minister, and even after he was Premier. He has said that he looks back on the days he spent at Spring



From a photo by] [Elliott & Fry.

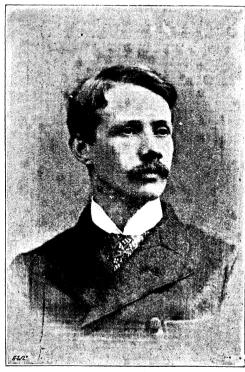
MR. W. H. DICKINSON.
(Alderman; Deputy-Chairman of the Council, 1891–1895.)

Gardens with the greatest pride; and Londoners will ever feel grateful to him for the good work he did.

Sir John Lubbock was about a year and a half in the chair. He was a mild, genial and moderate chairman, and for a man of so varied interests, did his work exceedingly well.

Sir John Hutton has had the longest experience as chairman of the Council. He held the position for three years. Sir John was a discovery—one of the new municipal statesmen whom the Council brought to For three years he had been concealing his ability in the comparative secrecy of the committee room, and he turned out to be as eminently fitted for the chair as he had been for committee work. Sir John was a stickler for order. He handled the Council fairly and firmly, and got through the business with despatch. It was said that he knew the many standing orders which regulate business by heart; at any rate no councillor could wander from the track or waste the time of the Council with Sir John in the chair. Sometimes the Council sits the whole afternoon or evening, but whether it sat three hours or six it never wearied the chairman, who seemed to be as keen and energetic at the end of the meeting as at the beginning. During the whole time of his chairmanship Sir John Hutton was only absent from one meeting, and that was owing to a bereavement. Taking the chair on Tuesdays is however only a small part of the chairman's duties. Sir John Hutton's sole occupation was his chairmanship. He was in his room daily, and was so much at hand that he became known as the resident chairman. His literature during his chairmanship seemed to consist of only County Council reports and agenda papers. The chairman of the Council has more invitations for public functions than he has time to fulfil, although Sir John Hutton, during his last year of office, appeared at nearly a hundred public functions of one kind or another.

Sir Arthur Arnold, the first chairman of the third Council, has occupied a difficult position with dignity and with credit to the Council. He was placed in the chair by a party vote in a Council almost equally divided between parties. Any false step or indiscretion on his part would have led to serious trouble. Sir Arthur, although elected by a party vote, has not been a party chairman. He has taken neutral ground, and has earned the respect of all. He has not like his predecessors, attended committee



From a photo by] [Jerrard
MR. J. WILLIAMS BENN.
(Member for East Finsbury; Vice-Chairman since 1895.)



From a photo by] [Bassano.

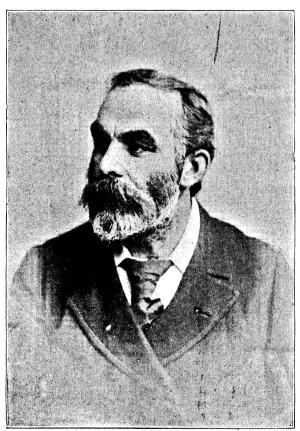
MR. H. P. HARRIS.
(Member for North Paddington; ex-Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee.)

meetings, where his presence or his vote might exercise a controlling influence. His scrupulous desire to be impartial and maintain the dignity of his office has induced him to abstain. As many of the members of the third Council were new to the work, and as party feeling ran high, it wanted a level head and a firm hand to hold the balance in the chair.

The work of two vice-chairmen and of the deputy chairman deserves special notice. Mr. W. H. Dickinson has just retired from the position of deputy chairman, which he has held for four years. On him has fallen the duty of drawing up new schemes, developing lines of policy, and acting as a general source of information for all committees. As the head of the staff he was in constant communication with chiefs of departments, who looked to the deputy for assistance. He was most zealous in the discharge of his duties, and during his official career did a prodigious amount of valuable work which will be permanent in its effect.

An older worker in municipal life is Mr. Charles Harrison, who was for several years vice-chairman, and for six years chairman of the Parliamentary Committee. He is a man of tireless energy, an expert on many subjects, and the leading worker on the Council in connection with new legislation. Mr. J. Williams Benn, another vice-chairman, has played many parts in the Council. He was the first whip of the Progressive party, is a witty speaker and a clever caricaturist. Mr. Benn has livened up many a debate with his bright sallies, but has a mind for serious work as well, and has held some of the most important chairmanships.

Before making the acquaintance of the Council at work we will note some of its administrative characteristics. The work is carried on by twenty-eight standing and special committees, and by a variable number of sub-committees—rarely less than a hundred. The committees meet fortnightly, but the sub-committees more frequently. There are at least fifty meetings a week, at which a thousand subjects are considered. Energetic members, like Mr. John McDougall, Mr.

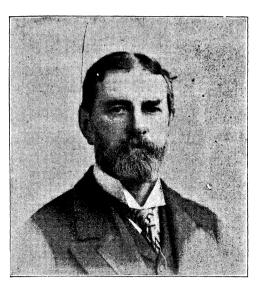


From a photo by]

MR. JOHN BURNS, M.P.

[Chas. F. Treble.

(Member of the Council for Battersea.)

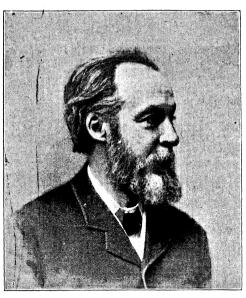


From a photo by] [J. Hawke, Plymouth.

MR. CHARLES HARRISON, M.P.

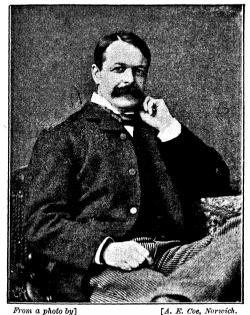
(Member for South-West Bethnal Green, and formerly

Vice-Chairman of the Council.)



From a photo by] [Morgan & Kidd, Greenwich.

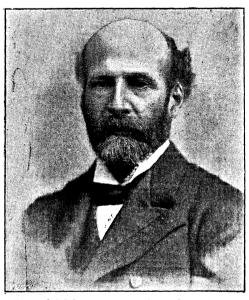
MR. JOHN McDOUGALL.
(Member for Poplar; Chairman of the Asylums Committee.)



From a photo by] [A. E

MR. JAMES STUART, M.P.

(Alderman of the Council.)



From a photo by] [Jerrard, Regent Street.

LORD TWEEDMOUTH.

(Alderman of the Council.)

Henry Ward and Mr. Leon, each attend 400 meetings a year. The Council delegates work to committees, but retains responsibility. It seems to be haunted with a vague suspicion and distrust of committees, and of officers as well, which is not met with in older Corporations. The Corporations of the large provincial cities delegate all routine administrative work to committees, and do not ask for reports, except quarterly, and in some cases only annually. The County Council, however, craves for details. Its committees report fortnightly with a multi-



SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M.P (Member for South St. Pancras.)

plicity of petty details which generally pass without notice; but sometimes debates are raised on such important questions as the food supply of guinea-pigs in the parks, or the disposal of the eggs which the ducks on the ornamental lakes lay. It is better however to err on the safe side. There is nothing like light to insure purity of administration, and we cannot complain of the Council's thirst for publicity.

London's Parliament has not a palatial meeting-place. The so-called County Hall in Spring Gardens would not be tolerated by a third-rate provincial town, and even local Vestries would be ashamed of it. The headquarters of municipal life in London is a

very commonplace house. It has been adapted and enlarged—several houses have been added from time to time-with the result that the office arrangements are about as inconvenient as possible. Council's own housing question has been one of the most knotty problems it has There tackled. are offices distributed over several streets, and one department may have branches in



MR. EVAN SPICER. (Alderman of the Council.)

three or four different places without any means of communication between them. The waste and delay resulting from these inconvenient arrangements are very great. The architect — Mr. Thomas Blashill — has very skilfully adapted the council chamber, which, as a meeting-place, serves its purpose well.

The chairman and his two colleagues sit on a daïs, and behind them are a few seats which serve as a distinguished strangers' gallery, and where on occasions may be seen pro-

fessors, economists, and public men from America, Germany and France, come to study the great municipality of London at work. The chairman promptly at three o'clock on Tuesdays calls the Council to order and attacks the business, which is set out on an agenda paper of from 40 to 80 pages. First. tenders for work must be opened



REV. C. FLEMING WILLIAMS.
(Alderman of the Council.)

and contracts sealed, and then comes the report of the Finance Committee (chairman, Mr. Alfred Hoare, of the old and well-known Hoare's Bank in Fleet Street), which shows that the Council does considerable business as a banker by lending money, at a slight profit, to local authorities. This report, containing as it does technical matters which such financial experts on the committee as Sir John Lubbock, Sir Horace Farquhar, Sir Joseph Dimsdale (all bankers) and Lord Welby, formerly head of the Imperial Treasury, have carefully studied and sifted, passes as a rule unchallenged—except when it contains the unwelcome news that the rates are increased. Next comes the report of the General Purposes Committee, a sort of cabinet where the chairmen of all committees meet to discuss matters referred to them. The other committees report in the order in which they appear on the paper. Perhaps a contentious subject receives precedence, and a full-dress debate is expected. The report of the Parliamentary Committee—which of late has taken a different line to the Council on some leading matters—as likely as not raises hostilities, and a rattling debate of short and sharp speeches, each limited to 15 minutes, ensues. Mr. H. Percy Harris, till recently chairman of the committee, an able and genial member, temperate in tone, dignified in style, leads off. He will be followed on his side perhaps by the Earl of Onslow, the leader of the Moderates—who won't always be led as he wants—who states his case without much oratorical effect, but with vigour and conviction. He will be followed by a notable personality in the Council, Mr. Melvill Beachcroft, clever at speech, ready in argument, and possessing a wide knowledge of the Council's work. Moderate in many things, Mr. Beachcroft takes a strong Progressive line in all matters which affect the health of the people. has been of great service to the Council. particularly in connection with public health and housing questions. The other leading speakers on the Moderate side will include Mr. Westacott, with a loud voice, who finds emphasis in gesture, and is full of figures—an auctioneer on the rostrum. Mr. Westacott's arguments have a disturbing influencesometimes on his own side. Sir John Lubbock may contribute a mild speech. Edmund Boulnois, M.P., seldom misses a debate. Sir Joseph Dimsdale will put the City point of view in City style, and some of the new men—the Hon. Lionel Holland, M.P., or Mr. E. A. Goulding, M.P., the Moderate

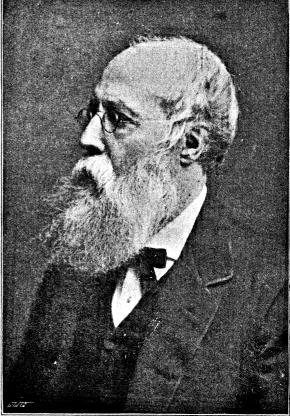
whip, or Sir Blundell Maple—will speak, but are not yet at home on all questions. The Duke of Norfolk rarely spoke, and he recently found that he could not add the work of a County Councillor to his responsibilities as Postmaster-General and his duties as Mayor of Sheffield. His retirement deprives the Council of its greatest social personality. The Earl of Dunraven has been so much at sea since he became a councillor that he is not often in his seat. The majority of the new men elected last March have remained listeners. Some old members have been listeners ever since they entered the Council, without apparently becoming any the wiser.

At such a field-day debate as I describe Progressive speeches would alternate with the Moderate utterances. Mr. Charles Harrison will probably lead off on this side. and have his wallet well stocked with facts. Mr. Harrison has to wrestle with physical difficulties when speaking, and a section of the Council do not show that consideration for him which common courtesy demands. It may be that Mr. McKinnon Wood, a fluent speaker, is put up to lead an attack or make a defence. He will be followed probably by Dr. W. J. Collins, a keen and polished debater; Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe. always alert to pick holes in the enemy's armour, will score points if anyone can, and Mr. James Stuart, M.P., who has been leading spokesman for the Council in the House of Commons for six years, will receive marked attention to a convincing speech in Parliamentary style. Mr. Benn's smart and witty sallies. which used to add piquancy to debates, have not been heard so frequently since he became vice-chairman, and Sir John Hutton, since he was relieved of official duties, has taken a modest attitude. He speaks seldom, although always with effect. Lord Tweedmouth speaks with point, and Mr. Dickinson throws in wellbalanced arguments from his place on the daïs; Mr. Sidney Webb follows with well-chosen sentences and forcible arguments, and the deep voice of the Rev. Alderman Fleming Williams rolls out strong and sonorous periods at his opponents. These are some of the chief characteristic speakers on both sides when matters of policy are discussed and when party lines hold more or less good. On committee work party considerations are not as a rule the dividing line.

There are many divisions of opinion and incidental discussions during the meetings, but the reports pass rapidly through. Earl Carrington brings up the report of the Fire Brigade Committee; Dr. Collins that of the

department of varied usefulness comprehensively called Public Control. Mr. Fletcher is chairman of the Parks Committee, which has done so much to brighten the lives of the people and provide healthy recreation for young London. Mr. E. A. Cornwall, the Progressive whip, is responsible for the Main Drainage Committee's report, which spends more than any other department, but does a beneficent work in purifying the Thames. Mr. W. Wallace Bruce, chairman of the Public Health and Housing Committee, tells of the progress being made with the great Boundary street scheme, of artisans' dwellings and similar undertakings, and of work done in clearing insanitary areas. Dr. Longstaff, head of the Building Act Committee, brings up a report with a multitude of details which few dare to dispute, and so on through all the reports from the various committees.

The Works Committee, of which Mr. Henry Ward—a civil engineer who has been connected with huge engineering enterprises—is chairman, is one of the most likely to provoke discussion. It is vigilantly watched from within and without, now and then severely attacked, and as vigorously defended. On these



From a photo by]

LORD FARRER.

[Russell.

(Alderman; formerly Vice-Chairman of the Council.)



Fr.m a photo by] [J. Thomson.

SIR HORACE FARQUHAR, BART., M.P.

(Member for East Marylebone.)

occasions Mr. John Burns shines with distinction. Mr. Burns, who has moulded the labour policy of the Council and taken an active part in several branches of the work. sits with his colleagues of the labour bench under the gallery. He speaks seldom, but always with force. He usually rises towards the close of a discussion to pulverise the opposition. Speeches at the Council on contentious subjects must be as full of facts and figures as a member can get into a fifteen minutes' speech if they are to carry weight. Mr. Burns comes armed with awesome tables of figures, chunks of mortar, brickbats, dried paint, screws, nails and other articles. These are not all to hurl at the opposition members; the brickbats, mortar and other items of material are produced with dramatic effect at opportune moments to demonstrate the worthlessness of contractors' material or the superiority of the Council's own workmanship. Mr. Burns on such occasions raises quite a dust among the members.

Another depart-

ment which only

reports quarterly

is the Technical

Education Board.

constituted by the

Council, but con-

taining a few re-

terests outside the

Council. Mr.

Sidney Webb is

the chairman of

authority, which

has its own com-

mittees and sub-

the whole agencies

for technical in-

struction in Lon-

don, subsidising

many, harmonis-

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ders by which the

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the Board school

may climb up to

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middle of his impassioned utterances he will whip out of a capacious pocket a sheet of something which looks like leather. "That's contractors' paint," says Mr. Burns, "torn off Westminster Bridge." He throws something in the passage: "That's a contractor's 'brick,'" he explains, as the missile disappears in dust by the fall. These are Mr. Burns's pleasant little ways of relieving the monotony of debate at Spring Gardens. But it should not be supposed that Mr.

Burns's work is all of this picturesque kind. He is not a frequent speaker. as I have said and the Council has often let him exceed the fifteen minutes' limit by an hourĥе but is an arduous worker He is not content with attending committee meetings; he rushes all over London inspecting works in progress, and is most anxious to an honest labour policy honestly carried out. His interest in the Council's work is universal. and his influence is often felt where his hand is not seen or his voice heard. The best speeches which he has ever made were those delivered in defence of the Works Depart-

ment, but his services in this connection are now less necessary, as the success of that department is becoming more and more assured.

After the reports at a Council meeting are all disposed of notices of motion are discussed, provided they are reached before seven o'clock, as a salutary rule stops opposed business after that hour. The motions are occasionally important, but as a rule they represent the hobbies of members.

Two great departments of the Council's

work are seldom heard of at the meetings. The Asylums Committee is a statutory body, which only reports when capital expenditure is involved. It does an immense and a beneficent work in maintaining 10,000 insane in five great asylums. The members spend days in visiting the institutions under their care, and show a laudable desire to alleviate the condition of the patients. Mr. John McDougall, the chairman of the committee, has set a noble example by his devoted zeal in this work

From a photo by]

THE EARL OF ONSLOW, K.C.M.G.

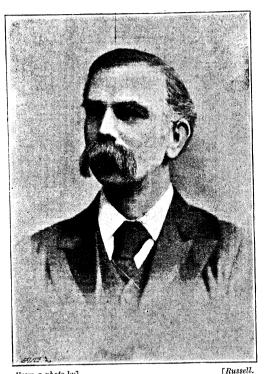
(Alderman, and leader of the Moderate Party.);

[Bassano.

To give, however, a superficial account of the Technical Education Board's work would require an article in itself.

the

We have not yet exhausted the spheres of County Councillors' operations. Some members serve on the Thames and the Lea Conservancy Boards, which look after the condition of our rivers, others are members of the governing bodies of charities and polytechnical institutions. The County Councillor who takes a fair share of all these labours must be a busy man. It is very trying,



From a photo by]

MR. R. MELVILL BEACHCROFT.

(Alderman of the Council.)

exhausting and responsible, all this municipal work, and the councillors enjoy little relief from the monotony of committee meetings. There are no festivities, no banquets, balls or functions at Spring Gardens. There have been only four social functions in seven years, and these were organised by the chair-Lord Rosebery, in his second year of office, invited the members to his beautiful country seat of Mentmore to meet as a happy family at his table. The Council were provided with a special train, and everything was done by their genial host to make them welcome. The fine pictures and curios at Mentmore were inspected with much interest, and Lord Rosebery's hospitality on that occasion has often been recalled by his guests with the greatest pleasure. Just after his lordship had assumed the Premiership he attended a meeting of the London County Council-a graceful tribute to the importance which its work held in his mind. Sir John and Lady Hutton were "at home" on two occasions to councillors and representative men in London municipal life at the art rooms in Suffolk Street, when pleasant social gatherings took place. Sir Arthur and Lady Arnold have given one

reception at the County Hall. These are the only recreations which the councillors, as such, have enjoyed. It is a pity that there are not more of such functions, which are a happy relief to the conflicts and asperities of public life. It may be the good fortune of a future chairman to select some appropriate date in the history of London as the occasion of an annual reunion of past and present municipal workers.

Much of what the County Council has done for London and its four and a half million people has been underrated or misunderstood. Little things, or the fads of a section, which did not interfere with the main drift of its policy, have been distorted and magnified, but there is now reason to believe that the work of London's Parliament is better appreciated. If I were asked to state what has been the leading note which the London County Council as a municipality has struck I would not say its careful and painstaking administration, nor its municipalising enterprises—ambitious as they have been—nor its institution of municipal workshops—far as this departure might lead; rather would I seek it in the energising influences which the Council has started, and in the elevating tendencies of its work on social life. A municipality should be judged, not by its colossal undertakings, which strike the imagination, but by the effect of



EARL CARRINGTON, G.C.M.G. (Member for West St. Pancras; Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee.)

its policy on the poorest of the people. The social service which the London County Council has rendered is found in small things rather than in great works. We find it in the humane impulses which led the Council to insure the men working under compressed air at the Blackwall tunnel against accident or death; we see it in the gentle care shown the insane inmates of asylums; in the establishment of a minimum living wage for every man, woman and boy in public employment; in the erection of a model lodging-house for the poorest nomads of the great city; in suppressing the one-roomed family home in

its artisans' dwellings; in studying the special needs of women; in erecting gymnasia for girls; in conveying sand from the seaside for children to play on in the parks; and in watching that the charwoman of Whitechapel gets her full weight of coal for her penny. These things are not mere accidents of administrative development; they represent a continuity of policy and a directness of purpose which has been felt in all departments of civic life. And whatever the future of the Council may be, by whatever party it may be controlled, the mighty social forces which it has started will endure and will make for a brighter and better city.



THE HEAD PORTER AT SPRING GARDENS,

AT THE END OF THE TELESCOPE.

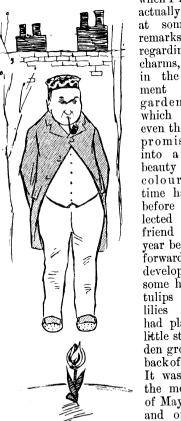
By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

Illustrated by J. W. T. MANUEL.



HE spring is a most delightful season to dwellers in the town as well as to dwellers in the country, though I happen to be acquainted with one man who assures me that it

has been greatly overrated by poets and paragraphists. I was somewhat taken aback



LOOKING FORWARD.

when I found him actually sneering at some simple remarks of mine regarding vernal charms, especially in the developthose αf garden bulbs which transform even the most unpromising area into a place of beauty and vivid Some colour. time had elapsed before I recolthat mv friend had last vear been looking forward to development some hundreds of tulips and Lent lilies which he had planted in a little strip of garden ground at the back of his cottage. It was not until the merry month of May had come, and only half a dozen flowers out of his hundreds

of bulbs had appeared, that he learned from his faithful housemaid (Irish) that his cook, on being discharged with ignominy early in the year, had, in order to realise a well-matured scheme of revenge, gone out on her last night and uprooted the three rows of newly-planted bulbs, placing them in the dustbin.

The housemaid, after due thought, said she shouldn't wonder if this incident, to which she had not given much attention at the time of its occurrence, might in some mysterious way account for the non-appearance of the tulips, the jonquils, and other flowers that bloom in the spring (when they get a chance). The master of the house—and garden—thought that on the whole her theory was plausible enough, and I must confess that when he communicated it to me I thought there was something in it.



Some years ago I heard of another amateur gardener who got a present of a couple of dozen very rare lily bulbs, and telephoned from his office to his wife at home that he was sending them to her by a messenger, so that no time might be lost in planting them. It so happened, however, that the lady was going out and could not wait to plant them herself, so she asked the page-boy to divest himself of his coat of many buttons and do a little gardening when the bulbs should arrive. It so happened, however, that the youth had a fine taste for practical jesting, and it is supposed



THE MALICIOUS COOK.

that the arrival of a bag of onions for the kitchen suggested to him the idea of mixing the parcels up; at any rate the onion soup that day was pronounced by all who partook



of it to be singularly flavourless; but in the course of a month or two there appeared in the garden a bed of remarkably fine onions, just where the lilies were fondly supposed to be at the point of shooting.

* * *

It is needless to say that the page-boy repudiated the crime with which he was charged; but as he usually committed a crime a day, and repudiated it with great

vehemence, his protestations of innocence were as a rule received with great reluctance by the other members of the household. Surely, however, a cook should know the difference between a Spanish onion and a lily bulb. This is the remark which I ventured to make on hearing the circumstantial story of the regrettable incident just recorded; but immediately the remark was received with what is called in the Parliamentary reports "ironical cheers," and with cries—mostly female—of "You know little about cooks!"



That was just where a mistake was made. The great majority of women assume that a man has been married all his life, and that therefore—the logic is theirs, not mine—he is not in a position to pronounce an opinion on the subject of the diversity of cooks and the varieties of cooking. It is however the lot of a large proportion of men to live in lodgings for perhaps some years before being driven to seek refuge in matrimony from an unendurable situation. lodgings, most men find, imply a lodginghouse keeper, and a lodging-house keeper implies a good deal more than meets the eye, wide though such a superficial area may The landlady who does not herself cook, never fails to complain to her lodger about her cook. She usually has very good reason to do so, and of this fact no one is more fully aware than the lodger.

landlady knows this; but she also knows that the act of her complaining of the cook prevents her lodger from complaining of the cookery. No man with any degree of manliness would have the heart to add to the misery of a woman suffering from the effects of a chronic cook.

* * *

Thus it is that most men obtain in the course of time a pretty large experience of cooks and cookery. Sometimes a man whose first love has disappointed him—and probably the man whom she marries instead of him—seeing a long vista of bachelorhood before him, boldly sets up a house and household of his own. Should he be fortunate enough and have money enough to secure the services of a cook who suits him, he invariably marries her in the end, and he is most likely happy for some little time. He fears to face the inscrutable possibilities of a stranger in the kitchen. I can sympathise with him, believing, as I do, on irreproachable evidence, that the kitchen is the most important room in a house, and that a man's range of thought is practically dependent upon his kitchen range.

* * *

There are some houses which have a reputation for being haunted. At various

hours during the night a horrid ghost is seen to walk about certain corridors to the accompaniment of clanging chains and occasional groans. I have been on visits to at least two such houses, and the result of my careful observation of the phenomena was to convince me that it was the household and not the house that was haunted. The family ghost was born and bred in the kitchen. I knew that to exorcise it one should begin by turning off the cook, for she was undoubtedly the spectreraiser of the family. In plain words, her atrocious preparations for the table were responsible for those gastronomic attacks which made the sufferers see unutterable sights and hear indescribable sounds.



THE ANCIENT

We have all met a man who, like the Ancient Mariner, wanders about telling a ghost story which has come under his personal observation. The "medium" has been admirably described by Coleridge—

I fear thee, ancient mariner, I fear thy skinny hand, For thou art lean and lank and long, As is the ribb'd sea sand.

There is a vignette of the man who has kept up a visiting acquaintance with the inhabitants of another world. The long, lean, sand-coloured dyspeptic is the only possible ghost seer. You never find a chubby, good-humoured man, with a twinkle in his eye, anxious to tell you of his encounter with spirits—at least not with the sort that wander by night. If he began such a story people would laugh in his face—a fact which shows that people are in some degree aware of the close connection that exists between gastronomics and ghosts.



The bicycle will, I am persuaded, eventually drive the ghost out of even the best county families. That is to say, the exhibitation of the exercise of cycling will be sufficiently great to enable persons of a dyspeptic and, consequently, ghost-seeing tendency, to partake without supernatural consequences of any ordinary meal. It would, of course, be rash to say that there is any cycle in the market which may be recommended as a certain antidote to a Welsh rarebit, eaten within an hour of bed time, but I do not think that anyone will doubt that the lighter comestibles—in the heart of every one of which lurks a ready-made ghost, fully equipped with shaking shackles, and a moan like that of a donkey-engine out of work—may be fearlessly approached by anyone given to that form of riding known as "scorching." Personally I have met with at least one man who, after a forty mile trundle, partook of a slab of pickled pork, went to bed and got up the next morning without suggesting that his bedroom had been the rendezvous of spectres.



Has no author yet worked out the hallucinations of Hamlet from a gastronomic standpoint? There is plenty of room for a stout folio volume on this subject. Anyone could perceive that the young prince had a poor digestion, and that he had still further impaired it by the irregularity of his meals, and by his persistence in making the funeral-

baked meats his staple diet. Cold baked meat is undoubtedly very indigestible, so that his seeing a ghost and his hearing the usual clank of chains were merely a matter of time. As for his friends, who also saw the ghost, it seems pretty plain that their aim was to live up to Hamlet, and they succeeded only too well.

* * *

Yes, just as soap and the spelling-book exterminated the noble redskin, so the bicycle and the cooking class will banish the family, or even the casual and unattached, spectre. In the language of the pill-maker, "the most stubborn cases 'will yield at last, and those spirits which have been getting scarcer and scarcer year by year will eventually become as rare as an auk's egg, or perhaps as a roc's egg, which I understand is to be found in no existing collection. Old men will sit round the ale-house fire and talk of the good old days when no country-house was without its spectre, and when some great county families could boast of a brace of "named" specimens—usually Red Sir Somebody and his victim the Lady Blanche. Then there will be an exchange of recollections, more or less legendary, between the "grandfers," unless the "grandfers" themselves become extinct before the last haunted chamber gives up the ghost.

* * *

It was the fantastic pastry of the Elizabethan period, to which every ghost worth talking about belongs, that filled our countryhouses with spectres. Happily every day is seeing an improvement in our ordinary cooking, though it must be admitted, I think, that we are as yet far from absolute perfection. I will however maintain that the working classes in this country have far more wholesome food than the corresponding class in either France or Germany. We occasionally hear of that wonderful French housewife who, out of a handful of vegetables. can make a soup that might be given to guests at the Savoy in England, or Delmonico's on the other side of the Atlantic. Well, I for one was not provided with the address of that housewife any time I have been roughing it in France. The family soup which I have frequently tasted might be put on the table at an English thirdclass restaurant once, but certainly not twice, unless the restaurateur was anxious to emigrate. To say that it was insipid would be the grossest flattery. If it had been only

insipid it might have been tolerated by easygoing people. To be tasteless is, after all, to possess a negative quality; the French soup, made with that marvellous handful of herbs, had a distinct taste, but it was a distinctly objectionable taste.

* * *

For years I have been theorising on the subject of co-operative cookery for the lower middle classes, or perhaps for the middle classes—upper as well as lower. My idea is to have a fine kitchen to do duty for, say, six seventy-pound houses, or one for twelve forty-pound houses. I would not have too many cooks; the proverbial result of a superfluity in this direction I would certainly try to avoid. Two cooks for every kitchen would, I think, be sufficient, unless some of the houses had more than the average Every mistress of a number of inmates. household using the common kitchen provided for the six or the twelve, as the case may be, would send to the head cook a note of the menu she required for the day, and when the various articles arrived from the tradesmen the cook would check them off. prepare the meals, and serve them at the required hours.

* * *

Of course those people who delight in picking every well-meant scheme to pieces will ask how it would be possible to serve a comfortable meal where the kitchen is not in direct communication with the house, but perhaps six houses off. My answer to this objection is very simple: I would make a connection for culinary purposes between all the houses in the "system"—something like a small square wooden shaft, with trays running on wheels, is the arrangement which I have just now in my mind. The cost of construction of such an arrangement would be trifling, and it would be effective. am not a philanthropist; on the contrary, I am a landlord," says a gentleman in a recent work of fiction; but in my scheme I would turn the landlord into a philanthropist by making him defray the original cost of the kitchen connections.

* * *

In any case the cost would be far more than covered by the saving in fuel in the course of one month. In most houses the kitchen fire is kept in a perfect state of repair from (nominally) six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, and certainly the result is rarely proportionate to the outlay. A first-class cook is a luxury that is only within the reach of a few households under the system of one cook one house now in vogue; the consequence is that the heads of many households find that the exigencies of their business compel them to dine at their clubs. Now I hold that if my system were put into practice the sorry spectacle of a married man dining at a club would never be witnessed, except of course when that drastic domestic remedy known as the spring cleaning was running its fell course.

* * *

It has been suggested that the Emperor of Germany must surely be writing a cookery book, cookery being the only subject which he has not yet dealt with. Should this runour turn out to be well founded there



A GERMAN CLASSIC OF THE FUTURE.

will of course be no need for putting my theory into practice, for every man, woman or child who reads the Kaiser's cookery book will forthwith be capable of fulfilling the duties of a *chef*.

After all a first-class cook is, like a first-class poet, born, not made. I recollect but too well how one of our party, at a rather isolated shooting-lodge in Ireland, endeavoured to transform the good woman—who had nearly killed us with the originality of her culinary designs—into a cordon bleu. We bore with

the boiling of grouse in a saucepan, with bacon and green vegetables, but when a piece of corned beef was presented to us, after being roasted on a spit before a brisk fire, we all felt that the woman required some instruction in the elements of the art in which we had been assured she had gained distinction.

* * *

One of the party promised to transform her. He began by teaching her how to make hare soup. He gave her the hares, and an old grouse or two, and showed her how the saucepan must be placed to simmer on the side of the fire, and in no case allowed to boil during the seven hours that we were battening on the moor. She said, "Yes, sor," to every axiom which he formulated in her presence; but in spite of this, some of us felt convinced that we should never partake of that soup. When we returned, however, the savoury smell that clung to the lodge like a halo made us feel hopeful. The designer of the feast hastened to the kitchen, and there, sure enough, was the saucepan in the right place at the side of the fire. He gave a glance under the lid and saw that all

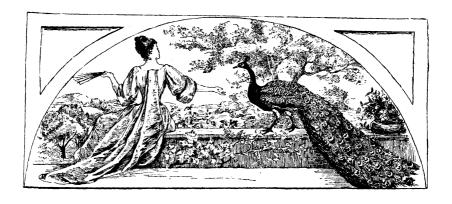
was right. "You've done it this time, Mrs. Moriarty," he cried enthusiastically. "Sure, all I wanted was to be taught, sor," said the woman. "That was all," he acquiesced. "Now just strain it off nicely, and put this port wine over it before serving." "Yes, sor, tubbe sure," cried the good creature as he left the kitchen.

* * *

In a quarter of an hour we sat round the table waiting for the soup. At a signal the woman bustled into the room bearing an enormous dish surmounted by a hillock of tin. When this cover was removed there were disclosed the skeletons of two hares and a heap of bones that had once been grouse. "Woman," shouted her instructor, "where's the soup?" "Didn't ye bid me strain it off, sor?" she said. "And where did you strain it off?" he shouted. "Where, sor? why, where else but into the bog outside the kitchen door, sor," she replied with a broadish smile.

* * *

The remainder of the conversation could not be said to possess any literary interest.



ADVENTURES OF MARTIN HEWITT.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.*

Illustrated by T. S. C. CROWTHER.

III.—THE AFFAIR OF MRS. SETON'S CHILD.



T has struck me that many of my readers may wonder that, although I have set down in detail a number of interesting cases wherein Hewitt figured with success, I have scarcely

as much as alluded to his failures. For failures he had, and of a fair number. More than once he has found his search met, perhaps at the beginning, perhaps after some little while, by an impenetrable wall of darkness through which no clue led. At other times he has lost time on a false trail while At others still the his quarry escaped. stupidity or inaccuracy of some person upon whom he has depended for information has set his plans to naught. The reason why none of these cases have been embodied in the present papers is simply this; that a problem with no answer, a puzzle with no explanation, an incident with no satisfactory end, as a rule lends itself but poorly to purposes of popular narrative, and it is often difficult to make understood and appreciated any degree of skill and acumen unless it produces a clear and intelligible result. That such results attended Hewitt's efforts in an extraordinary degree those who have followed my narratives so far will need no assurance; but withal impossibilities still remain impossibilities, for Hewitt as for the dullest creature alive. On some other occasion I may perhaps set out at length a case in which Martin Hewitt achieved nothing more than unqualified failure; for the present I shall content myself with a case which, although it was completely cleared up in the end, yet for some while baffled Hewitt because of some of the reasons I have alluded to.

On the ground floor of the building wherein Hewitt kept his office, and in which I myself had my chambers, were the offices of Messrs. Streatley and Raikes, an old-fashioned firm of family solicitors. Messrs. Streatley and Raikes's junior clerk appeared in Hewitt's outer office one morning with the query, "Is your guy'nor in?"

* Copyright, 1896, by Arthur Morrison.

Kerrett admitted the fact.

"Will you tell him Mr. Raikes sends his compliments and will be obliged if he can step downstairs for a few minutes? It's a client of ours—a lady—and she's in a great state about losing her baby or something. Say Mr. Raikes would bring her up only she seems too ill to get up the stairs."

This was the purport of the message which Kerrett brought into the inner room, and in three minutes Hewitt was in Streatley and Raikes's office.

"I thought the only useful thing possible would be to send for you, Mr Hewitt," Mr. Raikes explained; "indeed, if my client had been better acquainted with London no doubt she would have come to you direct. She is in a bad state in the inner office. Her name is Mrs. Seton; her husband is a recent client of ours. Quite young, and rather wealthy people, so far as I know. Made a fortune early, I believe, in South Africa, and came here to live. Their child—their only child, a little toddler of two years or thereabout—disappeared yesterday in a most mysterious way, and all efforts to find it seem to have failed The police have been set going as yet. everywhere, but there is no news as yet. Mrs. Seton seems to have passed a dreadful night, and could think of nothing better to do this morning than to come to us. She has her maid with her, and looks to be breaking down entirely. I believe she's lying on the sofa in my private room now. Will you see her? I think you might hear what she has to say, whether you take the case in hand or not; something may strike you, and in any case it will comfort her to get your opinion. I told her all about you, you know, and she clutched at the chance eagerly. Shall I see if we may go in?"

Mr. Raikes knocked at the door of his inner sanctum and waited; then he knocked again and set the door ajar. There was a quiet "Come in," and pushing open the door the lawyer motioned Hewitt to follow him.

On the sofa facing the door sat a lady, very pale, and exhibiting plain signs of grief and physical weariness. A heavy veil was

thrown back over her bonnet, and her maid stood at her side holding a bottle of salts. As she saw Hewitt she made as if to rise, but he stepped quickly forward and laid his hand on her shoulder, "Pray don't disturb yourself, Mrs. Scton," he said; "Mr. Raikes has told me something of your trouble, and perhaps when I know a little more I shall be able to offer you some advice. But remember that it will be very important for you to maintain your strength and spirits as much as possible."

"This is Mr. Martin Hewitt, you know," Mr. Raikes here put in—"of whom I was speaking."

Mrs. Seton inclined her head and with a very obvious effort began. "It is my child, you know, Mr. Hewitt—my little boy Charley; we can't find him."

"Mr. Raikes has told me so. When did you see the child last?" "Yesterday morning. His nurse left him

sitting on the floor in a room we call the

small morning-room, where we sometimes allowed him to play when nurse was out. because the nursery was out of hearing. except from the bedrooms. I myself was in the large morning-room, and as he seemed to be very quiet I went to look, and found he was not there." "You looked elsewhere, of course?" "Yes, but he was nowhere in the house, and none of the servants had seen him. At first I supposed that his nurse had gone back to the small morning-room and taken him with her—I had sent her on an errand—but when she returned I found that was not the case."

"On the sofa facing the door sat a lady, very pale, and exhibiting plain signs of grief,"

"Can be walk?"

"Oh, yes, he can walk quite well. But he could scarcely have come out from the room without my hearing him. The two rooms, the morning-room and the small sitting-room, are on opposite sides of the same passage."

"Do the doors face each other?"

"No; the door of the small room is farther up the passage than the other. But in any case he was nowhere in the house."

"But if he left the room he must have got out somehow. Is there no other door?"

"Yes, there is a French window, with the lower panels of wood, in the room; it gives on to a few steps leading down into the garden; but that was closed and bolted on the inside."

"You found no trace whatever of him, I take it, on the whole premises?"

"Not a trace of any sort, nor had

anybody about the place seen him."

"Did you yourself actually see him in this room, or have you merely the nurse's word

"I saw her put him there. She left him playing with a box of toys. When I went to look for him the toys were there, scattered on the floor, but he had gone." Mrs. Seton sank on the arms of her maid and her breast heaved.

"I'm sure," Hewitt said, "You'll keep your nerves as steady as you can, Mrs. Seton; much may depend on it. If you have nothing else to tell me now I think I will come to your house at once, look at it, and question your servants myself. Meantime what has been done?"

"The police have been notified everywhere, of course," Mr. Raikes said, handing Hewitt a printed bill, damp from the press; "and here is a bill containing a description of the child and offering a reward, which is being circulated now."

Hewitt glanced at the bill and nodded. "That is quite right," he said, "so far as I can tell at present. But I must see the place. Do you feel strong enough to come home now. Mrs. Seton?"

Hewitt's business-like decision and confidence of manner gave the lady fresh strength. "The brougham is here," she said, "and we can drive home at once. We live at Cricklewood."

A fine pair of horses stood before the brougham, though they still bore signs of hard work; and indeed they had been kept at their best pace all that morning. All the way to Cricklewood Hewitt kept Mrs. Seton in conversation, never for a moment leaving

her attention disengaged. The missing child, he learned, was the only one, and the family had only been in England for something less than a year. Mr. Seton had become possessed of real property in South Africa, had sold it in London, and had determined to settle here.

A little way past Shoot-up Hill the coachman swung his pair off to the left, and presently entering a gate pulled up before a

large old-fashioned house.

Here Hewitt immediately began a complete examination of the premises. The possible exits from the grounds, he found, were four in number. The two wide front gates giving on to the carriage-drive, the kitchen and stable entrance, and a side gate in a fence always locked, however. Inside the house. from the central hall, a passage to the right led to another wherein was the door of the small morning-room. This was a very ordinary room, 15 feet square or so, lighted by the glass in the French window, the bottom panes of which, however, had been filled in with wood. The contents of a box of toys lay scattered on the floor, and the box itself lav near.

"Have these toys been moved," Hewitt

asked, "since the child was missed?"

"No, we haven't allowed anything to be disturbed. The disappearance seemed so wholly unaccountable that we thought the police might wish to examine the place exactly as it was. They did not seem to think it necessary, however."

Hewitt knelt and examined the toys without disturbing them. They were of very good quality, and represented a farmyard, with horses, carts, ducks, geese and cows complete. One of the carts had had a string attached so that it might be pulled along the floor.

"Now," Hewitt said rising, "you think, Mrs. Seton, that the child could not have toddled through the passage, and so into some other part of the house, without you

hearing him?"

"Well," Mrs. Seton answered with indecision, "I thought so at first, but I begin to doubt. Because he mut have done so, I

suppose."

They went into the passage. The door of the large morning-room was four or five yards further toward the passage leading to the hall, and on the opposite side. "The floor in this passage," Hewitt observed, "is rather thickly carpeted. See here, I can walk on it at a good pace without noise."

Mrs. Seton assented. "Of course," she said, "if he got past here he might have got

anywhere about the house, and so into the grounds. There is a veranda outside the drawing-room, and doors in various places."

"Of course the grounds have been completely examined?"

"Oh, yes, every inch."

"The weather has been very dry, unfortunately," Hewitt said, "and it would be useless for me to look for footprints on your hard gravel, especially of so small a child. Let us come back to the room. Is the French window fastened as you found it?"

"Yes; nothing has been changed."

The French window was, as is usual, one



"'Those hinges were meant for a heavier gate than that."

of two casements joining in the centre and fastened by bolts top and bottom. "It is not your habit, I see," Hewitt observed, "to open both halves of the window."

"No; one side is always fastened, the other we secure by the bottom bolt because the catch of the handle doesn't always act properly."

"And you found that bolt fastened as I see it now?"

"Yes."

Hewitt lifted the bolt and opened the

door. Four or five steps led parallel with the face of the wall to a sort of path which ran the whole length of the house on this side, and was only separated from a quiet public lane by a low fence and a thin hedge. Almost opposite a small, light gate stood in the fence, firmly padlocked.

"I see," Hewitt remarked, "your house is placed close against one side of the grounds. Is that the side gate which you always keep

locked?"

Mrs. Seton replied in the affirmative, and Hewitt laid his hand on the gate in question. "Still," he said, "if security is the

object I should recommend hinges a little less rural in pattern; see here," and he gave the gate a jerk upward, lifting the hinge-pins from their sockets and opening the gate from that side, the padlock acting as hinge. "Those hinges," he added, "were meant for a heavier gate than that," and he replaced the gate.

"Yes," Mrs. Seton replied;
"I am obliged to you; but
that doesn't concern us now.
The French window was
bolted on the inside. Would
you like to see the servants?"

The servants were produced, and Hewitt questioned each in turn, but not one would admit having seen anything of Master Charles Seton after he had been left in the small morning-room. A rather stupid groom fancied he had seen Master Charles on the side lawn, but then remembered that that must have been the day before. The cook, an uncommonly thin, sharp-featured woman for one of her trade, was

especially positive that she had not seen him all that day. "And she would be sure to have remembered if she had seen him leaving the house," she said, "because she was the more particular since he was lost the last time."

This was news to Hewitt. "Lost the last time?" he asked; "why, what is this, Mrs. Seton? Was he lost once before?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Seton answered, "six or seven weeks ago. But that was quite different. He strayed out at the front gate

and was brought back from the police station

in the evening."

"But this may be most important," Hewitt said. "You should certainly have told me. Tell me now exactly what happened on this first occasion."

"But it was really quite an ordinary sort of accident. He was left alone and got out through an open gate. Of course we were very anxious; but we had him back the same evening. Need we waste time in talking about that?"

"But it will be no waste of time, I assure you. What was it that happened, exactly?"

"Nurse was about to take him for a short walk just before lunch. On the front lawn he suddenly remembered a whip which had been left in the nursery and insisted on taking it with him. She left him and went back for it, taking however some little time to find it. When she returned he was nowhere to be seen; but one of the gates was a couple of feet or more open—it had caught on a loose stone in swinging to—and no doubt he had wandered off that way. A lady found him some distance away and, not knowing to whom he belonged, took him that evening to a police station, and as messages had been sent to the police stations, we had him back soon after he was left there.'

"Do you know who the lady was?"

"Her name was Mrs. Clark. She left her name and address at the police station, and of course I wrote to thank her. But there was some mistake in taking it down, I suppose, for the letter was returned marked 'not known.'"

"Then you never saw this lady yourself?"

" No."

"I think I will make a note of the exact description of the child and then visit the police station to which this lady took him six weeks ago. Fair, curly hair, I think, and blue eyes? Age two years and three months; walks and runs well, and speaks fairly plainly. Dress?"

"Pale blue llama frock with lace, white underlinen, linen overall, pale blue silk socks and tan shoes. Everything good as new except the shoes, which were badly worn at the backs through a habit he has of kicking back and downward with his heels when They were rather old shoes, and sitting.

only used indoors."

"If I remember aright nothing was said of those shoes in the printed bill?"

"Was that so? No, I believe not. have been so worried."

"Yes, Mrs. Seton, of course. It is most creditable in you to have kept up so well while I have been making my inquiries. Go now and take a good rest while I do what is possible. By the way, where was Mr. Seton yesterday morning when you missed the boy?"

"In the City. He has some important

business in hand just now."

"And to-day?"

"He has gone to the City again. course he is sadly worried; but he saw that everything possible was done, and his business was very important."

"Just so. Mr. Seton was not married

before, I presume—if I may?"

"No, certainly not; why do you ask?"

"I beg your pardon, but I have a habit of asking almost every question I can think of; I can't know too much of a case, you know, and most unlikely pieces of information sometimes turn out useful. Thank you for your patience; I will try another plan now.'

Mrs. Seton had kept up remarkably well during Hewitt's examination, but she was plainly by no means a strong woman, and her maid came again to her assistance as Hewitt left. Hewitt himself made for the police station. Few inspectors indeed of the Metropolitan Police force did not know Hewitt by sight, and the one here in charge knew him well. He remembered very well the occasion, six weeks or so before, when Mrs. Clark brought Mrs. Seton's child to the station. He was on duty himself at the time, and he turned up the book containing an entry on the subject. From this it appeared that the lady gave the address No. 89 Sedgby Road, Belsize Park.

"I suppose you didn't happen to know the lady," Hewitt asked—"by sight or otherwise?"

"No, I didn't, and I'm not sure I could swear to her again," the inspector answered. "She wore a heavy veil, and I didn't see much of her face. One rum thing I noticed though: she seemed rather fond of the baby, and as she stooped down to kiss him before she went away I could see an old sear on her throat. It was just the sort of scar I've seen on a man that's had his throat cut and got over it. She wore a high collar to hide it, but stooping shifted the collar, and so I saw it."

"Did she seem an educated woman?"

"Oh yes; perfect lady; spoke very nice. I told her a baby had been inquired after by Mrs. Seton, and from the description I'd no doubt this was the one. And so it was."

"At what time was this?"

"7.10 p.m. exactly. Here it is, all entered properly."

"Now as to Sedgby Road, Belsize Park.

Do you happen to know it?"

"Oh, yes, very well. Very quiet, respectable road indeed. I only know it through

walking through."

"I see a suburban directory on the shelf behind you. Do you mind pulling it down? Thanks. Let us find Sedgby Road. Here it is. See, there is no No. 89; the highest number is 67."

"No more there is," the inspector answered, running his finger down the column; "and there's no Clark in the road, that's more. False address, that's plain. And so they've lost him again, have they? We had notice yesterday, of course, and I've just got some bills. This last seems a queer sort of affair, don't it? Child sitting inside the house disappeared like a ghost, and all the doors and windows fastened inside."

Hewitt agreed that the affair had very uncommon features, and presently left the station and sought a cab. All the way back to his office he considered the matter deeply. As a matter of fact he was at a loss. Certain evidence he had seen in the house, but it went a very little way, and beyond that there was merely no clue whatever. There were features of the child's first estrayal also that attracted him, though it might very easily be the case that nothing connected the two There was an unknown womanapparently a lady-who had once had her throat cut, bringing the child back after several hours and giving a false name and address, for since the address was false the same was probably the case with the name. Why was this? This time the child was still absent, and nothing whatever was there to suggest in what direction he might be followed, neither was there anything to indicate why he should be detained anywhere, if detained he was. Hewitt determined, while awaiting any result that the bills might bring, to cause certain inquiries to be made into the antecedents of the Setons. Moreover other work was waiting, and the Seton business must be put aside for a few hours at least.

Hewitt sat late in his office that evening, and at about nine o'clock Mrs. Seton returned. The poor woman seemed on the verge of serious illness. She had received two anonymous letters, which she brought with her, and with scarcely a word placed before Hewitt's eyes.

The first he opened and read as follows:--

"The writer observes that you are offering a reward for the recovery of your child. There is no necessity for this; Charley is quite safe, happy, and in good hands. Pray do not instruct detectives or take any such steps just yet. The child is well and shall be returned to you. This I swear solemnly. His errand is one of mercy; pray have patience."

Hewitt turned the letter and envelope in his hand. "Good paper, of the same sort as the envelope," he remarked, "but only a half sheet, freshly torn off, probably because the other side bore an address heading; therefore most likely from a respectable sort of house. The writing is a woman's, and good, though the writer was agitated when she did it. Posted this afternoon, at Willesden."

"You see," Mrs. Seton said anxiously, "she knows his name. She calls him

'Charley.'"

"Yes," Hewitt answered; "there may be something in that, or there may not. The name Charles Seton is on the bills, isn't it? And they have been visible publicly all day to-day. So that the name may be more easily explained than some other parts of the letter. For instance, the writer says that the child's 'errand' is one of mercy. The little fellow may be very intelligent—no doubt is—but children of two years old as a rule do not practise errands of mercy—nor indeed errands of any sort. Can you think of anything whatever, Mrs. Seton, in connection with your family history, or indeed anything else, that may throw light on that phrase?"

He looked keenly at her as he asked, but her expression was one of blank doubt merely, as she shook her head slowly and answered in the negative. Hewitt turned to the other letter and read this:—

"Madam,—If you want your child you had better make an arrangement with me. You fancy he has strayed, but as a matter of fact he has been stolen, and you little know by whom. You will never get him back except through me, you may rest assured of that. Are you prepared to pay me one hundred pounds (£100) if I hand him to you, and no questions asked? Your present reward, £20, is paltry; and you may finally bid good-bye to your child if you will not accept my terms. If you do, say as much in an advertisement to the Standard, addressed to

VERITAS."

"A man's handwriting," Hewitt commented: "fairly well formed, but shaky. The writer is not in first-rate health—each line totters away in a downward slope at the end. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that the gentleman drank. Postmark, Hampstead: posted this afternoon also. But the striking thing is the paper and envelope. They are each of exactly the same kind and size as those of the other letter. The paper also is a half sheet, and torn off on the same side as the other; confirmation of my suspicion that the object is to get rid of the printed address. I shall be surprised if both these were not written in the same house. That looks like a traitor in the enemy's camp; the question is which is the traitor?" Hewitt regarded the letters intently for a few seconds and then proceeded. "Plainly." he said, "if these letters are written by people who know anything about the matter, one writer is lying. The woman promises that the child shall be returned, without reward or search, and talks generally as if the taking away of the child, or the estrayal, or whatever it was, were a very virtuous sort of proceeding. The man says plainly that the child has been stolen, with no attempt to gloss the matter, and asserts that nothing will get the child back but heavy blackmail —a very different story. On the other hand, can there be any concerted design in these two letters? Are they intended, each from its own side, to play up to a certain result?" Hewitt paused and thought. Then he asked suddenly: "Do you recognise anything familiar either in the handwriting or the stationery of these letters?"

"No, nothing."

"Very well," Hewitt said, "we will come to closer quarters with the blackmailer, I think. You needn't commit yourself to paying anything, of course."

"But, Mr. Hewitt, I will gladly pay or do anything. The hundred pounds is nothing. I will pay it gladly if I can only get my

child."

"Well, well, we shall see. The man may not be able to do what he offers after all, but that we will test. It is too late now for an advertisement in to-morrow morning's Standard, but there is the Evening Standard—he may even mean that—and the next morning's. I will have an advertisement inserted in both, inviting this man to make an appointment, and prove the genuineness of his offer; that will fetch him if he wants the money, and can do anything for it. Have you nothing else to tell me?"

"Nothing. But have you ascertained nothing yourself? Don't say I've to pass another night in such dreadful suspense."

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Seton, I must ask you to be patient a little longer. I have ascertained something, but it has not carried me far as yet. Remember that if there is anything at all in these anonymous letters (and I think there is) the child is at any rate safe, and to be found one way or another. Both agree in that." This he said mainly to comfort his client, for in fact he had learned very little. His news from the City as to Mr. Seton's early history had been but meagre. He was known as a successful speculator, and that was almost all. There was an indefinite notion that he had been married once before, but nothing more.

All the next day Hewitt did nothing in the case. Another affair, a previous engagement, kept him hard at work in his office all day, and indeed had this not been the case he could have done little. His City inquiries were still in progress, and he awaited, moreover, a reply to the advertisement. But at about half-past seven in the evening this telegram arrived—

Child returned. Come at once,—Seton.

In five minutes Hewitt was making northwest in a hansom, and in half an hour he was ringing the bell at the Setons' house. Within, Mrs. Seton was still semi-hysterical, clasping the child—an intelligent-looking little fellow—in her arms, and refusing to release her hold of him for a moment. Mr. Seton stood before the fire in the same room. He was a smart-looking, scrupulously dressed man of thirty-five or thereabouts, and he began explaining his telegram as soon as he

had wished Hewitt good evening.

"The child's back," he said, "and of course that's the great thing. But I'm not satisfied, Mr. Hewitt. I want to know why it was taken away, and I want to punish somebody. It's really very extraordinary. My poor wife has been driving about all day —she called on you, by the bye, but you were out" (Hewitt credited this to Kerrett, who had been told he must not be disturbed) "and she has been all over the place uselessly, unable to rest, of course. Well, I have been at home since half-past four, and at about six I was smoking in the small morning-room—I often use it as a smokingroom—and looking out at the French window. I came away from there, and half an hour or more later, as it was getting dusk, I remembered I had left the French window open, and sent a servant to shut it. went straight to the room, and there on the floor, where he was seen last, she found the child playing with his toys as though nothing had happened!"

"And how was he dressed—as he is now?"

"Yes, just as he was when we missed

him." Hewitt stepped up to the child as he sat on his mother's lap, and rubbed his cheek, speaking pleasantly to him. The little fellow looked up and smiled, and Hewitt observed: "One thing is noticeable: this linen overall is almost clean. Little boys like this don't keep one white overall clean for three days, And see those shoes aren't do they? they new? Those he had were old, I think you said, and tan coloured."

The shoes now on the child's feet were of white leather, with a noticeable sewn orna-His mother had not mentation in silk. noticed them before, and as she looked he lifted his little foot higher and said, "Look,

niummy, more new shoes!"

"Ask him," suggested Hewitt hurriedly,

"who gave them to him."

His father asked him and the little fellow After a pause he said looked puzzled. " Mummy."

"No," his mother answered, "I didn't."

He thought a moment and then said "No, no, not vis mummy—course not." And for some little while after that the only answer procurable from him was "Course not," which seemed to be a favourite phrase of his.

"Have you asked him where he has

been?"

"Yes," his mother answered, "but he enly says 'Ta-ta.'"

"Ask him again."

She did. This time, after a little reflection, he pointed his chubby arm toward the door and said "Been dere.

"Who took you?" asked Mrs. Seton.

Again Charley seemed puzzled. looking doubtfully at his mother, he said "Mummy."

"No, not mummy," she answered, and his reply was "Course not," after which he attempted to climb on her shoulder.

Then, at Hewitt's suggestion, he was asked whom he went to see. This time the reply was prompt.

"Poor daddy," he said. "What, this daddy?"

"No, not vis daddy—course not." that was all that could be got from him.

"He will probably say things in the next day or two which may be useful," Hewitt said, "if you listen pretty sharply. Now I should like to go to the small morningroom."

In the room in question the door was still Outside the moon had risen and made the evening almost as clear as day. Hewitt examined the steps and the path at their foot, but all was dry and hard and showed no footmark. Then, as his eve rested on the small gate, "See here," he exclaimed suddenly; "somebody has been in, lifting the gate as I showed Mrs. Seton when I was last here. The gate has been replaced in a hurry and only the top hinge has dropped in its place; the bottom one is disjointed." He lifted the gate once more and set it back. The ground just along its foot was softer than in the parts surrounding, and here Hewitt perceived the print of a heel. It was the heel-mark of a woman's boot, small and sharp and of the usual Nowhere else within or curved D-shape. without was there the slightest mark. Hewitt went some distance either way in the outer lane, but without discovering anything more.

"I think I will borrow those new shoes," Hewitt said on his return. "I think I should be disposed to investigate further in any case, for my own satisfaction. thing interests me. By the way, Mrs. Seton, tell me, would these shoes be more likely to have been bought at a regular shoemaker's

or at a baby-linen shop?"

"Certainly, I should say at a baby-linen shop," Mrs. Seton answered; "they are of excellent quality, and for babies' shoes of this fancy description one would never go to an ordinary shoemaker's."

"So much the better, because the babylinen shops are fewer than the shoemakers'. I may take these, then? Perhaps before I go you had better make quite certain that there is nothing else not your own about the

child."

There was nothing, and with the shoes in his pocket Hewitt regained his cab and travelled back to his office. The case, from its very bareness and simplicity, puzzled him. Why was the child taken? Plainly not to keep, for it had been returned almost as it Plainly also not for the sake of reward or blackmail, for here was the child safely back, before the anonymous black-mailer had had a chance of earning his More, the advertised reward had not been claimed. Also it could not be a matter of malice or revenge, for the child

was quite unharmed, and indeed seems to have been quite happy. No conceivable family complication previous to the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Seton could induce anybody to take away and return the child, which was undoubtedly Mrs. Seton's. Then who could be the "poor daddy" and "mummy"-not "vis daddy" and not "vis mummy"—that

the child had been with. The Setons knew nothing of them. was difficult to see what it could all mean.

Arrived at his o ffi c e Hewitt took a map, and. setting the leg of a pair of compasses on the site of the Setons' house, described a circle, including in its radius all Willesden and Hampstead. Then, with the Suburban Directory to help him, he began searching out and noting all the baby - linen shops in the area. After all, there were not many about a dozen. This done, Hewitt went home.

Inthemorning he began

his hunt. His design was to call at each of the shops until he had found in which a pair of shoes of that particular pattern had been sold on the day of little Charley Seton's disappearance. The first two shops he tried did not keep shoes of the pattern, and had never had them, and the young ladies behind the counter seemed vastly amused at Hewitt's inquiries. Nothing perturbed, he tried the

next shop on his list in the Hampstead district. There they kept such shoes as a rule, but were "out of them at present." Hewitt immediately sent his card to the proprietress requesting a few minutes' interview.

The lady—a very dignified lady indeed—in black silk, gray corkscrew curls and spectacles. came out with Hewitt's card between her

fingers. apologised for troubling her, and, stepping out of hearing from the counter, explained that his business was urgent. "A child has been taken away by some unauthorised person, whom $a\,\mathrm{m}$ e ndeavouring to This trace. person bought this pair of shoes on Monday. You keep such shoes, I find, though they not in stock at present, and, as they appear to be of an uncommon sort, possibly they were bought here."

The lady looked at them. "Yes," she said. "this pattern of shoe is made espe-

cially for me.

"'This pattern of shoe is made especially for me."

I do not think you can buy them at other places."

"Then may I ask you to inquire from your assistants if any were sold on Monday, and to whom?"

"Certainly." Then there were consultations behind counters and desks, and examinations of carbon-papered books. In the end the proprietress came to Hewitt, followed by a young lady of rather pert and selfconfident aspect. "We find," she said, "that two pairs of these shoes were sold on Monday. But one pair was afterwards brought back and exchanged for others less expensive. This young lady sold both."

"Ah, then possibly she may remember something of the person who bought the pair

which was not exchanged."

"Yes," the assistant answered at once, addressing herself to the lady, "it was Mrs. Butcher's servant."

The proprietress frowned slightly. indeed." she said. "Mrs. Butcher's servant, There have been inquiries about Mrs. Butcher before, I believe, though not here. Mrs. Butcher is a woman who takes babies to mind, and is said to make a trade of adopting them, or finding people anxious to adopt them. I know nothing of her, nor do I want to. She lives somewhere not far off, and you can get her address, I believe, from the greengrocer's round the corner."

"Does she keep more than one servant?" "Oh, I think not; but no doubt the greengrocer can say." The lady seemed to feel it an affront that she should be supposed to know anything of Mrs. Butcher, and Hewitt consequently started for the greengrocer's. Now this was just one of those cases in which dependence on information given by other people put Hewitt on the wrong He spent that day in a fatiguing pursuit of Mrs. Butcher's servant, with adventures rather amusing in themselves, but quite irrelevant to the Seton case. the end, when he had captured her, and proceeded to open a cunning battery of inquiries, under plea of a bet with a friend that the shoes could not be matched, he soon found that she had been the purchaser who, after buying just such a pair of shoes, had returned and exchanged them for something cheaper. And the only outcome of his visit to the baby-linen shop was the waste of a day. It was indeed just one of those checks which, while they may hamper the progress of a narrative for popular reading, are nevertheless inseparable from the matter-offact experience of Hewitt's profession.

With a very natural rage in his heart, but with as polite an exterior as possible, Hewitt returned to the baby-linen shop in the evening. The whole case seemed barren of useful evidence, and at each turn as yet he had found himself helpless. At the shop the self-confident young lady calmly admitted that soon after he had left something had caused her to remember that it was the other customer who had kept the white shoes and not Mrs. Butcher's servant.

"And do you know the other customer?"

he asked.

"No. she was quite a stranger. brought in a little boy from a cab and bought a lot of things for him—a suit of outdoor clothes, as well as the shoes."

"Ah! now probably this is what I want. Can you remember anything of the child?"

"Yes, he was a pretty little fellow, about two years old or so, with curls. She called him Charley.''

"Did she put the things on him in the

shop?"

"Not the frock; but she put on the outer coat, the hat and the shoes. I can remember it all now quite well, now I have had time to think."

"Then what shoes did the child wear

when he came in?"

"Rather old tan-coloured ones."

"Then I think this is the person I am You say you never saw her at any other time before or since. Try to describe her."

"Well, she was a lady well dressed, in black. She had a very high collar to hide a scar on her neck, like the scars people have sometimes after abscesses, I think. I could see it from the side when she stooped

"And are you sure she had nothing sent Did she take everything with home?

her?"

"Yes; nothing was sent, else we should know her address, you know."

"She didn't happen to pay with a banknote, did she?"

"No, in cash."

Hewitt left with little more ceremony and made the best of his way to his friend the inspector at the police station. was the woman with the scarred neck again— Charley's deliverer once, now his kidnapper. If only something else could be ascertained of her—some small clue that might bring her identity into view—the thing would be

At the station, however, there was something new. A man had just come in, very drunk, and had given himself into custody for kidnapping the child Charles Seton, whose description was set forth on the bill which still appeared on the notice-board outside the station. When Hewitt arrived the man was lolling, wretched and maudlin, against the rail, and, oblivious of most of the questions addressed to him, was ranting and snivelling by turns. His dress was good, though splashed with mud, and his bloated face, bleared eyes and loose, tremulous mouth proclaimed the habitual drunkard.

"I shay I'll gimmeself up," he proclaimed, with a desperate attempt at dignity; "I'll gimmeself up takin' away lil boy; I'll shacrifishe m'self. Solemn duty shacrifishe m'self f'elpless woman, ain't it? Ver' well then; gimmeself up takin' 'way lil boy, buyin' 'm pair shoes. No harm in that, issher? Hope

Nothing more intelligible than this could be got out of him, and presently he was taken off to the cells. Then Hewitt asked the inspector, "What will happen to him now?"

The inspector laughed.

"Oh he'll get very sober and sick and sorry by the morning," he said; "and then he'll have to send home for some money, that's all."

"And as to the child?"

"Oh, he'll forget all about that; that's only a drunken freak. The child has been recovered. You know that, I suppose?"

"Yes, but I am still after the person who took it away. It was a woman. Indeed I've more than a suspicion that it was the woman who brought the child here when he was lost before—the one with the scar on the neck, you know."

"Is that so?" said the inspector. "Well, that's a rum go, ain't it? What did she bring him back here for if she wanted him again?"

"That I want to find out," Hewitt answered. "And now I want you to do me a favour. You say you expect that man below will want to send home in the morning for money. Well, I want to be the messenger."

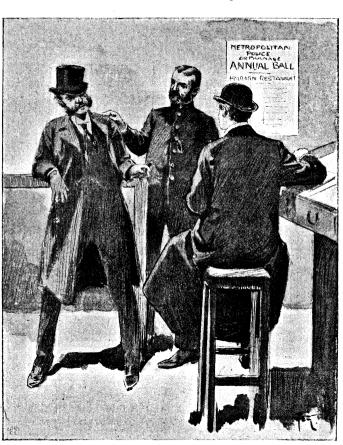
The inspector opened his eyes. "Want to be the messenger? Well, that's easily done; if you're here at the time I'll leave word. But why?"

"Well, I've a sort of notion I know something about his family, and I want to make sure. Shall I be here at eight in the morning, or shall we say nine?"

"Which you like; I expect he'll be shouting for bail before eight."

"Very well, we will say eight. Good-night."

And so Hewitt had to let yet another night go without an explanation of the mystery; but he felt that his hand was on the key at last, though it had only fallen



"' What's your name? ' asked the inspector."

not. Ver' well then." And he subsided into tears.

"What's your name?" asked the inspector.

"Whash name? Thash my bishnesh. Warrer wan' know name for? Grapertnence ask gellumshname. I'm gellum, thash wha' I am. Besht of shisters too, besht shis'ers"—snivelling again—"an' I'm ungra'ful beasht. But I shacrifishe 'self; she shan' get 'n trouble. D'year? Gimmeself up shtealin' lil boy. Who says I ain' gellum?"

there by chance. Prompt to his time at eight in the morning he was at the policestation, where another inspector was now on duty, who, however, had been told of Hewitt's wish.

"Ah," he said, "you're well to time, Mr. That prisoner's as limp as rags now: he's begging of us to send to his

sister."

"Does he say anything about that child?"

"Says he don't know anything about it; all a drunken freak. His name's Oliver Neale, and he lives at 10 Morton Terrace, Hampstead, with his sister. Her name's Mrs. Isitt, and you're to take this note and bring her back with you, or at any rate some money; and you're to say he's truly repentant," the inspector concluded with a grin.

The distance was short, and Hewitt walked it. Morton Terrace was a short row of pleasant old-fashioned villas, ivy-grown and neat, and No. 10 was as neat as any. To the servant who answered his ring Hewitt announced himself as a gentleman with a message from Mrs. Isitt's brother. This did not seem to prepossess the girl in Hewitt's favour, and she backed to the end of the hall and communicated with somebody on the stairs before finally showing Hewitt into a room, where he was quickly followed by Mrs. Isitt.

She was a rather tall woman of perhaps thirty-eight, and had probably been attractive, though now her face bore lines of sad grief. Hewitt noticed that she wore a very

high black collar.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Isitt," he said. "I'm afraid my errand is not altogether pleasant. The fact is your brother, Mr. Neale, was not altogether sober last night, and he is now at the police station, where he wrote this note."

Mrs. Isitt did not appear surprised, and took the note with no more than a sigh.

"Yes," she said, "it can't be concealed. This is not the first time by many, as you probably know, if you are a friend of his."

She read the note, and as she looked up

Hewitt said—

"No, I have not known him long. I happened to be at the station last night, and he rather attracted my attention by insisting, in his intoxicated state, on giving himself up for kidnapping a child, Charles Seton."

Mrs. Isitt started as though shot. Pale of cheek, she glanced fearfully in Hewitt's face and there met a keen gaze that seemed to read her brain. She saw that her secret was known, but for a moment she struggled, and her lips worked convulsively"Charles Seton—Charles Seton?"

"Yes, Mrs. Isitt, that is the name. child, as a matter of fact, was stolen by the person who bought these shoes for it. you recognise them?"

He produced the shoes and held them before her. The woman sank on the sofa behind her, terrified, but unable to take her

eves from Hewitt's.

"Come, Mrs. Isitt," he said, "you have been recognised. Here is my card. I am commissioned by the parents of the child to find who removed him, and I think I have succeeded."

She took the card and glanced at it dazedly; then she sank with a groaning sob with her face on the head of the sofa. and as she did so Hewitt could see a scar on the side of her neck peeping above her high

"Oh, my God!" the woman moaned. Then it has come to this. He will die! he

The woman's anguish was piteous to see. Hewitt had gained his point, and was willing to spare her. He placed his hand on her heaving shoulder and begged her not to distress herself.

"The matter is rather difficult to understand, Mrs. Isitt," he said. "If you will compose yourself perhaps you can explain. I can assure you that there is no desire to be vindictive. I'm afraid my manner upset you. Pray reassure yourself. May I sit down?"

Nobody could by his manner more easily restore confidence and trust than Hewitt, when it pleased him. Mrs. Isitt lifted her head and gazed at him once more with a troubled though quieter expression.

"I think you wrote Mrs. Seton an anonymous letter," Hewitt said, producing the first of those which Mrs. Seton had "It was kind of you to brought him.

reassure the poor woman."

"Oh, tell me," Mrs. Isitt asked, "was she much upset at missing the little boy? Did it make her ill?"

"She was upset, of course; but perhaps the joy of recovering him compensated for all."

"Yes; I took him back as soon as I possibly could, really I did, Mr. Hewitt. And, oh! I was so tempted! My life has been so unhappy! If you only knew!" She buried her face in her hands.

"Will you tell me?" Hewitt suggested "You see, whatever happens, an explanation of some sort is the first thing."

"Yes, yes—of course. Oh, I am a wretched woman." She paused for some little while, and then went on: "Mr. Hewitt, my husband is a lunatic." She paused again. "There was never a man, Mr. Hewitt, so devoted to his wife and children as my husband. He bore even with the continual annoyance of my brother, whom you saw, because he was my brother. But a

little more than a year ago, as the result of an accident, a tumour formed on his brain. The thing is incurable except, as a remote possibility, by a most dangerous operation, which the doctors fear to attempt except under Without most favourable conditions. that he must die sooner or later. Meantime he is insane, though with many and sometimes long intervals of perfect lucidity. When the disease attacked him there was little warning. except from pains in the head, till one dreadful night. Then he rose from bed a maniac and killed our child, a little girl of six, whom he was devotedly attached to. He also cut my own throat with his razor, but I recovered. I would rather say nothing more of that—it is too dreadful, though indeed I think about little else. There was another child, a baby boy, about a year old when his sister died, and he—he died of scarlet fever scarcely four months ago.

"My husband was taken to a private asylum at Willesden, where he now is. I visited him frequently, and took the baby, and it was almost terrible to see -a part of his insanity, no doubthow his fondness for that child grew. When it died I never dared to tell him. Indeed the doctors forbade it. In his state he would have died raving. he asked for it, sometimes earnestly, sometimes angrily, till I almost feared to visit him. Then he began to demand it of the doctors and attendants. and his excitement increased day by day. I was told to prepare for the worst. When I visited him he some-

times failed to recognise me, and at others demanded the child fiercely. I should tell you that it was only just about this time that it was found that the tumour existed, and the idea of the operation was suggested; but of course it was impossible in his disturbed condition. I scarcely dared to go to see him, and yet I did so long to! Dr. Bailey did indeed suggest that possibly we

might find he would be quieted by being shown another child; but I myself felt that to be very unlikely.

"It was while things were in this state, and about six or seven weeks ago, that, walking toward Cricklewood one morning, I saw a little fellow trotting along all alone, who actually startled me—startled me very



"She sank with a groaning sob with her face on the head of the sofa."

much—by his resemblance to our poor little one. The likeness was one of those extraordinary ones that one only finds among young children. This child was a little bigger and stronger than ours was when he died, but then it was older—probably very nearly the age and size our own would have been had it lived. Nobody else was in

sight, and I fancied the child looked about to cry, so I went to it and spoke. Plainly it had strayed, and could not tell me where it lived, only that its name was Charlev. took it in my arms and it grew quite friendly. As I talked to it suddenly Dr. Bailey's suggestion came in my mind. If any child could deceive my poor husband surely this was the one. Of course I should have to find its parents—probably through police; but why not at any rate take it to Willesden in the meantime for an hour or so? I could not resist the temptation—I took the first available cab.

"The result of the experiment almost frightened me. My poor husband received the child with transports of delight, kissed it, and laughed and wept over it like a mother rather than a father, and refused to give it up for hours. The child of course would not answer to its strange name at first, but he seemed an adaptable little thing, and presently began calling my poor husband 'daddy.' I had not been so happy myself for months as I was as I watched them. had told Dr. Bailey—what I fear was not strictly true—that I had borrowed the child from a friend. At length I felt I must go and take the boy to the police, and with great difficulty I managed to get it away, my poor husband crying like a child. Well, I took the little fellow to the station I judged nearest to where I found him, and gave him up to the care of the inspector. But I was a little frightened at having kept him so long, and gave a false name and address. Still I learned from the inspector that the child had been inquired after, and by whom.

"My husband was quiet for some days after this, but then he began to ask for his boy with more vehemence than ever. grew worse and worse, and soon his ravings were terrible. Dr. Bailey urged me to bring the child again, but what could I do? formed a desperate idea of going to Mrs. Seton, telling her the whole thing, and imploring her to let me take the child again. But then would that be likely? Would she allow her child to be placed in the arms of a lunatic—one indeed who had already killed a child of his own? I felt that the thing was impossible. Still I went to the house and walked about it again and again, I scarcely knew why. And my poor husband in his confinement screamed for his child till I dared not go near him. So it was when one morning—last Monday morning—I had passed the front of the Setons' house and turned up the lane at the side. I could see over the low fence and hedge, and as I came to the French window with the steps I saw that the window was open at one side and little Charley was standing on the top step. He recognised me, smiled and called just as my own child would have done; indeed as I stood there I almost fell into the delusion of my poor mad husband. I took the gate in my hands, shaking it impatiently, and in attempting to open it from the wrong end, found the hinges lift out. I could see that nobody else was in the room behind the French window. There was the temptation the overwhelming temptation—and I was distracted. I took the little fellow hurriedly in my arms and pulled the window to, so that the bottom bolt fell into the floor socket; then I replaced the gate as I found it and ran to where I knew there was a cab-Oh! Mr. Hewitt, was it so very sinful? And I meant to bring him back that same afternoon. I really did.

"The child was in indoor clothes, and had I called at a baby-linen shop and bought hat, cloak, frock and a new pair of shoes. Then I hurried to Willesden. Again the effect was magical. My husband was happy once more; but when at last I attempted to take the child away he would not let it go. It was terrible. Oh, I can't Dr. Bailey told me describe the scene. that, come what might, I must stay that night in a room his wife would provide for me and keep the child, or perhaps I must sit up with my husband and let the child sleep on my knee. In the end it was the

latter that I did.

"By the morning my senses were blunted and I scarcely cared what happened. determined that as I had gone so far I would keep the child that day at least; indeed, as I say, whether by the influence of my husband I know not, but I almost felt myself falling into his delusion that the child was ours. I went home for an hour at midday, taking the child, and then my wretched brother saw it and got the whole story from me. He told me that reward bills were out about the child, and then I dimly realised that its mother must be suffering pain, and I wrote the note you spoke of. Perhaps I had some little idea of delaying pursuit—I don't know. At any rate I wrote it, and posted it at Willesden My husband had been as I went back. asleep when I left, but now he was awake again and asking for the child once more. There is little more to say. I stayed that night and the next day, and by that time my husband had become tranquil and rational as he had not been for months. If only the improvement can be sustained they think of operating to-morrow or the next day.

"I carried Charley back in the dusk, intending to put him inside one of the gates, ring, and watch him safely in from a little way off, but as I passed down the side lane I saw the French window open again and nobody near. I had been that way before and felt bolder there. 1 took his hat and cloak (I had already changed his frock) and, after

sober. He lives here at my expense, indeed, and borrows money from his friends for drink. These may seem hard things for a sister to say, but everybody knows it. He has wearied me, and I have lost all shame of him. I suppose in his muddled state he got the notion that he would accuse himself of what I had done and so shield me. I expect he repented of his self-sacrifice this morning though."

Hewitt knew that he had, but said nothing. Also he said nothing of the anonymous letter



"Daddy!"

kissing him, put him hastily through the window and came away. But I had forgotten the new shoes. I remembered them, however, when I got home, and immediately conceived a fear that the child's parents might trace me by their means. I mentioned this fear to my brother, and it appeared to frighten him. He borrowed some money of me yesterday, and it seems got intoxicated. In that state he is always anxious to do some noble action, though he is capable, I am grieved to say, of almost any meanness when

he had in his pocket, wherein Mr. Oliver Neale had covertly demanded a hundred pounds for the restoration of Charley Seton. He guessed however that that gentleman had feared making the appointment that the advertisement answering his letter had suggested.

To Mr. and Mrs. Seton Hewitt told the whole story, omitting at first names and addresses. "I saw plainly," he said in course of his talk, "that the child might easily have been taken from the French window. I did

not say so, for Mrs. Seton was already sufficiently distressed, and the notion that the child was kidnapped and not simply lost might have made her worse just then. The toys—the cart with the string on it in particular—had been dragged in the direction of the window, and then nothing would be easier than for the child to open the window itself. There was nothing but a drop bolt. working very easily, which the child must often have seen lifted, and you will remember that the catch did not act. Once the child had opened the window and got outside, the whole thing was simple. The gate could be lifted, the child taken, and the window pulled to, so that the bolt would fall into its place and leave all as before.

"As to the previous occasion, I thought it curious at first that the child should stray before lunch and yet not be heard of again till the evening, and then apparently not be over-fatigued. But beyond these little things, and what I inferred from the letter, I had very little to help me indeed. Nothing, in fact, till I got the shoes," and they didn't carry me very far. The drunken rant of the man in the police station attracted me

because he spoke not only of taking away the child, but of buying it shoes. Now nobody could know of the buying of the shoes who did not know something more. But I knew it was a woman who had taken Charley, as you know, from the heel-mark and the evidence of the shop people, so that when the bemused fool talked of his sister, and sacrificing himself for her, and keeping her out of trouble, and so on, I ranged the case up in my mind, and, so far as I ventured, I guessed it aright. The police inspector knew nothing of the matter of the shoes, nor of the fact of the person I was after being a woman, so thought the thing no more than a drunken freak.

"And now," Hewitt said, "before I tell you this woman's name, don't you think the poor creature has suffered enough?"

Both Mrs. Seton and her husband agreed that she had, and that so far as they were concerned no further steps should be taken. And when she was told where to go, Mrs. Seton went off at once to offer Mrs. Isitt her forgiveness and sympathy. But Mrs. Isitt's punishment came in twenty-four hours, when her husband died in the surgeon's hands.



THE ART OF FASCINATION.

BY CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES.



If the proper study of mankind is woman, it follows as a natural sequence that the proper study of womankind is man. Unfortunately however the study of man in his social, rather

than his historical or merely zoological

aspect, harmless and necessary though it be, is not included in the curriculum of any high school for girls. To would-be students at our feminine seats of learning, with prudes for proctors and dowagers for deans. adequate material for scientific research in this direction necessarily lacking. Only by postgraduate experiments. fraught with more or less danger to peace o f mind, is the necessary knowledge acquired.

Not, my sisters, that the study is difficult or unattractive.

It is absorbing, engrossing, say the experts, and, like other things, singularly easy—when you know it.

The lack of trained observation in the past,

of scientific data to go upon, of comprehensive manuals and text-books on the subject, combined with the fact that pursuit of this branch of knowledge is declared to occasionally rouse emotions unfavourable to philosophic calm, are all against the beginner.

She does not know what the best minds

of her sex havethought various The points. experiences of others are to her a dead letter. She learns by the gradual and sometimes painful quisition of personal knowledge. a knowledge committed to paper only in fragmentar v epistolary form, a knowledge that in most cases dies with her, or is but orally transmitted. In this vast field each woman is an original researcher, handicapped from the start by her own nature. The field is not indeed too vast to be explored. but she is unable to bring



From a photo by]

THE BEAUTY OF PIQUANCY.

[A. Lassano.

to bear on it that clearness of vision that pre-eminently distinguishes her observation of her own sex. This is a wise provision of Providence for the protection of man.

We, who are so complex, who blow hot and cold, who like and dislike a thing at one and the same time, who wish, and are scared if our wishes are realised, are puzzled by the simplicity of man.

He is for the most part a straight-going creature, whose doublings and windings when they exist, are singularly traceable and

From a photo by

THE BEAUTY OF INTELLECT.

elementary, who knows what he wants and drives at it, and so is a perpetual course of mystification to us, who frequently credit him with heights and depths and wiles unknown to him.

The conditions of life of the average nice woman of the upper and upper-middle classes are such in youth as to deny her the experience early acquired by her working-class contemporary. The woman of the people, whatever her character, for the most part knows men, their likes and dislikes, and how to take them, better than the lady, because she is accustomed to take them on the purely human side, splits no hairs, and makes no fine distinctions.

There is a vast amount of human nature in men. and many women don't know it. Women of the best type, educated and idealistic, persist in believing them to be permanently heroic. Now, even a genuine hero is heroic only by fits and starts. While this belief in him is flattering to the object, and not without its uses in spurring him to generous deeds, it sometimes makes him feel that he is being kept at un-comfortably high pressure, and begets a frantic desire to relax the tension.

Men are not always the strong, hard, determined, invincible, reasonable beings the spinster too often believes them. They want occasionally to be humoured and soothed, and comforted and sympathised with like a child with a cut finger. Playing the part of consolatrix afflictorum comes easy to a woman once she knows it is required of her.

In every man who is really likeable there is always something boyish, at times something touchingly boyish, that makes a woman of any age feel for the moment ever so much older and wiser than he.

It appeals to her latent maternal instinct, and she wants to treat him as her son, not as her lover. Men, almost as much as women, desire to be understood. To know them is to be popular with them.

To return however to our main point. As no foundress of a women's college has thought fit to establish a Chair of Homonistic Science, brothcress girls start in life with a

[A. Tassan).

profound ignorance of the ways of creatures on whom Fate has decreed their happiness is chiefly to depend. The nicer the girl the less she really knows, and the perusal of novels—especially of such novels as are permitted to "the young person"—only help, in conjunction with her idealistic and many-sided nature, to set her on the wrong track. expects too much, and wastes years of life in endeavouring to make realities square with How many tears are shed her theories. before she grasps the fundamental truth that men are less constant than women. have been broken because girls have not reflected that what means very much to them may mean very little to an admirer. have been lost because a good-hearted, simple maiden has not known how to be variable and perverse.

Now there exists a woman—a witch be it said—who in a different state of matters educational would be an ideal lecturer on an obscure but important branch of science, and its equally important corollary, the Art of Fascination—for knowledge of men never leaves the student satisfied with dry rules and formulæ. She must test them. witch has knowledge, and she is not averse from communicating that knowledge. Of course it is necessarily individual. Until women take up the study, con amore, for the general good, until a central bureau is established for the collection and classification of facts, until there are precedents that may be sought and cited, until the enormous but scattered and heterogenous mass of information on the subject, acquired by women throughout the world, is concentrated and made available, this must continue to be the case. Her views are the result of her own experience, and on some points may require modification by the experience of other thinkers, but I can vouch for the fact that she has evolved a good working theory, remarkably successful in its results.

To learn to manage men is to learn to manage the world. With a view therefore to the instruction of women in the gentle art, which, contrary to received opinion, does not come by nature to every one, I sought out the witch, whom it is my privilege to reckon amongst my acquaintance, and desired her

counsel.

The witch was gracious. She smiled on me. Prostrating myself before her I said—

"I pray you tell me your secret."

"What secret?" asked the witch innocently.—She knew all the time.



From a photo by]

CLASSIC BEAUTY.

LA. Bassano.

"The secret of how you twist men round your little finger," said I.

"Nonsense!" cried the witch at first; but

she was flattered.

"Do," I pleaded. The witch put her head to one side.

"Won't it be giving myself away?" she asked.—Witches like other people have their professional secrets.

"Not at all," I answered boldly. "You know you have a particular style of doing things that is all your own, and imitators will fail to catch it however closely they adhere to the letter of your advice."

"Don't imagine that," said the witch.

"Any woman can do what I do if she only gives her mind to it and thinks it worth her while—that is if she be under sixty and not an absolute fright. She need not be by any means a beauty."

"You are relenting," I observed. "Go

on; confide in me."

"Will my name be given?" asked the witch anxiously.

"Certainly not if you do not wish it."

"Very well," she responded reassured.
"I shall see what I can do to oblige you."

"A thousand thanks," I murmured.

"One broad principle," began the witch

with the air of a sage, "one broad principle in seeking to win the admiration of men is always to talk to them about themselves."

"Do you think all men like that?" said

I a little doubtfully.

"I never met one that didn't," said the witch with an air of conviction.

"But some men may begin by asking

questions."

"Yes; it is a great mistake to answer them. Tell nothing about yourself at first. When a man is introduced do not foolishly try to make conversation. Look at him with rapt interest, but don't speak much

you until have found out what sort of person he is. Then you know what sort of woman he likes, and it is your duty to be that woman. You must share his tastes. Every man likes you to like what he likes."

"But what a little humbug---!"

"Of course. Just remember this, and don't be foolish: insincerity is the gist of the whole thing. If you love a man you must love

him enough to manage him. If you are blunt and sincere, you may make up your mind to be jilted. Isn't it the good, simple, honest girls, with no eye to appearances, that get the broken hearts?"

I could not deny it, and the remorseless witch went on.

"Remember the Spanish proverb that says men love through the eyes, women through the ears. What the best of men demand from us, alas! is not the attainment of a heroic ideal, but to be always pretty, or at least nice-looking, always well-dressed, always amusing, and always young—if we

Amuse a man and feed him and he is yours. If you are too straightforward, too genuine, if you cry at the theatre and get a red nose, reproach him when he treats you badly, or come down to see him with a shocking headache and an unbecoming gown, you don't know the A B C of your business. Whenever you feel or look below par, be invisible. Beauty, as I told you, is not needed for success; in fact, as regular features are often cold and impassive, they are rather at a discount nowadays. Piquancy, vivacity, taste in dress, a certain cachet, a style of one's own, acquire for a girl an

often undeserved reputation for good looks. Believe me, the modern man chooses his partner as often for her gown as for her grace."

"Ithought," said I, "that virtues, native charm, 'beauty unmost, -and say it."

men preferred simplicity, domestic adorned adorned the that sort of thing. They all write that they do, and some of them

"Don't

you believe them," said the witch. "There is a tradition to that effect, and they like to keep it up, but just try them. Is it the quiet, modest, plain women that most they love? Was Cleopatra retiring and economical? Was Mary Queen of Scots, regardless of personal adornment? Was Helen of Troy shy, sedate, domesticated? or Ninon de l'Enclos her own dressmaker? No; men in all ages are the same. They hold up to us a model of what women should be, and when, with infinite labour, we have raised ourselves to their ideal of worth, they promptly fall in love with our antithesis,

[Sarony, New York.



From a photo by]

THE FASCINATION OF AFFECTION.

Nevertheless, to be truly attractive, or rather to be lastingly attractive, a woman should have a distinctly domestic side to her char-A life of 'bread and cheese and acter. kisses' men find delightful for a time, but it palls on them. Sooner or later they pine for the excitements of a more varied and more satisfactory menu. The woman without an innate love for home, for order, for comfort, for pretty things (except to wear) may be delightful to meet, but she is 'gey ill to live with.' Admirable though she may be as a sweetheart, she is distinctly unsatisfactory as a wife, and men are often, though not always, shrewd enough to see it. knowledge of how to make people comfortable is a solid and requisite foundation for any number of airy graces, and were I a man I might make love to a woman who gave me bad tea, but I should hesitate to marry her. French women have learned to combine fascination with practical utility. We in this country too often divide these qualities. Those of us who are good are not always charming; those who are charming are not always good. Were I dealing with the question of how to be fascinating after marriage I could give a great deal of wholesome advice, but I am not."

"To return to what we were discussing," I remarked, breaking the short but uncomfortable silence that followed. "There

are different types of men."

"So there are, but they do not differ much au fond. Women differ, men do not. The Society man, the literary man, the horsey man, the scientific man, the politician, the business man, may all be pleased by the same tactics. But now comes a danger. Unfortunately clever women often like fools, and fools not unfrequently like clever women; but as it is no distinction to have a fool for a lover, you must know how to fly at higher game by appearing mildly stupid when necessary. Appeal to them, ask them easy little questions, be delighted at their knowledge, never argue, and never contradict even when you understand the subject as well or better than they."

"Suppose you are dealing with a taciturn

man ?

"Your work is more difficult, but all the more interesting. You must betray him into confidence; get round him. But in this connection I solemnly warn you against the silent man who is a fool. He is a rank impostor, and it takes time to find him out. One may credit him with depths of character he is far from possessing."

"I will remember. Suppose you have made a favourable first impression, how do

you proceed?"

"Once you have got on good terms with a man he generally falls in love with you. but you must warn him against that. Early in your acquaintance make him understand that you will be a friend, a sister to him, but that on no account must be seek for anything more. This naturally precipitates matters. All men want what they cannot Talk to him of other women, of his little love affairs. He will gradually come to see how very superior you are to anvone he has ever known. And now for two final pieces of advice. Don't forget that every man, from the policeman who takes you across the street, likes you to appeal to him, to rely on him; and cultivate the art of being a good listener. If you are unutterably bored, think what sort of a new gown you will have, plan out the trimmings, and look all the time as if you were hanging on every word."

"But if your natural feelings——?"

"You mustn't allow yourself any natural feelings," said the witch severely. "In time one quite gets rid of them. If you want to win love it is a fatal mistake to have too much heart—it spoils all."

"Do you never pity the poor fellows who

love you?"

"Not a bit of it. I avenge my sex. In nine cases out of ten they treated some girl badly who was weaker than I, and they deserve to suffer. Think of all that women suffer in silence. I am never grateful for men's love. Anybody may be loved; but I should be really pleased to meet anyone whom I could love."

"This is all very dreadful," said I.

"I know it," answered the witch, "but it is very practical. Some day I shall put it in a book."

"What will you call it?"

"Oh, I don't know. What do you say to 'The Gentle Art of Fascination."

"Why not 'The Compleat Angler'?" I

suggested.

"I faney," said the witch, "that title is already appropriated."

"'The Judicious Hooker'—" I began

sententiously.

"Do you mean me?" interrupted the witch sharply.

"Oh dear no," I hastened to explain; "I never thought of you in that connection."

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I thought you did."





HE four-wheeler pulled half way down Bush Lane out of Cannon Street and stopped at a doorway where the brass nameplates were so thickly crowded that they seemed to be scream-

ing at each other, protesting at the want of room. A burly young woman was on her knees at the entrance scrubbing, and she looked round as the four-wheeler stopped.

"This," said one of the men in the fourwheeler gloomily, "this now'll go and spoil the 'ole bloomin' show!"

"Stay right here," said the other man sharply, "and look after the boy."

The last speaker jumped out and tapped the burly young woman on the shoulder.

"Ophelia," he said with his nasal twang, "I want you to do me a favour. I want you to run round to the hotel and ask them to send in a good square meal. Can you go right away?"

"I'll just take me apron off first," said Ophelia, "and put me 'at on. What would you like them to send, Mr. Bailey? Chops or steaks, or——" Ophelia's imagination halted—"or what?"

"Anything," said Mr. Bailey, "only be slick!"

"You have got funny manners," said the burly young woman as she fixed her straw hat. "First you go and call me Ophelia when my name's Jane, then you say slick instead of quick, then you—"

"Scoot!" said Mr. Bailey pointing up the

narrow lane. And Ophelia went.

"Is the little chap asleep, Tomkins?" he said loudly. "Guess he's a bit tired. Come along kiddie."

"He'll be as right as rine," said Mr. Tomkins stepping out with a small boy in his arms and going quickly in the doorway. "Ah! righter than rine when he wikes up. It's the joltin' of the keb that sent him off to bye-bye." He turned to the American. "Tike the kid," he said; "he's lumpy. I'll settle with the kebby."

In the small office on the third floor, on the window of which was printed the name "Paul R. Bailey & Co.," the small boy was deposited on three chairs. The two men locked the door carefully and turned down the gas to its lowest point without absolutely extinguishing it. Mr. Tomkins wiped his forehead with his tweed cap and looking round gave a grunt of profound satisfaction.

"This ain't a bad little plice," he said approvingly. "No one would think of looking for Master 'Arry Anstruther in a City office. What's that arrangement over there with the tools?"

"That's a tel'phone," said the American briskly. "Don't you know what a tel'phone is?"

"I've 'eard talk of 'em," said Mr. Tomkins evasively. Mr. Tomkins shared a weakness common to us all in that he did not care to confess ignorance. "And the idea is then that I'm to stay 'ere all night with this youngster is it?

"That's jest the size of it," said Mr. Bailey. "Meanwhile I'll see a friend of mine who, to-morrow evening when young Mrs. Anstruther is near mad with anxiety, will call upon her at Prince's Gate and say, "Look here now, ma'am, give me five thousand pounds and I can tell you where your boy is."

"It's a lump of money," said Mr. Tomkins, "for a young widow woman to shell out."

"It's nothing at all," declared Mr. Bailey, "to her. She's got enough money to fill a room. Her husband wasn't able to take it with him when he died and therefore he left it all to her. And this boy is pretty near all she cares for."

"It's a bit steep," said Mr. Tomkins looking thoughtfully at the small boy on the

three chairs.

Master Anstruther was so obedient to the draught which Mr. Paul R. Bailey had induced him to take that his round little head rested composedly on the ledge of the biggest chair, and his breath came with regularity.

"As steep a job as ever I was in, and that poor young lady, his mother, will 'ave about the most 'eart-rending night of it

that ever was."

"That cain't be helped," said Mr. Paul R. Bailey; "some one's bound to get left in this world. All we've got to do is to take care that it isn't us."

A knock at the door. Mr. Bailey responding to the knock took from the waiter a large tray loaded with plates protected by round metal covers, a cruet-stand and a corpulent bottle of wine. He re-locked the door again, and Mr. Tomkins, removing a round metal dish-cover with a gratified flourish, took off his coat, as one preparing for serious labour, and placed his chair at the small table.

"A little treat like this," said Tomkins, "I

can enjoy."

"Will you have some wine?" asked Mr. Bailey. "'Tain't half a bad sort of wine, and if it does go to your head it won't matter. It's called Chianti, and——"

"So long as it's moist," said Mr. Tomkins agreeably, "and so long as there's plenty of it I don't care what it's called. I'll take the

biggest tumbler."

When Mr. Paul R. Bailey went in search of his friend (locking the door after him and taking the key), Master Harry Anstruther, to the flushed Mr. Tomkins' great amazement, suddenly awoke.

The small boy rubbed his plump little fists into his eyes and yawned and sat up. Mr. Tomkins took his pipe out of his mouth and stood it on the ledge of the tele-

phone.

"B-r-r-r," said Master Anstruther with a

"I daresay you're right, sir," said Mr. Tomkin; politely. "Had a nice sleep?"

"Where's my mamma gone?" asked the

small boy.

"She's just stepped round to make a few calls," said Mr. Tomkins adroitly. "She said she might not be long, and on the other 'and she might be some little time—it all depended."

"Did she kiss me before she went away?"

"Like anything," said Mr. Tomkins. "I thought she were never going to leave off."
"She always does that." The small boy

"She always does that." The small boy smiled thoughtfully. "We love each other

dreffully, my mamma and me."

"That's right," said Mr. Tomkins approvingly. "There's nothing like it. Respect your parents when they're young and when they grow up——"

"Who are you?" demanded Master Anstruther. "Are you a new servant?"

"Yes," said Mr. Tomkins. "I'm noo—to a certain extent."

"You'll have to smarten up, my man," said the small boy. "You don't brush your

hair very often, do you?"

"I run a comb through it now and again," said Tomkins apologetically. "A man can't be always a-titivating hisself—not a man, that is to say, who's got his living to earn. You might be always at it if you'd nothing else to do."

Master Anstruther walked across and examined Tomkins more carefully. He seemed a little puzzled, and glancing round the small office his eyes again rested on Mr. Tomkins' face.

"How often do you wash, Tomkins?"

he asked.

"'Ow often do I wash, sir? Ah, now you are awsking something. I don't keep count, you see. But it's very rare I let a day or two pass without a bit of a sluish of some kind or other."

"Good gracious!" cried Master Anstruther,
"I thought everybody washed three or four

times a day."

"Ah!" said Mr. Tomkins, "I'm old-fashioned."

"I'm very much afraid, Tomkins, that my mamma wouldn't like to see you as you are now."

"I rather think she would, sir. What do

you say to 'alf a glass of wine?"

"I never drink wine," said the small boy with a dignified air, "excepting on my mamma's birthday, and that only happens once a year."

"That wouldn't suit me," said Tomkins refilling his tumbler twice. "I should want a lot of birthdays if that was my rule.

How'd it be if you was to doze off to sleep again?"

" No, thank you, Tomkins."

"I feel a bit drowsy myself. I expect it's the wine as much as anything."

"You haven't taken too much I hope,

Tomkins?"

"Lord, no!" said Tomkins yawning. "I never 'ave enough of that sort of thing." He took off his hat and leaned back comfortably in the chair. "I've had a tidy lot at one time and another, you understand

me, but I've never had what I call c n o u g h . Where's my pipe?"

"Isn't that it just on the telephone?"

"So it is, so it is. And if you don't mind I'll just have a whiff or two more."

"I don't mind," said Master Anstruther. "Commander Gane always smokes when he comes to dinner. Do you know Commander Gane, Tomkins?"

"May 'ave met him,' said Tomkins sleepily, "in the 'aunts of society, but

don't know him well enough to 'ob-nob with."

"Commander Gane is going to marry my mamma some day," said the small boy importantly. "He's such a big strong fellow. Is this your telephone, Tomkins?"

"Don't belong me," murmured Mr. Tomkins closing his eyes. "Belongs nother

genelman."

"May I talk through it? I do with ours at home. We're on the Central you know, and when mamma goes to the Stores and I'm at home she always speaks to me from Victoria Street, and a sister of my governess is at the Central Office, and——,"

"Bless my soul," murmured Mr. Tomkins. His chin dropped on his woollen muffler. "Wha's the boy talking about? You have game with wha'ever you like, my lad. I'll 'ave doss for few minutes."

"Commander Gane told me all about it," went on Master Anstruther. "He calls me Lieutenant, and he tells me all about torpedle boats, and shipwrecks, and niggers, and all sorts of things. Have you ever heard about

the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' Tomkins?"

"Bill Rob'son, you
mean," said
Mr. Tomkins
opening one
eye. "Keeps
c'gar shop
B e t h na l
Green."

"No, no, 'Swiss Family Robinson.'"

"Can't say I do," said Mr. Tomkins. His chin dropped again and his eyes closed. "Goo'night."

Master Anstruther pressed his small thumb against the white knob of the telephone with the air of one practised in

the art. A ring came in answer, and the young man put the tube to his ear. "Number 3639," said Master Anstruther; "and please is Miss Farmer there?" Miss Farmer being there, and being indeed the young person who had received the summons, Master Anstruther told Miss Farmer that he was in such a funny room with such a funny man who had gone fast off to sleep, and would Miss Farmer let him speak to his dear mamma in Bruton Street? The good Miss Farmer, having suggested to the youth how to find his real number—it was written just above the



" 'How often do you wash, Tomkins?"

instrument on a slip of paper—immediately switched him on to No. 3639, and in a few moments the distracted young mother had the keen delight of hearing her boy's piping little voice.

"My dear, sweet boy, is it really you?"

"Yes, mamma; I'm quite sure about that."

"And I have been nearly out of my mind because I thought we had lost you, dear!"

"Oh, I'm not lost, mamma," said the young man confidently.

There was a sound of a deeper voice at the

other end.

"Hullo! Lieutenant Anstruther," said the voice of Commander Gane cheerily, "what

ship are you on now?"

"I'll give you the number," said the boy, flushing with delight at the old title. And he did. "Miss Farmer knows where I am."

"On no account leave, Lieutenant, until I

arrive."

"All right, Commander Gane. Won't be long, will you?"

"Not ten minutes, Lieutenant."

When Mr. Paul R. Bailey entered, excited by the conclusion of admirable arrangements, he started to find the youth gazing at him calmly.

"Do you want Tomkins?"

"River Jordan!" exclaimed Mr. Bailey, with much annoyance. "What does the fool mean by going to sleep?"

"He was tired," said the small boy.

Mr. Bailey shook the dormant Tomkins

roughly.

"It's all ri', Maria," said Mr. Tomkins, opening his eyes and closing them again; "I'm not goin' to work to-day."

"Wake yourself up, you silly idiot!" cried Mr. Bailey. "We've got to set out at once. How is it the boy is not asleep?"

Mr. Tomkins rubbed his eyes and blinked

at Master Anstruther stupidly.

"Yes," he said, "why is it you're not asleep in bed? Who told you you could wake up? You just see what a lot of trouble you give anybody just for want of a little thought."

"Listen to me, Tomkins," said Mr. Bailey. They conferred seriously for a few minutes together, looking now and again at Master Anstruther

"The mile trine from Cannon Street?"

repeated Mr. Tomkins.

"Once we get him on the car," said Mr. Bailey, "we'll be as safe as a bank. Come right along, youngster."

"Yes," said Tomkins, with more suavity, "come along, nipper. Let's go and have a

look at the puff-puff."

"Put your cap on straight," said Mr. Bailey, "and button up your coat and——"

"I'm not going to leave this place," said

the small boy, definitely.

The two men looked at each other.

"'Ere's a jolly nuisance," whispered Tomkins. "What are we to do nah?"

"I'm not going to leave this office," repeated Master Anstruther trembling, "until my dear mamma comes."

"Your mar," said Mr. Bailey, "cain't come here jest for the moment, so we'll get on a train and go and meet her."

"I shall not go," said Master Harry

Anstruther.

"Then we'll jest have to make you," said Mr. Bailey. "Tie this handkerchief over his mouth, Tomkins."

"Don't let's 'urt the little beggar," urged

Tomkins.

"If you dare to touch me," said Master Anstruther (his small face turned very white), "I'll just tell Commander Gane, and he—"

A sound of footsteps on the landing. A

sound, too, of voices.

"Why, there he is," exclaimed the boy delightedly. "And that's my dear mamma talking now."

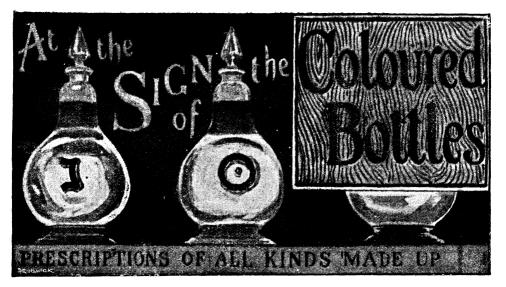
"Pardon me," said Tomkins to Mr. Bailey.
"This job's getting a bit too thick. I'm

going to slope out of this winder."

A deep voice outside demanded that the door should be opened. There was no answer, for the two men were on the window sill, and broad shoulders pressed against the door and made it crack complainingly. Another attempt and the door, with a slight squeal, came in.

"Oh, my dearest, dearest mamma!" cried

Master Anstruther.



BY EDITH JULIA BAIN.

Illustrated by Sidney Cowell.



HE Empress Frederick of Germany (whose interest in the work of gentlewomen has never received adequate recognition from the Press) once said in private conversation

that women would never advance to eminence in any profession while they continued to take so small an amount of interest in the work chosen for them.

There is considerable significance in these latter words, "chosen for them." Boys are at liberty to choose for themselves a profession or trade. Parents are told that lads whose desires are thwarted are likely to be among the non-successful ones of this world, and they hasten to gratify the wishes of those who have set their hearts on braving the perils that await them on the sea or on facing the dangers of a doctor's life in a great city. And the boy is happy. He may not be piling up riches, but he is doing the work in which he finds pleasure and for which nature has fitted him.

The girl is differently situated. Except in rare cases she is given no choice as to her life's work. If she is to earn her living at all she is trained as a teacher, although it may be that the task of teaching the young idea how to shoot is the opposite of delightful to her. Possibly she has the talent for compounding various ingredients which if cultivated would result in making her a good chemist, but the talent is ignored and she wastes her life and wears out her strength in

doing wearisome work for which she is not fitted.

Dispensing is not work which can be recommended to every young woman in search of employment. The profession of chemist is arduous, it is badly paid and preparation for it is expensive. The same objections apply in the case of boys; but parents still send their lads up for the examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society. They contend that a boy fascinated by chemicals must be a chemist or nothing at all.

The same contention is just as forcible when urged by a girl on her own behalf.

Many people will hold up their hands in horror at the mere notion of a woman preparing their potions, pills or plasters. "It is not nice work," they say. "There are disagreeable sights and smells which would simply kill a sensitive woman. And how can you trust a female when the slight mistake of confounding one white powder with another would cause instantaneous death? On no, I would never deal with a woman chemist, or at a shop where women were employed as dispensers."

Unfortunately men and women who talk in this strain forget the fact that the ordinary round of household duties calls for considerable accuracy and promptitude, and forget too that lady doctors are now an established fact of everyday life.

Another fact is forgotten. For the past forty years at any rate a large part of our English population have been content to be served by women chemists. The presiding genius of a shop in some small country town enlists the services of wife or daughter in lieu of an assistant, and she, though unqualified by examination, dispenses medicines as well as the chemist himself.

An objection more serious than any raised by carping critics is the expense attendant on The examination qualifying as a chemist. fees amount to at least 7 guineas, and anyone going up for the three examinations —a course which is generally advised—must In addition there are pay 10 guineas. preparation expenses, which may be much or little, according to the pupil's means and capacity for work. A lady who has had considerable experience in preparing women for the examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society put the total cost at £100. On the other hand a Scottish lad managed to prepare for and pass the examinations for about a He, however, was quarter of that sum. apprenticed free of charge, and the three years' practice in dispensing demanded by the Pharmaceutical Society before the minor examination has been passed cost him nothing. A girl would probably have to pay a high fee for the privilege.

The first examination to be passed before the embryo chemist can be registered as apprentice or student costs 2 guineas, and is conducted wholly in writing. Latin, arithmetic and English grammar and composition are the three compulsory subjects. Anyone who has passed in these subjects at the university examinations, such as the Junior Oxford or Cambridge, or College of Preceptors, is at liberty to pay the fee of 2 guineas and forward her certificates to the Pharmaceutical Society's Board of Examiners, who will then grant her their certificate.

Thereafter she must for three years engage in practical dispensing and translation of prescriptions. Here, at the very outset of her career, begin her difficulties. The New Hospital for Women accepts dispensary pupils for six months at a time, and there are a few other places at which the same thing is done. Dotted all over London are dispensaries, established for charitable purposes, and the dispensing of medicines in these places is entrusted to students, who are sometimes, unfortunately, left without adequate super-"The end justifies the means," say the promoters, and we may congratulate ourselves that these promoters never appear in a police-court dock to answer the charge of manslaughter. Many, however, of these dispensaries are properly conducted, and there the girl student will usually have no difficulty in finding her three years' work.

Boys are generally apprenticed to a chemist, but it is difficult to find a man willing to accept a girl-student; indeed we have had only one woman in London regularly apprenticed, although there are probably many

irregular students.

When the girl-student has attained the age of twenty-one, and can produce a certificate declaring that she has been engaged in dispensing for three years, she is at liberty to pass the minor examination, which is purely technical. The fee for this is 5 guineas, and the candidate is obliged to have a knowledge of prescriptions, practical dispensing, pharmacy, and prescribed portions of materia medica, botany, chemistry and physics. In addition to the written tests a practical examination in these subjects has also to be passed.

After passing this examination the candidate is entitled to call herself a qualified chemist. The majority of women chemists have however, greatly to their credit, chosen to pass in addition the major or honours examination, the fee for which is 3 guineas. They are then eligible to be elected members

of the Pharmaceutical Society.

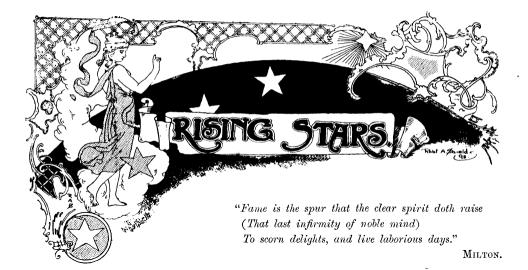
Posts as dispensers in hospitals or as doctors' assistants are not difficult to obtain. A physician oftens prefers a secretary who has passed the examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society, or gained the easier and cheaper but less valuable certificates of the Apothecaries' Hall.

One woman chemist at least has gone to India, where she finds plenty of work, and another—the unassuming pioneer of all women chemists—carried on a shop in London for a considerable number of years.

The salaries paid vary with the work done. But in comparison with other professions women chemists are not badly paid. Several dispensers are in receipt of £80 and £100 a

vear.

This article would hardly be complete without some reference to the alteration which has taken place in the business of a chemist of late years. There is scarcely an old-fashioned chemist left. Instead we have drug-stores—an importation from America. The old system has given place to a newer one in which cash payments, small profits and quick returns are the leading features. Whether this is better for the male chemist or not we do not know, but it certainly ought to make things easier for the woman dispenser. American drug stores, when reared on native soil, are rarely thought complete unless a qualified woman is included among the staff.



MISS MAUD SAMBOURNE, whose portrait we have the pleasure of giving, is the daughter of Mr. Linley Sambourne, the distinguished artist whose brilliant work has been familiar to readers of Punch for nearly thirty years. Just as in the case of her father, Miss Sambourne evinced early in life a taste for drawing, which has steadily



From a photo by]

MISS SAMBOURNE.

[Alice Hughes.

grown. She has already made her mark in illustrating stories and in clever little sketches which have appeared in *Punch*. Her first drawing in *Punch* was inserted three years ago, when Miss Sambourne was only sixteen years of age. It is probably unique in the history of *Punch* for a father and daughter to contribute simultaneously to its pages. Miss Sambourne draws in ink a very strong line, and excels in the delineation of children. There is a suggestion of etching in her careful work which is particularly effective. Her sketches in *Punch* have been for the most part small but very pretty. They are signed "M. S.," and will be readily recognised by their uniform style.

With surprising rapidity Mr. Harry Nelson Pillsbury has proved his claim to be regarded as one of the greatest chees players of the day. He was born on December 5, 1872, at Somerville, Massachusetts, so has only recently passed his twenty-third birthday. He began playing chess when he was sixteen, so that his advance is all the more striking. Entering on a commercial career in Boston, he found time for his favourite recreation, and in 1890 he defeated Mr. H. N. Stone by five games to two. Next he was victorious over Mr. Steinitz, and carried off the first prize in the City Chess Club Tournament in 1893. At the Hastings Tournament in August 1895 he

won the first prize of £150 against such renowned masters of chess as Tchigorin, Lasker, Tarrasch, Steinitz, and others. His defence of the Ruy Lopez was particularly fine. He was one of the players in the great Chess Tournament held at St. Petersburg in the early part of this year, and his play was the subject of keen interest among the Russians.



(From a photo by Bradshaw, Hastings.)
CHESS: II. N. PHLISBURY.

Especial notice was taken of his contest with the veteran Steinitz, when the young American was defeated. In the end the winner of the tournament was Mr. Lasker.

THE MYSTERIES OF GAME-REARING.

By THOMAS DYKES.

Illustrated by J. and C. Temple.



T is well known amongst renters of Scottish shootings that whilst a live grouse is valued at ten shillings a dead bird is rarely worth more than a crown in the Leadenhall

Market. This to many seems a somewhat strange reversal of the old adage, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The reason of course lies in the great charm attaching to moorland sport, scenic surroundings, etc., and to wild fashion possibly not a little. Between the pheasant alive and the pheasant dead the misproportion is

even greater perhaps; but on account of a variety of different

circumstances
—variation in
soil, climate,
temperature
and surrounding population, the
mining districts not
being favourable—the
figures cannot
very well be
worked out.

Not being in the position of the jaded writer of a

leading article for a morning daily on October 1, we will leave out the history of the "glorious bird of Colchis," from the banks of the river Phasis, and go round with the keeper to see how it is brought into existence, in anything like Asiatic splendour, by a common barn-door fowl. Tristram Shandy's first chapter opened in the egg; so does that of the bird we wish to describe.

The anxious keeper, wishing to show a good head of birds to his master and guests when coverts come to be shot in December or January, will first set in order his hatching boxes, seeing that they are waterproof, well ventilated and well lined with dry sand at the bottom, though on dry sandy soils—as with the partridge or the green ployer—Mother Earth will prove the best

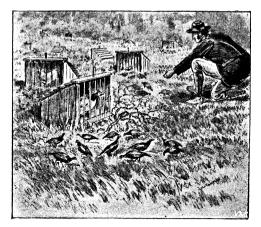
sole for the nest. The boxes ready, he will require for a first hatching some 500 eggs, all of which should be the first laid of the season and guaranteed perfectly fresh. These pheasant eggs may have been procured from poachers, but most of them will arrive carefully packed in moss from men engaged in the business, and who keep the hen pheasant, whose arithmetic is not of the best, going on laying long after she has formed a full nest or nide by abstracting one daily with a pronged stick when she is off feeding. To hatch out these eggs—fifteen to seventeen eggs being allowed to each—some three

dozen will be required, Dorkings, or halfbreds between Dorkings and game, being preferred. All of them must be good steady cluckers, warranted not to rise, but to sit still and keep close to their charge under any circumstances. Herein comes first the difficulty



THE HATCHING BOXES: SPRINKLING THE EGGS WITH WARM WATER.

Pheasant eggs being each pheasant rearing. worth more than a dozen of hen eggs, the foster-mothers are given a trial for four or five days on the latter. If they show a disposition to stay at home and do their duties, their charge will be duly assigned them; if the inclination however is to go "gadding about" they will be quickly returned to the farms from which they came. The terror of the keeper however is the cunning gipsy which will assume all the airs of a devoted mother, sit close to her eggs for a time, then when the round of inspection is over get up complacently, first on one leg and then on the other, and survey the still surroundings. At the end of the hatching season these false boarders will not show one single chick towards their keep, let alone the value of the eggs with which they were entrusted. Some of them have been possibly nursing their wrath, like Tam O'Shanter's dame, to keep it warm, but the eggs have in the meantime grown as cold as marble.



AMONG THE COOPS.

The morning parade for feeding, which lasts about ten minutes, is always interesting. each old dowager, with a piece of string tied to her leg to prevent her from straying away from her particular saucer of water, showing many airs of comic dignity. Advantage is taken when the hens are off the nest to water the eggs, care being taken that the applied water and the eggs are, at this period of hatching, exactly of the same temperature. In regard to this it may be

noted that should, by mistake, a bird taken from one nest be changed to the nest or box of another after the feeding parade, the chances are that the eggs will not hatch, and a double

loss be thus entailed.

About the twenty-third or twentyfourth day, sometimes indeed as early as the twenty-second, the young birds arrive and bring with them fresh troubles. Whether tormented by parasites or not, or thinking that in her long confinement the place has not been properly swept out, she commences a regular spring cleaning, shaking mats vigorously with wings, and tearing up the carpets of moss and sand with her claws. When this cleaning fit is on she is apt to

destroy one or two of her young chicks, but the watchful keeper always removes a few till she has fairly settled down again.

The old hens are now taken out in the

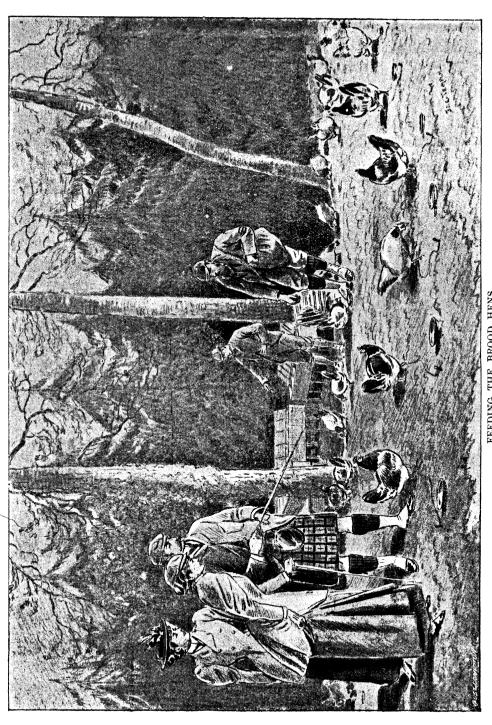
coops to some sheltered piece of ground, and if there are any ant heaps about so much the better. The young pheasant, be he sluggard or not, considers well the ways of the ant and gets fat, ants in his native Asia being indeed his natural food. Hawks, weasels, hedgehogs and cats now evince a great appetite for pheasant, and they have to be very carefully guarded against. The cat is possibly the most dangerous marauder of the lot, and is shown no mercy if found in the vicinity. in fact his very presence is considered ample proof of his guilt; indeed the keeper's own cat would stand very small chance of a reprieve. Sandy, the coop-minder at the Marquis of Breadalbane's magnificent pheasant-rearing establishments, was very sore against grimalkin in any form. "But." was asked of him, "what would you do, Sandy, if it should be one of the Taymouth Castle cats?" "That would mak' no difference," was the reply. "Not even the Marchioness's own cat?" "Ah weel," he said, "that would be a verra awkward case: but cats are so much alike one can be allowed to make mistakes about them." cunning twinkle in his gray eye showed that the mistake would not be found out till Judge Lynch had done his duty.

The feeding of a head of artificially-reared pheasants is attended with as much cost. nay, in many cases a great deal more, than a goodly-sized herd of cows, as, whether the birds are luxurious in their tastes or not, they are from first to last literally fed like fighting cocks, the heroes of the cock-pits—



AN AFTERNOON REST.

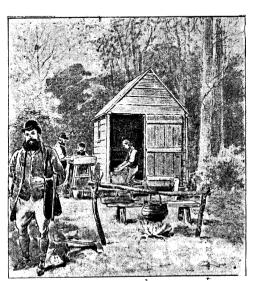
before cocking was relegated to the list of inhumane British sports—after the style of the Newcastle collier's pup, having given them more delicacies than "our t'owd dawg could



ever think o' himsen." In the infant stage a custard, prepared in the proportion of fourteen eggs to a quart of milk broken into a pail and beaten up with a stick, recommends that eminent sportsman and authority, Mr. Lloyd Price, "this to be followed by Spratt's Crissel, or the flesh of rabbits boiled and passed through a sausage machine." To prepare the food a huge boiler is necessary; also a large square board upon which the hundreds of hard-boiled eggs required may be chopped up and mixed with maize, rice, barley, and numerous other grains, seeds and condiments.

When the constitutions of the young birds have been made strong enough to withstand the usual diseases of pheasant poulthood—which are many—upon custard, rice and meal, they will be given much more sumptuous fare, in order that they may gather weight, and so eventually gain power on the wing. As a morning feed the birds show great partiality for Spratt's Patent Game Meal. The more sporting the character of the young pheasant and the less like his barn-door mother, the greater the value from a shooting point of view. For the first

three or four weeks its daily fare will run in the style of the menu of a Transatlantic liner, something like as follows:—Breakfast: Custard, crushed wheat, millet seed, chopped lettuce, bruised hemp, and chopped potatoes. Dinner: The same, with possibly boiled rice and chopped artichoke. Supper: Custard, oatmeal, groats, buckwheat, dry dough and rape seed. From about six weeks to six months old the birds will be given abundance of oats, maize, and also a liberal supply of green foods, such as they would get in the fields. The keepers will also search out for them all the ant heaps they can find, ants being, as already remarked, their greatest luxury. In some parts of Norfolk and Suffolk the ant heaps are so common that the coops are shifted in the manner of sheep on pastures, the young birds finding out the dainties themselves. Eventually the birds are turned into the woodlands. Then is a fresh period of anxiety to the keeper, two-legged enemies being feared. The mustering of a large house party, a banging of guns, a smell of powder, a load of mangled birds hurried off in the game cart, and the keeper's cares are over for another year.



PREPARING FOOD FOR YOUNG PHEASANTS.

POETS' AUTOGRAPHS

yours very sincerely Seprelibertin Alswinburns How vilely twent to mindeserve The Posts gift of perfect speak, In song to try, with trembling merve, The limit of its atmost read, Only to sound The wretched praise So mocking with immortal bays The cross bones of mortality Loventy Patomose I hi cach from Edwin Arnold William Watson Lewis Morris

He who will travail for a said world sale.

Ind free, pure life revile not not represe,

He is Christo man he hath the better part,

The Angels dwell frever in his heart.

"E. NESBIT" (MRS. HUBERT BLAND).

Chies Soms
Clas Meynell

MRS. MEYNELL (née ALICE THOMPSON).

yours very hour fachfull There both & aurilon MR. THEODORE WATTS.

R. JOHN DAVIDSON.

hand writing which hand writing which were alway ben especially lad all my life Jam jours very Anily Jam jours very Anily

MISS JEAN INGELOW

GRETNA GREEN MARRIAGES:

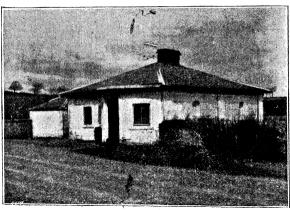
THEIR HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

By "Northward Ho!"



HE glamour of romance (such is, I think, the euphonious phraseology) is often found, when carefully examined, to be little more than a mere veneer which, whether by

accident or design it is difficult to say, conceals or shades off something that may be either intrinsically vulgar or vicious. What a number of events, personages and places of so-called historic interest it might be possible to enumerate to which this dictum could, with much propriety, apply. I do not for a moment suggest that Gretna



THE OLD TOLL-HOUSE.

Green and its history belong to that category; but while the romance of this famous Border village, and of the institution that has in a way immortalised it, is wonderfully free from aught that might be considered opprobrious, yet tradition has somehow (in default of another more blameworthy cause) so—

Over-garnished the meadow with daisies,

(i.e., the flowers of fiction), that it is well worth while recounting the story and, if briefly, doing so with at least due regard to the real facts.

Perhaps the first and most important point to be noted in connection with Gretna Green and its matrimonial factory is that no blacksmith ever officiated at the function of wedlocking persons who, desirous of becoming man and wife in haste, repaired there with that object. This popular delusion must once and for all be dissipated. The belief that a certain brawny-armed melodious son of Vulcan performed the marriage ceremony has somehow obtained for many years. Even to-day that belief prevails; many persons associating the local smithy anvil with the hymeneal altar, over which there is, or was, supposed to preside no less a personage than "Robin Tamson" himself.

It would of course be incorrect to say that there never was a blacksmith or that

there never was a smithy at Gretna Green. The village has indeed long been famous for both, though not in any matrimonial sense. Curiously enough on entering the hamlet quite recently in quest of information for this article, almost the first sound I heard was an uncommonly musical and bell-like cling clang clong that came from the local blacksmith's shop—that not unpleasant feature of many a wayside village. Casting a glance within, it was also not a little singular to observe that a huge ring was being welded into shape, which, though suggestive enough in a way of the sign and pledge of wedlock, proved to be nothing more matter-of-fact

and useful than the iron hoop of an ordinary cart or carriage wheel. It is the fact, nevertheless, that no Gretna Green marriages were ever performed by a blacksmith from the beginning of the institution, about the years 1747-1750, down to recent times. and when the blacksmith fable originated it is of course impossible to say. It may have perhaps arisen in the minds of some fanciful individuals who, with matrimonial chains and fetters in view, and remembering the titulary office of Vulcan which is to forge and cast the same, associated the village blacksmith with the marriage rite such as it was at Gretna nearly a century and a half ago, and thereby conferred upon that worthy something more than

A local habitation and a name.

The selection of the unpretentious village of Gretna or Graitney, as that haven for "haste-to-the-wedding" couples from the South is called, was probably due to the fact (as all but natives of Scotland were termed), consummated on Scottish soil, were of frequent occurrence. But why should the fugitives fly farther than

SPETIC PREST.

*Chief this part for Code Tyrono Louis 20 Lings.

GRETNA HALL IN ITS BEST DAYS.

that it was the first place across the Scottish border, on the highway, where not only some rest and refreshment could be obtained. but where—and chiefly—the guarantee (such as it was) was assured that on a certain simple form or ceremony having been gone through any fugitive couple could, by the payment of a fee, be made man and wife. This guarantee was of course unnecessary for Scottish matrimonial candidates who, according to a pretty prevalent custom of their country, had, if they chose, only "jointly and severally to declare" before competent witnesses that they desired to be united in order to be quite legally wedded. Consequently the Gretna Green marriages were almost exclusively confined to parties from south of the Border, although a few weddings of Scottish couples were also performed there from time to time. But in the latter cases it was perhaps more because of the romance of the thing than for anything else. So far as can be known with any certainty it was some time between 1747 and 1750 that the Dumfriesshire village of Graitney was discovered to be a really serviceable point or stage in the progress of the journey northwards into Scottish territory of those who hurried from the South with all possible speed to obtain the matrimonial licence. Before that time runaway marriages of "foreigners"

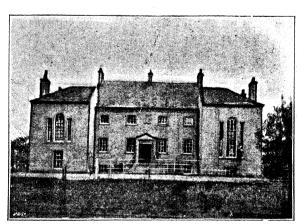
was really necessary, since here at Gretna where the river Sark formed, as it forms still, the dividing line between the two countries — their business could be inst as well and legally accomplished as at Perth or Inverness, or even John o' Groats? The thing was preposterous and foolish in the extreme. Was there nobody Gretna who could assist the runaways in their

plight and save them further anxiety by welding twain hearts and lives in an harmonious unity" right off and on the spot? Of course there was. There is at least always one wise man in every village, no matter how sequestered it is from the rest of the world. Even Gretna Green, outlandish as it was 150 years ago, had its philosopher, though the philosophy which Joseph Paisley possessed was unquestionably of a slee and worldly kind. Observing so much matrimonial traffic rush past his own door, Paisley bethought him that the tide of business might be stayed and the fortunes of the place—his own fortune being therein included — mended not a little. thought Joseph, is a crowd of honest folks post-chaising north as fast as their brokenwinded horses, belaboured by swearing drivers, can carry them, with palpitating hearts in their breasts and (what is of more consequence to Graitney) with braw clinking guineas in their purses. should this merry crowd sweat and palpitate and hurry past my door? Why indeed! And so it came about that Paisley took upon himself the function and authority of the high priest of Hymen for such belated individuals who, but for his kindly intercession, might have gone farther inland than Gretna Green, unpicturesque place as it was, and fared worse. As the first man, therefore, who founded the Gretna Green matrimonial agency Joseph Paisley has become a historical character—of a sort. According to all accounts he was a very eccentric individual. with but few of those moral attributes usually associated with the priesthood, though he was, it is said, possessed of some of their contrary vices, if hard swearing and deep drinking may be so considered. In spite of these blemishes however, and notwithstanding the excitements of his questionable if not contraband occupation. Paisley lived to see a brisk competition spring up in and around Gretna (the adjoining village of Springfield is also notorious as the scene of many similar marriages) in the peculiar line of business he was the first to adopt. He died a very old man in the year 1814, having left the succession of his share in the concern to the husband of a grand-daughter, a man who rejoiced in the famous Border name of Elliot. By this person and by another individual named David Lang—also notorious in the annals of Gretna Green—the marriage traffic was chiefly though separately carried on for a good many years after Paisley died. Their rivalry not unnaturally had the advantage, at least to the candidates for matrimony, in a lowering of the fees-which Paisley had maintained at a pretty high figure—though this only lasted for a short time, when the founder's principle was again acted upon: "Fleece your sheep while ye haud them, and fleece them weel! And this reference gives me the

opportunity of exploding another myth in connection with the story of Gretna Green. It has often been said that fabulous sums of money in the shape of fees were paid by runaway couples to those who, like Paisley, Elliot, Lang and Co., aided and abetted them in becoming husband and wife according to the fashion of the place. It is quite true that as large a sum as £100 more than once changed hands when the ceremony of marriage had been gone through, and from that amount it has varied down to half-a-guinea, or even to the price of a glass of whisky. (It is on record that such a liquid fee has actually been paid.) The fees exacted by the performing priests

varied according to the pecuniary circumstances of the contracting parties and the urgency with which the business was desired to be despatched. For what was an extra ten guineas or so to the poor trembling wretches who would gladly give that sum if

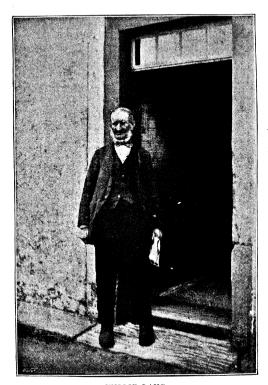
only to "dish" those who were riding posthaste after them to prevent their marriage? But no fee beyond the substantial sum of £100 (not £100 Scots, of course, but that sum in cash sterling) was ever known to have been paid at Gretna. Even in the case of the abduction by Edward Wakefield of the wealthy heiress, Miss Turner (for she was only fifteen years of age at the time), it has been said that a very ordinary fee was charged, possibly because the officiating priest had such qualms of conscience in marrying one so young that he dared not charge more. A common fee however was five guineas. This sum an ordinary runaway couple were supposed to be quite able to pay, since they apparently could afford the luxury of a post-chaise with its generally smart concomitants, driven oftentimes many and many a weary mile from the South and therefore at considerable expense. On the authority of a Mr. McDiarmid, who visited Gretna Green in 1824, a certain clergyman from England besought the services of the priest of Hymen (Elliot) and was charged a fee of thirty guineas! This exorbitant sum the cleric declined to hand over; indeed, it was more than he had in his possession. Elliot however agreed to perform the ceremony (query-couldn't the clergyman marry himself?) on condition that £10 should be paid at once, and that a promissory-note be granted for the balance of the fee. To these condi-



GRETNA HALL AT THE PRESENT DAY.

tions the clergyman actually assented; the marriage was duly performed, and it is recorded that the promissory-note was "regularly negotiated through a Carlisle bank, and as regularly retired at the time of maturity." Truly, the clergyman's was a

hapless case, to be himself so heavily taxed when he could marry others for such a petty fee as would not cover the cost of a new pair of bands! Probably the experience served him right. But what a miserable predicament to be in. in all conscience! That there was no regulation fee charged by the priests was admitted by one of their number many years ago when the subject of irregular or Gretna Green marriages was discussed before a Select Committee of the House of Commons-an inquiry that led to the passing of Lord Brougham's Act, which practically put a stop to the old system. being questioned as to what were the fees for officiating, the irreverend priest replied, "I have no fixed fees. I supply cloth to suit But while this answer my customers." would seem to imply that in the case of an aristocratic customer an aristocratic fee would be demanded, and vice versa, nothing like "romantic" sums of money ever changed hands, though, as already stated, as much as £100 has actually been paid for the privilege of being married à la mode at Gretna. The form of marriage was, for such a large sum of money, absurdly simple. quote from a native of Gretna who, as a boy,



WILLIE LANG.
(The last of the Gretna Green priests, now living, aged 85.)

witnessed in the most literal sense one of those ceremonies. He says: "The ceremony was as simple as it could be. The



THE "QUEEN'S HEAD" INN, SPRINGFIELD, NEAR GRETNA.

(Where marriages à la mode were also crlebrated.)

parties were asked to stand up, and to the question, 'Are you both unmarried persons?' they both answered affirmatively. bridegroom was asked if he had a ring, but as neither he nor the bride had such an adornment, Mr. —— generously took from his hand one, which I took to be a curtain ring, and loaned it to the parties for the occasion. The bridegroom as directed put it on the bride's finger, but as it would have easily held two. I fancy it must have dropped off, as no more was heard of it. Haying joined hands, as is usual, he put to each of them separately the question, 'Do you take this woman whom you hold by the right hand to be your lawfully wedded wife?' and 'Do you take this man,' etc. Both replied very audibly 'Yes,' whereupon he repeated solemnly these words, 'Before God and these witnesses I declare you married persons, and whom God hath joined let not man put asunder.' The certificate (a copy of which is here shown) was then signed, and on payment of fees the marriage was over."

While Paisley enjoyed the distinction of having established the Gretna institution, and Elliot and Lang, in their day, the prestige of having succeeded him in spreading its fame throughout the country, there were other priests of a later period to whom belonged the honour (such as it was) of presiding at the hymeneal altar when the institution had attained its highest point of success and renown.

"Dandy Douglas," so called from his superior airs and dress, was one of these officials, but John Murray, a stonemason, and John Linton, who had previously been a PAROSACOALAROSACOALAROSACOALAROSACOALA

I mean John

Linton, whose

valet to Sir James Graham of Netherby, far outstripped him in respect of priestly prestige and importance. And of all those thus officially connected with the Gretna Green romance from first to last, the two lastnamed individuals are by far the most outstanding and best remembered. While Murray carried on a roaring trade with the humbler candidates for matrimony at the toll-house close to the river Sark, and existing to this day, Linton did a "swell" business at

Gretna Hall, then a famous hostelry. Here all the better-class marriages were performed, mine host himself undertaking the duty of minister and sending the couples off with his best blessing. It was considered a no mean honour to have been "buckled-to" by John Linton, who, in his sphere, was a kind of mock - heroic Archbishop of Canterbury for such aristocratic runaways as were pleased to find in Gretna Hall delightful substitute for

a fashionable London church where "high" and
correct marriages were wont to be celebrated. Gretna Hall still stands, a fine old
building, but greatly modernised within and
without. It is now the private residence
of Dr. H. F. and Mrs. Smith, to whose
kindness I am indebted for the view of
the house as recently photographed. I
am also enabled to show a view of the Hall
as it stood in the "good old days of sixty
years ago," when Gretna marriages were

performed galore and there was not a whisper of their irregularity. And this brings me to say a word or two as to the legislative enactment that in the year 1849 robbed Gretna Green of its glory. Prior to that date so many marriages had been made at Gretna that a cry was raised against them, and an inquiry, with all the authority Westminster could give it, was instituted. I have already alluded to one of the witnesses called to give evidence on the subject.

pawky reference to the fees created much amusement in the Committee. KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND. Many other witnesses COUNTY OF DUMFRIES. spoke, some for and others PARISH OF GRETNA. against the institution, and it is interest-These are to Wertifp, to all whom they may concern: That ing to remem-Thomas Iones from the Parish of Waylam in the County of Nurham. ber that it had many influential and Sarah Walkius friends, afrom the Parish of Burlem-on-Stalka mong them in the County of Durken Lord Aberdeen, who being now both here present, and having declared to me that they are thought it a pity to put it Single Persons, have now been Married after the manner of the Laws of Scotland : down. Bill was in-Day of Dreember 1819 Signed Andrew Ellist

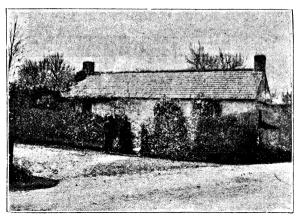
Mitnesses,

* Stephen Slough Postroy. fortra troduced into the House of Lords by Lord Campbell and was supported by Lord Brougham and at once became law. A GRETNA GREEN MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE. Its chief and

indeed only clause enacted that "a residence of six weeks in Scotland was necessary before a marriage can be valid," thus practically taking the bread out of the mouths of those who had lived by the business at Gretna Green and elsewhere.

In conclusion, what an interesting record the Gretna marriage registers, even such of them as are still extant, afford us of the fascination which the altars erected there had for all classes of the people. For upwards of a hundred years the place and its priests attracted people of all sorts and conditions, and from far and near. The last of the priests—old Willie Lang—still survives. There were noble families represented by the dozen. The law was represented by no less a dignitary than the famous Lord Chancellor Erskine himself who, as is well known, married Sarah Buck according to the Gretna Green ceremonial. Army men seem to have had a special liking for "a run to Gretna," while the navy could not have had a worthier name on the list

than that of Lord Cochrane who, when Earl of Dundonald, eloped "ower the Border and awa" with Miss Barnes. The church too contributed its quota of candidates, and I have already referred to the unfortunate experience of one of its representatives at the Gretna altar. Of course it by no means follows that these irregular marriages afterwards turned out unhappy. Possibly in some cases they did so, but in other instances the contract no doubt proved to be fortunate and felicitous for both parties.



THE LAST COTTAGES IN GREEN.

THE ECCENTRIC HONEYMOON.

By F. Frankfort Moore.

Illustrated by Oscar Eckhardt.



dear Robert, there's a bright side to everything, even a honeymoon," said Dick Carver to his friend Robert Spearing, giving him at the same time a slap

on the back that may have been encouraging

-it certainly was staggering.

"I don't think that I overstated the ridiculous—the unreasonable characteristics of honeymoons in general," said Robert, so soon as he had recovered from the effect of his friend's exuberance. "Of course I believe that Rose and I are too sensible to behave like the general run of silly brides and bridegrooms, as they call them."

"And what else would you call them?"

cried Dick.

"Oh, for that matter—"

"Now, you needn't try on your sophistries with me, my friend. You can no more help being bride and bridegroom after you get married than you could help being a baby for some time after you were born. course it's a humiliating reflection, but it might be worse, yes, very much worse. It was suggested the other day in the office that you were born at the age of twelve; and that's how it comes that, although you're only thirty-one, you have the wisdom and sedateness of a man of forty-three. I don't believe in that theory, Robert, plausible though it sounds, and tending as it does to account for a great deal that seemed unaccountable; no, I don't believe in it; but if you go on talking much longer in the strain which you assumed just now, upon my word I think I'll have to believe it in selfprotection."

"I only talked sense and reason."

"That's just it. What business has any man talking sense and reason when he's within a week of his wedding-day? It isn't

healthy."

"If talking the opposite to sense and reason indicates health, Dick, you're robust enough in all conscience. Why should a man make a fool of himself because he happens to be about to get married?"

Why, indeed? But there are other ways of a man making a fool of himself besides getting married. As you would put

it in one of your phrases—the phrases of the complete letter-writer-there are other avenues to folly besides marriage."

"There are. You are in a position to pronounce an opinion on that subject. there any avenue leading in that direction that you haven't yet tried, friend Dick?"

"Look here, Robert, old man, take the advice of a man who has had his eves open so wide all his life that nothing that happens could open them wider. Give up this notion of yours. When you get married, clear off, like other people, to the 'Continong' for a month, and stay at all the expensive hotels in the most expensive style, and you'll find that you'll come home a wiser and a merrier man.

"Yes, you want us to be as idiotic as other people of our acquaintance, whose resources are crippled for the first year—perhaps the first three years—of their married life, through having thrown their money about on a senseless honeymoon. No, my dear Dick, we've no intention of being such fools. As I told you just now, we mean to act as early as possible on those principles which we hope to adopt for the

rest of our lives."

"You'll find that it costs a good deal to be unlike other people. To begin married life by sneering at the names bride and bridegroom is a trifle paradoxical, isn't it? Well, I wish you luck. I for one will look forward with great interest to the result of your experiment. People are trying all sorts of social experiments nowadays, especially on the subject of marrying and giving in Who knows but your name will marriage. be handed down to posterity as 'The Man Who Wouldn't' have a honeymoon-the man who tried to abolish the bride and bridegroom as a social institution."

Robert gave a laugh—a sort of superior laugh—not the ordinary laugh of the Government Clerk at the ordinary jest of the

Government Office.

"However the experiment may turn out, your cynical ideas on the subject of marriage will remain unchanged, Dick-of that I am certain," said he, his superior laugh giving place to a superior smile.

"Cynical ideas! You needn't accuse me

of having cynical ideas," said Dick. "I told you long ago that I believe thoroughly in marriage as the most honourable preliminary to a brilliant widowhood. There's nothing cynical in that. If my definition has a weak point at all it is in its exuberant optimism. That's the last word I have to say on the subject."

The two shook hands and parted, the one to go to his club in a street off Piccadilly. the other to go to a house furnishers in Tottenham Court Road to discuss with an expert the important question of a curtain pole.

The discovery of the curtain pole had for the previous week given rise to as much speculation and perturbation in the mind of Robert Spearing as the discovery of the magnetic pole had in the minds of other people, perhaps even more adventurous than he had ever been. But to do him justice, he had never allowed the fact that the topic was an engrossing one to him, to interfere with his daily duties at the Annexation Office, in the list of the clerical staff of which he occupied a highly honourable position. He had never once confused the Morea with the Crimea, and Corea remained in his mind as a place far apart from either. It usually takes a clerk in the Annexation Office from five to seven years to get a firm grasp of the geography of the Crimea, the Morea, and Corea.

He was a remarkably conscientious man for a Government clerk—but he had once been cautioned by his chief, the distinguished Minister of the department of Annexation, against carrying his conscientiousness too far. Unless he were gifted with counteracting virtues it might, the Minister said, eventually lead to embarrassment. Robert believed that his chief was so assiduous in cultivating the counteracting virtues that the department would not require for a long time to come any curtailment of his own conscientiousness.

He had lately become engaged to marry a very charming girl named Rose Arkell, the only daughter of a doctor in excellent practice in the north of London. He had known her practically all her life, for her family and his had been neighbours for several years. From her earliest girlhood Rose had seemed very sweet in his eyes, and for some years he had longed—as much as a conscientious Government clerk allows himself to long—for such promotion as would enable him to start housekeeping with the girl who had once in an outburst of confidence told him that she loved him. Promotion came in due courseit does come sometimes even in Government departments—and he allowed himself a day's happiness (Rose allowed herself a month) in anticipating the starting of a home on the soundest economic principles.

It must be confessed that when the third month of their formal engagement was reached, and when Robert ventured to suggest to his fiancée the desirability of their making a new departure as regards the spending of their honeymoon—this new departure entailing no departure for the usual Continental trip-Rose pouted a little. She did not enter with any great measure of enthusiasm into his ideas on this point.

Everyone went abroad on being married, she had said; and she was able to bring forward the names of several of her own friends in the northern suburb who had gone, some of them as far as Boulogne and Dieppe for their honeymoon tour. would people think if she were not placed on the same level as her friends—those of her friends who had got married within the

Of course Robert was able to point out to her, in the most reasonable manner, that if other people chose to behave foolishly in giving way to the prejudices of society, that was no reason why he and she should be equally foolish. His close reasoning had no impression upon her for some days, and it seemed as if they were to be permanently divided on this simple question. Certainly on the evening of the fourth day of their difference, as Robert walked home after a couple of hours of earnest reasoning with the young lady, he could not help feeling that there was a considerable foundation of truth in the common report of the obstinacy of girls and their incapacity to appreciate the force of an argument.

It was just while he was engaged in thinking out this matter that Mrs. Arkell was having a quiet little chat with her daughter on the subject of the obstinacy of men, taking occasion to point out to her the remarkable change which men undergo in this respect after marriage — that is, if properly managed. Had Rose ever known her father to remain obstinate in opposition to his wife? she inquired; and Rose was forced to admit that her father was one of the most tractable of men, so far as his wife was concerned.

"And yet he was as pig-headed and as strong-willed as Robert before we were married," said Robert's mother-in-law elect. "Take my advice, Rose," she added; "let him

have his way in the matter of the honeymoon; it's a foolish fad of his, but I can see that he has his heart set on carrying it out. You'll have no difficulty carrying him off to the Continent when he gets his holiday next year."

"But what will people say in the mean-

time?" asked Rose.

"Let them say what they please. What you'll say is simply that Robert is so invaluable to the Annexation Office Sir Ecroyd could not spare him just now when the Samoan question has to be decided before

the meeting of Parliament."

Thus it was that, when Robert paid his visit the next evening, he found that there was no need for him to draw upon the additional arguments which he had in reserve in favour of his theory. Rose told him demurely that she had been thinking over all that he had previously said, and that she had come to see how wise he was in this matter, as indeed he was in every other matter. She was quite content, she said, to walk from the church—if he thought it better to drive, of course she would drive—to their new home.

It was on the afternoon following the announcement of her decision on this point that the conversation already recorded took place between Robert and his colleague Dick; and it was on the next day that Robert had an interview with Sir Ecroyd Fairleigh, the head of the department, in the course of which he thought it only respectful to inform the great man of his approaching marriage.

"Then you'll want a month off, I sup-

pose?" said Sir Ecroyd.

"No, Sir Ecroyd," replied Robert. "My fiancée and I have come to the conclusion that a wedding tour is an absurdity. We intend to go direct from her father's house into our own little home."

"Oh, that's nonsense! Better take a

month," said Sir Ecroyd.

"It's a matter of principle with us, Sir

Ecroyd."

"Oh, principles be ——! that is —— Well, my lad, keep to your principles if you can; but for my part I fancy that I'd prefer to go straight to the South of France if I got married in England toward the end of December. You'd much better take a month. I'll see that it doesn't count against you in the autumn."

Robert said that he appreciated the great kindness of Sir Ecroyd, but he had his

principles.

"All right, take a week," said the chief.

"It will take you quite a week getting your house into working order."

Robert accepted the compromise, and the result was that when the wedding took place, a few days before Christmas, he drove with his beloved Rose from her father's house to the neat little villa (semi-detached) which he had rented on the outskirts of Notting Hill.

Very cosy indeed the interior seemed. The little servant (everything in the house was to be on a small scale, Robert had decided) had made a fire in the dining-room and another in the drawing room, and when the husband and wife entered both were burning quite briskly; the firelight and the lamplight mingled pleasantly and were reflected from the mirror on the mantelpiece to that over the sideboard at the other end of the dining-room.

Robert kissed his wife as she cried out, "How pretty!" on entering the dining-

"Now, my dearest, confess that I was right," he cried. "Confess that this is very much better than the Channel passage."

"It is the very house for us," said she.
"I hope that dinner will soon be ready. I'm

quite starving."

He was pleased to find her so practical; and it just occurred to him that he had never previously heard her confess to an appetite. There had always been that suggestion of the etherial about her, though her mother had more than once declared in his hearing that Rose was an excellent housekeeper.

But when the little maid—she was recommended as a capital cook—was interrogated on the subject of dinner, she was forced to admit that the joint and the fish which Robert had thoughtfully ordered at the Stores the previous day had not yet arrived.

"Good gracious!" cried Rose, "this is a pretty piece of stupidity. How on earth could you order anything at the Stores, expecting them to send it in good time?"

"They promised that the things should leave by the 9.15 delivery," said Robert.

"Oh, you should have known what promises are at the Stores," said she, almost, if not quite, testily. "What time did you come here?" she inquired of the little maid.

"It was a bit after two, m'm," replied the

maid.

"There, you see, they sent the things after all, but there was no one here to receive them," cried Robert. "Why didn't you come sooner? You should have been here at ten in the morning," he said to the maid.

But the little maid had an excuse quite out

of proportion to her size. It involved a consideration for the illness of a brother and the necessity for appreciating the difficulties of a mother with what the maid called a "nipper."

"Oh, never mind. What's done can't be undone," said Robert. "I'll just run out and get some chops and a tomato or two.

That will do us for the present."

He put on his hat and coat again and hurried out in search of a butcher's.

When he returned with his parcel he found the hall full of smoke. A terrible thought

he had singed his coat sleeve and broken the nail of one finger. As for his wife and the servant, they emerged from the coal-smoke in a deplorable condition of grime.

"Was there anything so provoking?" cried Rose, looking at her hands with all the horror of an actress of Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene, and in more tragic tones than any but the most exceptional Lady Macbeth would think necessary to employ. "I've completely ruined my dress, and as for the curtains—just look at the tablecloth!"



"He found his wife and the maid both wrestling with what is called the 'register' of the grate."

flashed through his mind: the house was on fire! He threw down the chops and rushed into the dining-room. He found his wife and the maid both wrestling with what is called the "register" of the grate. It had, without a moment's warning, closed itself with a snap, and as it worked on a new principle, neither Rose nor the maid could make any impression on it, and the smoke meantime was flowing into the room and overflowing into the hall and making its way up the stairs.

Robert rushed manfully at the thing and succeeded in forcing it back, but not before

Robert did look at it. The flakes of soot impartially strewn over it gave it the aspect of an entirely new pattern worked out in black and white.

"Take it away and lay another," he said to the maid.

He ran up to the bath-room to wash his hands, Rose going to the kitchen; but while he was still under the influence of the hotwater tap, he started, hearing a cry and a scuffle in the hall, and the next instant there bounded through the half-open door of the bath-room a mangy-looking white cat with the tag end of a chump chop hanging limply

from its jaws. It glared at him for an instant, and then fled precipitately through the lobby window, which he had opened to let out the smoke.

"How on earth did the brute get in?" Rose was inquiring, in no weak voice, in the hall. He had never heard her voice so loud before; in his judgment it lost something of its music through its loudness. But he was bound to admit that the vocal passages with which she was dealing could only be taken forte.

When his wife appeared breathless outside the bath-room holding up the paper in which the chops had been wrapped, he made use of some expressions which are rarely susceptible of pianissimo treatment.

"Every scrap gone!" said Rose. "So

brute of a cat! That idiotic girl encouraged it here during the day—said it meant luck!"
"Oh, the idiot! Never mind, I'll run

"Oh, the idiot! Never mind, I'll run out again. I hope the butcher's will not be closed."

His hope was not realised in this respect. He thought of a nursery rhyme—at such moments do incongruous thoughts arise—

She went to the butcher's to get him a chop, But when she got there they had closed up the shop.

His recollection of the verse was ominous; the shop *was* closed up. What was he to do? Well what he did was to go into a grocer's and buy a couple of pounds of ham and a Paysandu tongue.

He hurried back to the villa, half expecting some fresh catastrophe to await him; but Fate was not so unkind to him. His wife was cheerful—comparatively cheerful—as she met him in the hall.

"You can have your choice—ham or tongue, my dear," said he, laying down his parcels. He took care not to leave them on the hall table, though it is not on record that the depredations of any except a lodging-house cat included a Paysandu tongue in its round tin.

"I'll take the tongue," said Rose. "It's not much of a dinner, to be sure; but I am

so hungry."

But before one can enjoy a tinned comestible it is absolutely necessary to open the tin, and as yet no tin-opener had found its way into the villa. A hammer and a saw, and a dreadful implement known as a cleaver were forthcoming; also a poker of large calibre, but no tin-opener. On the whole a simple carving-knife proved—after everything else had been tried—the best substitute for the missing implement; but

unfortunately, not being accustomed to the strokes of a hammer, the handle parted into chips. As a carving-knife the thing could never appear again, and Robert fervently hoped that it never would as a tin-opener.

Rose was tearful at this new mishap. The knife and fork had been the gift of one of her school companions—one of those who had had honeymoon tours during the year. She was only indifferently comforted by a

slice of the disentembed tongue.

On the whole they made a pretty fair dinner, not of course the *recherche* repast which Robert had led her to believe would await them, but one that had to be eked out with tea (slightly smoked) and bread and butter (oversalted).

"Now, my dearest," said Robert, when he and his wife had gone to the little drawing-

room, "I have a surprise for you."

"A surprise!" she cried. "Do tell me what it is? Surprises are always nicest when you are fully prepared for them. What is it, dear?"

"Pictures," he cried triumphantly.

"Pictures! How delightful! You know, dear, I couldn't help feeling that the walls of both rooms were a little bare, but I only looked for pictures to come in the course of time."

"That is what would have been the case if we had been idiotic enough to go abroad instead of remaining cosily at home. Now I calculated that a fortnight's tour abroad would cost at least fifty pounds, so having that sum to the good, I invested it in pictures at a saleroom one day when pictures were cheap. I knew how you loved them, and I said, 'after we have dined in our own house we'll spend the evening hanging them; it will keep my beloved from feeling lonely."

"That was very sweet of you, Robert. I don't feel a bit lonely somehow. Where are

the pictures?"

"I'll get them in a moment."

When he left the room Rose's face was anything but radiant. She had studied painting, but she had long ago become aware of the fact that Robert's taste in art left much to be desired. She brightened up however when he returned staggering under the weight of the frames which he carried on both shoulders. The pictures were large and numerous, and an observation of this fact increased Rose's dread.

He laid them down gently on the floor, leaning them against the edge of the sofa, and took a long breath.

"Thirteen of them in all. Pictures were

cheap that day," said he. He shifted the standard lamp so that each might be seen to the best advantage, and then he began to display them with beaming face. But Rose's face did not beam when the first—it was entitled "A Woodland Scene"—met her gaze. It was the most lurid daub that had ever come before her eyes. The trees were clearly modelled on those that are supplied with a Noah's Ark, and the wild flowers were simply drops of paint of all colours—blue and crimson, and purple and magenta.

"That's a nice bright thing, isn't it?" he cried. "Now I like cheerful pictures

in a house—none of your mournful things."

"Yes," said she,
"it is—bright."

" Here's another," said he. bringing forward a canvas three feet by two feet six, in a heavy Dutchmetal frame. slightly damaged in transit. "A View in Wales. that's the name. Look that at cataract!"

She did look at it, when she had found it, but the result was not pleasing.

"Isn't it bold?"

said he.

"Bold? Oh yes, very bold," she replied.

He showed her the lot, and she

found that he had exhibited the best first. She felt ready to burst into tears.

"Now we'll hang them," said he.

"Hang them?" she repeated, fortunately not in an exclamatory tone, though such a tone would have been appropriate to her feelings at that moment.

"Yes. I've decided that these two landscapes will go well on each side of the fireplace," said he, indicating a pair of aniline-

dyed masterpieces.

"Oh no, Robert; they wouldn't go with the paper," she protested. She thought of the long days she would have to spend in that room facing those landscape libels.

"Paper! What does it matter about the paper?" he cried.

"It matters everything," said she. "Good gracious! those things would look frightful in this room!"

"Well these"—he indicated another pair—"Newlyn by Moonlight," and "Early Morning—Lynton, North Devon,"

"Those would be even worse," said she. "Do you know, Robert, I think that this room looks very well without pictures."

"Oh, nonsense! What did I buy them

for?" he cried.

"Don't you think that they would go well



"'That's a nice bright thing, isn't it?' he cried."

with the paper in the spare bedroom?" she asked.

"The spare——! Don't be a fool, Rose!"

"I don't intend. That's why I won't have any of those things here. What would people say if they came into the room suddenly and found themselves face to face with that, and that?"

"Of course they're not masterpieces, but they were very cheap. If you wanted pictures by Millais and Leighton, and the other chap —what's his name—Whistler, you should have married a millionaire. At any rate, these will have to serve us, not being millionaires. I'll show you how well they'll look."

She pouted for a moment. Then as he calmly proceeded to hammer in a nail at the side of the fireplace she turned to him. She was compelled to speak loud to be heard above the sound of the hammer.

"If you hang up one of those horrible things in my drawing-room I'll take it down and throw it out of the window," she cried

—her voice was a trifle shrill.

"I'll hang it up and I'll take care that you don't throw it out of the window," said he. "Without joking, Rose," he continued, "I must say that I consider you to be most unreasonable. If people can't afford to buy first class pictures they must put up with second class."

"We don't want any at all," said she. "Take them away; they make me ill."

"Ill—ill! Nothing could be brighter than some of them. They give the room the air of a cheerful home."

"They're odious—vulgar—"

"Well you'll have to put up with them."

"I'll not put up with them."

" You will. You must remember, Rose, that the husband is the head-

"Oh, don't begin to preach to me. Those

things get on my nerves."

He looked at her for a moment, and then. with the discrimination of a connoisseur, he selected a sample of aniline dves and proceeded to scrape the wall with it in endeavouring to catch its cord upon the nail. When at last his efforts were crowned with success, and the thing hung in all its horror on the wall, he cried, "There now!"

She gave a cry, looked at him, and then walked quietly out of the room and upstairs. He heard her close the door and lock it.

He flung himself down in a chair and stared into the fire.

She would return to the room after a space—he felt certain of that. He had often heard of the sulky young wife and the way to treat her. She would return to his side in tears—penitent—he would then say a few words to her regarding the authority of a husband—he could not begin too soon.

But when an hour had passed and she had not returned, he began to feel uneasy. When eleven o'clock came he felt that his life was He put on his overcoat and hat wrecked. and walked aimlessly along the road. got into High Street and turned down Silver Street and across into South Kensington. It was midnight when he found himself outside the rooms of Dick Carver. He saw that there was a light in Dick's sitting-room and he tapped on the window. Dick came to the

window and looked out: in another moment the hall door was opened.

"Great Scot!" cried Mr. Carver, "what brings you here?"

"I want you to help me, Dick, old man," said Robert.

"Come in and tell me what you want," said Dick.

They went in together. The whisky bottle was on the table. Dick poured some of the contents into a tumbler and handed it to his visitor, but Robert only shook his head.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked Dick.

"Not much—only that my life is wrecked -ruined irretrievably."

" Nonsense!"

"It's the truth. I want you, my friend, to do me the favour to explain all to the chief to-morrow. I'm going to Liverpool by the early train: I'll just be in time for a Cunarder bound for New York."

"Skittles!"

" Perhaps in a new country I may forget-

"Tell me what has happened?"

After a pause Robert told him, and Dick

was unfeeling enough to laugh.

"Well, this is where your theories about a honeymoon have landed you!" he said. "You've made a pretty ass of yourself." What the mischief made you buy that set of daubs? and why the mischief did you spring them on a poor girl whose nerves were overstrung by all that she had gone through during the day? Can't you see the philosophy there's in a honeymoon tour? The husband and wife can't quarrel at a hotel in a strange place; the woman can't run back to her mother at a moment's notice. and the man can't run to the rooms of his chum when his wife puts her chin up an inch or two higher than usual. There they are, bound together for a week or two to make the best of each other, and they usually do. This is the result of your experiment."

"I mean't it to be—— Oh, that confounded chimney smoking did it all! What am I to do, Dick? Do you see any hope for me?"

"Hope! Get to bed as soon as possible.

I'll talk to you in the morning."

He took him up to the bedroom which he had frequently occupied, and said a laconic "good-night." But some hours had passed before Robert fell asleep. Dick called him about seven, and they breakfasted together at half-past that hour.



"'O Robert, dear Robert! we've both been so foolish!"

"You have money—twenty pounds?" Dick asked him.

"Thirty."

"Good.

He whistled for a hansom, and in twenty

minutes they were at Victoria.

"Take two first-class returns to Paris, and wait at the train until I come to you," said Dick.

Robert obeyed him mechanically. He was as submissive as a child—a good deal more so than some children. He went into the waiting-room, for the train was not to start for an hour, and passed his time wondering what Dick meant to do.

At five minutes before the time of the departure of the train he walked down the platform and stood at the door of a first-

class carriage.

He had been standing there for just three minutes when there passed him on a truck a portmanteau, which he recognised as his own, on the top of quite a heap of luggagebonnet boxes, a Saratoga trunk, and a few other trifles.

He was about to follow the porter to demand a solution of this mystery when his arm was grasped from behind.

"Help your wife into the carriage, Robert;

there's no time to lose," said Dick.
"O Robert, dear Robert! we've both been so foolish!" said Rose.

"But you'll never do so any more. Now in with you both, and a merry Christmas to you, and mind you don't quarrel on the way to Paris," laughed Dick.

"O Mr. Carver, how can you suggest such a thing? As if any two people ever quarrelled on the way to Paris!" cried Rose.

In another minute the train was clear of the terminus, and the husband and wife were in each other's arms.

They spent a delightful Christmas at Nice, looking out upon the sparkling blue waters of the Mediterranean.



WORKERS AND THEIR WORK

THE ART OF THE POTTER

By JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

Illustrated from photographs by Messrs. Harrison & Sons, Newcastle, Staffordshire.

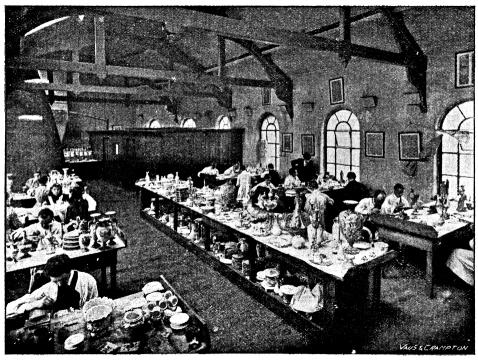


F the truth must be told there are few places less pleasing than that region of England called the Potteries. There you get the climate of Manchester with the architecture

of Sheffield. I have never heard anybody say a good word for the Potteries except the

streets made hideous by the roar of very noisy steam tramcars.

Above the housetops are hundreds of bottle-nosed furnaces and over all hang great clouds of smoke, while the open stretches of ground are black and scarred and serve the joint purpose of playground and rubbish depository. The public build-



ARTISTS AT WORK.

writer of a guide book, and writers of guide books are not to be confounded with ordinary members of the human race.

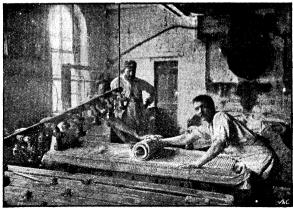
There are beautiful bits of scenery in Staffordshire but they only exist when beyond the reach of the potter. Were the Potteries to consist of one large town it is within possibility some attempt might be made to erect buildings worthy of the name. But the district consists of a number of straggling little towns with narrow filthy

ings only make the other buildings more mean.

I am not libelling the neighbourhood when I say that nobody resides in the Potteries from choice. I have never been in the place without being strongly tempted to suicide, and when I saw the smoke cloud, which hangs over the land like a pall, fade in the distance while the train whirled me elsewhere, I sighed a sigh of happy relief.

But the begrimed Potteries has redeemed

itself in the eyes of the world by being the home of an English art industry and by sending forth chinaware which are things of beauty and would be a joy for ever



AFTER THE CLAY HAS BEEN PRESSED.

were there not an abiding dread that the slippery fingers of a careless housemaid would put an end to any symmetry of design. I have been severe on the physical aspect of the Potteries in order I may have freer scope for marvel at its charming workmanship, artistic taste, and refinement in delineation.

When I stood before the house of Josiah Wedgwood and saw its woebegone aspect, and trod the streets of the village of Etruria, which he founded, and in which he raised pottery into an art, I confessed I had some misgivings about the remaining artistic

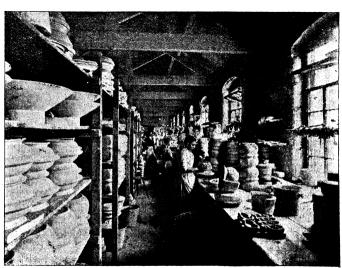
temperament of the inhabitants. But no; I was able to see things in course of manufacture which worthy of Wedgwood himself. I searched the Potteries for an intelligent man who took an interest, other than commercial, in the ware for which his country is famous, and I found him in a rate-collector. But his interest in Staffordshire pottery ended with the birth of the century. Everything since then has, in his eyes, been inartistic and vulgar. lacking in grace, workmanship and finish, although he did confess that within the last thirty years there has been a desire to break through the darkness which enveloped the pottery trade since shortly after Wedgwood's time till well past the fifties.

Nobody knows why pottery manufacture should have settled in Staffordshire.

We cloak our ignorance by saving it stretches back to that vague and indistinct period termed prehistoric By burrowing into an old and moth-eaten volume I discovered that the Cornairi—a warlike tribe which made pottery on the banks of the Tiber-came to our land in the old days, settled in mid-England. continued to make pots, and the making of pots has gone on ever since. Burslem, the mother town of the Potteries, and where Wedgwood was born, is mentioned in the Doomsday Book by an unrecognisable and certainly unpronounceable name, and is justly proud of the fact. The story

of how the glazing of pottery was discovered reminds me strongly of Charles Lamb's story of the origin of roast pork. It appears that over a couple of hundred years ago a servant was boiling a piece of salt beef. To sustain the traditions of her race she neglected the boiling and there was a general frothing over of the salt water. When the pot was removed and became cool it was covered with an excellent glaze. From that time forth the glazing of pots with salt became the practice. That is the popular story.

The historical story is that salt glazing was discovered by a man named Daniels at



IN THE MOULDING SHOP.

Shelton. The rate collector proved, to my satisfaction at any rate, that Daniels had nothing to do with it. The real inventor was Werner Edwards, and he had as a



VASE MAKING.

partner—though it was long kept a secret—the Rev. Mr. Middleton, the first incumbent of Hanley. There is pottery in existence made by this firm and bearing a date anterior to the time of Daniels.

Throughout the seven towns which make up the Potteries there are about 170 manufacturers, most of them in a very small way, producing the same things year in and year out. About twenty of the makers have a decided leaning toward art, and these twenty makers—or rather, to be still more accurate, four or five of them—ably maintain the reputation which Staffordshire ware

It was at the works of Messrs. Doulton that I saw the potter following his trade. I selected Doulton's because it is a famous firm, and because their manufactory is at Burslem, the capital of the Potteries. Mr. Bailey, the manager, explained the various processes through which clay passes from the rough state till it is a beautiful article to adorn a drawing-room

has secured.

In a low-roofed, dim-lighted place were deposited great quantities of clay. There was a mass of gray-coloured clay, called china clay, brought from Cornwall, and composed of decayed granite. This clay is used for earthenware. When intended for china and porcelain about 60 per cent. of bone is mixed with it. Then there was ball clay from Devon-

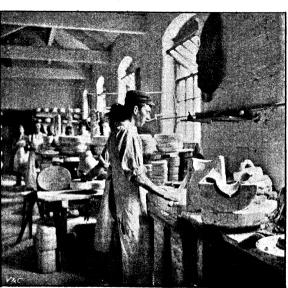
shire, which, when subjected to a great heat, burns very white compared with its previous almost black condition. This clay possesses considerable plasticity—a quality absent in

considerable plasticity—a quality absent in the china clay. But the two, mixed along with flint and stone, are excellent material to make ornaments. It is difficult to gauge the amount of moisture in clay; sometimes there is considerable and sometimes only a little, so the weighing has to be by measure. Various clays are mixed and flint and ground-stone added for certain purposes. To show the different weights of clay I may mention there are 24 ounces of ball clay to the pint; 26 ounces of china clay to the pint, and 32 ounces of flint, and the same weight of stone and felspar, to the pint.

Having decided on the constituent parts the clay is put into a large trough underground. Looking

through a trap-door I could see the mixing being done by huge machinery, not unlike an exaggerated egg-beater. It seemed like a well of slush, and all that could be heard was the swish of the beater as it turned round.

The mixing completed, the clay is pumped into another workshop and is forced through immense sieves, and by means of hydraulic pressure the water is forced from it. When the presses are opened the clay is rolled out like a piece of floor matting and is then subjected to what is known as



MOULDING HOLLOW WARE.

pugging to make it thoroughly homogeneous and to get rid of any air-bubbles which may be in the matter. Being now in solid blocks, each about 1 foot square, it is put on one side till the time comes when it can be used. If a piece of the soft clay is broken off it cannot just be stuck on again. In the soft clay you might indeed hide to the eye that two pieces were kneaded together, but when the article that is to be manufactured with it is placed in the fire then the joining will be distinctly shown. Fire always forces back an article to its original shape. Take the case of the making of a cup. Supposing that by inadvertence the man touches the side with his finger and makes a slight dent; afterwards he notices

the dent and presses the cup till it is like all the others and you cannot distinguish any difference. In the furnace, however, that cup will return to a bent shape and show the dent.

Here is an example that every reader may witness for himself. Most jugs and ewers are made in moulds, except the shaping of the mouth, which is generally done by hand. Where the mould joins there is a very slight excrescence of clay. This is removed by a knife and rubbing down with the finger until it is impossible to detect there is any join. But in the furnace the join will force itself; and in every article made from a mould you can distinctly see the line running down the front and back parts of the vessel.

The making of pottery by hand is full of interest. Let me describe "throwing." Before a workman there is whirling a small disk; he

takes a handful of clay and dexterously throws it on the disk. It seems a very easy thing to do, but as a matter of fact it is most difficult, requiring years of practice to toss the clay in the proper place. Sticking his two thumbs into the clay he models the inside of an ornament, shaping the outside with his fingers. First he moulds the clay out to form the globe and then gradually withdraws his thumbs and then works his material with his fingers as he raises it and forms, maybe, a long delicate It is all done rapidly. One moment you see the man throw the clay on the disk, the next he has it in the shape of a small basin, and then the next he has almost closed the top till it is bell-like. He places his thumb on the summit to form a mouth.

The revolving ceases and he presses a finger upon the pliable clay to form a spout. A boy hurriedly removes the newly-made and delicately-shaped ornamental jug, another piece of clay is pitched on the disk, and the whole thing is done over again.

Running at the back of the long room, where the clay receives its first impression into shape, are a number of hot-air compartments. In the centre is fixed a huge appliance, like a turnstile, on which are hundreds of shelves. One side of this framework comes close to the door, and wares are placed on the shelves and then twisted round into the hot air to be dried. This drying brings out little roughnesses on the surface and then the goods have to be



SAUCER MAKING.

turned on lathes and rubbed until perfectly smooth. As there is water in the clay the drying naturally evaporates it and there is some contraction, and allowances have to be made for this. China contracts as much as one-fifth and earthenware one-twelfth. turning, after drying, removes any uneven thickness left by the thrower. As the ware is now fairly stiff the mouldings and bands are worked upon it with various tools. Almost in the twinkling of an eye an expert workman will, with a rapid turn of his wrist, produce a pattern which is both symmetrical and neat. Not far away, women press out on a table the moulds for handles, and, having nicely curved them between the finger and thumb, fasten them to the cups or jugs, or whatever there might be.

For a long time I stood watching cups and saucers being made. Boys, working as I had never before seen boys work—the manager was standing by my side during the time—were doing the moulding rapidly and well, whilst women, with gentler fingers, were twisting the handles and attaching them as rapidly as the cups were passed on. There is a special machine for scooping out the shape of saucers. It is like a knife which digs into the revolving clay and works forward, thus widening the circle till the proper size is reached. This is called "iollying," but the work is not nearly so

well finished as when the clay has been manipulated by a thrower.

From department to department I wandered witnessing the shaping of clay into many articles. One was forced to wonder what became of all this crockery, and I remembered the theory of an astute American who foretold the coming of a broken crockery period, just as there has been a stone period, a bronze period, an iron period and so on, and he

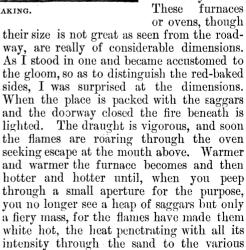
pictured the time when the Irish Sea would be filled with broken pots, and a time would come when there would be a highway from Britain to America formed of broken china pitched over from the sides of Atlantic liners. Making his calculations on the average amount each traveller was charged for broken dishes he was able to tell when that period would arrive. Putting this quaint humorist and his theory aside, there remains the most interesting problem—what does become of all the broken crockery?

When the articles in course of manufacture have attained a certain amount of solidity by being subjected to hot air they are taken into a hot room, singularly called the greenhouse because it is there that green ware is deposited ready for firing.

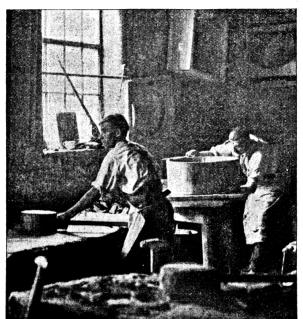
All round the place I saw a thousand and one articles piled in great stacks waiting their turn to pass through the furnace.

I have mentioned that all over the Potteries one sees great bottle-nosed furnaces raising their shoulders above the house-tops. It is in these places that all the crockery is piled. The crockery itself is not brought in direct contact with the flames. There are many hundreds of big earthenware jars, just like huge cheese boxes, called saggars, and in these the cups, saucers, plates and what not are packed, any quantity of sand being thrown around them to form a bed and to

hold them in position. At the side of the furnace is a slit as a door, and the saggars are carried inside and piled one on the other till they are a couple of dozen deep. Twenty-one men I saw engaged in carrying and arranging them. First, the men cover the floor, then thev build up the sides until a ladder has to be used, for the saggars are put into the ovens until they touch the very roof. These furnaces



wares. For sixty hours is the firing con-



SAGGER MAKING.

tinued, and to stand outside the oven is to run a risk of being blistered. At the end of two days and a half the fires are stopped and the cooling begins. In about thirty hours more it is possible to open the doorway and begin removing the saggars.

When an article has been subjected to this process it bears a dull white and brittle appearance, and in potter's phraseology is called biscuit. It is stored in the biscuit warehouse and examined by girls who see that there are no flaws and reject any misshapen pieces.

Next the goods pass on to the printing shop. If the ware be plain and requiring no ornamentation it is sent forward to be glazed. But folks, nowadays, require plenty for their money and they like a pattern running round the edge of their breakfast plates, a cluster of roses climbing over the soup tureens, and a garland of mayblossom to adorn the entrée dishes. best embellishment is done by hand, but in the case of ordinary ware it is printed. This is work in which girls are chiefly engaged, and although the process requires some deftness of finger it is comparatively simple and is done with astonishing rapidity. Let us assume that a pattern is to be affixed to a The design is first of all engraved dish. This having been on a copper plate. covered with ink of the particular colour the pattern is to be, an impression is taken on thin tissue paper. A girl gets about a dozen of these tissue papers in front of her and, while the colour is still wet, she places them on the dishes, which she rubs with a hard flannel "rubber" to make every part



MOULDING CUPS.



FIRING A FURNACE.

adhere. If it is a pattern which runs round the edge of a bowl she fastens the narrow slip of paper at any point, gives the bowl a twirl so that the paper twirls round and overlaps the other end, where it is torn off. It is the easiest thing in the world to see where the join has taken place. In the case of unevenly-shaped vessels like ewers or jugs. which are covered altogether with flowers, it might be thought great difficulty would be experienced in fixing the pattern in place. You look at such a pattern and it seems regular and proper; yet as a matter of fact it is put on rather haphazard, not because of any carelessness but because there is no use doing it any other way. A girl seizes a huge sheet of tissue paper with a wet printed design on it. She sticks it on the bowl of the ewer and plasters it down with the palms of her hands. But in the curve of the neck there is too much pattern, so what she does is to let it overlap almost anyhow so long as the surface of the article is entirely

covered. It might be thought this would spoil the design. It does in a way, but the ordinary eye cannot detect it. It is difficult to tell that the mixing of rose-leaves is not arranged. If you have a very good eye and make a careful examination you may discern where the overlapping has been. As soon as the pattern is considered fixed the paper is washed away. The colour on the dish is not disturbed by this being done because oil is mixed with it.

After the oil has been burned out of the coloured design comes the glazing. The glaze is generally a composition of borax, flint-stone and white lead. It is mixed with water,

each article being separately dipped into it; then it is placed on a revolving shelf and is carried among a number of steam pipes kind of ware there is little advantage working from a drawn design. The artist has the general idea to work upon and the



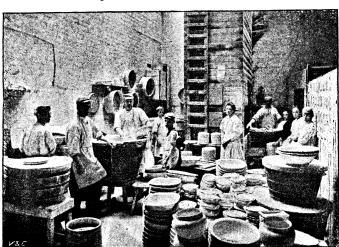
IN THE PRINTING SHOP.

where it is dried. Once more is the ware packed in a saggar, and the top of the saggar is fastened with a wad of clay, and once more the saggars are heaped in the furnaces. Twenty-four hours' white heat fixes the glaze on the surface of the article and then thirty hours are necessary for cooling.

Interesting as all these processes are, they are nothing compared with the exquisite manipulation of the clay by hand when an ornamental vase, with protruding flowers and figures, has to be made. Girls are engaged in this work, and as a young woman confines herself to some distinct class of

decoration, quickness and dexterity are soon acquired. I have mentioned the salt glaze. This old-fashioned glaze, which has still many charms, is used by Messrs. Doulton. The clay is worked while in a plastic state and a half hour is not ill spent standing by the side of an artist while he is carving and twisting the composition into beautiful designs. What is known as incising is an important method by means of which the clay is cut with a sharp tool so that a fine burr is thrown up on either side to retain the colour afterwards applied. In this details are left to him, so that if you pick up a piece of this ware you will invariably find the modeller's initials upon it. When a man has completed a piece an assistant often sets to work to make a pair by copying it.

Ingenuity, in making fresh designs, seems endless. Not only is the soft surface carved but other modelled pieces are placed upon it, while frequently delicate filigree patterns are worked on the background or possibly moulded flowers are impressed. One novel plan of imparting a delicate texture is to impress the patterns from lace fabrics.



DII PING CROCKERY IN THE GLAZE.

These plastic decorations have to be put aside to dry and the drying must be thorough or disaster will follow in the kiln. The coloured salt-glaze ware, or Doulton ware as it is generally known, boasted originally of only blues and browns, but now many other colours are used capable of standing the intense heat to which they are to be subjected.

There are other wares which deserve a word. There is, for instance, silicon ware, which is not fired in the salt-glaze kilns. The articles are very hard and are fired at the same heat as the salt glaze, but without a glaze, or if there is a glaze it is very slight. This salt glazing produces a charming effect.

glazing produces a charming effect because it fuses with the clay itself. During the last stage of firing, when the ware is just



PRINTING POTTERY DESIGNS.

on the point of vitrifaction, common salt is thrown into the kiln. The decomposition of the salt fills the kiln with dense fumes of salt

vapour, producing on the wares a thin glass or glaze of silicate of soda, exceedingly hard and thin, exactly even over all parts of the surface, and hiding not the least touch left by the edging or modelling tool.

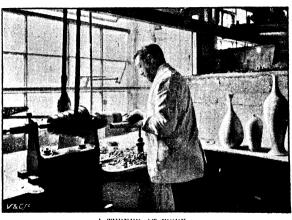
The painting of pictures and designs on the superior class of ware is entrusted to artists of considerable skill. The simpler kind of hand painting is done by girls. Pretty floral devices which are repeated on hundreds of dishes do not of course call forth much ability. But care and daintiness of touch are required, and the girls, as far as I could gather, rejoiced in their work, for it is both light and interesting. They



TRANSFERRING PRINTED DESIGNS.

were seated at long tables in a large, well-lighted room, neatly dressed and with big white aprons to keep their frocks from being soiled. A mass of articles, apparently piled higgledy-piggledy before them, were passing quickly through their hands to be adorned.

Girls possess a certain facility for painting, but they rarely devote to it so many years of study and patience as the men. It is a pleasant occupation, and a girl finds it a good way of earning her living between the time she leaves school and gets married. But in the case of a man, when he takes to the painting of pottery it is with the intention of devoting his whole life to it. Thus it is that all the best painting is done by men. Some of the artists have been with the firm for a great number of years. In one room some twenty or thirty men were As the painting cannot be slipshod, considerable time is devoted to the ornamentation of a vase or bowl or table ornament. There seemed to be an atmos-



A TURNER AT WORK.

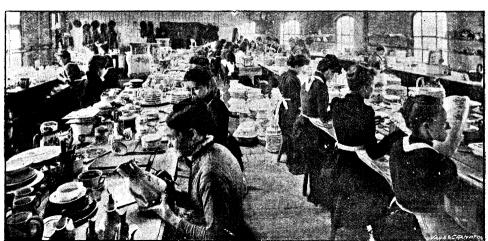
phere of impressionism in the place, so delicate and suggestive is the painting. In one case an artist was beautifying an ornament with a shadowy castle, a perfect monotint, the scheme of which he got from a photograph. Another man had made a speciality of orchids for decorating dessert plates, while a third was constantly exercising his fancy in finding different ways to paint silver-breasted fish.

The best work of all was being done in places where each artist had a room to himself. Messrs. Doulton have produced the finest big pieces of ware that have ever gone out of a pottery. The most famous was of course the Columbus vase, nearly 6 feet in height, which was sent to Chicago a year or two back. Then there is the beautiful Diana vase, nearly 5 feet high, in the style of the Renaissance. Another work



BURNISHING.

Purgatory while across Lethe's stream he discerns the lost Beatrice, beautiful in a veil of



ENAMELLING THE POTTERY.

of art is the Dante vase. The paintings are excellent. One represents Dante reaching



AN ARTIST AT WORK.

white and film-like g ize. These are only a few of the great pi es of ware, admired throughout the world, which have been sent out from the dismal, smoke-cloaked Potteries.

This district of Staffordshire is rarely visited by the ordinary sightseer because its aspect is so forbidding, but I hope I have shown that it is an interesting district, not only as the great centre of manufacture for cups and saucers, plates, soup-dishes and washhand basins, but because also it is a great art centre. While the streets are narrow and rugged, the houses mean, and the people often go shuffling along with a dissatisfied and worn look, the Potteries has for centuries been one of the most important sections in the great British hive of industry. With that the inhabitants may well rest content.



Drawn by Ida Lovering.

WITNESSES AND THEIR WAYS.

By Arthur T. Pask.

Illustrated by MATT STRETCH.



T surely," a friend once remarked to me, "witnesses made to order have no existence nowadays? Mock directors, I admit, there may be—although the leaden

maybe—although the leaden feet of Madam Justice in the end make their

still to be seen a choice collection of tools and instruments for "special witness" manufacture: to wit, the boot, the rack, and the thumbscrew!

Frederick the Great, indeed, was supposed to be turning his back on the law when, on mounting the throne (or rather the chair



WITNESSES AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

way to the Board Room—but not mock witnesses—no, not those."

Ah, witnesses are kittle cattle indeed! There is no knowing whence they hail, or how, when and why they have been got ready for the witness-box.

In the Tower of London, remember, is

covered with black velvet), he openly abolished the torture. But then old Fritz never had a proper respect for the black robe. His esteemed father, Frederick William, knocked out one of his judge's teeth with his ratan. He himself treated his chancellor and judges of appeal to a taste

of that violent language to which, despite the high-toned praises of the Diogenes of Chelsea, he was only too partial. Again, was not the torture of the Inquisition—always called the Question—La Salle de Question—an evidence of the manufacture of testifiers?

In England, it seems, the false witness has always more or less flourished. In Westminster Hall in the last century he was to be noted by the bunch of straw thrust in his shoes. In the good or bad year 1896 he still exists, minus the straw next his stockings, but mostly with the odour of spirits mixing with the lies that come from his mouth.

I think that the worst type of all our dear friends in this line is the "mounter." Why the mounter? Well, I know not the derivation of his professional name, unless it be from menteur. A liar of the first water he usually is. In nine cases out of ten he is found in some county court street collision case. He is generally a horsey individual, and has been, or is still, a stable hanger-on, or a disreputable cabman who has lost his licence, or perhaps he is a masterless solicitor's clerk.

In the event of some small tradesman claiming damages against a well-to-do brougham owner for "utterly destroying his property," the mounter, if the county court judge be perhaps too much a believer in human nature for his high office, can be made to prove eminently useful. The smart police and county court practitioner hears of him from his client and summons him to his presence, when he is carefully got ready for the witness-box. However it must be owned that in some cases the mounter is, so to speak, a mere amateur. say some humble hanger-on of the small tradesman. In the collision case it not necessary to engage the services of more than two or three of the mounting Too many cooks and too many fraternity. mounters are apt to contradict each other. A case of this sort, arising out of a little cart-smashing down Tyburn way, occurred only quite recently.

Counsel for defence was cross-examining. Counsel: You saw this collision take place,

and the damage done?

Witness (1st mounter): Yus, sir.

C.: Where were you standing at the time? W. (1st M.): I was on the pavemint.

C.: How far off was that?

W. (1st M.): A matter o' four yards exact.

 C_{\bullet} : You can stand down.

The rest of the mounters engaged by

the plaintiff have very properly been kept out of court until called.

Cross-examination of second witness.

Counsel: You saw this collision take place, and the damage done?

Second witness: Yus, sir.

C.: Where were you standing at the time?



Second W.: I was on the pavemint with Mister Jones (the last witness).

C.: How far off was that from the collision?

Second W.: About ten yards.

Same question put to witness No. 3, who answers:—

"I was standing on the pavemint with Mister Jones and Mister Smith, about twenty yards off."

Consequent wrath of county court judge:

"Stand down at once!"

This, of course, was a badly managed piece of mounting.

Sometimes the mounter himself, by the indulgence in too much stimulant, is the cause of the most disastrous results.

Only a sessions or two ago the suspected accomplice of a prisoner, blessed with the true Danton spirit, had the consummate impudence to make himself up as a respectable plumber and glazier in order to prove an alibi. So splendid was the make-up, and so perfectly clear his story, that the mounter, regarded as a coming hero, was so over-treated by his loving and admiring

friends that, when at length he appeared in the witness-box, his nerves were perfectly unstrung. It was as much as he could do to keep his feet by holding on to the box-rail. Somehow or the other he managed to kiss the book. He answered to his name; but on the counsel for the prosecution asking with much severity, "Now, sir, what do you know about this?" the helpless and hopeless mounter, almost bursting into tears, answered-

"Guilt-ish, my lord, guilt-ish," thus kindly killing two birds with one stone—giving

away both himself and the prisoner at the same time.

In the preparation of the ordinary alibi-proving mounter, there is but little difficulty. The sharp solicitor always puts the questions in his mouth during the one private interview before the trial. The conversation might be somewhat as follows:—

Solicitor: You were with him at the "Blue Pig" at

four o'clock?

Mounter: We wos at the "Blue Pig" at four o'clock.

S.: And I suppose you were having a drop of half-andhalf?

M.: We wos 'avin' a drop o' 'arf-an'-'arf.

S.: And you stayed there together just over an hour?

M.: We stayed there together jest over a h-our.

The examination concluding with a discourse on the local colour of the "Blue Pig," habits of landlord, potman, barmaid, position of seats, etc.

With a certain degree of truth it has been held that much of the same kind of working up and putting words in his witnesses' mouth is done by the unprincipled detective in charge of a criminal case. This arises from the fact that his professional reputation depends so much on his obtaining a conviction. Be it remembered, however, that none but a few of the very lowest order of detectives descend to such practices.

In giving his evidence no honester or fairer witness ever stands in the box than the senior detective of the force. veracity of the City of London police is

above reproach.

Still keeping to the witness of humble standing. In important cases of felony the peasant witness is often enough, unknown to himself, converted for the time being into an amateur mounter. In most instances this special duty of Hodge and Giles' m unting falls to the lot of the smart solicitor's clerk.

Let us suppose that a serious crime has been committed in a somewhat remote rural district. At the village alehouse there naturally has been much keen discussion on the subject. The possible witnesses



BAMBOOZLING THE RUSTICS.

also suddenly find themselves to be the popular lions of the taproom. It is not often that poor Giles and Hodge have much chance of being listened to by even their fellows, with any kind of respectful attention. Now at length their chance has come. tale of what they have seen and heard is repeated over and over again. It is not at all likely to diminish in dramatic force. Before it has time to grow stale a newcomer appears on the scene, clad as a modest tourist, small clerk or shop-assistant on his travels. Chatty, pleasant, and ready to stand any number of half pints, he is soon treated to the local news and the all-absorbing and never-ceasing topic of the crime. Before an hour is over the genial young man has gleaned every morsel of genuine evidence, and by artful suggestion added more and more colour to the tale. Soon the recital has, in many important details, entirely changed its character. The disguised solicitor's clerk has, in the particular direction required, moulded the rustics' evidence into shipshape order. Unsuspected by themselves, honest Giles and Hodge have been manufactured into mounters.

Approached formally and in cold blood, the British peasant would, on the other hand, prove to be a most difficult subject to tackle. His stolid stupidity is in all cases assumed as an armour of defence. A word from master, parson, or village tradesman may at any time send him to the workhouse with less than a week's notice. Let him chatter ever so little about his master's affairs, and, if found out, he runs the risk of being turned off the farm. Let him only speak chaffingly of Mr. Jones, who keeps the chandler's shop, and his credit for tea, bloaters, cheese, bread, etc., is at an end.

Not stupidity but necessary caution is the true cause of his much-sneered-at reticence. When in the witness-box, however, it must be owned in common fairness that both Hodge and Giles really wish to bear honest

testimony.

Our judges also can never be too highly commended for the kindly manner in which they adopt every means to help the poor fellows to give a true and accurate recital of facts. As to Mrs. Giles and Mrs. Hodge, in nine cases out of ten they are even more stolidly cautious than their husbands. On the other hand the rustic countrywoman, when once inspired by vindictive feeling, will sometimes perfectly deluge the court with a screaming torrent of words.

Only a short time back, in a northern county, a Mrs. Giles and a Mrs. Hodge, subpœnaed on opposite sides, actually started a game of fisticuffs (or rather scratchicuffs) within the precincts of the court. And the indulgence in such vagaries is not at all confined to women of the lower orders.

Many years ago, outside Old Judges' Chambers, in Serjeants' Inn, Chancery Lane, the writer had the ill fortune to see two real ladies (at least by birth and education) tear the hair out of each other's heads, one of them also pulling the other's ears vigorously.

Speaking of the peasant witness generally, despite the assumed and sometimes real fog

of dullness that surrounds him, he can at times be most successfully got at by a skilful counsel who refrains from harassing him by over questioning. In most cases his recollection of events is far better than that of the intelligent working man. He sees so little of the world, so few things happen to him, that his impressions of a particular event cannot easily be blotted out.

The myriad experiences and incidents that make up the life of the toiler in the busy world are apt to become mingled and blurred. The stonebreaker on the lonely road hails the sight of any newcomer as a relief in breaking the monotony of his work. Anything out of the common about him is sure to be pigeonholed in his memory. The same may

be said of the shepherd.

The principal trouble with Giles in the witness-box, however, arises from his always having some preconceived notion absolutely fixed in his mind. He has a way of talking about that instead of answering questions in a straightforward manner. Again, some small detail has always kept itself in his memory which leavens the whole of his otherwise honest evidence.

If we make comparison between male and female witnesses when taken from the ranks of the poor, the old psychological rule still applies. When a woman is a drunkard she is always a worse drunkard than a man. When a woman becomes lying and vindictive she becomes a more malignant and dangerous liar than ever a man can be. em cross-examine me, that's all, and I'll jest let 'em have somethin'!" i.e., she will stand at nothing to thwart any attempt to put the prisoner's actions in a favourable Before now a woman who has been lying at her best, or rather worst, when thoroughly caught by the cross-examining counsel, has absolutely from sheer chagrin fallen down in a fit.

Not so long ago, during the Hertford Assizes held at Barnet, a woman flung herself down on the floor of the court and absolutely went into convulsions from vexation and annoyance at the discovery of her vindictiveness.

Another bad type of the lying woman witness is what might be styled the flippantly spiteful. In a recent wife murder trial two women gave evidence against the husband, both of whom were manifestly annoyed with the prisoner, yet by no means bearing him any particular hatred. "To put up a little bit more against him" they evidently regarded as a high-class joke. They had

watched the murder take place through the crack of the door, and in describing the details displayed an amount of ready-witted impudence that would have reflected credit on an East London potboy. The man was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. At the time of the trial it was thought by police, counsel and solicitors that far too much reliance had been placed on the statements of these creditable ornaments of their sex. But salut aux femmes. As everyone knows without telling, there are hundreds of women who every year are ready to perjure themselves that the brute who has ill-treated them may escape scot free.

In many cases also a marvellous degree of truly generous magnanimity is displayed by men whose pals have murderously maltreated them. At one of the London police courts a rough was charged with breaking a bottle over a brother coster's head. The result was a partially fractured skull—a really dangerous wound. Yet the prosecutor, who had been bound over to appear (otherwise he would never have come into court), in his anxiety to screen his kindly pal, merely said, "There wos jest a bit of a sort o' scrappin' (fighting). But we'd both



THE STREET ARAB AS WITNESS.

been on the booze. I dessay I began it all." The medical evidence was distinctly opposed to any theory of this kind, and the prosecutor was genuinely angry at the sentence which was passed on the man who had tried his best to take his life.

The children of the poor are by no means unfamiliar with the witness-box; yet only too often they have learnt their evidence by rote. A smart counsel easily manages to make this apparent by "my dearing "them carefully, and allowing them to tell their story their own way, which they generally repeat as glibly as a Board School lesson. By asking, "You are quite sure," etc., and getting them to repeat the same yarn in exactly the same words three or four times over, the artificial character of their evidence is quickly made apparent to the judge and jury.

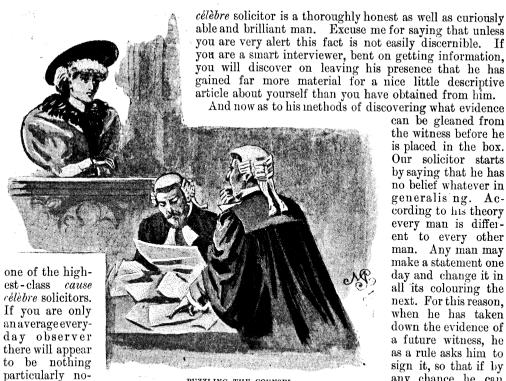
The London arabs, however, are more often than not the very best of the Old Bailey witnesses. Their standard of honesty is far higher than is universally supposed. Offers of "squaring" are constantly refused, and threatened brutality openly defied. Naturally smart, the little halfpenny newspaper seller tells his story in a coolly fluent style, and seldom indeed becomes "rocky" under the severest cross-examination. So much for the poor in the witness-box.

To take a higher flight. There is no doubt whatever that the cause célèbre is greatly on the increase in the present day. The great ones of the earth are more often than not mixed up in some judicial proceedings. The question will naturally be asked: "Is the mounter to be found among the upper classes?" Verily he, or more particularly she, is.

"Take," says an eminent criminal solicitor, "the highest type of woman—the woman of birth, education and culture, self-possessed, and, if good looking, the most dangerous of all witnesses. To conceal her divers intrigues she has developed a naturally powerful instinct of caution. She has a consummate knowledge of the world. Such women have a better knowledge of the wire-pulling of the world than men have. Many and many a time she is far more than a match for counsel.

"Yes, and women are more indifferent than men as to the injury they may do by the statements they may make. Some stupid women, too, are almost ridiculously reckless in swearing affidavits concerning their enemies. They won't draw the line at the most horrible accusations. No, I'm not cynical about the sex. I'm only speaking about what I've come across in my own experience." This was how it was put to the writer.

To obtain a still more lurid light on the subject, make your way to the offices or chambers of



PUZZLING THE COUNSEL.

ticeable about the place. Open your eyes just a little wider, and kindly put on your considering cap. See, there are several sets of waitingrooms; two or three different exits. Visitors can come and go without meeting. Family squabblers can be judiciously separated. The solicitor himself—the deus ex of everything can slip out unobserved. Pass into the great man's room, pleasantly and cheerfully, not flashily, furnished. No dirty black japanned boxes with names on them. Airy and bright -well, as the dentist's waiting-room; not, however, with the artistic flippancy that is so often displayed in the atrium of the halfguinea tooth-puller. All the same there is one arrangement of conditions peculiar to both. In the operating-room of the dentist you sit down in a chair with the light full in your face. In the operating-room of the cause célèbre solicitor, where evidence, not teeth, is going to be pulled out of you before you appear in court, you also are made to sit with the light full in your face. The dentist makes a study of your painful molar; the solicitor tries to discover by any varying expression on your face whether you are keeping strictly to the truth. It is the apotheosis of Mr. Wemmick, with this saving clause though: the high-class cause

can be gleaned from the witness before he is placed in the box. Our solicitor starts by saving that he has no belief whatever in generalising. According to his theory every man is different to every other man. Any man may make a statement one day and change it in all its colouring the next. For this reason, when he has taken down the evidence of a future witness, he as a rule asks him to sign it, so that if by any chance he can be approached and

squared by the other side, there will be written proof of his backsliding. Sometimes he has a shorthand writer concealed within

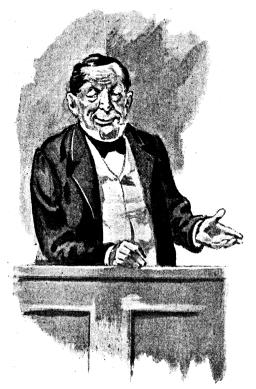
In moulding his witnesses he has a curious power of adapting himself to his company. Perhaps the best style of all is the jocular "you're a man of the world and I'm a man of the world" style. But then this is equally efficacious with most witnesses when in open court. Flatter their vanity somewhat, be struck with their genial sense of humour, and the salt is popped on their tails easily enough.

An eminently practical person is this evidence-making solicitor, yet for all that he has theories of his own which seem to border on the romantic.

"Yes," said a well-known solicitor to me on one occasion, "I do believe that many women witnesses are so affected by hysteria that they frequently give evidence which is utterly false, although at the same time they are quite unconscious of lying. A malicious mind and a hysterical temperament combined may work wonders in the way of evil."

"And do you think that, as the Romans gloated over a murderous gladiatorial show. anyone could gloat over the imaginary details of a modern murder to such an extent as to lose their moral balance altogether and commit themselves to statements that might—I only say possibly might—lead the innocent to the gallows?"

"It is quite possible, though not probable."



BUCKSTONE AS A WITNESS.

Here are some very unpleasant grounds for mild reflection.

"And is it possible that even, so to speak, red-handed justice is not always in

the right?"

"I think that if some violent act were suddenly committed before them, the shock would be so great to many people that they really could not exactly realise what had taken place. Supposing in your own presence two men were to start firing at each other, you would be pretty considerably upset, and being upset at the time the crime took place you perhaps could not very well tell who of the two men had fired first. We know that in ship collision cases there is more variance than in any other. But then one suffers a great shock when there is a strong likelihood of being drowned. In cases like the *Elle*, say, all narratives should

be taken more or less cum grano. No, I don't know that artistic people are likely to invent more than other witnesses. They are not good witnesses though, as a rule; they're a great deal too nervous. Actors and actresses are fond of being a little theatrical in the box. They're honest witnesses enough, but not good witnesses. John Baldwin Buckstone was a bad and nervous witness, though he did set the court in roars. Mr. Toole, oddly enough, is a very good witness indeed. Mrs. Bernard Beere is also excellent. I think it was in some copyright case that I once heard her."

Here the writer calls to mind having once seen Sothern in the box. To prove the rule by an exception, he was perfectly cool—a first-rate witness. It is true enough that gentlemen and ladies of the sock and buskin are not good witnesses, but they are not the worst of all. Who do you think are? Why, barristers themselves! You see it must be a pretty considerable shock to them. after being masters of the situation every day, to suddenly become the servants. Then, again, the barrister often has his mind carried away by the professional bearings of the He cannot—although he ought for the time being-remember that he is a witness and not an advocate. In the famous Digby-Seymour case, when the benchers were all put in the witness-box, it was quite noticeable how badly they gave their evidence.

Again, your men of brawn and muscle, whom you would think would not be very likely to become nervous from excitement, are not, as a mere matter of fact, to be

strictly relied on.

In the great sculling case of Kelly v. Sadler, although Kelly and Willan were cool enough (especially Willan), Sadler was exceedingly nervous, and Chambers terribly so. "Came out in a regular perspiration," said a solicitor's clerk who was present at the time. The nervous, perspiring witness is a very common type indeed, rolling his handkerchief up in a ball and polishing his red face with it.

I remember, by the way, that Mr. Justice Chitty was called as an expert in Kelly r. Sadler. Mr. (afterwards Justice) Denman was engaged as counsel; both the legal luminaries being noted oarsmen. During the trial Tom King, the famous pugilist, who was in court, and the court being crowded, sat down in front of the jury box. This was objected to by Serjeant Ballantine on the score of his causing intimidation.

The usher, who was a very little man, was sent to order the conqueror of Heenan to adjourn. It looked extremely ridiculous when he tapped him on the shoulder. The court official's head was no higher than that of the pugilist.

It is interesting to discuss as to who make



SOTHERN IN THE WITNESS-BOX,

the very best witnesses. One of the best ever in the box is his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. In the baccarat case, although most severely cross-examined by Sir Edward Clarke, his Royal Highness never for a moment turned a hair or went back from his word. Somehow or the other there is an erroneous idea prevalent that when a peer is in the witness-box he cannot be compelled to make oath. This is utterly wrong. In the House of Lords, however, the peer only gives his word of honour. The Duke of Westminster was remarkable for the composure with which he gave his evidence in the racing case about Peck's place. same may be said of the Duke of Cambridge. But the best of witnesses for cool deliberation, although not so quick as the Prince of Wales, was Mr. Gladstone. The box being nowadays on the bench itself, there is no need for noble witnesses to sit beside the judge.

Authors do not shine, as a rule, when

under examination. The late Charles Reade may be cited as a type of a nervous, excitable, too-ready-to-talk witness.

When some years ago there was a case of disputed contract before the court between a Hindu and a Mohammedan, it was almost impossible to keep the parties in order. During the progress of the plaintiff's examination the defendant shook his fist at him and cried out, "He lies! The man is a liar, a liar, a liar!" When the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh was in the box, anent the action brought against him by his falconer, he proved himself to be as cool and collected as Mr. Gladstone.

There is no doubt that people are beginning to regard breach-of-promise cases in a more business-like aspect than in days of yore. It is worthy of note, though—to show the interest taken by the average woman concerning all matters relating to marriage and giving in marriage—that the most minute points of detail are, as a rule, well kept in memory by the most flippant of young witnesses.

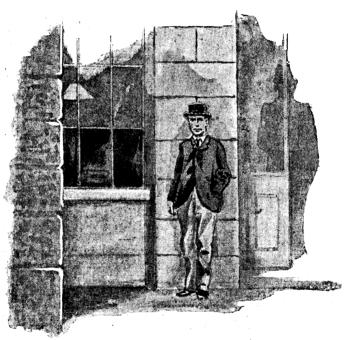
Oddly enough, immediately after the passing of the famous act by which a plaintiff was entitled to give evidence, no case of the kind happened for some time. Then came two before the court on the same day. The first of the plaintiffs was determined to take full advantage of the powers granted to her, in order to make extra capital out of her beauty and her woes. As luck would have it, Justice Blackburn was presiding—a judge who had almost a morbid hatred of anything like "romantic twaddle" being brought into the court. The trial was held in the old bail court at Westminster, and as the lovely plaintiff was so overcome by her woes that she was unable to stand, a chair was provided for her in the well of the court. She sighed, she writhed, she clasped her hands together as if appealing to When at length, after nearly choking herself with a long course of sobbing, she burst out with, "I loved him! oh, I loved him!" the learned judge almost ground his teeth with disgust, and in summing up took the utmost pains to inform the jury that they were not to allow themselves to be carried away by any displays of emotion; that it was simply and purely a question of contract, etc. Result—merely nominal damages.

Still, the modern plaintiff, when her own witness, has the distinct advantage of being able to speak her part as well as act it. Poor Mrs. Bardell could only content herself

with sobbing in comparative silence and getting up an interesting swoon. The quietly respectable, both in manner and attire, is nowadays regarded as the most efficacious style for the witness-box. Yet for all this it has happened before now that the whole court has been carried away by the evidence of an interesting witness.

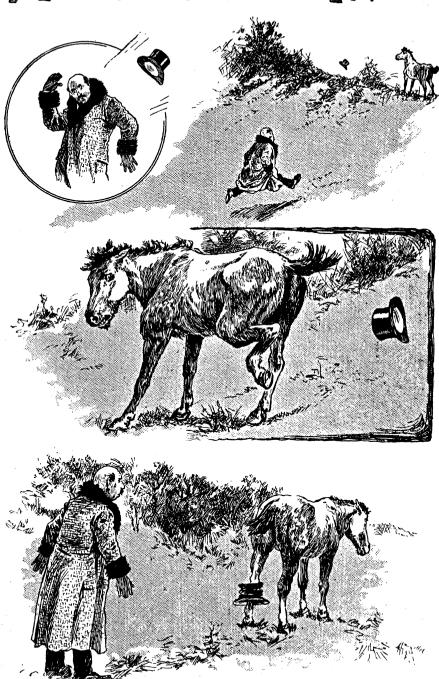
During Sir Alexander Cockburn's Chief Justiceship a tea-ship case was tried before that acute and wondrously brilliant judge. A ship had become dismasted and wrecked from being crossed by a cyclone.

One of the witnesses, a merchant skipper, who possessed the power of dramatic description in a high degree, in giving his explanation of the effect of the disastrous storm became so absorbingly interesting that for some time—although in many instances he was drifting quite far from legal evidence—the judge himself seemed to be unaware of the *lapsus*, and even when at length he remarked, "This is most amusing and instructive, captain, but it does not bear on the case," the rebuke was uttered in almost regretful apologetic tones.



'TWIXT THE OLD BAILEY AND NEWGATE.

THE FIRST TIME OF WEARING.



The Editor'r Scrap-Book.

MARCH 1, 1896.



HE question of a new poet laureate had suffered so much discussion that the appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin to the post failed to excite either much enthusiasm or opposition. No friend of Alfred the Second pretends that he has

as yet secured the favour of the reading public, but then he lives at a time when there are far more rivals for popularity than existed when Tennyson's star rose. There is hardly a line of Mr. Austin's poetry which would be found in a dictionary of quotations, and not a line can I remember as the common property of conversa-Yet he has written of subjects which appeal to most people. He loves gardens, country lanes, cuckoos, daffodils, and no son of Great Britain is more imbued with a belief in the majesty of the empire. On this matter of the laureateship a correspondent, Mr. Arthur Ransom, has written the following lines which perhaps may find a response in some hearts:-

HOW LONG?

We wait, and wait—our hearts are pained with

waitingwaiting—
For a new strain of soul-compelling song—
A full-voiced song of loving and of hating—
Passionate, and beautiful, and strong.

Our ears are vexed with twitterings of sparrows— Scraps of small minstrelsy from puny groves; Each day fresh showers of tiny tinselled arrows Swarm from the bows of carpet-treading loves.

We wait to hear a rushing song of passion
Storming through all the citadels of sense.
Such singing now, alas! seems out of fashion;
Bards give us only tinkling impotence.

Yet forests still are dark, and deserts eerie; Still we have life and death, and storm and sun; Men still are glad and sad, and stout and weary; Evil still damns, and noble deeds are done.

And we have won a new and awful knowledge;
Nature's dark hieroglyphics have grown clear;
But not a man in city, camp, or college
Sings the great song the world's heart longs to

hear. New truths, new aims, new ecstasies elysian Burn to find voice in richer, fuller song. How long, O poet! shall our aching vision Watch for thy fiery charlot wheels, how long?

Anonymity gives quite a spur to enterprise in one direction, for the authorship of popular anonymous poems is always claimed by many folks. It was gravely printed in an American newspaper the other day that a meeting of five hundred authors of "Beautiful Snow" had been held in Chicago! Many who were unable to be present sent letters of regret. And if there are five hundred ready to claim a mediocre poem there are also quite as many legends as to its origin. In every book of recitations I expect to find "Beautiful Snow," and rarely is my quest in vain. It was this poem that the London edition of the New York Herald once reprinted, heading each column with a verse on a morning when a heavy fall of snow gave a certain appropriateness to the subject. As to who should be credited (or debited?) with "Beautiful Snow" I will not try to decide. In most books it is attributed to Mrs. Sigourney, who died in 1865.

Two native chieftains from New Zealand once They were inseparable, and visited England. when dining out-which they frequently did, as they were the lions of the London season—they always sat together. One of them, seeing mustard for the first time, was attracted by its beautiful colour. He helped himself to a spoonful, which he swallowed right off. Tears immediately began to stream down his cheeks, and he looked very sorrowful. His astonished comrade said to him: "Why weepest thou, O son of thy mother?" "I cry," he replied, "because I remember that upon this day my father died," and he passed the mustard bottle. The other fellow helped himself. and was quickly shedding tears as liberally as his friend. "And wherefore do you mourn, O son of sorrow?" "I grieve because you did not die before your father!"

MANY a young man has a great future ahead of him. The great difficulty is that it persists in keeping there.

THE October brew of home-made beer was the celebrated one in Buckinghamshire, and the farmers made it of sufficient strength by means of eight bushels of malt to the hogshead of fifty-four imperial gallons. Once in an outlying village the rector on a certain Sunday gave out as the text, "First Hebrews, 9 and 10." Whereupon an oldfashioned farmer, renowned for his good tap, called out: "And a very pretty tipple, too. I brews eight!"

So far as the audience was concerned Von Bülow always made a point of doing exactly as he pleased. On one occasion, when a Leipzig audience insisted on recalling him, in spite of his repeated refusal to play again, he came forward and said: "If you do not stop this applause I will play all Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues from beginning to end!"

Isn't there pathos in this that would have appealed to Dickens? Among a lot of Fresh-Air Fund children sent to the seaside last summer was one poor little waif who did not join in the other children's games, but was found alone down on the sands surveying the sea.

"Wouldn't you like to come and play some games with the other little girls?" she was asked.

"Oh no, sir," said the waif, "I'd rather look at the water.

"And what do you find to interest you in the water?"

"Oh, there's such lots of it," said the waif enthusiastically; "and it's the only time in my life I ever seed enough of anything.

Ir you've a good temper, hang on to it; and if you've a bad one, don't lose it.



ANOTHER INSULT TO THE PROFESSION.

VILLAGER (who has misunderstood the artist's intention to include his cottage in his next picture): "Marnin', sir; when be you a-goin' to paint my 'ouse as you promised last week? There be a gallon o' whitewash waitin' for you, and the windersills need it cruel bad. I'd be 'bliged if you could get it done afore my darter's return. Us wouldn't stick at a shillin' or two for the 'ole job!"

The late Lord Justice Bowen had a ready wit. When he was asked to sit in the Admiralty Court, owing to the illness of a judge, Sir Charles acceded to the request, but added, "And may there be no moaning at the Bar when I put out to sea!"



THE COMMONPLACE GIRL.

For you no lily's lustre; For you no gorgeous gem; For you no brilliant cluster Of long-adoring men.

For you but duty's doing, As sister, mother, wife; For you but simplest wooing; For you but death and life.



Matrimony in Two Acts.

Act I.—Pays her addresses. Act II.—Pays for her dresses.



This is the message the telegraph messenger handed to him—

"Smith, 57 Sloane Street, London. Come at once. I am dying.—KATE."

Three hours later he arrived at the seaside hotel, to be met at the door by Kate herself.

"Why, what did you mean by sending me such

a message?" he asked.

"Oh," she gurgled, "I wanted to say that I was dying to see you, but my twelve words ran out and I had to stop."

"No, I don't want it cut and I don't want it trimmed," snarled the shaggy-haired young man, seating himself in the chair and glaring savagely at the barber; "and I'm not an actor, nor a pianist; and I haven't taken any vow not to have it cut. Perhaps that will save you the trouble of asking questions. All I want is a shave."

"Yes sir."

The barber worked in silence for ten minutes. "I have a brother," he remarked at last, "that's

"I have a brother," he remarked at last, "that's got a head shaped just like yours. He has to wear his hair the same way."



A WELL-KNOWN London hatter once met an acquaintance who owed him for the hat he wore. The hatter, who was accompanied by a friend, lifted his hat to his debtor, but the latter made no sign of recognition. "Well," said the hatter, "I think he might at least touch my hat to me!"



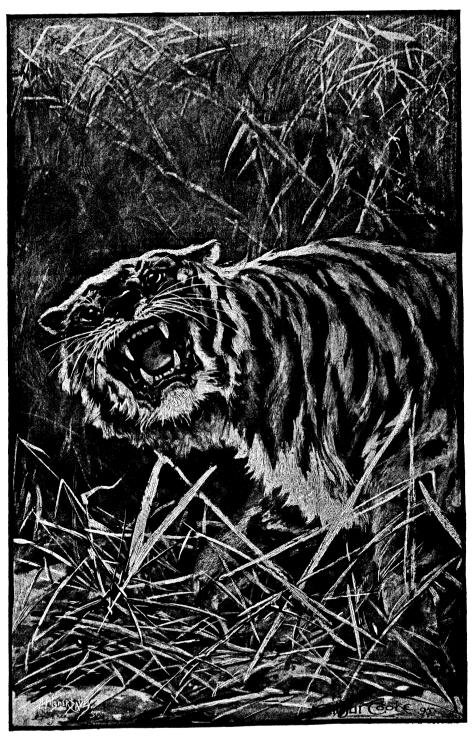
"Hast thou a lover?" asked he,
"O maiden of the Rhine?"
She blushed in sweet confusion
And softly faltered "Nein."
He felt rebuffed and knew not
What best to say, and then
A sudden thought came to him;
He pleaded, "Make it ten."

MASTER: Jones, this is an example in subtraction. Seven boys went down to a pond to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go in the water. Now, can you tell me how many went in?

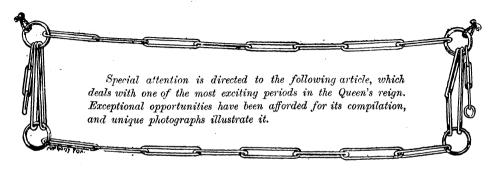
Jones: Yes sir; seven.







ON THE WAR-PATH, By ARTHUR COOKE.



KILMAINHAM MEMORIES:*

THE STORY OF THE GREATEST POLITICAL CRIME OF THE CENTURY, WITH MANY NEW AND IMPORTANT DETAILS.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

Illustrated from photographs specially taken for the WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

I.—THE PRISON.

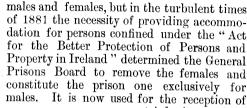


HE prison which has gained such a curious and extended celebrity through its associations with latter-day Irish politics and Irish political crime is in the outlying town-

ship of Kilmainham. in Dublin. The place is not great, but it has a great air. its external features the lofty gray wall of Irish limestone, about one-third of a mile in circumference, is the most imposing. It is evidence also of a certain degree of age. since walls of this height are not given to modern prisons. Except for its strength. the small main gateway is quite unpretentious: over it are the "Five Devils of Kilmainham "— five writhing scorpions. symbolical of no one knows what.

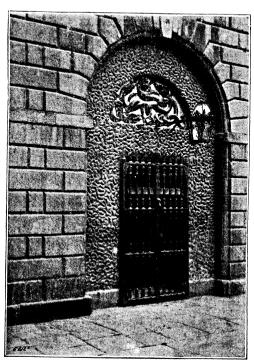
Kilmainham was originally the County of Dublin Gaol for

* Copyright, 1896, by Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited.



untried prisoners from the county and city of Dublin, for convicted prisoners from the county of Dublin, and for remanded and convicted prisoners from parts of several adjoining counties. It is a local, not a convict prison.

When the gate is passed the prison divides itself at once into two parts, the old and the new. The old side (which was the women's side in former days) has no very salient defects. and the cells, if less completely ventilated than those on the newer side, are spacious and well lighted. The modern side is about thirty-five years old, and has a remarkably fine central hall, where the cells.



From a photo by] [Robinson, Dublin.
KILMAINHAM PRISON GATE,

359

106 in number, rise in three opposing tiers. A better built hall than this is probably not to be found in any prison in the United Kingdom. In a quiet season discipline is easily maintained in Kilmainham. The staff of warders at present numbers only sixteen, and this serves for a full complement of prisoners.

II.—MR. PARNELL AND THE SUSPECTS.

But Kilmainham underwent a very strange transformation about fourteen years go. The period in Ireland was without a parallel of many kinds. It might have been a succession of Horse Show weeks in Dublin, and her Majesty's gaol of Kilmainham turned over to some enterprising caterer who had converted it for the nonce into an elegant hotel. It might have been, but it was not. Kilmainham prison was Kilmainham prison still, but with a rather considerable difference. The persons for whom games and the newspapers of the day were provided, and who fared thus sumptuously every day, were the political suspects whom a hostile Press (in England as in Ireland) represented as "pining in British dungeons."



From a photo by]

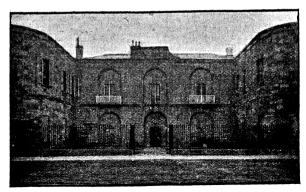
PRINCIPAL HALL IN KILMAINHAM PRISON.

[Robinson, Dublin.

in modern history, and equally without a parallel was the internal condition of Kilmainham. The great central hall, where scarcely a sound is heard but the measured voice of the warder, was noisy—and very cheerfully so—from morning until night. A long table down the centre of the hall was littered with the newspapers, magazines, and books of the day; draught-boards, chessboards, backgammon-boards, and packs of cards. The same table at the dinner-hour bore a cloth of snowy linen, was decorated with fruit, flowers and cut glass, and upheld a weight of excellent hot dishes and wines

It was an extraordinary time in Kilmainham. The prison had been emptied of its usual occupants—a few excepted, who were retained as cleaners and orderlies—and month after month it was crowded by the motliest assortment of native politicians and political agitators, many of whom were in the foremost ranks of the Land League, while of many others it could hardly be said that they enjoyed even a local notoriety. They became great men however when they had "languished" for a month or two in the "dungeons" of Kilmainham; and not a few of them, I believe, would very willingly have

languished there for the remainder of their lives. There were amongst them members of Parliament, priests, solicitors, medical men, journalists, clerks, farmers, cattle dealers, tradesmen of all sorts, peasants, down to



From a photo by] [Robinson, Dublin.

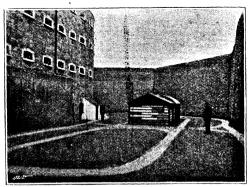
the humblest; in a word no class of persons connected with the Irish political movement of that time was unrepresented amongst the "victims of British tyranny" who were lodged for longer or shorter periods in Kilmainham. They must have been a good deal amused by what their friends outside were writing about them, and many a joke on the subject must have circulated in the prison, for it is very certain that scores of these "suffering patriots" were better off in Kilmainham, or wherever else they were sent, than they had ever been before. Ladies' Land League kept their table furnished with the best, and no reasonable indulgence or recreation was denied them by their "brutal gaolers." The cells were changed into neat little bedrooms, a shelter was built in the large exercise yard, and another yard was laid with concrete to serve as a ball alley. Presents of books, bedding, food, wines, spirits, and divers other pleasant things were forwarded by sympathetic and sorrowing admirers from the outer world, and it is even whispered that the patriots did not always go sober to bed-but this I take for fiction. The situation as a whole was nevertheless just such an one as Mr. Gilbert might have invented for a comic opera.

Imagine a governor and his staff of warders, accustomed to the routine and the rigid rule of prison life, brought to such a pass as this! The "brutal gaolers," indeed, had a far less easy time of it than those who were nominally their prisoners. Precedents

there were none, and counsel and advice were scarce. The suspects, though in custody, were never in close confinement; association between them was unrestricted, and they passed their time almost as it pleased

Those of them who chose to them. give trouble to their guardians could do so to any extent, and there were patriots who seemed to think that the whole governing body of the prison, and the doctor more especially, were waiters in attendance on them. There were of course gallant exceptions in plenty; but the patriots were a heterogeneous party, and with the great power of the Land League behind them they were well aware that their position in Kilmainham was not an ordinary one. At this distance of time there can be little harm in saving that the actual state of affairs inside the famous prison was not exactly what it was

represented as being, and that the authorities, so far from exercising a "tyrannous control" over the "victims who were helpless in their hands," were often all but nonplussed by the extreme novelty and awkwardness of the situation, and in general only too willing to leave the "victims" to their own devices. The prison—which was a not uncomfortable asylum for the humble and hungry patriot—was during the whole of this period a place of some danger for the governor and his subordinates. The possibility of assault from without was an ever-present source of



From a photo by] [Rebinson, Dublin.

THE EXERCISE YARD OF THE SUSPECTS, KILMAINHAM.

anxiety, in preparedness for which a force of police was lodged within the walls, while a strong military guard was in reserve outside. No one at that time felt very certain of his life who was conspicuously associated with Government, or who had any part in the administration of landed property; and when the prisons began to be used for the reception of political suspects, those who were in charge of them entered at once into the common danger.

As tedious and exacting a duty as any that fell to the lot of the governor and his deputy was the supervision and control of the suspects' correspondence. A convict

sentence penal servitude is permitted to write a letter once in three. four or six months. according to the class he has attained in prison: but the suspects, needless say, knew no such restrictions, and enioved the free use of their pens. It was no more than fair that the professional men, men of business and others, who were in prison on a mere suspicion of disloyalty, should be allowed the privilege correspondence, but it

undergoing a



From a photo by]

[W. Lawrence, Dublin. THE LATE CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M.P. (Born June 28, 1845, died suddenly October 6, 1891.)

was a privilege which imposed an immense amount of labour on the governor and his deputy. No prisoner, whatever the cause of his imprisonment, can send or receive a letter until it has passed under the eyes of the governor or his immediate representative, and as many of the suspects had a large correspondence the duty of checking it was no light one. Often, indeed, the governor or the deputy, or both, sat through the night at this task, and in one prison or another during this period there were officials whose eyesight suffered a certain permanent injury.

It was on October 13, 1881, that the great man of the movement joined in Kilmainham the colleagues for whom he entertained such a very moderate respect. Mr. Parnell's was the two hundred and twenty-fourth arrest that had been effected under Mr. Forster's Act since the beginning of March 1881. Suspect number 225was Mr. J. O'Kelly, M.P.; number 226 was Mr. Thomas Sexton, M.P.; and number 227

> William O'Brien.

It may or may not be remembered that on the afternoon of October 13 in that year Mr. Gladstone made a speech on Irish affairs at the Guildhall. With him were several members his Government, and at an interesting and highly appropriate moment a telegram was handed to the Premier, who was in the act of speaking. It contained of the course news of Mr. Parnell's arrest, Glad-Mr.

stone, as may be imagined, made a fine point for the gallery. The incident had the appearance of a well-contrived effect—I happened to be one of the gallery —and this in truth it was, for Mr. Parnell was arrested, not at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, but at seven in the morning, and the Government must have had their information many hours before that little telegraph boy was brought so effectively upon the scene.

The details of Mr. Parnell's arrest have not, I believe, been published.

staving at Morrison's Hotel in Dawson Street. and it was there that he was asked for at seven on the morning named, by a trusted officer of the Dublin detective force. waiter who was first interviewed declared that Mr. Parnell had "gone out for a bath." It seemed improbable, and the officer, disclosing his identity, gave the number of Mr. Parnell's room (No. 20, for the next curious visitor at Morrison's) and requested to be shown up there. He was begged to wait "just four or five minutes." "Not a minute. if you please," was the officer's reply. is very unlikely that Mr. Parnell, had he been warned, would have taken advantage of the warning, but in "four or five minutes"

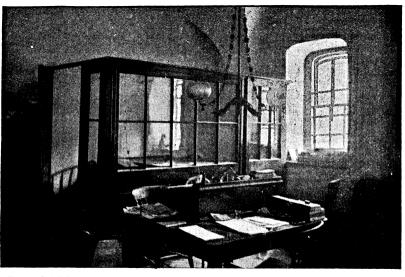
a sympathetic waiter might easily have drawn together a sympathetic crowd in the street, and the officer was single-handed.

However he was shown up at once to No. 20. Mr. Parnell. who was still between the sheets, presented himself at his door in a moment in nether garment and slippers. The situation being explained to him he in-

spected the warrant, and said he must have time to write two or three letters. For fifteen minutes the officer paced the corridor, and then, as the crowd which he had feared was beginning to gather in the street, he requested Mr. Parnell to make a hurried toilet.

Hurried or not, when he came out of his room five minutes later he was as scrupulously dressed as always. The officer led him out boldly by the front door; there was no disturbance (to the chagrin, doubtless, of the sympathetic waiter), and they entered the cab which was in waiting. Mr. Parnell behaved throughout with admirable dignity and composure, only for one moment showing signs of annoyance. He had written three letters, which he asked to be allowed to post with his own hand, a request which

was repeated several times. "Presently sir," said the officer, biding his time. For the officer it was a journey of some nervousness. He was carrying to prison, under the fiat of a Government detested by the strongest party in Ireland, the most powerful and most popular man in Ireland, and he was unsupported by any kind of escort. The whole "national" element in Dublin was vehemently against the law and its representatives, and as vehemently on the side of Mr. Parnell and the Land League. A word from Parnell as he was being taken through the streets and it would have been a hard matter to arrive with him at Kilmainham. There were a number



From a photo by

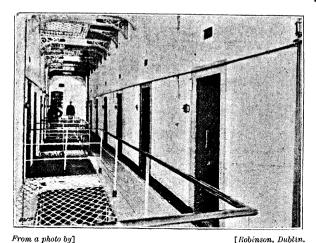
MR. PARNELL'S ROOM, KILMAINHAM.

[Robinson, Dublin.

of persons gathered about the Kingsbridge station, and had he merely shown his face and said, "I am under arrest," the cab would have been wrecked. He said nothing, and sitting well back in the vehicle seemed anxious that no one should recognise him.

Just beyond this point a company of the Guards turned out of the Royal Hospital and marched behind the cab. It was here that the prisoner, for the first time, vented a word or two of temper. "You said that I should post my letters," he said to the officer beside him; "you are deceiving me." "You shall post them in a moment, Mr. Parnell," was the answer. Kilmainham was reached almost immediately, and in the pillar-box against the prison Mr. Parnell dropped his letters.

Some dozen or twenty hawkers, labourers, and car-drivers recognised him here, and seeing that he was under arrest pressed



THE INFORMERS' CORRIDOR, KILMAINHAM.

forward to touch and speak to him. He drew back, and would give his hand to no one as he passed into the courtyard of the prison. With no less hauteur he entered the prison itself, and standing erect in the outer hall scarcely condescended to recognise those of his acquaintances amongst the

suspects who advanced respectfully to greet him.

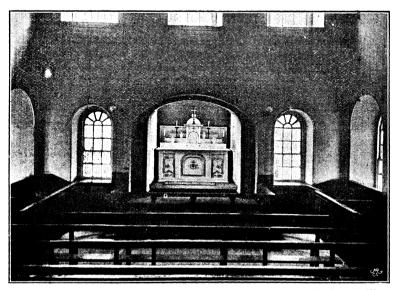
= Indeed from the first day to the last the "Chief" was as unapproachable in Kilmainham by the rank and file of his party imprisoned with him as he had always been in the Lobby or diningroom of the House of Commons. Within a few days of his arrival in fact there came to be an "Upper" and a " Lower House" in the prison. The Upper House was the portion in which Mr. Parnell and his few associates met

and took their exercise, and rarely indeed did one from the Lower House venture unbidden within this privileged confine. Mr. J. J. O'Kelly was the comrade whose society Mr. Parnell most affected, but he spent a great part of his time in his own

"room, and wrote much. It is almost superfluous to say that no rule of the prison was ever infringed by him, and that his conduct was never less than exemplary. The majority of the suspects were lodged in the central hall, but to Mr. Parnell was allotted a good-sized room in a quiet corridor of the prison, the two arched windows of which give on to one of the smaller exercise vards. Facing this room, by the way, is the cell in which the informer Carey was afterwards confined. The "Parnell Room," which was never a cell, has been quite changed since that distinguished occupation, and is now used as an office of the prison and for consultations between prisoners and their legal advisers. Here it was that Mr. Parnell wrote the

letter to Captain O'Shea which was to become famous under the name of the Kilmainham Treaty.

Parnell himself in Kilmainham loomed larger than ever in the popular imagination; his celebrity grew with the days of his confinement; his name became trebly heroic.



From a photo by] [Robinson, Dublin.

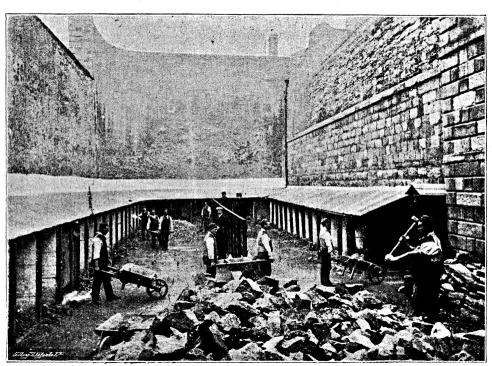
ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN KILMAINHAM PRISON.

Gifts poured in upon him: flowers from London; fruits, game, and cases of champagne; books, bedding, slippers, dressinggowns and coverlets of satin and eiderdown. His post-bag was enormous: letters of condolence, sympathy, admiration, adulation, indignation and vituperation. Some of his correspondents praised, exhorted or abused him in verse; and there was one tirade commencing—

O Mr. Parnell, O Mr. Parnell, Cease to do evil, and learn to do well!

A pseudonymous well-wisher, thinking perhaps that the seclusion of prison might conduce to a change of faith, sent him a very pretty little Roman Catholic manual than it was at all times and in all places his wont to be.

This singular chapter in the history of Kilmainham being closed, one may venture the remark that this particular phase of the policy of the Government towards the campaigners of the Land League was on the whole a mistake. It is easy talking fourteen years after the event, but one may look back upon it at this day and ask whether all those arrests in all parts of Ireland—many of them, no doubt, rather arbitrary and ill-considered—had any appre-



From a photo by]

STONE-BREAKERS IN KILMAINHAM PRISON.

[Robinson, Dublin.

of devotion, in ivory covers, with a copy of verses on the fly-leaf signed "Merva." It was shown me by the gentleman, an ex-governor of Kilmainham, with whom Mr. Parnell left it as a souvenir.

From first to last his behaviour in confinement was beyond reproach. He was patient of such restraints as his imprisonment involved, courteous and considerate to the least of the officials. To the majority of his companions in durance he was the sphinx that they had known before, unaltered and unmoved in that novel environment, and neither more nor less conciliatory

ciable result in weakening the power of the League; whether, on the contrary, they had not a much more considerable result in strengthening it. The situation however will probably not repeat itself in our time.

III.—A NOTE ON CRIME IN IRELAND.

By way of preface to the dark story that is to follow, a word may be said upon the general aspects of crime in Ireland. There is hardly any crime in Ireland. The entire convict population of the country, male

and female, numbers fewer than 500 persons. More than 82 per cent. of the convicted prisoners in Ireland are sentenced for terms of imprisonment not exceeding one month, while about 5 per cent. are sentenced to terms of imprisonment not exceeding three months. Drunkenness, larceny and assault are the commonest charges in the calendar, and drunkenness is accountable for at least 50 per cent. of

the convictions. In the whole of Ireland last year only 107 males and eight females were sent into penal servitude, and the largest number of sentences were for the shortest term of penal servitude, namely, three years. These facts are not insignificant.

It is in trutha grateful and refreshing experience to pass from the casual study of crime and criminals in England to the casual study of crime and criminals in Ireland. There are no penal insti-

penal institutions in Ireland to compare with the
superb prison at Wormwood Scrubbs (which
the traveller to Dublin passes between Euston
and Willesden) or with the great convict
establishment at Portland; but the fact in
explanation is that while we cannot do without these places in England they are not
wanted in Ireland; and the further fact in
explanation is that crime, as we know it in
England, is practically non-existent in
Ireland. Our great guilds of crime—the

bands of professional burglars and robbers, the financial conspirators, the adept forgers, the trained thieves, the habitual leviers of blackmail, the bogus noblemen, parsons and ladies of family; the "long-firm" practitioners, the hotel and railway sharps, the "magsmen," "hooks" and "bounces"—these are almost entirely unrepresented in Ireland. In a word, so far as habitual and professional crime is concerned, there is not as decent a

country in Europe.

I have cited Portland as a typical English convict prison. I may name Mountjoy, on the outskirts of Dublin, as a typical convict prison of Ireland. I have been through and through both of them, and with strangely different feelings. In Portland saw many hundreds of lean, bronzed and rather hungry-looking men in knickerbockers and worsted stockings, handling the pick, filling barrows, and harnessed with ropes to

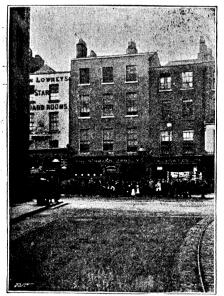


From a photo by]
THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER, M.P.
(Secretary of State for Ireland 1880-1882.)

carts—armed warders over them—of whom many had made speeches in Parliament, preached from pulpits, sat in the seats of directors at company meetings, given dinners or talked in the name of charity at Exeter Hall. In Mountjoy I looked and asked in vain for gallant delinquents such as these. There is rarely an "interesting" prisoner in any local or convict prison in Ireland; if there be he is probably an Englishman. They are all quite fifth-rate offenders there,

of poor and mean estate. The educated and upper classes in Ireland do not take to crime, and there are really no professors of the criminal fine arts.

I gathered from many conversations on the



From a photo by] [Robinson, Dublin.
O'BRIEN'S (FORMERLY WRENN'S) IN DAME STREET.
(Where the Invincibles held general meetings.)

subject with officials and ex-officials that discipline is easily maintained in the prisons of that "unruly and obstreperous" isle. There is doubtless a pattern "cat" in all those prisons, but I will venture the assertion that in every prison its lashes are clean of blood, inasmuch as floggings are almost unheard of. The deputy governor of Mountjoy could not recall for me an instance of corporal punishment.

It was necessary to be explicit on these matters. Ireland's crimes have nearly always been in a manner peculiar to herself, and those that have stained the pages of her history most deeply have been, almost without exception, crimes arising out of agrarian evils or deep-seated political discontent. Crimes such as these have been recorded against communities in which the general standard of morality was high, and in which all ordinary breaches of law were of extreme infrequency.

The extraordinary crime, the murder of a Secretary of State and his principal coadjutor (the story of which is to be told at some length), falls partly within the second of the categories just named, but is also in a

measure, and even as regards Ireland, sui aeneris.

By the audacity of its conception and the ruthless manner of its perpetration, by the fine ingenuity which unravelled it all and brought justice to be avenged on the assassins, the tragedy of the Phœnix Park claims a great if not a solitary place in the annals of its kind.

IV .- THE PHŒNIX PARK MURDERS.

The Conspirators and the Conspiracy.

It was in December 1881 that the plot was hatched. The prime movers in it formed a small inner circle of the I.R.B., or Irish Republican Brotherhood. Several of them were old Fenians, and all were rebels. These men may be dismissed briefly and with a contempt which halts in the utterance. A viler set of craven conspirators never escaped the halter. It was they who in secret laid the first plans and found other creatures who were to have the working of them. When all was done they crawled one by one out of the country and left their victims to pay the score on the gallows or in the con-



From a photo by] [Robinson, Dublin,

JAMES MULLETT'S HOUSE IN LOWER BRIDGE

STREET.

vict's cell. Of money there was abundance while the deed was scheming, but when the wretched murderers stood herded in the dock, to make what fight they could for their lives. the villains who had bribed and terrorised them to it threw them never a sixpence for their defence. The atrocity of the crime itself was fitly matched by the consummate poltroonery and treachery of the original plotters, not one of whom unhappily was ever brought to justice. Some of them are living, and America shelters-not very willingly, I daresay—the most cowardly of them all. He has set his infamous name to an infamous volume which calls itself a history of the Irish Invincibles, though

it contains a travesty of the most important facts.

The physical force party in Ireland had been growing jealous and more jealous of the great power of the Land League. When the League was proclaimed certain members of this party put themselves in communication with a famous ex-Fenian who was then exiled in Belgium. His counsel was to the effect that it was "useless to oppose the Land League."
This was little to the taste of the physical force men, and another move The decided on. scene shifts, and we come at once upon the principal actors in the tragedy that was shortly to follow.

Behind them, safely squatted in the centre of the web, were the real setters-on of the affair; but they have no further place in

this story.

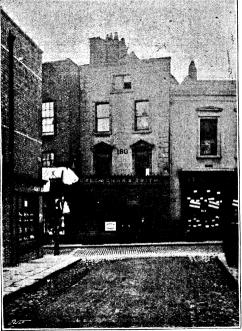
house, No. 41 York Street, Dublin, now a workmen's club, the scheme was brought to a head. It was here that the committee of the Invincibles held their first meetings. Two other houses knew them better a little later on—Wrenn's tavern (now O'Brien's) in Dame Street, exactly opposite Lower Castle Yard, which was the scene of the general meetings, and Little's in North King Street, where the secret meetings were held. The committee were a quartet: James Carey, Dan Curley,

McCaffrey and James Mullett. Edward chairman.

The society numbered about forty men in all, and, after the committee, the most notable members were: Joe Brady, Michael Fagan, Bob Farrell, Patrick Delaney, Dan Delaney, M. Kavanagh, T. Martin, Jos. Dwyer, L. Hanlon, J. Hanlon, James Fitzharris ("Skinthe-Goat"), Peter Doyle, Wm. Maroney, G. Smith, Joe Smith, Peter Carey (James's brother), Ed. O'Brien, Tom Caffrey, Henry Rolles, Joe Mullett the hunchback, and

the lad Tim Kelly.

No secret was made touching the business of the society: it was a murder society simply. Yet (to glance back a moment on the previous section) these were all "respectable" McCaffrey, I believe, had served a sentence of six months' imprisonment under the Whiteboy Act in 1867, but he was the only man of the Invincibles who had ever been in the hands of or known to the They had a clean record, and were free of all criminal associations. Of the committee, for example, Mullett, the chairman, was a thriving publican; Carey, a member of the Town Council of Dublin. was a contractor and



From a photo by]

[Robinson, Dublin.

TAVERN IN NORTH KING STREET. (Where the Invincibles held secret meetings.)

builder by trade; Curley was a contractor and carpenter, and McCaffrey had been a shopkeeper in a small way. I might run through the list were it worth while. Kavanagh and Fitzharris were regular cardrivers in Dublin; Brady and Tim Kelly were both in steady employment, and vied with the informer Carey in their attention to their religious duties, for they were official alms collectors in their respective churches.

But having banded themselves in a murder society these honest tradesmen were prepared to justify, and did justify, the society's existence.

There are strong reasons for the belief that the two murders which gave the Invincibles their dreadful notoriety, and which alone were brought to light, were not the only ones committed by them. deaths occurred in circumstances gravely suspicious. Two bodies were found in the Liffey, one of them being that of a youth with whom James Carey was known to have been in communication. Carey got himself appointed foreman of the coroner's jury, and a verdict of accidental death was returned. There were mysterious disappearances. Persons who were approached by the Invincibles, but who rejected the proposals made by them, vanished suddenly, and their homes knew them no more.

Was there any help for this? A society of murderers is in a parlous way when it has disclosed its objects to persons who are unwilling to share them. Such persons must be silenced, and is there other than one way

of silencing them?

Meanwhile the Invincibles, in secret conclave in North King Street, openly discussed murder on the grand scale. Some three or four of the highest personages in England were first to be disposed of, and these "executions," to adopt the style of the committee, were to be followed by an imposing series in Certain rumours reached the ears of the Dublin police, and warnings were sent to Scotland Yard. One man, traitor to the traitors with whom he was leagued, gave private information to the Castle, and a report was drawn up for Mr. Burke, the Under Secretary. He wrote across it: "These men may talk this and that, but they have not the courage of their words."

But the plot went forward. The English part of it was early abandoned, and the Invincibles thenceforth centred their attention upon the Executive in Ireland. What weapons should be used? Carey suggested knives, and knives were agreed upon as the principal weapons. A dozen surgeon's knives, six small ones, and six of the largest pattern of amputating knives, were purchased at a shop in the Strand, in London, by a renegade Irish doctor. Twelve revolvers were bought at a shop in Oxford Street, and two Winchester rifles from a Bond Street gunmaker. These weapons, after being lodged for a time in an office in Westminster, were carried to Dublin by a woman in the confidence of the party, who made with them several trips across the

There was an air of business in this, and still the plot advanced unchecked. One chief officer of the Dublin police, seriously alarmed by secret intelligence of various sorts, actually applied for warrants for the arrest of nineteen men; but the application was refused. The Government in Ireland, bending all their powers to the question of the Land League, was not at all troubled about the obscure conspirators spouting murder in North King Street.

The next step was the selection of a victim, and Mr. W. E. Forster, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, was the first marked down for death.

If at this or any later point in the story the question be asked, what were the true motives that embarked these Dublin tradesmen, warehouse lads and car-drivers in this desperately callous undertaking, no satisfactory answer can be furnished. ever was furnished. Carey, interrogated in his cell in Kilmainham said, "It was to make history," and this piece of quite characteristic bombast was all that could be drawn from him. That there were a few fanatics amongst them is perhaps true (Brady, I think, had some touch of fervour, and perhaps even young Kelly); but from what he will presently be shown of their conduct in Kilmainham prison, while the trials were in progress, the reader will find it hard to believe that these men had in them the stuff that patriotism is made of. sordid motive asserts itself. The men in the front of the business were finding it a rather profitable one. Money was flowing in (from what main sources it were better not at this day to inquire too curiously), and the committeemen in particular seem always to have been well supplied. The astute Carey was buying houses and furniture and driving a very neat turn-out worth from £60 to £70. For the rest it may be inferred without much hesitation that the committee and the sub-members alike, being once entangled in the plot they had assisted to weave, were practically powerless to free themselves. Behind them sat perpetually the spiders in the centre of the web. The plotters must go forward with their murder business, or take their chances of being murdered.

The abortive attempts on Mr. Forster—attempts in which I can detect no real sincerity of purpose, and which certainly showed no pluck—need detain us but a moment. Parties of Invincibles went out on several occasions to shoot him; went out and went home again. On one occasion an old man, who was to have given the signal to fire as the Chief Secretary drove past a store on the Quays, failed through

sheer fright. It was almost always the same story. The sturdy old statesman was easily levelled any day in the streets of Dublin if but one whey-face amongst them had the nerve to level him. On the day that he left Ireland to resign office, some twenty Invincibles waited for him on the platform of the Westland Row station, but he had taken an early train to Kingstown to dine with the members of the Yacht Club, and the conspirators withdrew to a public-house and told one another what they would have done if "old Buckshot" had stayed for the mail.

A fresh victim had his name pricked. "Order of execution" was issued against Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, the permanent Under Secretary, to whom reference has been made, a devoted and most fearless servant of the Crown, of long service and with a lofty ideal

of duty. He had no administrative powers. He could not send anybody to prison, or evict anybody, or cause anybody to be proclaimed; he could not do anything to anyone. He was a man of fine nature and extreme ability.

The choice of Mr. Burke by the Invincibles to meet the fate which Mr. Forster had escaped was a little hurried on their part. Something must be done, somebody worth killing must be killed or the supplies of money would cease. An article had appeared in a Dublin paper on the text that "the Castle rats must be exterminated." The permanent Under Secretary was regarded as a typical "Castle rat." He must be exterminated to make a beginning. The lots were cast and they fell upon Joe Brady, Tim Kelly, Pat Delaney, and Tom Caffrey.



THE LATE MR. THOMAS HENRY BURKE.

[In the next number of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE there will appear the second article on "Kilmainham Memories," recording the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. T. H. Burke, with unique illustrations of the conspirators and special sketches of absorbing interest.



MARVELS OF THE NEW LIGHT:

NOTES ON THE RÖNTGEN RAYS.

BY H. SNOWDEN WARD.

Illustrated by electrographs specially taken for the Windson Magazine by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gifford and Mr. A. A. Campbell-Swinton.

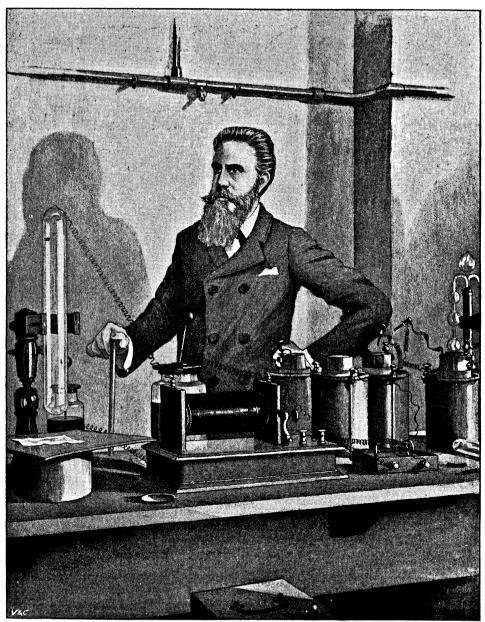
BOUT three months ago a simple modest statement of a discovery relating to an abstruse scientific subject was laid before a learned society in an obscure Bavarian university city by a man who was unknown to the world. The particulars were published—if publication it

can be called—in the Sitzungsberichte der Würzburger Physik-medir. Gesellschaft. An enterprising newspaper correspondent caught at the matter, and the world was electrified with stories of how a German professor could photograph through a deal board, and take a picture of the skeleton within the living flesh. In three or four days Professor Röntgen's name was immortal, and in as many weeks the few Englishmen who had succeeded in repeating his results were overwhelmed with queries, with requests for lectures, demonstrations, and assistance generally, and with all the other worries that come to the man who is suddenly popular.

Konrad W. Röntgen is a native of the little Prussian town of Lennep, where he was born just fifty-one years ago. In 1870, after completing his military service, he became assistant in the Physical Institute of Würzburg University. Eighteen months later he took an assistantship in Strassburg, and a year later secured an appointment as professor at Hohenheim, which he left in 1876 for a similar position at Giessen. In 1888 he returned to Würzburg to become director of the Physical Institute, in which he had originally been an assistant. The results of his labours have been published in many learned essays, of which the public knows nothing, except as regards the last brief monograph, which has made him famous. When his last important work became known, his Emperor, ever interested in scientific progress, commanded a repetition of the experiments in the imperial presence, and invested the discoverer with a distinguished royal order.

It is difficult to describe in popular language the exact nature of a discovery such as that of Professor Röntgen, and to separate what is new from what was previously known. In the attempt to do so I will briefly recall some of the photographic and physical possibilities of the past. And first, as the fact which seems to have attracted most attention is that the skeleton can be photographed through the living flesh, let us turn to a paper read before the British Association in 1868 by Sir Benjamin Richardson. subject was "The Transmission of Light through Animal Bodies," and the author stated that what he believed was the first suggestion of such work had been given many years before in Priestley's work on Electricity. The author stated that he had repeated Priestley's methods and then gone on to others of his own suggesting, with the result that "in the human subject, especially in the young, having fragile tissues, the thinner parts of the body could be distinctly rendered transparent, and in a child the bones, under a somewhat subdued light. could be seen in the arm and wrist. fracture in the bone could in fact be easily made out, or growth from bone in these parts. In a very thin young subject the movement and outline of the heart could also be faintly seen in the chest." This, and a great deal more on the same subject, was recorded in 1868 by Dr. Richardson, who then found magnesium light the most convenient for the purpose. It is likely that, now that attention has been re-directed to the subject, the suggestion of Dr. Richardson will be exhaustively followed out, and with photographic as well as mere visual observation. With the electric light freely available, and photographic plates sensitive to red and yellow (which would be the principal rays transmitted through flesh and blood), it should be fairly easy to make valuate records; and as the scale of transparency to ordinary light is quite different from that to Röntgen rays, one system would supplement the other.

Turning to the other wonder, of photography with "invisible light," there are



Drawn by]

Professor Röntgen at work.

[Walter E. Hodgson.

The above illustration depicts Professor Konrad Wilhelm Röntgen in the midst of his experiments on the new light. Ever since his discovery the Professor has been overwhelmed with correspondence and applications from all parts of the world. One of the most reticent of men, he has declined every attempt to pose as a "lion," although his numerous admirers would willingly draw him from his scientific labours into the fleeting popularity of a society favourite. Besides the gratifying mark of his sovereign's favour, the Professor has been just recently the recipient of a doctor's degree. He declares that he is still only on the outskirts of the possibilities of this interesting scientific marvel.

many marvels, almost as old as photography itself, over which the public might have gone off into wonderment had it been so minded



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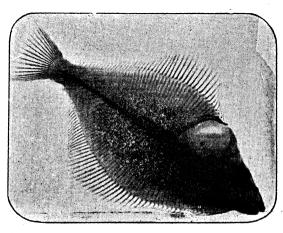
Back of woman's hand, exhibiting bones down to the wrist.

The thumb, not being laid flat, is indistinct. A ring is shown on one of the fingers.—Electrograph by J. W.

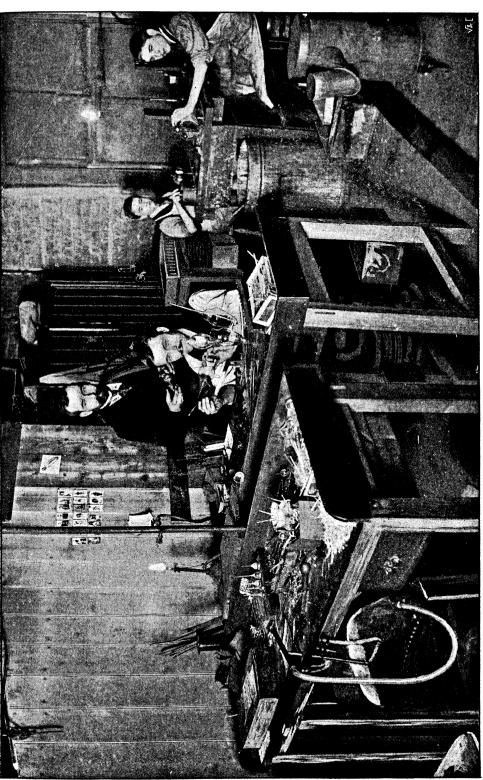
In Hunt's researches, published in 1840, are many interesting experiments on the effects of heat upon the photographic plate, and many electrical effects, as curious in their way as those of the Röntgen rays, are well known. The spectrum, too, has been examined by photography and found to extend far beyond its visible portion. In fact the photographically active spectrum extends, on the ultra-violet side, to nine or ten times the length of the visual spectrum. In the infra-red, too, is a long series of rays, quite invisible, but possessing chemical energy and heat. With these rays it is perfectly possible to make shadowgrams—as is done with Professor Röntgen's x rays—through sheets of ebonite and many other opaque substances. They are also, like the xrays, stopped by many "transparent" substances. It is well to bear in

mind these well-known facts when approaching a subject like this new light, or one is very liable, as was the case in the present instance, to go wild over wonders that are far from new, and to miss the actual novelty and overlook the true significance of the discovery.

In the realm of electricity a long period of natient investigation by an army of separate workers has led up gradually to the wonderful results obtained by Röntgen, and it does not vet seem absolutely certain how far the force which he tentatively called the x rays differs from the rays with which Hertz and Lenard have made the scientific world familiar. One of the most popular of lecture-room experiments is to pass a current of electricity through a glass tube from which the air has been exhausted, and through the centre of which runs a fantastic series of coils and bulbs of glass. When the current passes, the attenuated air within the tube becomes beautifully luminous. This toy, the Geissler tube, is the first step towards the results of Röntgen. Toy though it seems in its conventional form, its phenomena have been most patiently investigated by many very able men, notably by Goldstein, Hittorf. Hertz and Lenard, as well as by Professor Crookes, whose name is given to the form in general use. Crookes' tube is usually a plain empty bulb of glass, globular, egg-shaped or pear-shaped, with two wires fused into opposite sides of it, so that their points project into the interior while their other ends are turned into little rings to which wires from an electric battery can be attached. When this tube or bulb is strongly exhausted by means of a powerful vacuum pump, and a

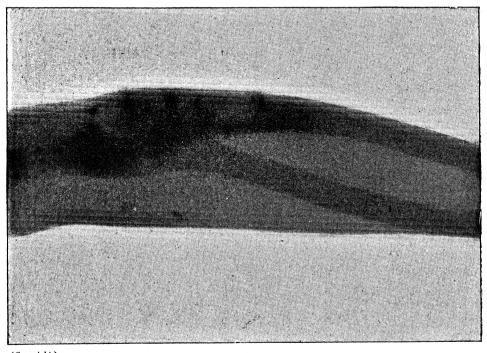


(Copyright.)
A plaice—Electrograph by A. A. Campbell-Swinton.



Prom a photo by]

current of high tension electricity is passed through it, the violet glow that is so attractive in the toy Geissler tube is seen. Of course an absolute vacuum is impossible, and when the slight residuum consists of certain gases other than air, the colour and appearance of the discharge are varied. When air is rays very exhaustively, showed their ability to act upon the sensitive photographic plate and paper, and pointed out that they passed fairly easily through wood, cardboard, aluminium, etc., but with greater difficulty through glass and quartz. His observation of the ease with which the rays passed



(Copyright.)
Arm of a boy, exhibiting shot embedded.—Electrographed by J. W. Gifford on February 8.

present and the exhaustion of the tube becomes extreme, the light gradually diminishes until finally it becomes invisible altogether. At this point, when a very high-tension current is being passed through a very perfect vacuum, the best conditions for obtaining the Röntgen rays are attained. Under these conditions, and even before such complete exhaustion is achieved, it had been observed by Goldstein and Hittorf in the seventies that a series of emanations, which have been termed cathode rays, proceeded from the cathode or negative terminal in the exhausted tube. The properties of these rays are curious, one of them being the ability to cause glass and many other substances to become fluorescent. This is specially well seen when the exhaustion of the tube becomes so great that the light within it disappears, and the glass then begins to glow with a pale yellow-green Lenard in 1894 examined these light.

through aluminium led him to construct a Crookes' tube with a "window" of aluminium in the glass, and so obtain more Professor Röntgen was active results. carrying on similar experiments with the Crookes' tube when he accidentally came upon certain phenomena which led him to the conclusion that rays, other than those which had been hitherto described, were proceeding from the tube. He was working with a tube covered with black paper, impenetrable by ordinary light, and noticed that a fluorescent substance brought near the tube became luminous. This assured him that some influence was proceeding from the tube which had the power to pass through paper impervious to light, and to cause fluorescence. He found, further, that even at a distance of 6 feet from the tube the fluorescence was still excited. Pursuing the subject further Professor Röntgen found that the rays penetrated a deal board of an inch thick, a book of a thousand pages, or a couple of packs of cards without much

diminution of their power. Aluminium half an inch thick, and glass of a like thickness, allowed the rays to pass, but greatly diminished their power. Metals. other than aluminium, obstruct the rays in much greater degree, though no metal seems absolutely opaque when in thin sheets. Platinum and lead are the most opaque, with iron, silver. copper and gold coming between them and aluminium. The effect of lead is so marked that even a transparent sheet of lead-glass is much more opaque than a glass of the same thickness free from lead.

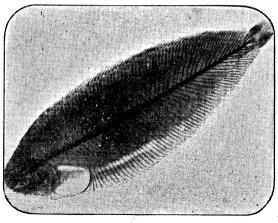
Experiment showed that the new rays had also a chemical effect upon the photographic salts of silver, obtaining a result similar to that produced by light. Photography at once became the principal method of observation,

because by its means the results were permanently recorded. The power of the rays to pass through wood and card was especially useful in this connection, for it enabled the photographic experiments to



Foot, showing deformity of toes owing to tight boots.—Electrograph by J. W. Gifford.

be made in daylight, the plates being protected from the action of light by the usual dark slides.



(Copyright.)

A sole, showing swimming bladder.—Electrograph by
A. A. Campbell-Swinton.

One of the most interesting properties of the Röntgen rays, which they possess in common with the cathode rays, is their inability to be reflected or refracted by any substance that the many investigators have been able to test. The cathode rays can. however, be deflected by placing a magnet in their path, while the Röntgen rays cannot, and this is perhaps the most interesting difference between the two forces. It seems probable that the new rays move with equal velocity through all substances which they can penetrate at all, and therefore that they exist in a medium which permeates all these substances. In air the penetrative power of the Röntgen rays appears to be much greater than that of the cathode rays. for their discoverer has obtained results at distances from the source at which the cathode rays are inactive. A series of observations led to the conclusion that in air the power of the new rays varies inversely as the square of the distance from the source. Thus an object through which an image upon the photographic plate can be obtained in ten minutes when placed one foot from the Crookes' tube, would require forty minutes at a distance of two feet. In all other bodies that Professor Röntgen has examined the penetrative power of his new rays is greater than that of the cathode rays, though it would be premature to say whether there is any regular proportion of penetrative power in the different substances.

The researches of Röntgen, dealt with in the communication from which I have quoted, include many other details, interesting to the physicist, but hardly such as need be repeated in a popular paper. In all there seems to be an agreement in the main between the new rays and the cathode rays, differences being in degree rather than in kind. The particular property that has most attracted the public, viz., the ability to penetrate wood, ebonite, etc., is very largely shared by the cathode rays, so much so in fact that there seems reason to believe that many of the results that have been



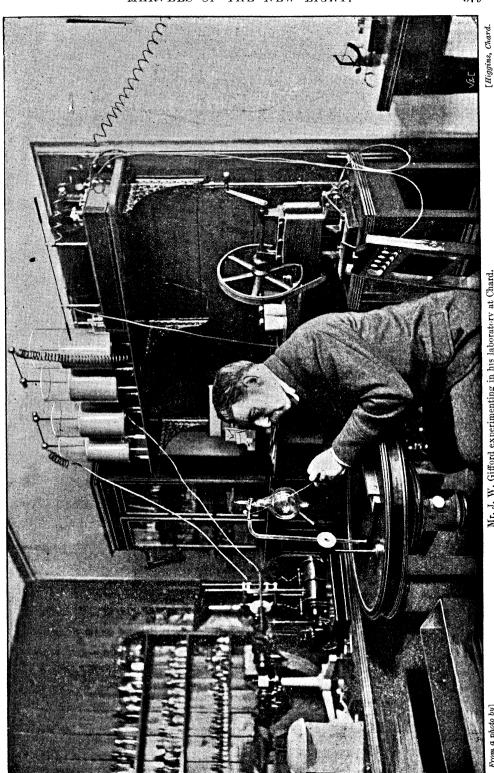
A cat's paw, after four minutes' exposure.—Electrograph by Mrs. J. W. Gifford.

shown since the discovery was announced are largely due to the cathode rays. On the essential difference (if any) between the two classes of rays much patient investigation is yet needed. On many other points in connection with Röntgen's discovery men are busily at work in all parts of the world, and we may almost daily expect new wonders in the way of practical applications. The first objects which many of the investigators have in view are the simplifying and cheapening of the necessary apparatus, and the decreasing of the length of exposure by increasing either the power of the rays or the

sensitiveness of the photographic plates. In these directions something has been done, even at the time of writing, and before these lines appear great advances will doubtless have been made. At the time of writing the latest announcement is by Mr. Campbell-Swinton, who has been able to reduce the exposure necessary for showing the bones in a mature human foot to fifty-five seconds, instead of the long time (from twenty minutes to an hour or more) that has hitherto seemed necessary.

At this point I may briefly describe the necessary apparatus, which consists of (a) a source of electricity, (b) an induction or intensity coil, and (c) a Crookes' tube. The first may be the street mains, a battery of ten or a dozen large cells, a hand dynamo, or a powerful Wimshurst machine. The intensity coil should be capable of giving a six or seven inch spark in ordinarily dry air, and the Crookes' tube should be of the greatest possible exhaustion. All these conditions are subject to modification, and even at the time of writing there are reports of satisfactory results obtained with an electric tension capable of giving no more than a two-inch spark; and other cases where the power is ample, but the highly exhausted tube is replaced by a broken-down incandescence lamp, with a metal plate outside to form the cathode. For those who are not well acquainted with electrical apparatus I may refer to the portrait of Mr. J. W. Gifford in his laboratory, in which he is seen connecting up the Crookes' tube which hangs before him upon an insulating support. Immediately behind him stands a hand dynamo, with a driving wheel at the further, and a handle at the nearer, side. On the shelf above the dynamo is a ten-inch Apps' intensity or induction coil, the term ten-inch referring to the length of spark it is calculated to give. which is a fair measure of the tension of the electricity. The charge from such a coil will kill a couple of men, so that it is not a power to be played with. On the table immediately beyond the round one at which Mr. Gifford is seated is another form of intensity coil, capable of giving a three or four inch spark.

With such a set of apparatus—the dynamo being driven by a sturdy pair of arms—a photographic plate can be placed beneath, cr at front or side of the Crookes' tube, and in a few minutes (although enclosed in its light-tight dark slide) will have all the effects of an exposure to light. If a hand be laid upon the dark slide the rays from the tube will



penetrate the flesh, but as the bones are relatively impenetrable they will show, when the plate is developed, as distinct shadows. the same way if pieces of glass, metal objects, etc., are placed on the slide their shadowimages will be found upon development clear in proportion to their power of obstructing the Röntgen rays.

This should explain why the results are called shadowgrams, for photograms are made by reflected light proceeding from the surface of an object, while these new results are distinguished from the surrounding surface by the amount of light which they obstruct. It is true that modelling and relief may be obtained with the new rays, but it is a modelling entirely due to the variation of density and thickness, which may or may not coincide with the surface contour. A curious example of this would be given if a penny

were shadowgraphed with a sufficient exposure to give a slight action through the thickest parts of the coin. In the thinnest parts the action would be complete, most while in other portions the strength of the image would vary according to the thickness and the "image and

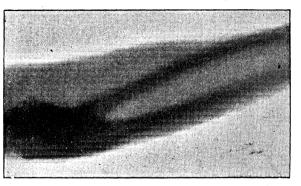
superscription" would be a strange medley of the portrait of our sovereign lady and the mythical figure of Britannia.

The practical applications of "the new photography" have been so fully recorded in the newspapers that it is unnecessary to do more than recapitulate a few of them. The surgical advantages were at once appreciated, and though many wild and impossible things were announced at first, there were almost immediate practical cases which proved its real value. The positions of pellets and bullets in wounded hands were shown in such a way as to secure their removal without unnecessary probing. A needle, which had defied the surgeon's efforts to find it without mercilessly carving the hand, was exactly located and easily removed. A glass-worker's hand, into which several splinters of glass had been driven, was shadowgraphed and successfully operated upon, and many cases

of abnormal and diseased bones became fully patent to the surgeon by the revelations given in the new light. In fact the few workers were overwhelmed with applications for their professional services from doctors and sufferers of all degrees. Mrs. Gifford, who assisted her husband in his experimental work, wrote me at the beginning of February: "Our house has become a veritable hospital: the halt and the maimed are begging us to help them to diagnose their exact infirmities." No doubt before long we shall have public laboratories fitted for this work, and probably one will be attached to every great hospital. Oliver Lodge pointed out another direction in which the new rays could be used with great advantage, namely, in the testing of metals for flaws and faulty mixing in alloys.

Dr. Lodge has shown that inequalities

of substance are clearly indicated by the varying action of the rays when the metals acted upon are in sufficiently thin sheets to be penetrated, and there is a possibility that as the subiect is further investigated and the apparatus improved we may be able to test such objects as



(Copyright.) Elbow-joint of a girl.—Electrograph by J. W. Gifford.

compressed cylinders, boiler-plates, and even, eventually, armour plates and heavy ordnance.

When the first accounts of Professor Röntgen's work reached England many British investigators took up the subject, in spite of the vague and somewhat contradictory nature of the reports. The first public announcement was made on January 13 by Mr. J. W. Gifford, of Chard, in a communication to the President of the Royal Photographic Society. On the 16th of the same month the first English results were shown at the Camera Club by Mr. A. A. Campbell-Swinton, and a few days later, on the 21st, Mr. Gifford made a further communication to the Royal Photographic Society and at the same time sent a series of his results. These were not only Röntgen ray work, but also some very interesting electro-photographic results obtained in an attempt to get Röntgen rays without a Crookes' tube.

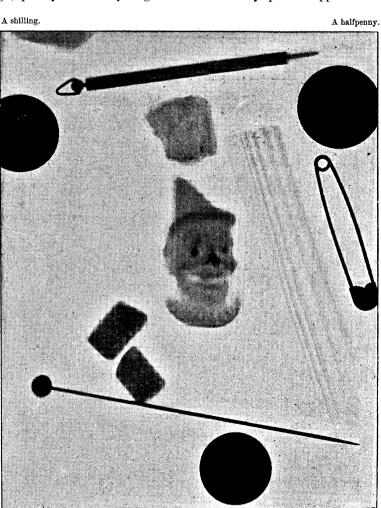
Many other investigators took up the work, but in too many cases the impossibility of obtaining reliable apparatus prevented their obtaining results. Still, results were obtained in some cases. Dr. Oliver Lodge, as before mentioned, did good work in Liverpool. Dr. Dawson Turner, of Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh, quickly followed by

Lord Blythswood. Dr. J. T. Bottomley, F.R.S., and Dr. McIntyre announced satisfactory pictures. In Bristol. Professors Chattock Wertheimer; in Birmingham, Dr. Hall Edwards and Mr. Fredk. Hes: and in London Mr. A. W. Porter. Mr. Leslie Miller and others satisfactorily repeated experiments before the end of January. A man who greatly helped toward this successful end, and who suddenly found himself overwhelmed with fame, was Mr. A. C. Cossor, of Farringdon Road. London, who for a while seemed to be the only man able to make satisfactory Crookes' While ortubes. dinary Crookes' tubes could bought retail at e ighte enpence each, in any quantity, the tubes made by Mr. Cossor were in such de-

mand that the agents who had purchased all his output were quite unable to cope with the demand, though the price was twenty-five shillings each. Even at that price there were doctors, professors and others who begged for the favour of a place on the list, to be supplied in a fortnight's time. Never had the scientific glass-blower

(Copyright.)

been in such demand, and never was the value of the difference between good work and the best more fully demonstrated. It is easy to make a tube that will answer for some of Professor Crookes' radiant-matter experiments, but the further exhaustion to fit that same tube for Röntgen's work requires great skill and very perfect apparatus to



from a bon-bon.
"Forfeits."—Electograph by Mrs. J. W. Gifford.

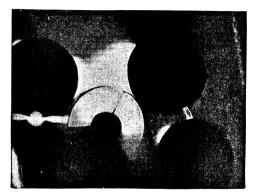
India-rubber face

obtain. Hence I have taken the somewhat unusual course of introducing a portrait of Mr. Cossor at his work.

Splinter of firewood.

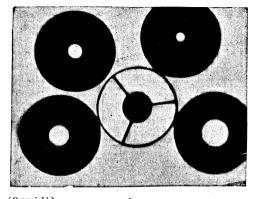
A sovereign.

Mr. J. W. Gifford, whose name has been so much before the public, and to whom I am indebted, not only for many of the examples here reproduced, but also for the permission to use his laboratory and to assist



(Copyright.)
Taken without Crookes' tube. Metal discs through cardboard box. Exposure ten minutes. Showing electrical discharge.—Electrograph by J. W. Gifford.

him in repeating some of the most interesting experiments, is fortunate in being a gentleman of means and of The owner of a reasonable leisure. large and prosperous lace-weaving business in Chard, his well-appointed private laboratory gives him every opportunity to indulge his love for scientific investigation. As a volunteer assistant of Professor Crookes he has done valuable investigation work in physics, as well as most useful original research on his own account in photographic, electrical and photo-micrographic subjects. With the assistance of Mrs. Gifford, who takes a keen interest in the work, he has devoted much time to the new light, with results that have been shown at lectures in Bath and Bristol, before the Royal Photographic Society in London.

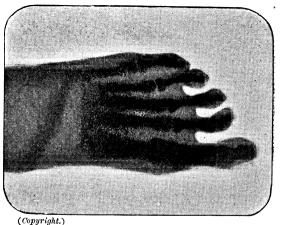


(Copyright.)

Metal discs through two sheets of cardboard and a sheet of aluminium. Aluminium between discs and plate.

Exposure ten minutes.—Electrograph by J. W. Gifford.

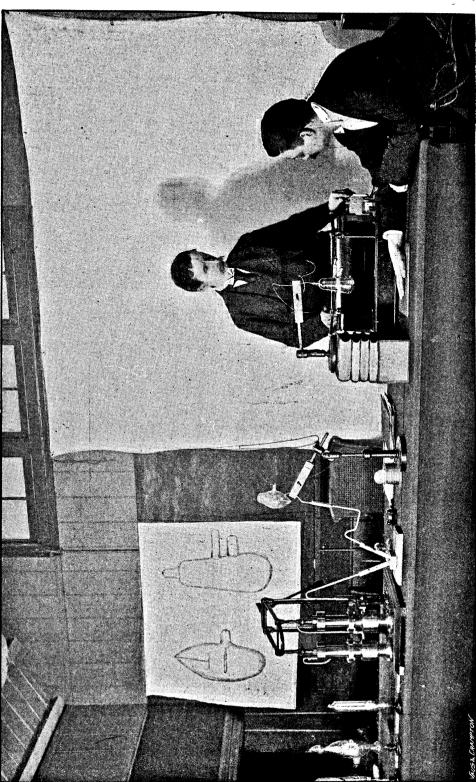
Mr. A. A. Campbell-Swinton, whose name has also been much before the public, and whose work has been reproduced in a hundred. newspapers and magazines, is an electrical engineer with offices and laboratory in Queen Victoria Street. A young man, he is one of the many bright and talented investigators who have come from Elswick, trained by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co. His invention of an important improvement in telephones led to his securing an appointment with a telephone company and removal to London. He has been greatly interested in photography, and a few years ago gave considerable time to the subject, but the increase of electrical work forced him to drop photography and to cease his membership of the



(copyright.)
Human foot. One of the shortest successful exposures made
(55 seconds).—By A. A. Campbell Swinton.

Camera Club, of which he had been a member for some years. A portion of his enthusiasm is due to the hearty encouragement of Mr. J. W. Swan, the veteran electrician, and he modestly attributes much of the success of the recent investigations to the energy and ability of Mr. J. C. M. Stanton, his assistant.

Day by day we expect, and almost every day we are receiving, reports of fresh developments of this wonderful "new photography." Many of the announcements are based upon hasty and half-understood experiments, made by workers without the necessary training for careful observation. The work of Hunt, published in the *Philosophical Magazine*, October 1840, is being unconsciously repeated by many who know nothing of Hunt or his work, and who are confounding the well-known action of heat with some supposedly novel action of light, or the Röntgen rays.



Mr. A. A. Campbell-Swinton surrounded by his apparatus used in lecturing before the Royal Photographic Society, (Specially photographed for the Windson Magazine by Charles W. Gamble.)

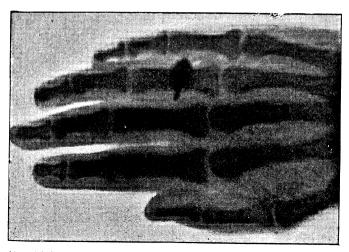
(Copyright.)

It is well to take with an ample grain of salt the announcements, based upon one or two experiments only, by men untrained in observation. The most wonderful advance recorded at the time of writing is the invention of Professor Salvioni, of Perugia, of an instrument by which the Röntgen rays may be seen. In the absence of all detail it is impossible to comment upon such an announcement, beyond saying that if Professor Salvioni's invention is not exactly what we expect, the direction is one in which we may hope for practical results.

With regard to the electrographs we give from photographs taken by Mr. and Mrs. Gifford, it is worth while noting that the whole of the photos were taken between February 1 and February 10.

It may also be of interest to mention that Mr. J. Lynn Thomas, F.R.C.S., writes concerning the arm, of which we give an illustration on page 376: "I could feel distinctly one shot near the posterior border of the ulna, and it was so situated that the x rays had to penetrate the whole thickness of the ulna before reaching the shot. If this shot shows in the electrograph, it will demonstrate very clearly that bone after all is only comparatively opaque to the new rays."

London, February 12, 1896



(Copyright.)

A hand, exhibiting the transparency of cornelian in the ring on third finger.

Electrograph by J. W. Gifford.

SCIENTISTS' AUTOGRAPHS.

As becomes those who have to be exact, the handwriting of British scientists is in nearly every case very neat and readable. Considering how slight an error might cause serious miscalculations, one is not surprised that caligraphy is practised by astronomers like Dr. Huggins and Sir Robert Ball. The clear signature of Lord Armstrong is remarkable when it is remembered that this distinguished man is in his eighty-sixth year. Sir John Lubbock is one of the few learned men who employ typewriters, although such a medium would materially diminish their labours. Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay, the joint discoverers of argon, afford an interesting contrast in their handwriting. Sir William Turner's autograph has in it the straightforward directness of a skilful surgeon. Lord Kelvin and Sir Douglas Galton are such busy men that their signatures betray the hurry of their careers.

Herewith I send you my autograph as requested.

Sam sweet Shubbook

RIGHT. HON. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, M.P.

Believe mente fully Origles Galton

SIR DOUGLAS GALTON.
(President of the British Association.)

yours very trul

LORD RAYLEIGH.

William Ramsay

PROFESSOR WILLIAM RAMSAY.

Am Turner

SIR WILLIAM TURNER.
(Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh.)

Jaithfully Jours,

DR. WILLIAM HUGGINS.

yours Amby armstrong

LORD ARMSTRONG.

WH Dallinger.

DR. W. H. DALLINGER.

Met / Due

SIR ROBERT S. BALL.
(Astronomer-Royal for Ireland.)

erom

LORD KELVIN.

AT THE PYRAMID OF THE SACRED BULLS.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD.

Illustrated by Percy Spence.



OUSSA," said one of two travellers to a certain famous Arab, "get to work and spin us one of your unveracious yarns. Don't be too particular about dates or facts,

we are prepared for anything after the last tall yarn you told us. Something exciting and mysterious is what we require, and let it be interesting enough to make us forget these beastly flies which not even bad tobacco

smoke seems to daunt."

"Excellency," replied the Arab, "the dust of your august feet hears only to obey. Many strange cities and stranger lands has he seen, and many a strange adventure has he told to the pilgrims of Mecca as they reclined, where you do now, under the light of the crimson lamp. Ah, those blessed pilgrims, coming from afar! From where silver streams water golden sands, from where the tremulous lily stoops to kiss its shadow at the breath of the rose-laden wind from Sharon, from Egypt and India, from Persia and Africa, from the lands of fire and the dragon. To all pilgrims alike has the house of Houssa-el-Houssa been ever open, once they have fed the sacred pigeons and kissed the holy stone of the Kaaba. If so ye choose, to-night will I, your slave, repeat one of the tales to which the pilgrims have listened during the Hadj or pilgrimage."

"By all means tell us the story, Houssa," said I. "If the pilgrims could swallow it I

·dare sav we can."

The Arab, who felt the force of the compliment, stretched himself idly upon the

cushions and began :-

"Excellencies, before I married my third wife I was engaged as the messenger between two sheiks who lived one at Mecca and the other at Medina. The distance, about 370 miles, occupied me fully six days whenever I was sent by one to the harem of the other. I travelled on swift camels, which were changed at certain positions on the way.

"One day, as my camel stumbled forward through the burning sands, I saw two men approaching, and fearful that they were enemies I raised my pistol and fired at them,

hoping to bring one of the rascals down, so that I should be on even terms with the other. To my great surprise both fell to the ground, and thanking Allah that he had doubled my shot I quickly dismounted and ran to where the men were. They lay quite still with their faces downward; but just as I stooped over them to see where my bullet had struck them, one of them suddenly caught me by the leg, pulled me down, and getting my weapon from me clapped the pistol to my head.

"'You wretched nigger,' said he, in very bad Arabic, 'if you hadn't been such a vile shot you'd have settled one of us.'

"'The shot deflected,' I insisted, for it was not to be borne that a descendant of the great Prophet should be accused of being a bad shot. 'Let me return to the spot from which I fired, and if I don't bring you both down with two shots then you may each have a shot at me, and Allah send your bullets luck.'

"'The fellow has a conscience,' said one of the men to the other, and he laughed immoderately, as if a true believer were not

his better.

"'Try him with a bribe,' said the other of the two travellers. 'I dare say the unwashed nigger knows every inch of the land round here and can tell us where the place is we have sought in vain for the last three days.'

"The one who had put the pistol to my

head held a coin out to me.

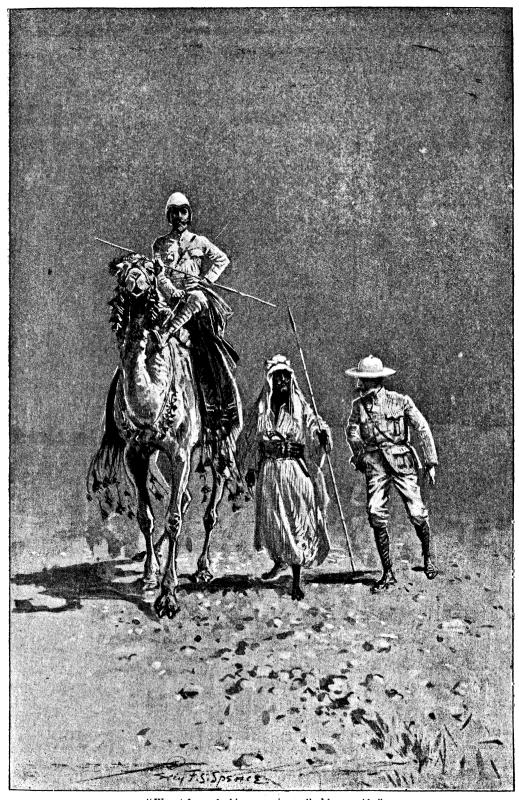
"'Take that as a memento of your

wretched shot,' said he.

"I took the coin, for it is as well to despoil the unbeliever on all occasions, although if he had been more polite I should have returned it, or offered to, which is much the same thing.

""Do you know the way to any pyramids about here, good fellow?" asked the one with a beard. "We want a guide, and if you will act as such you shall have given you, provided that you give us some proof that you can be trusted."

"'Ten coins,' said I, placing a proper



"We set forward; his companion walked by my side." $$387\$

value on my services—which it is always

well to do, even in a desert.

"'Show us your credentials, assure us you know the shortest way to the pyramids, be good enough to let us ride that noisome camel of yours in turn, and the coins shall be yours—when we see the pyramids.'

"'By your Excellency's beard?' I asked.

"'By all the beards in the world and one

over,' was the response.

"I could very well show the pyramids, for they were on the way I was travelling. As to proofs that I could be trusted, I had a piece of paper given me by an Englishman, to whom I had acted as guide some years before. I cannot read the Feringhee writing, but it must be full of praise because everyone who reads it employs me."

Houssa drew a faded scrap of paper forth, which was greasy beyond description, and which was written upon to the following

effect :-

"The bearer, Houssa-el-Houssa, but whom I usually called "Like-a-lie," acted as guide to me once when seeking the Pyramid of the Sacred Bulls. He is a better shot, a coolerheaded, a braver, a stronger man than any six of his ilk rolled into one. He is likewise a bigger thief, a more urgent demander of backsheesh, a more distinguished liar, and a more odoriferous Arab than any I have ever met before—and this is saying a great deal in his favour, for I have sampled guides galore. He knows the world as well as his Koran, and while he robs you can quote the Prophet as his authority. It is quite unnecessary to pay him for his services as he pays himself, for fear you may be troubled with any slight aberration of Worry him, hurry him, flurry memory. him, do what you like with him, but you can safely trust him on the word of

MAX MELLOR, of Monmouth.

May 1885.'

"As I said, sahibs, the paper speaks good of me, and when the bearded one read it he passed it on to the other, who laughed and then asked me—

"'So you took the writer of this precious document to the Pyramid of the Sacred Bulls? What did he go there for—and did

he get it?'

Truth is in your Excellency, up to the topmost hair of your head,' I replied. 'Surely I took him there, but what he sought he found not, although he spent two days in the strange pyramid. He was too sure of his own knowledge to ask the son of the desert for help; yet if he had done so—'

"'Could you have given it?' the bearded one asked

"I answered cautiously, 'That depended on what he sought, and how much he cared to tell me concerning it.'

"'Suppose we are going to this same pyramid and are also searching for something there, and you can help us, will you do so?'

"I could see that the bearded one was getting very excited, although he tried to assume an air of indifference.

"'Tell me what you want to know and I

will say if I can give the information.'

"The two talked and talked together like crows picking a camel's hump together, and at last decided to trust the dust of their feet.

"'We are seeking a roll of papyrus, a paper written in Arabic, and which we have heard is concealed somewhere in the Pyramid of the Sacred Bulls.'

"'I have seen that very piece of mouldy

papyrus,' I answered.

"" What did you read upon it? asked the bearded sahib, much excited.

"'I did not read it; such things are of no interest to the son of the desert.'

"'It is likely to be interesting enough to us if we find it,' laughed the other.

"'Help us to find it and you shall have not ten but fifty pieces of gold,' said the bearded one.

"'In Allah's name it is a bargain,' I said. I helped the one who had promised the gold to mount the kneeling camel; we set forward; his companion walked by my side; we spoke only occasionally and then but few words.

"Far in the distance rose the blue tops of a mountain range; round us on every side stretched a ·black waste. Here and there amid the black pebbles colocynth and sparse tawny spikes of grass shot up; fantastic shapes of mist, tempting lakes of mocking mirage, and a burning sun were about and above us. The stillness of death reigned supreme, save when rat or lizard moved at our approach among the stones.

"It was afternoon of the second day when the pyramids came in sight, which no Arab hands could have raised. Now, Excellencies, they lie buried beneath the sand, deeper and

deeper each successive year.

"We found a spot sheltered from the rays of the sun beneath the shadow of a twisted rock. A handful of dates from the sack, a draught of muddy water from the skin, we took. For the next hour the two men smoked and talked and rested; their slave

read a chapter of the Koran, for sunset was

nigh.

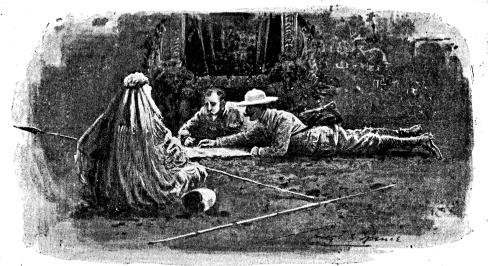
"I hobbled the camel. At my bidding the men rose up and followed me. Bismillah! The accumulating sand had not quite closed the entrance to the shaft of the pyramid.

"We passed down a slanting passage for

there?' he asked, pointing down from the

gallery to the space beneath.

"'A hundred feet, more or less,' I answered: 'but there is no way known that leads to it. There Meeneis, the exiled king of Memphis, is said to have placed the body of Arga, the wife who shared his exile with him.



"The two travellers were poring over the parchment."

300 yards or more and then entered a series of galleries. Round us were recesses: ranged in these were great sarcophagi in which the sacred bulls had long centuries before been buried. Excellencies, the Arabs say a king of Memphis, driven into Arabia by an incensed people, brought the strange worship into the land.

"'The parchment ye seek is there,' I cried to those I had taken into the pyramid. I pointed as I spoke to a huge sarcophagus wherein I had once thrust it, intending to read it some day or another. They raised the lid of the sarcophagus, which was like the head and paws of a bull, gilded, too,

with many a strange device.

"A minute after the two travellers were poring over the parchment, which they flattened out upon the rocky floor of the gallery as they lay outstretched beside it.

"When the two had read the parchment ·they stood up and stared into each other's eyes. They both trembled with excitement.

"'Shall we go any farther in this mad

business?' asked one.

"'Why not? I fear neither the living nor the dead,' replied the other. He turned

"'How far is it to the bottom below

"'So the parchment says,' said the bearded man to my surprise.

"'We will soon see what truth there is in this incredible story,' said the other, tapping the mouldy parchment with his forefinger.

"For an hour or more the two men busied themselves in unwinding the mummy cloths which swathed what remained of the bodies of the sacred bulls. Some of the cloths were worm-eaten and fell into shreds when touched, others were in a good state of preservation; of the latter the two men made a strong and lengthy rope.

"When all was ready the rope was let down from the gallery and the bearded one was lowered by means of it to the depths below. We watched him oscillating in the When he reached the bottom of the strange pit the other sahib lowered me. I wished him to go instead, but he refused. I reached the bottom of the pit in safety.

"From above us the light came down in irregular shafts; great shadows half concealed the strange and grotesque carvings of the sides of the pit. From a narrow shaft. the top of which evidently opened into the side of the pyramid, fell a clear beam of sunlight, and it lit up the beautifully gilded sarcophagus of a woman.

"The Englishman, almost mad with excitement, wrenched off the lid of the sarcophagus, and then his sacrilegious hands seized the mummy. He lifted it from its resting place and stood it upright against the wall, unwinding its swathings in desperate baste.

"I could see that he searched for some concealed treasure upon the mummy, but he found it not. He went to the sarcophagus and carefully felt within it with his hand. Then he came back to where I stood trying to swathe the mummy in its cloth again. He snatched

the cloth petulantly away and flung it upon the floor. "'What beggars these ancients were hiding treasures ! he cried to me savagely. 'As there is no other way to get what I am seeking I will test the words of the parchment, if I have to strangle this dead but living thing after.' He waved his hand at the mummy, and I glanced at it closely. Beits n eat h swathing cloth the remains of a robe clung to its form, yellow with age. but the limbs of the mummy were not shrunken: the features were calm and placid as of one who slept; no traces of

decay

upon them.

were

"'Listen!' the man went on, talking to me as he tried to screw up his courage for the strange task he was bent upon. 'This is the story of the parchment: Meeneis the exile determined to get back Memphis to his rule. Before he set out on his expedition he sold all his possessions and bought with them a pearl of fabulous price and gave it to Arga his wife. She, not knowing if Meeneis would come back or be slain in his expedition, and feeling that she could not live a day in his absence, besought him to employ a certain magician and embalmer.

By Arga's desire the man wrought sleep upon her and swathed her, preserving, however. by his art the principle of Ìife. Î Here Meeneis placed Arga. as vou Had he conquered he bluow have come back and Agra been awakened to reign with him once more, but Meeneis never returned. All these centuries Arga has awaited him, and upon her, somewhere concealed, is pearl. $_{
m the}$ There is no other way to get the treasure. Arga shall be awakened that she may speak as to where it is.' "I counselled the

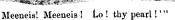
sahib not to

do this wrong.

but he would

not hear me.

Much as he





trembled at the task he set himself to, he took the wax from the mummy's ears, he dissolved the film upon the eyelids, he drew back the tongue till it rested in its right place. Then, as though bringing the drowned to life, he raised and dropped the mummy's arms at regular intervals.

"I watched like one transfixed. minutes, slowly moving like hours, monotonously passed on. Then—then—yes!— the lips of the mummy quivered!

"A minute after a tremor seemed to shake her limbs, then Arga's eyes opened and the man started back, aghast at the success

of his strange experiment.

"'Meeneis! Meeneis! Lo! thy pearl!' the woman cried. She drew the pearl from the meshes of her hair and held it out, groping with her other hand as if blindness had come upon her.

"In an instant the man who sought the treasure caught at it, snatching it in his greed from Arga's hand. Undeceived—for her first awakening thought had been of Meeneis and the treasure he had left in her trust – the woman started forward with a cry upon her lips. And then the irrevocable doom of mankind seized her. The beautiful face grew old beyond expression, her limbs shrunk suddenly with age, her cry of horror was never finished for she fell, a grotesque, shrivelled mummy, lifeless upon the floor!

"Quickly I thrust the mummy and its cloth into the sarcophagus, and then found that the sahib had already ascended from the

pit. The two drew me up.

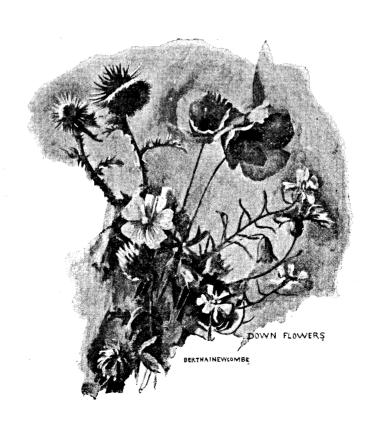
"That night we rested at a spot some miles distant from the pyramid. Next day I conducted them on the way to Mecca. There I received the promised reward.

"I told the strange adventure to the sheik whose messenger I was. He seemed much interested in the strangers and inquired which way they went. After that I was despatched to Medina. When next I returned to Mecca the sheik was wearing a magnificent pearl in his turban."

"And the travellers, Houssa?" I asked

thoughtfully.

"It is as well not to ask a sheik too many questions," he replied. "Bismillah! Allah is good to his own!"





ment the Prime

Minister placed

great reliance,

and his mother's father is the

eloquent Duke of

Percy family supply three

members to the

both the Duke of

Northumberland

and Earl Percy

sit in the House

of Lords, and

Lord Warkworth

in the House of

Commons. The last-named is in

his twenty-sixth

year, and was

educated at Ox-

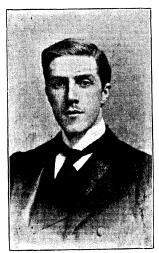
ford University,

legislature,

The

Argyll.

No young member of Parliament can rejoice in such dignified grandfathers as Lord Warkworth, the recently elected Conservative representative of South Kensington. He is the grandson and heir of the venerable Duke of Northumberland, K.G., a member of Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet, upon whose cool judg-



(From a photo by Elliott & Fry.)
POLITIES:
LORD WARKWORTH, M.P.

LORD WARKWORTH, M.P. where he won the Newdigate with an excellent poem. He succeeded Sir Algernon Borthwick, on the latter's elevation to the peerage, in the representation of South Kensington, being recently elected without opposition. Five years ago Lord Warkworth's attainment of his majority was celebrated with great rejoicings on the Percy estates at Alnwick and Albury. It may be hoped that the youthful M.P. will have several years' experience of the House of Commons before it becomes needful for him to pass into the House of Lords.

Among new writers of fiction the name of Percy Andreæ stands out prominently because of rapid successes obtained and the promise of even better work in the future. The son of a merchant, he spent several years in Germany, getting thoroughly permeated with Teutonic literature and science. He studied at

the Hanover Polytechnicum, and graduated Ph.D. and M.A. in philology at the University of Berlin. the German Press he contributed many articles, but finally he determined to carry on literary work in England. In 1894 "Stanhope of Chester: A Mystery," and "The Mask and the Man" appeared, and were immediately recognised works of unusual



(From a photo by Brasch, Berlin.)
LITERATURE: PERCY ANDREÆ.

power. Last year "The Signora" appeared, also with success, and shortly a new story by Mr. Andreæ, entitled "The Vanished Emperor," will be published. He has a most readable style, and elaborates his plots with great skill, as was shown in the ghost story with which he secured his first success. There has not been in recent years any ghost story written with such literary ability as Mr. Andreæ showed in "Stanhope of Chester." It remains to be seen how far the brilliant young author will advance in other fields of fiction, and his subsequent career will be watched with eager expectation.

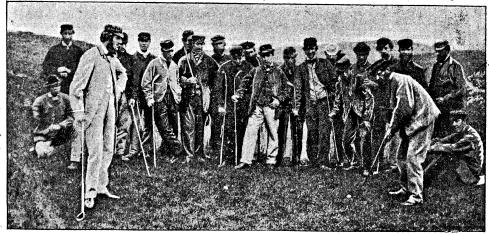
ROUND AND ABOUT OUR GOLF GREENS.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.



HAVE often thought that the excellent singer of old time who referred to the hills skipping and hopping must have been at heart a golfer. He must have been thinking

of the way in which the humble aspirant to the honours of golf shifts whole ranges of peaceable mountains, to say nothing of minor eminences. It is just in this season of sweet doubtedly, as Mr. Horace Hutchinson has said well, April and September are almost ideal months for the golfer. If he be not troubled with long grass and east winds, he will find March and November possible months; but—and this is a purely personal point of view—those who play in London must be eaten up with the "violent fires" of enthusiasm if they can follow the game with any pleasure during December, January and—under



W. Park.

Tom Morris, junr.

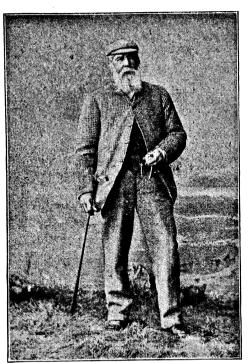
Tom Morris.

a reminiscence of the past: golf tournament by professional players on leith links, may 17, 1867.

days and roses that you will see the finest achievements in the saltatory antics aforesaid. The hills, under the influence of the loftingiron, the sheep stimulated by the low-driven ball, are in a state of furious activity. Yet even great players like Kirkcaldy are not ashamed when their club carries away a good square piece of turf; nor is the budding golfer guilty of the unpardonable sin when clean-cut sods of the veldt stand sentinels in his path.

One of the questions put most frequently by the man who does not play golf to the man who thinks that he does, is a question of season: Can you really play the game all the year round? Do you get any fun out of it in winter? Which is the best month of the year to face the music of the caddie? I have read many answers to this admirable catechism, but few which satisfy. Un-

normal conditions—February. I do not forget that Mr. Hutchinson has waxed eloquent upon the delights of a game in the snow, red balls being substituted for white; but all things are forgiven to the man who edited the "Badminton," even those long hours of agony in clayey fields to which his ardour invites. If you play golf during the winter in London, you must add a shovel to the number of your clubs. It is not the mere objection to wading, or to bearing a heavy load of clay upon your boots, which forbids. it is the impossibility of contriving a game which bears the remotest resemblance to golf. Not only does the ball refuse to travel a yard over the sticky soil, but the greens become like mud-heaps, the lies are too atrocious for words. You think of Mr. Balfour's little caddie who was sent out to look after an admiral of great importance,



(From a photo by Robinson & Thompson, Birkenhead.)

and who exclaimed testily at the third bad shot: "Come, come, old gentleman, this will not do." You are fortunate indeed if you can so restrain yourself that no more pronounced opinion falls from your lips.

I remember well, some two months ago, playing with a man who was very keen on getting a game in the frost. Like the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, of Musselburgh memory, my friend was a "mighty swiper." At the very first brassey shot the head of his club broke sharp off from the shaft and skimmed over the ground with the grace of a swallow, awaking a sheep from herbal meditation and alighting finally in the bottom of a very dirty ditch.

"How did I miss that?" said the man, feigning astonishment. "Great Scot! I believe I've broken my club. What can you do with a broken shaft, eh, caddie?"

The caddie scratched his head and reflected upon the problem. Presently he said—

"Well, sir, I have heard as they're very

good boiled down for supper!"

The truth is that golf during a frost—in London at any rate—is a mere pleasantry. It is good to feel the bracing air in your lungs, good to stride over the frozen ground and to set the blood tingling in your veins;

but it is not good to strike the hard earth heavily with an iron club and then to cast aspersions upon the ancestors of that club because it stings your hands and nearly jars your arms from their sockets. Enthusiasm will do anything. I believe that even Mr. Andrew Lang, since the iron entered into his sole, is an advocate of golf at all times and under all conditions; but a pitiful majority will yet declare that frozen links "is vanities," and ice-bound greens a snare

There is an impression prevailing among many, who have just bought sets of clubs, that if a man let the sun go down and have not played at least a full course he will never make a golfer. These are the men who will account themselves worthy of great blame if they lose a day of December or a possible hour of January. Disclaiming any shadow of a claim to authority, I may yet make bold to say that golfing on a very bad ground will do a

young player infinitely more harm than good. The very difficulty of scoring anything like a fair total disgusts him with the game. He ploughs the fields and scatters, he explores the nethermost depths of sandpits, he surveys all the dirtiest ditches in his environment, but his play through the green is not to be described. Should a professional with a tithe of the talents of a J. H. Douglas Taylor, \mathbf{a} Rolland, or an Andrew Kirkcaldy, accompany him and show him how very easy it is to send a ball, which reposes in a hole, winging in graceful flight toward the green, the lesson only exasperates him. Often enough he becomes a renegade, and goes about during his destined hour declaring that golf is all rot. He took it up only to become a champion like Mr. Balfour, you know, and his first



(Photo by R. W. Thomas.)
TAYLOR, THE PROFESSIONAL CHAMPION.

disappointment was to find that Mr. Balfour is no champion, but only an average player, who is not ashamed occasionally to top the hundred. Had this man waited for the spring, practising meanwhile in his bathroom, he would have found salvation.

There is no more sublime spectacle in the world than that of an ardent golfer practising driving in his bath-room. Granted that the room is of a possible size in which to swing a club, given a tee of indiarubber and some paper balls, and here is a winter curriculum worth ten of that upon muddy greens and grassy links. A few wild swings will soon demonstrate to the player what space he has. He lifts the globe off the gas-bracket at his first attempt; very well, a plumber will soon move that bracket. He chips a statue of Cupid from a prett, wardrobe with a shocking pull; what matter, wardrobes should

not be ornamented with statues of Cupid. Ordoes it happen that frequent hammering upon the floor brings down the drawingroom ceiling? Well no golfer's "lady" would complain because a little plaster falls

into her new piano. And the value of the practice is beyond question. To swing with care and to keep the eye on the ball are the fundamentals of all long driving. You can contrive these ends as well with balls of paper as with balls of gutta-percha. Ten minutes' good work after the morning dip devoted regularly to the destruction of paper molecules—to say nothing of chairs, tables, globes and jugs—will do more for a man's driving than six winters spent upon clayey links or frozen tees.

I heard the other day a story told by a commander who is now in charge of a gunboat on the West Coast of Africa. He was explaining that if golf be poor sport in winter, hot weather at any rate is not its enemy. He and his brother officers are such enthusiasts that they rolled greens upon the beach of the bight in which their ship was at anchor, and they found that Kaffirs made

excellent caddies. Coing ashore very early in the mornings the commander discovered one of these caddies armed with a pole about 20 feet long and a piece of stone weighing something like two pounds. The man had teed the stone upon a little mound of sand and was thrashing it furiously with his pole, but every time he raised the club, he shouted "Godam!" with all his lungs. Being asked for an explanation, the Kaffir beamed sweetly and said: "Ver good—white man's game—ver good."

All things considered it is not to be doubted that spring and autumn are the seasons for the golfer. No words, not even the heroics of Mathison, may describe the delights of a May-day round when the greens are like velvet and the course is clear, and the breezes blow fresh and invigorating from the distant sea. Should I be asked if

the South will wearv presently of this good thing which has come out of Scotland. I recall days at Cromer, at Sandwich, at Clifton, at Scarborough at Haylingdays which brought a joy of mere life to the layman, but a



From a photo by] , WINCHESTER GOLF LINKS.

[R. W. Thomas.

greater, fuller joy to the man with the club in his hand and the caddie at his heels. For then the heather had begun to bloom, the air was odorous with the breath of roses, the soft winds blowing freshly over the downs were like iron to the blood. And to these the golfer added the delights of attaining, or of striving to attain. The very difficulty of his pursuit adds to it a continuing charm.

"If you and I," said an old golfer one day when I had been guilty of an exceedingly strong note of despair, "if you and I could go round in eighty, we should be on the way

to give up golf."

Tennis brings you to your best speedily; you know when you have played cricket for a year or two if there be any cricket in you; a man shapes, or does not shape, in a boat almost at the end of his first term; but to golf there is no such index. Your first few games breed a fine conceit. You drive a-

long ball every time; your caddie even nods approval at your puts. But how much greater is the fall when, on starting off, say upon the third morning, you succeed in nothing but the ripe flavour of your objurgations and in the undisguised scorn of your Three months come and go and you begin to tell yourself that some day some day—you will better the hundred; but when the year has passed you are worse than You cannot do a hundred and thirty now. There are days when you miss the ball two or three times at as many holes. caddie steals the balls from your bag and you have not the spirit to remonstrate with him. You vow with every bad stroke to "give it up to-morrow." But to-morrow comes and you are still playing; you are swearing harder

more, either foster clubs or are active mem-Mr. Balfour himself is the bers of them. president of the Prince's Club and has among his fellow members, Sir W. Hart-Dyke, Bart., M.P., Mr. T. W. Legh, M.P., Col. E. H. Kennard, Sir H. Maxwell, Bart., M.P., Captain F. I. Maxse. Tennis players such as Mr. Herbert Chipp, cricketers like the Hon. A. Lyttelton, have turned to golf when years crept on and have found in it a new hope. In the world of letters we have Mr. Andrew Lang to lead us, Mr. Henry Massingham, Mr. Henry Norman, Dr. Nicoll; and that we may make a brave display at championships, so fine a player as Mr. Horace Hutchinson. Sir George Newnes has for some years been one of the boldest of our advocates. Even stately vicars and monu-



From a photo by]

THE WINDERMERE LADIES' TOURNAMENT.

[Brunskill, Windermere.

than ever. Your caddie is examining your clubs and promising himself many a rare game when you make him a present of them.

All this proves the tenacity of golf. They tell us that the present year will see the game enjoying a popularity which even the renaissance of cycling will not shame. Already we have faithful children in nearly every walk of life. The Prince of Wales even has talked of building large links at Sandringham; the princesses are conspicuous and most ardent golfers, and have their pretty little links not far from the Duke's cottage. To write the names of those in the House of Lords who play or support the pastime would be to fill the columns of a newspaper. Lord Zetland, Lord Granby, Lord Cowley, Lord Dudley, Lord Edward Cecil, and a hundred

ments of grace like archdeacons have stolen away pleasant hours from the performance of archidiaconal functions to hang theology upon the green. A great list, which might well fill a directory, and would make a fat volume at that.

All these people get golf wherever and whenever they can. Even London is becoming rich in her opportunities for play. Though her neighbouring links are of clay; and trees—the bête noir of good golf—abound, none the less is the number of greens amazing. Of these, few would dispute the claims of Tooting Bec and of Richmond to premier places. The first-named links are the resort of those who waste their time in Parliament at Westminster, but hasten to atone for the frivolity by hours of strenuous

work at Tooting. Mr. Balfour plays there frequently. Mr. Henry Massingham is to be seen reaping almost every Saturday only are the greens themselves to be praised. but the club-house is "replete with every In this respect it is a good second to Neasden, whose supremacy in the matter of the little luxuries is not to be questioned. Indeed both house and grounds at Neasden have called for the irony of rabid Scotchmen. who would concede nothing to the flesh even in the matter of golf. They have come out to this beautiful club and have inspected its stables, its bedrooms, its billiard-room, its old-time garden with undisguised contempt. Yet I have not observed that they hesitated to sample the ancient brands in its cellar, nor to accept a peace-offering from its skilful cook.

But we have golf clubs all round London now, and the expression of any individual preference is unjust. Men in the south can play at Dulwich, at Streatham, at Mitcham, at Clapham, at Blackheath. The doctors' links are at Norwood—a pretty course belted with woods and trees. Hampstead has just redeemed its character by laying out a ground under the shadow of "The Spaniards'." Muswell Hill, Enfield, Barnes, Hanwell, Woodford, Finchley, Eltham—all these give many a pleasant hour to the victim of the City. And if he begin to weary of these more confined opportunities he has only to pack a carpet bag and run down to Cromer, or Brighton, or Hayling, or Holmwood, and gardens of



(From a photo by Robinson & Thompson, Birkenhead.)

JOHN BALL, JUNB.

delight are opened to him. Indeed many a man who had come to look upon a Saturday to Monday as the last refuge of boredom, now views any possible holiday with the feelings of a schoolboy. A whole day's golf! Old Omar himself, with his jug of wine and his miserable loaf, would have been the first to



From a photo by]

Ball.

Hilton.

[Brunskill, Windermere.

mend his quatrain and to hymn so good a

Nor should it be thought that golf is a man's game pur et simple. Many a pretty girl now wields the club prettily; many a lad is beginning to feel the fascination of driving a long ball; many an old tennis player is hiding away his racket and telling himself that, after all, the Scots are canny folk. Yet I admit readily that of every ten recruits, six are from the ranks of those who do not hide it from themselves that their seat in the saddle is not what it was: who grant that their display at the net is no longer one to win applause from the gallery. These have found a new art of life, and they are indifferent to humiliations and to difficulties if only they may pursue it.

And this reminds me. One of our most

distinguished Scotch critics went out the other day to a Northern club to play his first game of golf. Accustomed to the veneration of many, and to the obedience of not a few, this great man was delighted to find that a Scotchman acted as professional and general instructor to the club. It was my good fortune to hear the greeting which passed between the two.

"Ah," said the Professor, "I'm from

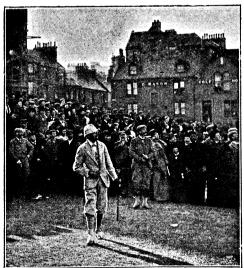
Montrose, ve must know."

"Hark to that!" cried the professional; "and I'd have ye to know that I'm frae Montrose myself."

"But I never had a club in my hand,"

exclaimed the man of letters.

"What!" roared the player aghast, "ye niver had a cloob in yer hand! Sakes alive! ye can stand there an' tell me that, man! Ye ought to be ashamed o' yerself!"



From a photo by] [Downie, St. Andrews.

MR. BALFOUR STARTING A GAME AT ST. ANDREWS.



JEWISH MARKET IN ST. PETERSBURG.

ST. PETERSBURG AND ITS PEOPLE.

By Adrian Ross.

Illustrated by George Hutchinson.



T. PETERSBURG is "a city magnificent distances. That is perhaps the first impression made on arriving stranger. The streets are very long and very wide:

the houses are very large and liberally spaced; there are plenty of canals, and many wide arms of the great river; in fact you come to the conclusion that land was cheap when the city was built, and indeed space was cheap enough, and is still, though foundations were and are dear enough. To one accustomed to the compressed and concentrated life of London or older Paris, the ceaseless crowd of the Strand or Cheapside, there is a sense of unwonted elbow-room in wandering through even the busiest thoroughfares of the Russian capital. One who is used to the serried throngs of the City or West End feels

somewhat lonely even in the

though not a few, are hardly noticed in the expanse of streets, and the consistency of the soil prohibits the blessing of an underground railway, and renders the elevated variety too expensive. So the magnificent nature of the distances is accentuated by the lack of cheap means for getting rapidly over them. The Petersburger does not walk except under compulsion—his pasty complexion declares the fact: and visitors have to do as natives. The double river of omnibuses that crowd the Strand or Oxford Street is unknown in Russia. The tram-cars, as a rule, go where you have no need of them; further, they go in squadrons of three or four, and then a They have also a murderous trick of taking the steep ascent of a bridge at a gallop, which is hard on rolling-stock and permanent way, and cruel to

stations are all strung out on the circumference of the city, or near it; tramways.

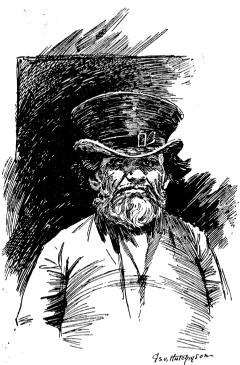
> the horses. At other times the cars are not fast when on the line; when off, they

busy Nevsky Prospect—the Regent Street of St. Petersburg. Then, too, the railway

RUSSIAN MAN-OF-WAR OFF KRONSTADT.

stop altogether. Life is too short to resort greatly to tram-cars.

The visitor therefore takes a droschky. There is in general no lack of these convey-



AN ISVOSTCHIK, OR DRIVER.

They are most like the pony-chaise of the seaside in shape, with a seat for two behind and a perch for the driver in front. The wheels are low and strong; the dirtguards broad. Of late the droschkies have blossomed out into hoods, and not a few public ones have emulated the private vehicles and rubber-tyred their wheels. Your driver or isvostchik is a curious conventional figure. He may be spruce or shabby, but his costume is always the same. There is an ample blue caftan or long coat bound with an embroidered or figured belt. This attire is crowned by a curious low hat looking like an ordinary "chimney pot" that has been mistaken for an opera hat and crushed in by an unwonted Generally the isvostchik is greengrocer. somewhat wild of hair and beard; wild also is he in his estimate for the ride, for there is no authorised tariff; you must bargain with your man beforehand, and the Petersburg habitué has generally an informal fare-table of his own. If business is slack and drivers are many, a hard-hearted man can often be conveyed long distances for a

mere trifle; if in a hurry and lacking a conveyance, he may be mulcted.

The droschky goes any pace from six to twelve miles an hour—not unlike our The driver is not as a rule very skilful. He has no occasion to cultivate the dodging capacities of the practised han-The average isvostchik, if set to drive from Liverpool Street to London Bridge in a hurry, would abandon hope of life and turn himself to religion. In his own city he has plenty of room and abuses He slews over the sloping cobble pavements with little care for the feelings of his fare; he takes the raised rails of the tramways at an acute angle that would threaten loss of a wheel to any vehicle less solidly Occasionally, broad and low as is his carriage, he contrives to upset it. In this the configuration of the roads is of great assistance. Most of them in the city are either aggressively hog-backed or slope to a central trough in order to drain off the melting snow in spring.

But it is when winter bridles the river with a foot or two of ice and carpets the roads with white that the Russian cabby has most scope. His droschky is exchanged for a sleigh, low and dark, with shafts bellying out widely from the horse's body and a big arched yoke hung with bells framing its neck. It is a pleasure to glide noiselessly along the level beaten floor of snow; but beware of the bridges, for the roadway rises steeply over the canal to leave room for the great barges to go under, and the generally convex section of the roads makes the crossing of a bridge like climbing over a hemisphere. If the driver does not take the ascent exactly in



A RUSSIAN PEASANT'S MODEST LUNCH.

the middle his sledge will begin to slew, then the odds are that the runner catches the kerb, and over you go. There are also the tram-lines, which are naturally more efficient with sledges than with droschkies. But nobody is hurt as a rule. The shaft swings over the horse's back, and the driver and fare tumble out and right the machine,

and off again. Winter is the season for St. Petersburg. Then the opera and the theatres are in full swing; then come skating, ice-hilling and the pleasures of the Maslanitza or Butter-Week-the Russian carnival-which falls in Russian winter, though in French or English spring. Then come out the fur-cloaks, and the dashing troikas, three-horse sledges; then do wealth or borrowing capacity cut a dash. And indeed nowhere is winter more enjoyable than in a country that is sure of The houses, thick-walled and doublewindowed, shut out the frost; the big earthenware stoves built into the wall keep the suites of rooms at a gentle uniform warmth; thick goloshes guard the feet from the snow, and fur-lined cloaks and coats protect the body, with deep collars that can be turned up to shield all but the tip of the nose. And everyone must look out for his own nose and for his neighbour's, and warn him when he sees that organ growing white



A RUSSIAN PEASANT.



TYPE OF A RUSSIAN TRAMP.

workman or peasant has his sheepskin, wool inside; the very beggar in the street will have his fur coat, like the millionaire from whom he may be begging—only there is a difference in the fur—from mangy rabbit to opulent black fox. Furs are just as dear in St. Petersburg as in London, but people know better what they are getting. Except sealskin and beaver most of the valuable furs come through Russia from Siberia. It is said that the tribute from the nomad tribes once came in furs, and that the simple hunters picked out their best sables for the Great White Czar. Alas! the furs had to pass through the hands of many officials, and at each stage they changed mysteriously in appearance, so that when they reached the Treasury, though the tale was correct, the skins were candidates for the services of the Lord High Rag and Bone Man.

In summer the city of St. Petersburg is comparatively deserted. High society is summering in the country, whether abroad or on its estates in the interior. Men of business have installed their families in wooden datchas or summer-houses, on the "Islands," the suburbs of St. Petersburg, or along the

Finnish shore, or southward at Tsarskoe Selo, or westerly at Peterhoff, or northward round the little circular lake at Ozerki. They themselves go in daily by train or boat to business, and come out at evening laden with provisions; and then in the long summer twilights they sit out on benches before their villa doors and smoke, or drift over river or lake in a gaily-painted and

steamer takes them up an arm of the great river, past the moored rafts where fishermen are pulling up their nets with a windlass, past great masses of foliage, with white palaces glimmering out at the end of vistas, past rows of toy houses, each with its landing-stage and bath-house, and under long wooden bridges, each with great piles driven above it to save its arches from the ice in spring.



A FISH-SELLER IN THE STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

badly modelled boat; then in the morning a dip in the family bathing-shed, floating off the house, and to business again. Perhaps the merchants and shopkeepers come in by a little toy railway, or by a tramway, skirting the fields where peasant women, in shapeless dresses of bright calico, are tossing the hay, or shock-headed peasants, with red shirts like tunics belted round them, mowing with steady swing of the scythe. Perhaps a swift little

On the steamer there will possibly be a group of officers, wearing the mouse-gray cloak of English cloth that never seems to quit the Russian officer, except when he rides his bicycle. Then and then alone—out of doors, that is—does one see that the Russian uniform is dark green. Had the British army overcoat been red in the Crimean War many English and Russian soldiers would have lived instead of dying by mistake, and

conversely, for the common gray of the armies when topcoated made men spare foes and slay friends.

Indeed the prevalence of uniforms is what strikes the English observer most in the streets of St. Petersburg. The police have a semi-military uniform; Cossacks act as mounted police; railway officials look military; your passports, when you come in by steamer, are taken by a military personage, attended by a gendarme with sabre and spurs, known to the facetious Briton as the "horse-marine." Students are in uniform: and as for officers of all regiments, their name is legion. Now and then, too, you meet one of the Tsar's Circassian bodyguard, a spruce brigand with Astrachan cap and a bandolier for dainty nickelled cartridges across his Go into one of the summer gardens. or to the circus, and you will see the uniforms They have very little to filling the seats. do, these officers; they have mostly less than a little to get, and they are often hopelessly Hence in the old days-and possibly even now—came Nihilism. Ambitious soldiers in debt have been ready-made revolutionaries from the days of Catiline and earlier, and young men of all professions, with education and no prospects, have been the natural recruits of any movement aiming at change. For your Russian, quick as he is at half comprehending, skilful at imitating, has not got civilisation into his bones yet; the profound knowledge of the Teuton, the practical instinct of the Anglo-Saxon are beyond his average reach. And unfortunately the very simplest, and one of the cheapest departments of chemical work is the manufacture of high explosives.

In the scientific and educated trades you will find Germans and Poles rather than



WORKMEN LUNCHING IN THE STREET.

Russians. In a St. Petersburg book shop or music shop, or chemist's shop, German will suffice you, more than French and more than Russian, though these are understood.

Of French there are a few, but not so many as the Franco-Russian Alliancemight portend. Once the present scribe entered a "Ganterie Française" with a heart full of confidence and a mouth full of Parisian. Alas! the words on the sign were all of French that the shop possessed, and he was reduced to his meagre stock of Muscovite, supplemented by picture

and pantomime.

And speaking of signs, here is one of the most characteristic features of St. Petersburg, and indeed of all Russian towns. Shop windows, owing to the rigour of the climate and the pressure of customs dues, cannot attain the sublime dimensions of our im-



A RUSSIAN BEGGAR.

posing displays, and the unreasoning authorities of St. Petersburg do not as yet encourage the spectacle of three stories of brick building resting airily on the edge of a sheet of plate glass. Therefore there is not room for the passer-by to see at a glance the nature of a shop. The legend over the door is not enough; many in all countries will not read it, and in Russia many cannot. So your baker hoists a board, or sticks a panel at the side of his door, displaying a huge golden loaf, or a block of black bread, with some "cringles" and one of the light "kalatches" or big padlock-shaped rolls

or big padlock-shaped rolls that are the delight of a Russian breakfast. The greengrocer has a pyramid blushing apples of blooming grapes; the provision merchant paints huge block of Gruyere, guiltless of perspective, and a hunk of butter; the glover paints a pair of gigantic flat kids, such as were the best gloves of Og, King of Bashan,



A COLLECTING NUN.

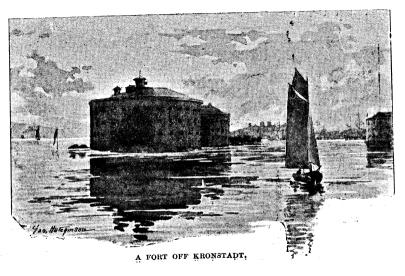
before he took them out of the drawer. All have signs, save and excepting the traktir, or public-house, the most important of Russian institutions. Here, and in the numerous wine-shops, which sell rather the wine of the country, does the Russian of the working classes "steep himself in vodki." Take the steam tram-car of a Sunday or holiday

—not that I advise vou so to do-from the space in front of the Nicolai railstation and wav travel to Alexandrovsky, the manufacturing part of the Your protown. gress shall be between hedges of men, drinking and drunk - mostly affectionate and polite, happily, and seldom brutal or quarrelsome — but all drunk, or nearly all. And there are so many holidaysbirthdays, name-days (or festivals of the saints people are called after), church holidays, state holidays. Each holiday is apt to require a prefatory rest and a subsequent recovery, and Sunday means Monday off and Tuesday muzzy. Fortunately vodki is a fairly wholesome spirit, and, still more fortunately, it requires no great quantity of alcohol to fuddle the average movik. So, though on a summer holiday the parks on the "Islands" are like battlefields, strewn with motionless or wriggling bodies, and with the card mouthpieces of cigarettes, like spent cartridges, the slain and wounded will be little worse to morrow

Would you sample your capital more justly than by visiting the conventional sights chronicled by Baedeker? Then take your stand at the shrine on the great Nicolai bridge. Not only will you see in a quarter of an hour types of almost every element in the huge jumble known as St. Petersburg. but you will be able to gauge the minds and views of the passers by their attitude towards The average pious Russian will cross himself and bow to the shrine; the German man of business will not waste a glance on the mummery, as he deems it; the "enlightened" youth sidles by with uneasy smirk; the devotee goes through elaborate evolutions, and the Jew sneers as he brushes by him; the Englishman strides on and has, very likely, never troubled to look what the erection on the bridge may be.

The city is charming. It is but two days and a half from London; a handful of money and a mouthful of foreign phrases, and you are there; and being there I wish

you a pleasant visit.



DOCTOR NIKOLA.

By Guy Roothry *

Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE BOAD TO PEKIN.



we left the last house of the native city of Tientsin behind us the sun was in the act of rising. Whatever the others may have felt I cannot say, but this I know, that there

was at least one person in the party who was heartily glad to bid good-bye to the town. Though we had only been in it a short time we had passed through such a series of excitements during that brief period as would have served to disgust even such a glutton as Don Quixote himself with an adventurous life.

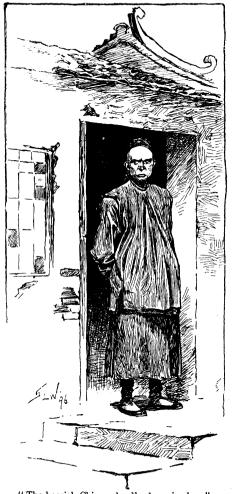
For the first two or three miles our route lay over a dry mud plain, where the dust, which seemed to be mainly composed of small pebbles and camel dung. whistled continuously in the dawn wind. We rode almost in silence. Nikola, by virtue of his pretended rank, was some yards ahead, I next; Laohwan came behind me, and the baggage ponies and the Mafoos (or native grooms) behind him again. I don't know what Nikola was thinking about, but I'm not ashamed to confess that my own thoughts continually reverted to the girl whom I had been permitted the opportunity of rescuing on the previous evening. Her pale sweet face never left me, and I found that she



sion of everything else. Though I tried again and again to bring my mind to bear upon the enterprise on which we were embarking, it was of

^{*} Copyright, 1895, by Gay Boothby.

no avail; on each occasion I came back to the consideration of a pair of dark eyes and a wealth of nut-brown hair. That I should ever meet Miss Medwin again seemed most unlikely; that I wanted to I will not deny, and while I am about it I will even go so far as to confess that not once but several times I found myself wishing, for the self-same reason, that I had thought twice before



"The boorish Chinese landlord received us."

accepting Nikola's offer. But one moment's reflection was sufficient to show me that had I not fallen in with Nikola I should in all probability not only never have known her at all, while, what was more to the point, I should most likely have been in a position where love-making would not only have been foolish but quite out of the question.

When we had proceeded something like five miles Nikola turned in his saddle and beckened me to his side.

"By this time," he said, "Prendergast and Eastover will have received the telegrams I requested Williams to despatch to them. They will not lose a moment in getting on their way, and by the middle of next week they should have the priest of Hankow in their hands. It will take another three days for them to inform us of the fact. which will mean that we shall have to wait at least ten days in Pekin before presenting ourselves at the Llamaserai. This being so. I shall go to a house which has been recommended to me in the Tartar city. I shall let it be understood there that I am anxious to undertake a week's prayer and fasting in order to fit myself for the responsibilities I am going to take upon me, and that during that time I can see no one. By the end of the tenth day I should know enough to penetrate into the very midst of the monks, and after that it should be all plain sailing.

"But do you think your men will be able to abduct this well-known priest without

incurring any suspicion?"

"They will have to," answered Nikola. "If they don't we shall have to pay the penalty. But there, you need have no sort of fear. I have the most perfect faith in the men. They have been well tried, and I am sure of this, if I were to tell either of them to do anything, however dangerous it might be, they would not think twice before obeying me. By the way, Bruce, I don't know that you are looking altogether well."

"I don't feel quite the thing," I answered;

"but it will pass off."

"Well, let us push on. We must reach the rest-house to-night, and to do that we have got a forty-mile ride ahead of us."

It is a well-known fact that though Chinese ponies do nor present a very picturesque outward appearance, there are few animals living that can equal them in pluck and endurance. Our whole cavalcade, harness and pack-saddles included, might have been purchased for a twenty-pound note, but I very much doubt if the most costly animal to be seen in Rotten Row on an afternoon in the season could have carried us half so well on our way as those shaggy little beasts, which stood scarcely more than 13 hands.

In spite of our camping for a couple of hours in the middle of the day, we were at the rest-house, half way to Pekin, before sundown. And a wretched place it proved—a veritable Chinese inn, with small bare rooms,

quite unfurnished, and surrounded by a number of equally inhospitable stables.

As soon as we arrived we dismounted and entered the building, on the threshold of which the boorish Chinese landlord received us. His personality was in keeping with the external appearance of his house, but observing that we were strangers of importance he condescended to depart so far from his usual custom as to show us at least the outward signs of civility. So we chose our rooms and ordered a meal to be prepared at once. Our bedding was unpacked and spread upon the floor of our bedroom, and almost as soon as this was done the meal was announced as ready.

A Chinese inn, particularly in the interior. is seldom a cheerful place, and this example was certainly no exception to the rule. was, as I have said, villainously dirty. food with which we were served consisted of almost raw eggs, tough fowls and a curiouslycooked mess of pork. The last-named dish. as everyone knows who has had anything to do with the country, is one of the staple diets of all but Mohammedan Chinamen. Swarms of beggars, loathsome to a degree, infested the place, begging and whining for any trifle, however insignificant. crawled about the courtyards and verandas. and at last became so bold as to penetrate This was too much of a good our rooms. thing, and I saw that Nikola thought so too.

When one beggar, more impertinent than the rest, presented himself before us, after having been warned repeatedly, Nikola called Laohwan to him and bade him take the fellow outside and, with the assistance of two coolies, freat him to a supper of bamboo. Anyone who has seen this peculiar punishment will never forget it; and at last the man's cries for mercy became so appalling as to warrant my proceeding to the courtyard and bidding them let him go.

After I returned to my room, which adjoined that occupied by Nikola, we sat talking for nearly an hour, and then retired to rest.

But though I disrobed myself of my Chinese garments and stretched myself out upon the blankets, sleep would not visit my eyelids. Possibly I was a little feverish; at any rate I began to imagine all sorts of things. Strange and horrible thoughts crowded upon my brain, and the most uncanny sounds spoke from the silence of the night. Little noises from afar concentrated themselves until they seemed to fill my room. A footfall in the street would

echo against the wall with a mysterious clearness, and the sound of a dog barking in a neighbouring compound was intensified till it might have been the barking of a dozen. So completely did this nervousness possess me that little by little I found myself discovering a danger in even the creaking of the boards and chirrup of an insect in the roof.

How long this sort of thing continued I cannot sav. But at last I could bear it no longer. I rose from my bed and was about to pace the room, in the hope of tiring myself into sleeping, when the sound of a stealthy footstep in the corridor outside caught my ears. I stood rooted to the spot, trying to listen, with every pulse in my body pumping like a piston rod. Again it sounded, but this time it was nearer my door. was a distinct difference however; it was no longer a human step, as we are accustomed to hear it, but an equalised and heavy shuffling sound that for a moment rather puzzled me. But my mystification was scarcely of an instant's duration. heard that sound before, the same night that a man in an adjoining room in the hotel had been murdered. One second's reflection told me that it was made by someone proceeding along the passage upon his hands But why was he doing it? and knees. Then I remembered that the wall on the other side of the corridor was only a foot or The intruder, whoever he might be, evidently did not wish to be seen by the occupants of the rooms. I drew back into a corner of my room, took a long huntingknife, that I always carried with me, from beneath my pillow, and awaited the turn of events. Still the sound continued; but by this time it had passed my door, and as soon as I had settled this to my satisfaction I crept towards the passage and looked out.

From where I stood I was permitted a view of the narrow corridor, but it was Instinct told me that the man had passed into the room next to mine. Since I had first heard him he would not have had time to get any farther. The adjoining apartment was Nikola's, and after the fatigue of the day it was ten chances to one he would be asleep. That the mission was an evil one it did not require much penetration to perceive. A man does not crawl about lonely corridors, when other men are asleep, on hands and knees for any good purpose. Therefore if I wished to save my employer's life I knew I must be quick about it.

A second later I had left my own room and

was creeping up to where the other man had undoubtedly gone in. Reaching the doorway I stood irresolute, trying to discover by listening whereabouts in the room the man A moment later there came a sound of a heavy grunt, followed by a muttered ejaculation. As I heard it I rushed into the room, across to where I knew Nikola had placed his bed. As I did so I came into contact with a naked body. and next moment we were both rolling and tumbling upon the ground.

It was an uncanny experience that fight in the dark. Over and over we rolled. clinging to each other and putting forth every possible exertion to secure a victory. Then I heard Nikola spring to his feet, and run towards the door. In response to his cry there was an immediate hubbub in the building, but before anyone could reach us with lights I had got the upper hand and was seated across my foe.

Laohwan was the first to put in an appearance, and he brought a torch. Nikola took it from him and came across to us. Signing me to get off the man whom I was holding, he bent down and looked at him.

"Ho, ho!" he said quietly. "This is not burglary then, but vengeance. So, you rogue, you wanted to repay me for the beating you got to-night, did you? seems I have had a narrow escape.

It was exactly as he said. The man whom I had caught was none other than the beggar whose persistence had earned him a beating earlier in the evening.

"What will your Excellency be pleased to

do with him?" asked Laohwan.

In reply Nikola told the man to stand up. He looked him fairly in the eyes for perhaps a minute, and then said quietly-

"Open your mouth."

The man did as he was ordered.

"You can't shut it again," said Nikola.

The poor wretch tried and tried in vain. His jaws were as securely locked as it would be possible for human jaws to be. struggled with them, he tried to press them together, but in vain; they were firmly fixed and defied him. In his terror he ran about the room, the perspiration streaming down his face, and all the time uttering strange cries.

"Come here!" said Nikola. before me. Now shut your mouth."

Instantly the man closed his mouth.

"Shut your eyes."

The man did as he was ordered.

"You are blind; you cannot open either

your eyes or mouth.

The man tried, but without result. mouth and eyes were firmly sealed. time his terror was greater than any words could express, and he fell at Nikola's feet imploring him in inarticulate grunts to spare The crowd who had clustered at the door stood watching this strange scene openmouthed.

"Get up!" said Nikola to the miserable wretch at his feet. "Open your mouth and You would have murdered me, but I have spared you. You have tasted of my power; take care I do not make you blind and dumb for ever. Try again what you have attempted to-night and both sight and speech will be instantly taken from you and never again restored. Now go!"

The man did not wait to be bidden twice. but fled as if for his life, parting the crowd at the doorway just as the bows of a steamer

turn away the water to right and left. When only Laohwan remained Nikola

called him up.

"Are you aware," said Nikola, "that but for my friend's vigilance here I should now be a dead man? You sleep at the end of the passage, and it was your duty to have seen that nobody passed you. But you failed in your trust. Now what is your punishment to be?"

In answer the man knelt humbly at his master's feet.

"Answer my question! What is your punishment to be?" repeated the same remorseless voice. "Am I never to place trust in you again?"

"By the graves of my ancestors I swear that I did not know that the man had passed me."

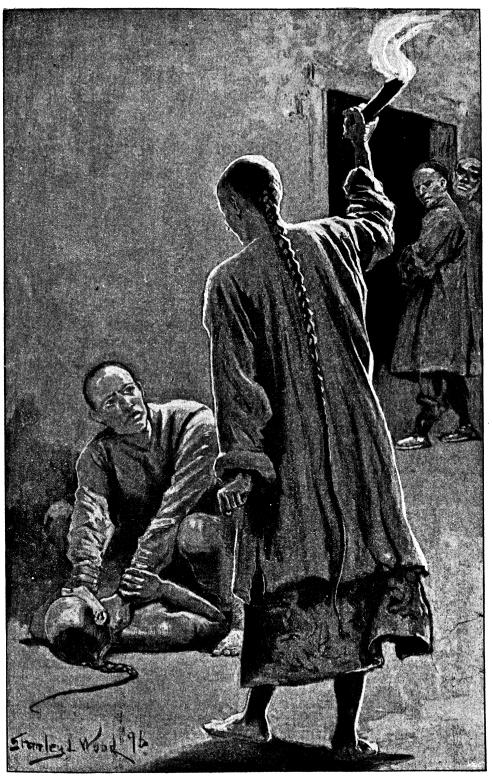
"That is no answer," said Nikola. have failed in your duty, and that is a thing I will never forgive. In an hour's time you will saddle your horse and go back to Tientsin, where you will seek out Mr. Williams and tell him that you are unsatisfactory, and that I have sent you back. He will decide what form your punishment shall take. Fail to see him or to tell him what I have said and you will be dead in two days. Do you understand me?"

Once more the man bowed low.

"Then go!"

Without a word the man rose to his feet and went toward the door. In my heart I felt sorry for him, and when he had left 1 said as much to Nikola.

"My friend," he answered, "there is a Hindu proverb which says, 'A servant who



"'Ho, ho!' he said quietly. 'This is not burglary then, but vengeance.'"

cannot be trusted is as a broken lock upon the gateway of your house.' But while I blame him I am forgetting to do justice to you. One thing is very certain, but for your intervention I should not be talking to you now. I owe you my life. You will not find me ungrateful."

"It was fortunate," I said, "that I heard him pass along the passage, otherwise we

might both have perished."

"It was strange, after all the exertions of the day, that you should have been awake. I was sleeping like a top. But look at me. Good heavens, man! I told you this morning you were looking ill. You're worse than ever now. Give me your wrist."

He felt my pulse, then looked anxiously into my face. After this he took a small bottle from a travelling medicine-chest he always carried with him, poured a few drops of what it contained into a glass, filled it up from a Chinese water-bottle near by and bade me drink it. Having done so I was sent back to bed, and within five minutes of arriving there was wrapped in a dreamless sleep.

When I awoke it was broad daylight and nearly six o'clock. I felt considerably better than when I had gone to bed the previous night, but still I was by no means well. What was the matter with me I could not tell.

At seven o'clock an equivalent for breakfast was served to us, and at half-past the ponies were saddled and we proceeded on our way. As we left the inn I looked about to see if I could discover any signs of poor Laohwan, but as he was not there I could only suppose he had accepted Nikola's decision as final and had gone back to Tientsin.

As usual Nikola rode on ahead, and it was not difficult to see that the story of his treatment of his would-be murderer had leaked out. The awe with which he was regarded by the people with whom we came in contact was most amusing to witness. And you may be sure he fully sustained the character given him.

After halting as usual at midday we proceeded on our way until four o'clock, when a pleasurable sensation was in store for us. Suddenly rising above the monotonous level of the plain were the walls of the great city of Pekin. They seemed to stretch away as far as the eye could reach. As we approached them they grew more lofty, and presently an enormous tower, built in the usual style of Chinese architecture, and pierced with innumerable loop-holes for

cannon, appeared in sight. It was not until we were within a couple of hundred yards of it however, that we discovered that these loop-holes were only counterfeit, and that the whole tower was little more than a sham.

We entered the city by a gateway that would have been considered insignificant in a third-rate Afghan village, and having paid the tolls demanded of us wondered in which direction we had best proceed to the lodgings to which our friend in Tientsin had directed us.

Pressing a smart-looking youth into our service we were conducted by a series of tortuous thoroughfares to a house in a mean quarter of the city. By the time we reached it it was quite dark, and it was only after repeated knockings upon the door that we contrived to make those within aware of our presence. At last the door opened and an enormously stout Chinaman stood before us.

"What do you want?" he asked of

Nikola, who was nearest to him.

"That which only peace can give," said Nikola.

The man bowed low.

"Your Excellency is most welcome," he said. "If you will be honourably pleased to step this way all that my house holds is yours."

We followed him through the dwelling into a room on the left-hand side. Then Nikola bade him call in the chief Mafoo, and when he appeared discharged his account and

bade him be gone.

"We are now in Pekin," said Nikola to me as soon as we were alone, "and it behoves us to play our cards carefully. Remember, as I have so often told you. I am a man of extreme sanctity and I shall guide my life and actions to that end. There is, as you see, a room leading out of this. In it I shall take up my abode. You will occupy this It must be your business to undertake that no one sees me. And you must allow it to be understood that I spend my time almost exclusively in study and upon my devotions. Every night when darkness falls I shall go out and endeavour to collect information for what I want. You will have charge of the purse and must arrange our commissariat."

Half an hour later our evening meal was served, and when we had eaten it, being tired, we went straight to bed. Next morning when I woke my old ailment had returned upon me, my skin was dry and cracked, and my head ached to distraction. I could eat no breakfast, and I could see that Nikola

was growing more and more concerned about me.

After breakfast I went for a walk. But I could not rid myself of the heaviness which had seized me, and returned to the house feeling more dead than alive. During the afternoon I lay down upon my bed and in a few minutes lost consciousness altogether.

CHAPTER VII.

A SERIOUS TIME.

IT was broad daylight when I recovered consciousness, the sunshine was streaming into my room and birds were twittering in the



"She touched my hand with her soft fingers."

trees outside. But though I sat up and looked about me I could make neither head nor tail of it; there was evidently something When I had fallen asleep, as I thought, my bed had been spread upon the floor, and was composed of Chinese materials. Now I lay upon an ordinary English bedstead, boasting a spring mattress, sheets, blankets and counterpane complete. Moreover the room itself was different. There was a carpet upon the floor, and several pretty pictures hung upon the walls. I felt certain they had not been there when I was introduced to the room. Being however too weak to examine these wonders for very long I laid myself down upon my pillow again and closed my eyes. In a few moments I was once more asleep and did not wake until towards evening.

When I did it was to discover someone sitting by the window reading. At first I looked at her-for it was a woman-without very much interest. She seemed part and parcel of a dream from which I should presently wake to find myself back again in the Chinese house with Nikola. But I was to be disabused of this notion very speedily.

After a while the lady in the chair put down her book, rose, and came over to look

at me. Then it was that I realised the fact that she was none other than Miss Medwin.

She touched my hand with her soft fingers, to see if it was feverish, I suppose, and then poured into a medicine-glass which stood upon a table by my side something that looked like doctor's physic. When she put it to my lips I drank it without protest and looked up at her.

"Don't leave me, Miss Medwin," I said, half expecting that she would gradually fade away and appear from my sight altogether.

"I am not going to leave you," she answered, "but I am indeed rejoiced to see that you are able to recognise me again."

"What is the matter with me, and where am I?" I

"You have been very ill,"

she answered, "but you are much better now. You are in my brother-in-law's house in Pekin."

I was completely mystified.

"In your brother-in-law's house," I repeated. "But how on earth did I get here? How long have I been here? and where is Nikola?

"You have been here twelve days tomorrow; you were taken ill in the city, and as you required careful nursing, your friend Dr. Nikola had you conveyed here. Where he is now I could not tell you; we have only seen him once. For my own part I believe he has gone into the country, but in which direction, and when he will be back, I am afraid I cannot tell you. Now you must try and go to sleep again."

I was too weak to disobey her, so I closed my eyes and in a few moments was in the

land of Nod again.

Next day I was so much stronger that I was able to sit up and partake of more nourishing diet, and, what was still more to my taste, I was able to have a longer conversation with my nurse. This did me more good than any doctor's physic, and at the end of half an hour it seemed to me I was a different man. The poor girl was in deep mourning for her father, and I noticed that the slightest reference to Tientsin flooded her eyes with tears. From what I gathered later the Consul had acted promptly and energetically, with the result that the ringleaders of the mob which had wrecked the house had been severely punished, while the man who had gone farther and murdered the unfortunate missionary himself had paid the penalty of his crime with his life.

Miss Medwin spoke in heartfelt terms of the part I had played in the tragic affair, and she was also most grateful to Nikola for the way in which he had behaved towards her. Acting on his employer's imperative instructions, Williams had taken her in and at once communicated with the Consul. Then when Mr. Medwin had been buried in the English cemetery and the legal business connected with his murder was completed, trustworthy servants had been obtained, and she had journeyed to Pekin in the greatest

luxury.

During the morning she brought me some beef-tea, and, while I was drinking it, sat down beside my bed.

"I think you might get up for a little while this afternoon, Mr. Bruce," she said;

"you seem so much stronger."

"I should like to," I answered. "I must do everything that lies in my power to regain my strength. My illness has been a most unfortunate one for me, and I expect Nikola will be very impatient."

At this she looked a little mortified, I thought, and an instant later I saw what a

stupid thing I had said.

"I am afraid you will think me ungrateful," I hastened to remark; "but believe me I was looking at it from a very different light. I feel more gratitude to you than I can ever express. When I said my illness was unfortunate, I meant that at such a critical period of our affairs my being inca-

pacitated was most inconvenient. You do not think that I am not properly sensible of your kindness, do you?"

As I spoke I assumed possession of her hand, which was hanging down beside her chair. She blushed a little and her eyes

drooped.

"İ am very glad we were able to take you in," she answered. "I assure you my brother and sister were most anxious to do so when they heard what a service you had rendered me. But, Mr. Bruce, I want to say something to you. You talk of this critical position in your affairs. You told me the other day in Tientsin that if you continued the work upon which you were embarking 'you might never come out of it alive.' Is it quite certain that you must go on with it—that you must risk your life in this way?"

"I regret to say it is. I have given my word and I cannot draw back. If you only knew how hard it is for me to say this I don't think you would try to press me."

"But it seems to me so wicked to waste

your life in this way."

"I have always wasted my life," I said, rather bitterly. "Miss Medwin, you don't know what a derelict I am. I wonder if you would think any the worse of me if I told you that when I took up this matter I was in abject destitution, and mainly through my own folly? I am afraid I am no good for anything but getting into scrapes and wriggling my way out of them again."

"I expect you hardly do yourself justice," she answered. "I cannot believe that you

are as bad as you say."

As she spoke there was a knock at the door, and in response to my call "come in" a tall handsome man entered the room. He was dressed in the usual garb of a missionary, and might have been anything from thirty to forty years of age.

"Well, Mr. Bruce," he said cheerily, as he came over to the bed and held out his hand, "I am glad to hear from Miss Medwin that you are progressing so nicely. You have had a sharp touch of fever, and, if you will allow me to say so, I think you are a lucky man to have got over it so satisfactorily."

"I have to express my thanks to you," I said, "for taking me into your house; but for your care I cannot imagine what would

have become of me."

"Oh, you mustn't say anything about that," answered Mr. Benfleet, for such was his name. "We are only a small community of Englishmen in Pekin, and it would be indeed a sorry world if we did not embrace

chances of helping each other whenever they occur "

As he said this I put my hand up to my head. Immediately I was confronted with a curious question. When I was taken ill I was dressed as a Chinaman, wore a pigtail, and had my skin stained a sort of pale mahogany. What could my kind friends have thought of my disguise?

It was not until later that I discovered that I had been brought to the house in complete European attire, and that when Nikola had called upon Mr. and Mrs. Benfleet to take me in he had done so clad in orthodox morning dress and wearing a solar topee upon his head.

"Gladys tells me that you are going to get up this afternoon," said Mr. Benfleet. expect that will do you good. If I can be of any service to you in your dressing I hope

you will command me."

I thanked him, and then, excusing himself on the plea that his presence was required at the mission-room, he bade me good-bye and left.

I was about to resume my conversation with Miss Medwin, when she stopped me.

"You must not talk any more," she said with a pretty air of authority. "I am going to read to you for half an hour, and then I shall leave you to yourself till it is time for tiffin. After that I will place your things ready for you, and you must get up."

She procured a book, and seating herself by the window, opened it and began to read. Her voice was soft and musical, and she interpreted the author with considerable ability. I am afraid, however, I took but small interest in the story; I was far too deeply engaged watching the expressions chasing each other across her pretty face, the delicate shape and whiteness of the hands that held the book, and the exquisite symmetry of the little feet and ankles that peeped from beneath her dress. I think she must have suspected something of the sort, for she suddenly looked up in the middle of a passage which otherwise would have monopolised her whole attention. Then her heightened colour and the quick way in which the feet slipped back beneath their covering confirmed this notion. She continued her reading, it is true, but there was not the same evenness of tone as before, and once or twice I noticed that the words were rather slurred over, as if the reader were trying to think of two things at one and the same time. Presently she shut the book with a little snap and rose to her feet.

"I think I must go now and see if I can help my sister in her housework," she said hurriedly.

"Thank you so much for reading to me," I answered. "I have enjoyed it very much."

Whether she believed what I said or not I could not tell, but she smiled and looked a little conscious, as if she thought there might possibly be another meaning underlying my remark. After that I was left to myself for nearly an hour. During that time I surrendered myself completely to my own thoughts. Some were pleasant, others were not; but there was one conclusion at which I always most painstakingly arrived. That conclusion was that of all the girls I had ever met, Miss Gladys Medwin was by far the most adorable. She seemed to possess all the graces and virtues given to women, and to have the faculty of presenting them to the best advantage. I could not help seeing that my period of convalescence was likely to be a very pleasant one, and you will not blame me, I suspect, if I registered a vow to make the most of it. How long I should have with them it was impossible for me to say. Nikola, my Old Man of the Sea, might put in an appearance at any moment, and then I should be compelled to bid my friends goodbye without delay and to plunge once more

into his mysterious affairs.

When tiffin was finished I dressed myself in the garments which had been put out for me, and as soon as my toilet was completed took Benfleet's arm and proceeded to a terrace in the garden at the back of the Here chairs had been placed for us, and we sat down. I looked about me, half expecting to see Miss Medwin waiting for us, but she did not put in an appearance. When she did she expressed herself as pleased to see me up and about again, and then went across to where a little Chinese dog was lying in the sunshine at the foot of a big stone figure. Whether she was always as fond of the little cur I cannot say, but the way she petted and caressed it on this particular occasion would have driven most men into a fever of jealousy. I don't know that I am in any way a harsh man with animals, but I am afraid if that dog had come anywhere near me just then I should have been tempted to take a stick to him and treat him to one of the finest beatings he had ever enjoyed in his canine existence.

Presently she looked up, and seeing that I was watching her returned to where we sat, uttered a few commonplaces, more than half of which were addressed to her brotherin-law, and finally made an excuse and re-To say that I was turned to the house. disappointed would scarcely be the truth; to assert that I was woefully chagrined would perhaps be nearer the mark. Had I offended her, or was this the natural way of women. I had read in novels that it was their custom. if they thought they had been a little too prodigal of their favours while a man was in trouble, to become cold and almost distant to him when he was all right again. If this were so, then her action on this particular occasion was only in the ordinary course of things, and must be taken as such. soon I discovered that it would be easier to reach the North Pole, and so decide a question which the world has been puzzling about for centuries, than to attempt to be logical at such a crisis as I am now describing. That I was in love I will not attempt to deny; it was, however, the first time I had experienced the fatal passion, and for that reason, like measles caught in later life, it was doubly sudden and severe. this reason the treatment to which I had just been subjected was not, as may be expected, of a kind calculated to make my feelings easier.

Whether Mr. Benfleet thought anything I cannot say, he certainly said nothing. If however my manner after Miss Medwin's departure did not strike him as peculiar he could not have been the clearheaded man his small Pekin world believed him. All I know is that when I returned to the house, I was about as contrary and irritable a piece of man-flesh as could have been found in

that part of Asia.

But within the hour I was to be treated to another example of the strange contrariness of the feminine mind. No sooner had I arrived in the house than everything was It was hoped that I had not changed. caught a fresh cold; the most comfortable chair was set apart for my use, and an unnecessary footstool was procured and placed at my feet. Altogether I was the recipient of as many attentions and as much insinuated sympathy as I had been subjected to coldness before. I did not know what to make of it; but man, like a bear, can be made to dance to several tunes, so in less than half an hour I had completely thawed and forgotten my previous ill temper.

Next day I was so much stronger as to be able to spend the greater part of my time in the garden. On this occasion, both Mr. and Mrs. Benfleet being otherwise engaged, Miss Medwin was good enough to permit me a

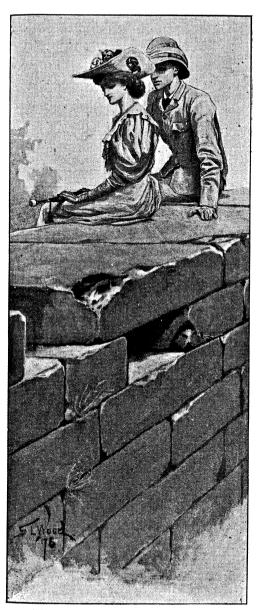
considerable amount of her company. You may be sure I made the most of it, and we wiled the time away chatting pleasantly on various subjects.

various subjects. At tiffin, to which I sat up for the first time, it was proposed that during the afternoon we should endeavour to get as far as the Great Wall. Accordingly, as soon as the The narrow meal was over, we set off. streets were crowded with pushing coolies, springless private carts, sedan chairs, ponies but little bigger than St. Bernard dogs, and camels, some laden with coal from the Western Hills and others bearing brick-tea from Pekin away up into the far north. Beggars in all degrees of loathsomeness. carrying the scars of almost every known ailment upon their bodies, and in nine cases out of ten not only able but desirous of presenting you with a replica of the disease, swarm round you, and push and jostle you as you walk, while at every few yards you are assailed with scornful cries and expressions that would bring a blush to the cheek of the most blasphemous coalheaver in existence, accompanied by gestures which make your hands itch to be upon the faces of those who practise them. If you mix up with all this the sights and smells of the foulest Eastern city you can imagine, add to it the remembrance of the fact that you are despised and hated by the most despicable race under the sun, fill up whatever room there is left with the dust that lies on a calm day six inches deep upon the streets, and in a storm-and storms occur on an average at least three times a week-covers you from head to foot with a coating of corrupted impurity, you will have received but the smallest impression of what it means to take a walk in the streets of Pekin. To the Englishman who has never travelled in China it may appear that this denunciation is a little extravagant. only regret is that personally I do not consider it strong enough.

Not once but a hundred times did I find good reason to regret having brought Miss Medwin out with me. But thank goodness we reached the Wall at last.

Having once arrived there, we seated ourselves on a bastion, and looked down upon the city. It was an extaordinary view we had presented to us. From the Wall we could see the Chi-en-Men or Great Gate; to the north lay the Tartar city. On the side upon which we looked was a comparatively small temple, round which thronged a seething multitude of foot-passengers, merchants,

coolies, carts, camels, ponies, private citizens, beggars, and hawkers. Over our heads were the two great towers, which rise high into the air and form part of the Wall itself. Below us to right and left, almost as far as



"" What have you to say to me, Gladys?"

the eye could reach, and seeming to overlap each other, were the roofs of the city, covered, in almost every instance, with a decaying brown grass, and in many cases having small trees and shrubs growing out of the interstices of the stones themselves. Away in the distance we could see the red wall of the "Forbidden City," in other words, the Imperial Palace; on another side, was the Great Bell Tower, with near it the Great Drum Tower, and farther still the roofs of the Llamaserai. The latter, as you will suppose, had a great attraction for me, and once having seen it I could hardly withdraw my eyes from it.

When we had examined the view and were beginning to contemplate making our way home again, I turned to my companion

and said—

"I suppose I shall soon have to be leaving you. It cannot be very long now before I shall hear from Nikola."

She was quiet for a moment, and then

said---

"You mustn't be angry with me, Mr. Bruce, if I tell you that I do not altogether like your friend. He frightens me."

"Why should he do that?" I asked, as if it were a most unusual effect for Nikola to produce. Somehow I did not care to tell her that her opinion was shared by almost

as many people as knew him.

"I don't know why I fear him," she answered, "unless it is because he is so different from any other man I have ever met. Don't laugh at me if I tell you that I always think his eyes are like those of a snake, so cold and passionless, yet seeming to look you through and through. I never saw such eyes in my life before, and I hope I never may again."

"And yet he was very kind to you."

"I don't forget that," she answered, "and it makes me seem so ungrateful; but one cannot help one's likes and dislikes, can one?"

Here I came a little closer to her.

"I hope you have not conceived such a violent dislike for me?" I said.

She began to pick at the mud masonry

between the great stones at our feet.

"No, I don't think I have," she answered softly, seeming to find a great source of interest in the movements of a tiny beetle which had come out of a hole and was now making its way toward us.

"I am glad of that," I answered; "I

should like you to think well of me."

"I am sure I do," she answered. "Think how much I owe to you. Oh, that dreadful night! I shall never be able to drive the horror of it out of my mind. Have you forgotten it?"

I saw that she was fencing with me and

endeavouring to push the conversation to a side issue. This I was not going to permit. I looked into her face, but she turned away and stared at a cloud of dun-coloured dust which was rising on the plain.

"Miss Medwin," I said, "I suppose into the life of every man there must, sooner or later, come one woman. Do you know what

I am going to say?"

Once more she did not answer; but the unfortunate beetle, who had, unnoticed, crawled within reach of her foot, received his death-blow. And yet at ordinary times she was one of the kindest of her sex. This significant little action showed me more than any words could have done how perturbed her feelings were.

"I was going to say," I continued, "that at last a woman has come into my life. Are

you glad of that?"

"How can I if I do not know her?" she

protested feebly.

"If you do not," I said, "then nobody else does. Miss Medwin, you are that woman. I know I have no right to tell you this, seeing what my present position is, but God knows I cannot help it. You are dearer to me than all the world; I have loved you since I first saw you. Can you love me a little in return? Speak your mind freely, and, come what may, I will abide by what you say."

She was trembling violently, but not a word passed her lips. Her face was very pale, and she seemed to find a difficulty in breathing, but at any cost I was going to

press her for an answer.

"What have you to say to me, Gladys?"

"What can I say?"

"Say that you love me," I answered.

"I love you," she whispered.

And then, in the face of all Pekin, I

kissed her on the lips.

Once in most men's lives—and I suppose in most women's also-there comes a certain five minutes when they understand exactly what unalloyed happiness means—a five minutes in their little span of existence when the air seems to ring with joy-bells, when time stands still, and there is no such thing as care. That was my state at the moment of which I am writing. I loved and was loved; but almost before I had time to realise my happiness a knowledge of my real position sprang up before my eyes and cast me down again. What right had I, I asked myself, to make a girl love me when it was almost outside the bounds of possibility that I could ever make her my wife?

None at all. I had done a cruel thing. Now I must go forward into the jaws of death, leaving behind me all that could make life worth living, and with the knowledge that I had brought pain into the one life of all others I desired to be free from it. True, I did not doubt but that if I appealed to Nikola he would let me off, but would that be fair to him when I had given my word that I would go on with him? No, there was nothing for it but for me to carry out my promise, and trust to Fate to bring me safely back into my own world again.

The afternoon was fast slipping away, and it was time for us to be thinking about getting home. I was the more disposed to hurry as it was growing dark, and I had no desire to take a lady through the streets of Pekin after dusk. They, the streets, were bad enough in the day, at night they were ten times worse. We accordingly descended from the Wall and in twenty minutes had

reached the Benfleets' bungalow.

By the time we entered the house I had arrived at a determination. As an honourable man there were only two courses open to me: one was to tell Mr. Benfleet the state of my affections, the other to let Gladys firmly understand that, until I returned—if return I did—from the business for which I had been engaged, she must not consider herself bound to me in any shape Accordingly, as soon as the evening meal was finished, I asked the missionary if he could allow me five minutes' He readily granted my reconversation. quest, but not, I thought, without a little We passed into his cloud upon his face. study, which was at the other end of the building, and when we got there he bade me take a seat, saying as he did so—

"Now, Mr. Bruce, what is it you wish to

say to me?"

Now I don't somehow think I am a particularly nervous man, but I will confess to not feeling at my ease in this particular situation. I cast about me for a way to begin my explanation, but for the life of me I could think of no way to begin.

"Mr. Benfleet," I said at last in desperation, "you will probably be able to agree with me when I assert that you know very

little about me."

"I think I can meet you there," said the clergyman with a smile. "I know very little about you."

"I could wish that you knew more."

"For what reason?"

"To be frank with you, for a very vital

one. I proposed to your sister-in-law, Miss Medwin, this afternoon."

"I must confess, I thought you would," he said. "There have been signs and wonders in the land of late, and though Mrs. Benfleet and I live in Pekin we are still able to realise what the result is likely to be when a man is as attentive to a girl as you have been to my sister-in-law."

"I trust you do not disapprove?"
"Am I to say what I think?"

"By all means. I want you to be perfectly candid."

"Then I am afraid I must say that I do

disapprove."

"You have of course a very good

reason?"

"I don't deny that it is one that time and better acquaintance might possibly remove. But first let us consider in what light you Until a fortnight or so ago stand to us. neither I, my wife, nor Miss Medwin were aware that there was such a person in the world. But you were ill and we took you in, all the time knowing nothing as to your antecedents. You will agree with me. I think, that an English gentleman who figures in Chinese costume, and does not furnish a reason for it, and who perambulates China with a man that is very generally feared, is not the sort of person one would go out of one's way to accept for the husband of a sister one loves. But I am not a bigoted man, and I know that very often when a man has been a bit wild a good woman will do him more good than ever the Archbishop of Canterbury and all his clergy could effect. If you love her you will set yourself to win her, and, in sporting parlance, this is a race that will have to be won by waiting. If you think Gladys is worth working and waiting for, you will do both, and because I like what I have seen of you I will give you every opportunity in my power of achieving your end. If you don't want to work, or to wait for her, then you will probably sheer off after this conversation, in which case we shall be well rid of you. One thing, however, I think would be prudent, and that is that you should leave my house to-morrow morning."

"I was going to suggest as much myself."

"You will understand why I say that, of course."

"Perfectly!"

"Very good then. As I understand, the matter stands as follows:—As my sister-inlaw's guardian I do not absolutely forbid your engagement. But I will consent to nothing for some considerable time to come, or in other words until I know you better. When you are in a position to support a wife in a befitting manner, and you can come to us without any secrecy or fear, I will talk further on the subject with you, in the meantime we will drop the subject. I am sure my poor father-in-law would have said the same."

"You have treated me very fairly, and I

thank you for it."

"I am glad you fall in with my views. Now a few words as to this business upon which you are engaged. I don't know its nature, but I should be glad to receive your assurance that it is nothing of which you need be ashamed."

"I don't know that there is anything in it of which I need personally reproach myself," I said. "It is more a matter of science than anything else. I am paid a large sum to risk my life to find out certain things. That is as much as I can tell you."

"You are pledged to secrecy, I suppose?"
"I have given my promise to reveal

nothing."

"Then I won't press you. Now shall we

go back to the ladies?

When I got back to the drawing-room my sweetheart greeted me with an anxious face. I smiled to reassure her, and when, a few minutes later, kindly Mrs. Benfleet made an excuse and went out of the room to speak to her hushand, I was able to tell her all that had occurred at our interview.

She quite agreed with me that the course her brother-in-law had suggested was the best we could pursue. For the whole of the time that I was absent with Nikola we would not communicate in any way. By so doing we should be able to find out the true state of our own minds, and whether our passion was likely to prove lasting or not.

"But oh! how I wish that I knew what you are going to do," said Gladys when we had discussed the matter in all its bearings save one.

"I am afraid that is a thing I cannot tell even you," I answered. "I am hemmed in on every side by promises. You must

trust me, Gladys."

"It isn't that I don't trust you," she said with almost a sob in her voice. "I was thinking of the dangers you will run, and of the long time that will elapse before I shall hear of you or see you again."

"I'm afraid that cannot be helped," I said "If I had only met you before I

embarked on this wild-goose chase things might have been arranged differently, but now I have made my bed and must lie upon it."

"As I said this afternoon, I am so afraid

of this man Nikola."

I get on very well "But you needn't be. with him, and as long as I play fair by him he will play fair by me. You might tremble for my safety if we were enemies, but so long as we remain friends you need have no fear."

"And you are to leave us to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, darling, I must go! As we are placed towards each other, more than friends, and yet in the eves of the world, less than lovers, it would hardly do for me to remain Besides I expect Nikola will be requiring my services. And now, before I forget it. I want you to give me the ring I gave you in Tientsin."

She left the room and returned with it in a few moments. I took it from her and, raising her hand, placed it upon her finger,

kissing her as I did so.

"I will wear it always," she said.

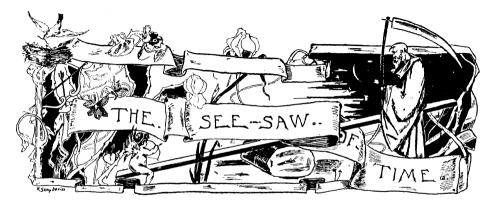
As she spoke Mrs. Benfleet entered the room. A moment later I caught the sound of a sharp firm footstep in the passage that was unpleasantly familiar to me. Nikola entered and stood before us.

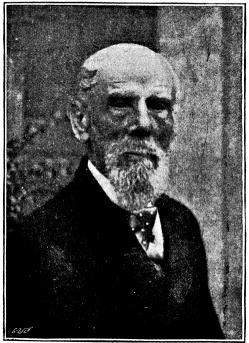
(To be continued.)



From a photo by]

[Hana.





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[H. B. Collis, Canterbury.

THE OLDEST ROYAL ACADEMICIAN:

MR. T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

(AGED 92.)

Born at Canterbury in September 26, 1803, Mr. Cooper holds the record of being the oldest distinguished artist in the world. He was early in life a scene painter, and afterwards a drawing master. At the age of thirty he exhibited in the Suffolk Street Gallery. In 1845 he was elected A.R.A., and proceeded to full honours in 1867. His pictures of cattle have been a feature of so many Academy exhibitions that no recapitulation of their titles is necessary. Mr. Cooper wrote his autobiography three or four years ago. To Canterbury he gave a School of Art.

A LONDONER by birth, Mr. Gilbert had Boehm as his first teacher in sculpture. He spent a valuable time at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris and then went to Rome, where his "Kiss of Victory" was sculptured. Some of his bronze work made a sensation in the art world, and various statuettes exhibited in London were highly praised. He was commissioned to do some memorials in St. Paul's Cathedral, and notably the Duke of Clarence's tomb in the Memorial Chapel, Windsor. In 1892 he was elected R.A.

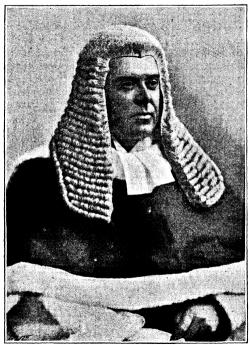


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THE YOUNGEST ROYAL ACADEMICIAN:
MR. ALFRED GILBERT, R.A.
(AGED 41.)

Our youngest judge, Mr. Justice Barnes, is the son of the late Mr. Henry Barnes, of Liverpool. He was educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple just twenty years ago. He became a Queen's Counsel in 1888, and four years later, by very speedy promotion, a judge of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division. His health, unfortunately, has not been very good since his elevation to the Bench. He is dignified and popular, and his judgments are most carefully delivered.

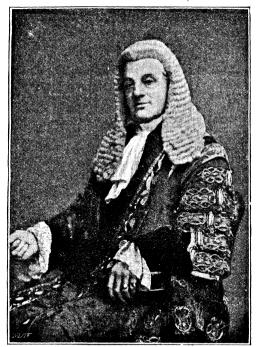


From a photo by] [Barrauds,

THE YOUNGEST JUDGE:

THE HON. SIR JOHN GORELL BARNES.

(AGED 48.)



From a photo by] [Window & Grove.

THE OLDEST JUDGE:
THE RIGHT HON. LORD ESHER, MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

(AGED 80.)

The genial Master of the Rolls is the son of the Rev. Joseph Brett, and was educated at Westminster School and Caius College, Cambridge. Fifty years ago he was ealled to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn, and took silk in 1860. For two years he represented Helston in the House of Commons, ultimately becoming Solicitor-General. In 1868 he was appointed a justice of the Court of Common Pleas; in 1875, a judge of the High Court of Justice; and in 1883, Master of the Rolls. He was raised to the peerage in 1885.

THE QUEEN'S CHANCELLORS OF THE EXCHEQUER.

BY ARCHIBALD CROMWELL.

With Illustrations by T. Walter Wilson, R.I., and Raymond Potter.



OHN BRIGHT once told a story of how he visited the Earl of Beaconsfield shortly before the latter's death. The ex-Premier was ill, and spoke of past events in the melan-

choly tone of one who saw no prospect of entering the political lists again. At the end of the conversation Lord Beaconsfield

accompanied his old opponent to the top of the staircase, and shaking his hand in farewell, he drew himself up and said to Mr. Bright: "Nevertheless, I been Minister of Great Britain and Chancellor of the Exchequer." He felt almost a greater pride in the fact that he had filled the office of Chancellor than even the knowledge that he had wielded the vast power a Prime Minister could give him. And yet it is not by his Budgets, brilliantly introduced as they were, that Benjamin Dis-raeli is best remembered. The little incident, however,

proves the importance which he placed on the influence which belonged to a Chan-

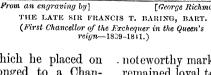
cellor of the Exchequer.

During the long reign of Queen Victoria thirteen Chancellors of the Exchequer have come into office, and in this article portraits of all of them are given. When the Queen ascended the throne the office was in the hands of Thomas Spring Rice, who was afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Monteagle. Two years after her Majesty's succession Mr. Francis T. Baring was appointed Chancellor, and our portrait gallery commences with His esteemed descendant, the Right

Hon. the Earl of Northbrook, a distinguished servant of the Crown, has courteously placed at our disposal a fine steel engraving of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Francis T. Baring, who remained in office till 1841. His Budgets were not particularly noteworthy, being cautious rather than extraordinary. It was during his years of office that a great forgery of Exchequer Bills was discovered, the

fraud amounting to £350,000. Its perpetrator was trans-

ported. Baring's successor was Mr. Henry Goulintroduced Budget in 1841.



burn, who was fiftyseven years old when had previously been Chancellor for two years, so that the office was not new to him. A Londoner by birth, Goulburn did good though unobtrusive work in the department of finance. He died at Bletchworth House, near Dorking, in 1856. In the "National Dictionary of Biography" his career is sketched in three columns of type, but he has not left on the statutebook any particularly

. noteworthy mark. He was one of those who remained loyal to Sir Robert Peel in the Free Trade controversy. After him came Mr. Charles Wood, who was successively created a baronet and then a peer, bearing the title of Viscount Halifax. He was responsible for five Budgets, each of them constructed in a business-like manner. Sir Charles Wood was a most industrious statesman, and held several other posts besides that of Chancellor during his career. He lived to the hale old age of eighty-four, passing away in 1884 to the regret of a large circle of friends who knew and appreciated his gentle character.

The next Chancellor of the Exchequer was Benjamin Disraeli, whose first connection with the Treasury was very brief, lasting only from February 21, 1852, to



THE LATE RIGHT HON. HENRY GOULBURN. (Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1828-30 and 1841-46.)

December in the same year. He had had fifteen years' experience of the House of Commons, and was at this time representing Buckinghamshire. Disraeli had taken office in this the first administration formed by the Earl of Derby—a Government which has passed into history as the "Who? who?" Ministry, owing to the inquiry of the Duke of Wellington as to who were its members. It was defeated on the Budget in December, chiefly owing to Mr. Gladstone's incisive criticism, amid a scene of great excitement, and resigned on the day following Mr. Disraeli's oration. Briefly summarised, Mr. Disraeli's proposals were to remit a portion of the taxes on malt, tea and sugar. To balance these losses to the revenue he wished to extend the income-tax to salaries and funded property in Ireland, and exempt industrial incomes at £100 a year and incomes from property at £50. A house-tax, on houses rated at £10 a year and upwards, was to be imposed, and the rate of assessment increased. The point of attack seized on by

both Sir James Graham and Mr. Gladstone was the income-tax, and it was in this that the weakness of the Budget was most Thus began the great historical duel between two brilliant foemen worthy of each other's steel. To Mr. Gladstone fell the duty of introducing the next Budget, on April 18, 1853. He was forty-three years of age when he stood up in a crowded House to make the first of that long series of momentous speeches which enthralled the nation and the Legislature in a way never since equalled. The member for Oxford University spoke for five hours with that marvellous ease which always enabled him to marshal facts and figures just though they were men on a chess-board. Mr. Gladstone was, in a happy phrase, said to be the first Chancellor of the Exchequer who "set figures to music." The lucidity of his first Budget speech was only excelled by the logical force of its conclu-It was a triumph from the opening sentences to the peroration. The conclusion of his magnificent speech is worth reproducing :-

"I am almost afraid to look at the clock, shamefully reminding me, as it must, how long I have trespassed on the time of the House. All I can say in apology is, that I have



From a photo by] [London Stereoscopic Co.

THE LATE SIR CHAS. WOOD, AFTERWARDS CREATED
FIRST VISCOUNT HALIFAX.

(Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1846-52.)

endeavoured to keep closely to the topics which I had before me—

. . . immensum spatiis confecimus æquor Et jam tempus equûm fumantia solvere colla.

These are the proposals of the Government. They may be approved or they may be condemned, but I have this full confidence, that it will be admitted that we have not sought to evade the difficulties of the position; that we have not concealed those difficulties either from ourselves or from others; that we have not attempted to counteract them by narrow or flimsy expedients; that we have prepared plans which, if you will adopt

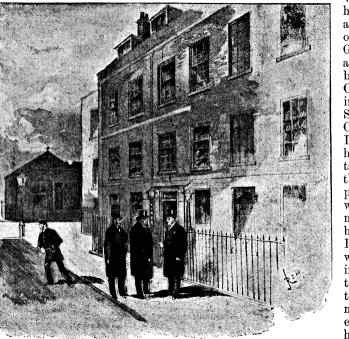
them, will go some way to close uр manv vexed financial auestions. which, if not now settled. may be attended with public inconvenience, and with even public : danger, in future vears and under less favourable circumstances: that we have endeavoured. in the plans we have now submitted to you, to make the path of successors in future

years not more arduous but more easy; and I may be permitted to add that, while we have sought to do justice to the great labour community of England by furthering their relief from indirect taxation, we have not been guided by any desire to put one class against another. We have felt we should best maintain our own honour, that we should best meet the views of Parliament, and best promote the interests of the country, by declining to draw any invidious distinction between class and class, by adopting it to ourselves as a sacred aim to diffuse and distribute the burdens with equal and im-

partial hand; and we have the consolation of believing that by proposals such as these we contribute, as far as in us lies, not only to develop the material resources of the country, but to knit the various parts of this great nation yet more closely than ever to that throne and to those institutions under which it is our happiness to live."

No wonder that the speech created a remarkable impression on all who heard and all who read it. It may be mentioned that in this Budget Exchequer Bonds, a kind of public securities, were introduced; they have not proved popular. The fall of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet in 1855, after the Crimean

War, which had hung like a darkshadow over all the Government's achievements. brought anew Chancellor into office-Sir George Cornewall Lewis — who had a difficult task in facing the heavy expenditureinto which the nation had been drawn. Besides. he was thrown into unfortunate contrast with the mellifluous eloquence of his predecessor.



DOWNING STREET, WHEREIN ARE THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCES OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

In 1858 Mr. Disraeli

took the office in Lord Derby's second administration, which, however, did not survive long, falling by a vote of non-confidence in June 1859. This event brought Mr. Gladstone back again, as a member of the Palmerston-Russell Cabinet. Another brilliant chain of Budget speeches, illumined by quotations, showing the wide reading of Mr. Gladstone, charmed friends and opponents alike. In 1859 Mr. Gladstone was much pressed for time in the preparation of his financial statement, and there were fewer "purple patches" in the speech than he had accustomed the House and the country to

expect. The augmentation of the incometax he defended in his last sentences, relying on his countrymen's "unyielding, inexhaustible energy and generous patriotism," confident that they would not "shrink from or refuse any burden required in order to sustain the honour or provide for the security of the country."

Despite a severe attack by Mr. Disraeli

the Budget resolutions were carried.

The Budget of 1860 is specially memorable. Mr. Gladstone was not in the best of health, and the speech was postponed till February 10, when the House was crowded to excess. He began his fine speech by alluding to the occasion as "an important

epoch in British finance." When he came to the of inauestion come-tax he mentioned that he had recently received a letter proposing that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be publicly hanged!
The House was hushed into silence when the orator eulogised Richard Cobden's labour in connection with Free Trade and the French treaty. announcement that he proposed to remove the excise duty from paper gave great satisfaction. and afforded Mr.

Chancellor a chance of praising the efforts of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P. After speaking with vigour for four hours, Mr. Gladstone came to his final sentence: "We ask for nothing more than your dispassionate judgment, and for nothing less; we know that our plan will receive that justice at your hands; and we confidently anticipate on its behalf the approval alike of the Parliament and the nation."

There was plenty of eventful discussion before the Bill passed into law, and the action of the House of Lords (which cannot, though interesting, be considered here) gave the Chancellor much anxiety. Ultimately he triumphed. In 1861 his speech in intro-

ducing the Budget was considered the finest he had delivered. It is curious to note that it was with regard to it that Lord Robert Cecil (now our Prime Minister) made a violent attack on Mr. Gladstone, saying that "experience had taught them that he was not a financier who was always to be relied upon." In this outburst occurred the illchosen comparison of the Chancellor to a country attorney. It would be wearisome to discuss the financial statements by Mr. Gladstone, which certainly revolutionised many methods during the years 1859 to 1866. the latter year Mr. Disraeli came to the Treasury again. He held the post till February, 1868, a year very eventful in more

than one modern politician's life. It was among other things the year of Mr. Gladstone's first premiership and of Sir William Harcourt's entry into the House of Commons. Mr. George Ward Hunt was Disraeli's successor. but his tenure of office was very brief. It may be recalled that Mr. Hunt died very suddenly in one of the rooms attached to the House of Commons, the melancholy incident creating universal sorrow among the mem-



From a photo by]

MR. GLADSTONE IN 1852.

(When he first became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He subsequently held the office 1859 66, 1873-74, 1880-82.)

With the advent of Mr. Gladstone to power in December 1868 the Chancellorship passed to Mr. Robert Lowe. He is best remembered by the unfortunate blunder committed in his Budget of 1871, when he proposed a tax on lucifer matches. It was said at the time that Mr. Lowe, who was a fine classical scholar, could not resist the temptation of punning on ex luce lucellum, which he had suggested should figure on each box. In this relation it may not be inappropriate to mention another pun, which was productive only of mirth, and did not inconvenience a Government. Young Mr. Bryant, of the well-known match firm, was seen driving a four-horse coach in the Park;

bers.

a friend asked another what he thought of Mr. Bryant's skill, on which he replied, "Well, at all events he looks *striking* on the

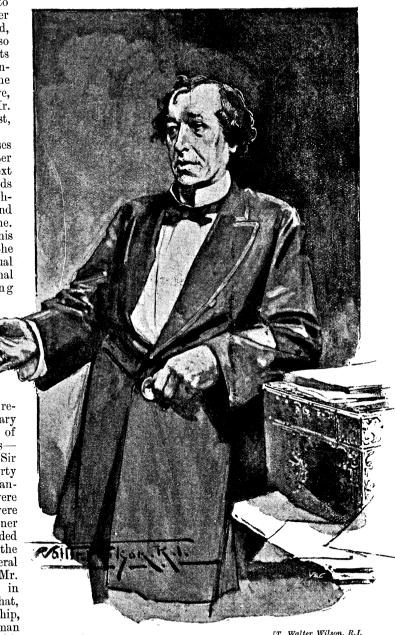
box!" But to return to Mr. Lowe. His lucifer tax was never imposed, the opposition being so great as to cause its withdrawal. This incident obscured the labours of Mr. Lowe, who gave place to Mr. Gladstone in August, 1873.

The Liberal reverses however gave the latter no chance, and the next Budget was in the hands of Sir Stafford Northcote, an apt pupil and friend of Mr. Gladstone. The chief feature in his 1874 Budget was the proposal for the gradual reduction of the National Debt by a sinking

fund, made by an annual charge of £28,000,000 in every Budget. This drew from Mr.

Gladstone—who had returned from literary labours to the scene of his former triumphsmuch criticism, but Sir Stafford carried his party The Chanwith him. cellor's speeches were admirably clear, and were delivered in a manner which studiously avoided contention. When the great wave of Liberal victories returned Mr. Gladstone to power in 1880, it was found that, beside the premiership, the veteran statesman was eager to assume his old rôle, and accordingly the supplementary Budget of June 1880 was

introduced by him. A penny was added to the income-tax; private brewing was taxed; a new scale of duties was fixed for wine, and the malt tax was abolished. On April 4, 1881, his next Budget was laid before the House with masterly skill, and on April 24,



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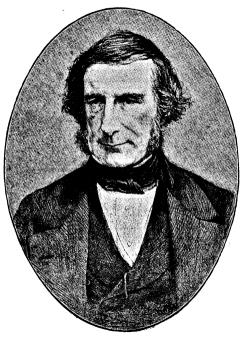
[T. Walter Wilson, R.I.

MR. DISRAELI INTRODUCING HIS FIRST BUDGET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(He held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Feb.—Dec., 1852;
Feb. 1858—June 1859; July 1866—Feb. 1868.)

1882, what proved to be the great financier's last Budget was introduced. It was less remarkable than most of its predecessors.

Mr. Childers, whose death we had recently to deplore, made no very striking innovations in his early Budgets. But in 1885, in order to provide for the war in the Soudan and possible trouble with Russia, he asked the House to consent to an increase of duty on beer and spirit, succession duties, and duty on property of corporate bodies. These proposals excited great opposition, and the Bill was defeated amid intense excitement by a majority of twelve, bringing about the downfall of the Government. This was the occasion when Lord Randolph Churchill showed the gladness of his heart and his



THE LATE SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS. (Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1855-58.)

athletic tendencies by leaping on one of the green benches of the House of Commons.

With the arrival of a Conservative ministry to power Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was chosen Chancellor of the Exchequer. His Budget of July 1885 threw overboard the new duties and issued £4,000,000 Exchequer Bills. The speech he made was excellently compiled, though in no way exciting.

The next Budget was introduced by Sir William Harcourt in 1886, but the resignation of Mr. Gladstone's ministry in July occasioned a change of Chancellors, Lord Randolph Churchill taking the post in Lord Salisbury's second administration. But he held it only to December 22nd, when,

owing to a difference of opinion, he determined to resign. Driving down to the office of the Times, Lord Randolph confided this intention to Mr. G. E. Buckle, the editor. Next morning the political world—and, we believe, not less the Marquis of Salisburywas startled with the sensational exclusively appearing in the Times. Somewhat to Lord Randolph's surprise Chancellorship was within twelve days filled by the appointment of Mr. G. J. Goschen. "I had forgotten all about Goschen," was his lordship's comment when he heard of his The Budget on which Lord Randolph had spent much thought was never brought in by this Chancellor, who will be remembered in history as he who had no Budget.

In April 1887 Mr. Goschen explained his proposals, which included the abstraction of £2,000,000 from the sinking fund, the reduction of income-tax by a penny, a grant in aid of local rates, and-very popular among smokers—the lessening of the duty on tobacco. His next Budget further reduced income-tax to sixpence and aimed at a permanent equitable adjustment of imperial and local taxation. It met with some severe criticism from Mr. Gladstone. In 1890 the Chancellor had the satisfaction of announcing a surplus of £3,500,000. He gave £100,000 to volunteer equipment, £80,000 to colonial postage, reduced house duty, and raised the duty on spirits. In 1891 his Budget was chiefly notable for the allotment of £2,000,000 a year for free, or, as it was termed, "assisted" education. Mr. Goschen's last Budget, in a series which certainly had a consecutive completeness about it, was in 1892, when he equalised the duties on sparkling wines to two shillings per gallon.

After Mr. Goschen came Sir William Harcourt, whose Budget in 1893 added a penny to the income-tax in order to balance a deficit of £1,574,000. In the following year the Chancellor had a sensational Budget to introduce in a crowded House of Commons. He raised the income-tax in a graduated form to eightpence, he added to the beer and spirit duties, and manfully tackled the vexed question of death or estate duties. last-named proposal was, and is now, hotly contested, and on it Sir William's chief record as a financier will possibly rest in the Last year his calculations proved so correct that he was able to drop the additional duty on spirits. After the defeat of the Liberals at the General Election the Chancellorship was placed in the hands of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who will in all probability be making the annual financial statement within a short time of these pages reaching the public.

This is not the place to analyse the



From a photo by] [London Stereoscopic Co THE LATE RIGHT HON. GEORGE WARD HUNT. (Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1868.)

different methods of the men who have held the nation's purse in their hands during the illustrious reign of Queen Victoria. They have each had an individuality as much in their treatment of finance as in the speeches whereby they have annually enlightened the empire as to its balance-sheet. Mr. Gladstone holds the record of having delivered the longest Budget speech, and the late Mr. George Ward Hunt the shortest.

The veteran peer, Lord Cottesloe, who passed away in 1890, heard more than fifty Budget speeches, and he alone could have adequately contrasted the various styles of successive Chancellors. But we may accord to each statesman the credit of having held dearest to his heart the welfare of the British empire and the desire to promote its financial soundness and extend its prosperity.

The word "budget" is said to be derived from the French bougette, Latin bulga, signifying a small bag. Formerly the state-

ment was contained in a leather bag, but now it is brought to the house in one of the ordinary red despatch boxes carried by Ministers of the Crown. Even in its form the Budget has changed, for rumour savs that the modern innovation of type-writing has permeated the Treasury. At all events greatly to the joy of the Press Gallery—a Chancellor not long ago sent up pages containing the numerous figures which otherwise are the cause of much premature baldness among the journalists. Truth to tell. the method of presenting the Budget is not particularly well adapted to our present desire for business-like clearness of statement. To hear most Budgets is a weariness to the flesh, and members are chiefly eager to rush off at the earliest moment and besiege the post office with telegrams to constituents whose various callings may be affected by taxation. And not till the late editions of the evening papers begin to appear are most members really sure of the chief proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, so difficult is it to gather facts



From a photo by] [Fergus, Cannes.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE, FIRST VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE.

(Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1868-73.)

from the multitude of figures which he ejaculates in the course of his lengthy speech.

One who has been present on these interesting occasions recalls various curious little incidents of a personal nature. For so heavy a demand on the strength of the

Chancellor various beverages have been employed to sustain his voice.

Mr. Gladstone's famous "pomatum pot," containing the sherry and egg fillip, manu-



From a photo by] [London Stereoscopic Co.

THE LATE RIGHT HON, H. C. E. CHI'LDERS.

(Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1882-85.)

factured with loving solicitude for her distinguished husband by Mrs. Gladstone, was a feature in his later Budgets. Disraeli had a tumbler of brandy and water to aid him in his task; Mr. George Ward Hunt only required soda-water to assist his vocal chords in what was, as has been remarked, the shortest Budget speech on record; Mr. Goschen, I believe, had recourse to a glass of port while enlarging on the taste which the British nation has developed for spirits and light French wines, and Sir William Harcourt, as befitted an advocate of the Local Veto, was only refreshed with the ordinary glass of water so familiar to temperance orators.

Probably no Chancellor expended such time and care on the preparation of his speech as Sir William in the case of his Death Duties Budget; indeed it was humorously stated that he had a severe attack of *Budgetitis*, a new disease, not "made in Germany."

His successor, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, will have no very striking sensations in the

speech which it will be his duty to deliver soon after these lines are being printed. The worthy baronet can however be trusted to make a good figure as he stands at the table, for hardly any member of Parliament is so graceful in his attitudes as Sir Michael. He looks a type of the English country gentleman, who by prerogative right is taking a part in the government of his land.

With a voice far pleasanter to hear than that of Mr. Goschen, Sir Michael has less claim to be regarded as a great financier. But he is cautious and has few hobbies—qualities which perhaps are of high value in a Chancellor. The large expenditure on naval defence will be a feature in his Budget, which fortunately can occasion but little opposition, for, as Sir John Tenniel's cartoon in *Punch* put it recently, if Britannia is to continue to rule the waves she must be ready to pay for the privilege.

It is always amusing to notice the wonderful knowledge of Cabinet secrets which omniscient London correspondents display just prior to the Budget. One provincial journal will announce that the industry in its neighbourhood is about to receive either a severe check or an encouragement; another paper will inform its readers of the intention of the Chancellor, in the most circumstantial manner, to impose a heavy tax on one of our



From a photo by] [London Stereoscopic Co.

THE LATE LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

(Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1886.)

prized luxuries. And so the anticipations, equally incorrect, fill the columns of the newspapers till the great day approaches.

Deputations have been for weeks beforehand wearing out the doorstep of the Treasury (and the patience of the Chancellor) with all manner of suggestions and appeals. Light railways are needed for the agricultural districts; wines are required at less cost for the country gentleman; bicycles should be taxed on behalf of the poor ratepayers, whose roads are traversed gratuitously by myriads of machines, and whose lives are imperilled

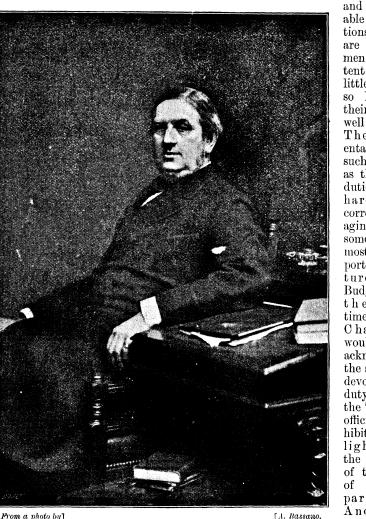
every day by "scorchers"; education must bе assisted by grants to colleges; and many other means of spending the revenue are advanced with varying cogency and coherency by the deputations.

To each bevy of gentlemen the Chancellor politely responds, but with a caution born of wary experience. Hе says how glad he is to be made acquainted with their views, and then he proceeds, as a rule, to explain how impossible it will be to meet their wishes. He talks for a "third of a

column" vaguely, and at the end of the interview the right hon. gentleman is thanked for his courtesy, and, in the words of the newspaper of the following day, "the deputation then withdrew." On one of the last occasions when Mr. Gladstone received a deputation—not, however, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer—the solemn gentlemen were startled and charmed by the

sudden incursion of little Dorothy Drew, barefooted as usual, and claiming "grandpa" as her playmate.

Of course mention ought to be made of the labours of the permanent officials at the Treasury, who build the scaffolding for every Budget with their painstaking calculations

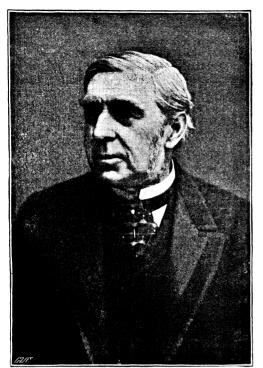


THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, M.P.

(Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1886 and 1892 95.)

able suggestions. They are modest men, "content to fill a little place" so long their chief is well served. The work entailed by such an item as the death duties can hardly be correctly imagined, and some of the most unimportant features in a Budget take the most time. Every Chancellor would gladly acknowledge the skill and devotion to duty which the Treasury officials exhibit. thus lightening the labours of the head of the department. And their reticence is extraordinother ary;

public officials may allow secrets to leak out, but the sphinx of the Treasury keeps silence till the day on which the nation learns its balance-sheet. The strain on the officials is not quite over even then, for the debate on the Finance Bill may last some days and nights, and the Chancellor will need all sorts of additional facts and figures prepared in order to satisfy the inquisitiveness of sundry critics.



From a photo by] [London Stereoscopic Co.
THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN, M.P.
(Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1887-92.)

The colleagues of the Chancellor are made acquainted with the main features of the Budget at the Cabinet meeting prior to its introduction. They are not in a position, of course, to do much more than congratulate its author, for few men can grasp the salient results of taxation unless they are skilled There are other Budgets introduced into the House of Commons besides the Budget; for instance, the Secretary for India makes an annual statement, which often receives too slight attention considering the vast importance of the Indian Empire. Even the discussions in Committee of the British Budget are not attended by more than a fraction of the 670 members who are responsible for the passage of the Bill into law. The little group of men who became known in the last Parliament as the "Busy B's" have however much to say on the provisions of the Chancellor, and thus atone for the abstinence from debate of their colleagues on both sides of the House.

It is interesting to recall that the Chancellor formerly sat in the Court of Exchequer, above the Barons. Sir Robert Walpole was the last Chancellor of the Exchequer who exercised these judicial functions, which, after dropping into disuse, were ultimately abolished under the Judicature Act passed in 1873. The Irish Exchequer used to be a separate office, but it was united with the English Exchequer in 1816. It is supposed that the sovereign has the hereditary right of presiding over the Commission for executing the office of Lord High Treasurer, and this is shown by the existence of a throne in the room devoted to the business of the Commission.

But at last the Chancellor of the Exchequer is able to carry his Bill through the House of Commons, and after formal passage through the House of Lords (which has no real right to reject Money Bills) it becomes law. The nation then settles complacently down into its annual "snooze," and not till the next Budget draws nigh does it manifest much interest in its finance; and another statesman has achieved enough to make him share the boast of Benjamin Disraeli, "I have been Chancellor of the Exchequer."



From a photo by] [Russell.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR MICHAEL E. HICKS-BEACH,
BART., M.P.

(Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1885, and at present.)

BUDGET NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

VIEWED FROM THE PRESS GALLERY.

BY JOHN RENDLE.

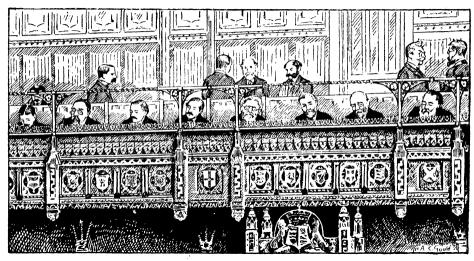
Illustrated by A. CARRUTHERS GOULD.



SMALL experience of the House of Commons will convince you that a mischievous indifference is, for the most part, displayed to a thorough examination of the country's

finances. Sometimes on the Money Votes a few members, moved by the afflicting zeal, it may be, of new found dignity, manifest a not wholly prompted by an ennobling desire to benefit the country or any portion of it. I should be the last person to pretend to champion all the tastes and inclinations of some 670 politicians who come to Westminster from all parts between the "Dan and Beersheba" of this estimable kingdom.

But Budget night assumes all the undefined glory of a full-dress debate. The threes



THE PRESS GALLERY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

desire to engage in a search after truth, and for that purpose start a debate on some small subjects that may or may not be well within their personal knowledge. If these questions should happen to appeal to the sympathy of the constituencies they represent, the chances are offered them of appearing next day in the interested provincial newspapers in the full glory and effulgence of extended prominence. I need hardly say that an opportunity so golden is, unlike the diamond on bold Golconda's shore, not neglected. But in respect to many Parliamentary adventures, by the "small men" of the House of Commons, into the abstruse realms of finance, where even angels should always fear to tread, the suspicion is sometimes present that they are of heavy tribulation under which the commercial world labours weeks before this great Parliamentary event, and the too certain fact that the whole of the country pays taxes, either directly or indirectly, conscience occasionally smiting some and no conscience troubling others, naturally invests the Budget with quite national importance. The result is that in the House of Commons, no less than in every centre of intelligence in the land, an eager and feverish curiosity is displayed to know what the wit of man has devised in the Treasury Office for the happiness and comfort of the British pocket.

The House meets at three o'clock. First it prays privately, without the intrusion of strangers. Private business, such as bills

promoted by corporations or companies, is then dealt with, followed by questions to Ministers, the answers to which are framed. for the most part, in the strict spirit of diplomacy, which, as you know, is particularly highminded and informative, in some cases giving opportunity for secretarial smartness, which excites many members into expressions of fond admiration, others into interjections of deep disappointment, but generally sending the majority floundering in the dark depths of unadulterated obfuscation, without, strange to say, any loss of prestige to their own understanding. well to remember that, as plain answers to plain questions are somewhat outside the Parliamentary curriculum, you may as well ask for a slice of the Equator, or a piece of the North Pole, or the head of the Speaker on a charger, as to expect that the hoary traditions of Westminster should be broken through in order to satisfy a grossly impertinent modern inquisition. The preliminary business is soon over, the House, in anticipation of the great event, not being desirous of prolonging what, under ordinary conditions, sometimes takes several hours to dispose of, and generally the Chancellor of the Exchequer is enabled to commence his financial statement early, amid the encouraging applause of the House, which by this time is warm and wondering.

You now see the House of Commons in the fulness of her glowing glory—the Mother of Parliaments under the fierce light that beats upon her doings. The day is dark and the House is gloomy. The Speaker gives the signal and at once there steals through the glass roof a mellow gaslight which illuminates the richly-oaked chamber with a warm and grateful tint. The House is crammed. Your loyal instincts are gratified at the knowledge that royalty is near you over the clock. Peers, once distinguished ornaments of the Constitution, but now quite vanishing quantities, like fading bluebells, are as interested as you in the proceedings. The Ladies' Cage wafts symptoms of scent and displays the presence of beauty. Strangers' Gallery is filled to repletion with a big array of the fortunate Public.

Down in the forum a restless mass of bubbling humanity supplies a picture that might well strike a reflective and imaginative intellect. To find seats for all is quite impossible. Chairs are brought in and are almost fought for. Some of the members prefer to sit on the steps of the gangway leading to the rows of seats, others crowd round about the Speaker's chair—anywhere in fact and everywhere, wherever they can see or hear. With many there is no help for it but to press eagerly for the Members' Gallery.

Standing on privilege, the greater number are sitting hatted, but as the warmth becomes more than genial they bare their heads to meet the temperature, and in so packed an assembly you are likely to hear a sickening crunching noise, an exact resemblance of which you will find at home if you should wish to sit on your best silk hat. The fate, however, of this Parliamentary hat finds no sympathy, no compassion—only a laugh. It is too common an event in the House to excite surprise.

Observe the gentlemen who do us the honour of governing us. If you have never before seen the august personage who, in your estimation afar off, was always a political hero of the first magnitude, you may probably become disillusioned by closer acquaintance. It is generally the case that at a distance, which, the poet tells us, "lends enchantment to the view," he strikes you as somebody in its widest sense, and probably the newspaper which irradiates your portion of the hemisphere with effulgent rays of erudition and intelligence is largely responsible for helping you to this conclusion. But pray be careful from what fountain you water your under-Remember that Thackeray, on standing. his way home from India when a boy, was taken by a black servant to see Bonaparte in his island prison. "There he is," said the "That's Bonaparte; he eats three sheep every day and all the little children he can lay his hands on!"

Or perhaps your eyes may light upon the gentleman who once contested your constituency but failed to convince "the free and enlightened." You remember him well —the soreness he exhibited at his defeat and the heroics he discharged when wishing the borough good-bye; how he declared that his principles were founded on the rock of ages and would live as long as the sands of time, and, like the miserable inhabitants of Luggnagg, they would never die. Or you may notice, lolling on the front bench of her Majesty's Opposition, the titled being who, according to your local journal, has a penchant for pork chops in order to produce objectionable mental creations—such being the only explanation, after a study of the ancient Fuseli, offered for your enlightenment, why this illustrious consumer of prime Englishfed consistently delivers himself of most marvellous opinions on questions appertain-

ing to the Foreign Office.

An ex-Secretary, troubled in the cold shades of Opposition, blessed with the voice of a bo'sn's mate and displaying the airs of a flag-lieutenant, may arrest your interested attention, or a promising occupant of the Treasury Bench, with fair pretensions to holding high office—if the office will hold him; or two old college chums as thick and sweet as sugar plums at a Roman carnival; or the Nationalist acid and the Orange alkali mixed together by Parliamentary exigencies and regarding each other with hesitating intentions. Or it may be the Member for Leather, which commodity is declared on reliable authority to be very much



MR. WILLIAM HENRY PAUL.
(Who has been in the Press Gallery since 1852.)

better than many other things put together; or the politician from the North, solemn and grim—the soul of a gravity which even Paley's idea of a happy world with a jumping shrimp would revolt at; or a merry admiral. whose thoughts are always on the roaring main, the ever-rolling deep; or the "old Parliamentary hand "who still believes that his specialities exude with the virtues that exalteth a nation; or a venerable specimen of Early English, who revels in long tales at Westminster, and in Blue Books under the Jungfrau. While all around are limbs of the law, shoulder to shoulder in blessed array, with adjuncts of the Church and upholders of the Faith, not to forget the Nonconformist Conscience, and dots here and there of wellknown personalities clinging to politics, ancient enough for the carboniferous period.

In the meantime the Chancellor of the Exchequer is wading through a mass of figures with the help, perhaps, of a bottle of egg-fillip, thick as honey and the colour of hair-oil, or a glass of water containing a portion of the dew off Ben Nevis, in order to explain the state of the nation's finances, and to tell an eagerly expectant country whether they are to be relieved of taxes or fresh burdened with these interesting penal-

ties of a marching civilisation.

It will not be profitless to watch him. From the first you do not like his voice. It is harsh and rasping, sometimes thick and husky, with a liability to vanish at the end of his sentences. You feel that if he did not make repeated calls upon his little bottle he and the Budget would go down together. You notice, too, that though he has copious notes before him his financial discourse is sadly out of hand. He talks of hundreds where he means thousands, and thousands where he means millions; and when some discerning member notices the discrepancy, and, with one eye on the Speaker and the other on the Press Gallery, is not slow to call attention to it, the Chancellor reveals a slight confusion, makes the fatal mistake of arguing the point, thereby creating a jumble and a distressing break in the thread of his statement which leaves everybody in doubt, and plays sad havoc with Budget dignity.

Then something is left out, or something is inserted in the wrong place, and what with the "ohs" and the "ahs," and the "Yes, I forgots," and the "I am glad you have called my attentions," and the "I thought I had mentioned its," or some such manifestations of a perturbed understanding, the financial statement becomes so marvellous a compound that you cast your eyes round to your neighbour in the attempt to discover whether he can help you with even a beam of intelligence. The probability is that, like yourself, he is as much puzzled as the Solomon of Britain was with the apple

dumpling.

This is one view. Picture another with a Chancellor already a giant in the political universe. His reputation as a financier imparts an all-consuming zest to the prevailing curiosity. He is heralded with a desire to propose some bold fiscal policy. He is to place our finances on such a basis that no one shall henceforth question their soundness or doubt their usefulness.

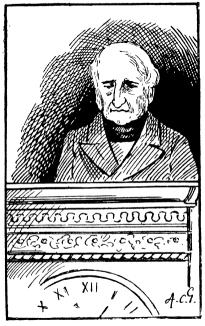
Indeed it is considered dangerous to pit your opinions against the product of his unparalleled experience and unexampled skill for fear that your technical shortcomings among the subtleties of monetary science should be remorselessly exposed, your fiscal crudities held up to contumely, and your financial reputation published as a hollow mockery.

But in addition to an inherent genius for figures he is an orator, and with the hand of a master can clothe the Budget, not only with a rich vocabulary, but with all the elegant graces of diction. Clearly recognising that while it is necessary the House of Commons should understand his proposals, they need not be treated in a manner cold, dull, flavourless, insipid, or divested of literary polish; he seeks to combine the resources of high intellectual attainments with the sagacity of a shrewd financier, and so in this way contributes fresh laurels to a reputation as an orator and a Chancellor already great and commanding. point out which of the two Chancellors here pictured excites most popular admiration?

If you ask the gentlemen in the Press Gallery their opinions of these two classes of Chancellors you will find that, though they deal with whatever happens in Parliament in a cheery and unobtrusive but confident manner, they have very strong convictions about Parliamentary oratory. Chancellors may "hum" and "ha," and "yes" and "no," get into polemical quagmires, stick in the fiscal mud, and indeed commit any Parliamentary atrocity of which a human being can be capable, yet our friends in the Gallery are never flurried or flustered or lose that quiet confidence so necessary for Press work in Parliament.

These big nights in the Press Gallery would never go smoothly if intellectual capacity were not commandingly superior to both the quality and the quantity of the raw material to be dealt with. To struggle with a mass of shorthand notes, full, it may be, of gaps through non-hearing, and wrong words through mis-hearing, figures muddled up, sentences that will not read, statements that are directly opposed to statements in another part of the Speech, in order that, when it is presented to the public, it shall read grammatically and intelligibly, and be understood by the ordinary newspaper reader, if he should wish to read it, is literary work, demanding skill and discretion, which is really the measure of the capacity of the Press representatives in Parliament to cope with the great and important questions that necessarily arise.

On these big nights, when the various reporting corps are in their full strength, when leader-writers and summary-writers eagerly devour the Chancellor's proposals and the special points of the debate that follows; when each proposal, as it comes hot from the Minister's lips, is immediately put on the wires in the telegraph room and sent to all parts of the kingdom and the world for the use of newspapers and individuals; when the writing rooms, glowing



THE LATE LORD COTTESLOE. (Who heard fifty Budget speeches.)

under the electric light, are filled with busy Pressmen engaged in making their reports intelligible; when sketch writers are describing the scene in the House and "London Letter" writers are dealing with the latest tips from the Lobby; when messengers are here, there and everywhere, collecting "copy" for the London as well as for the Provincial Press; when the well-known click of the telegraph instruments is almost unceasingly heard the sitting through—here you find work being done quietly, but surely and effectively, requiring diligence, acuteness, knowledge and rapidity.

These attributes are all being pressed into this Budget Speech and the debate, and of the result the People, for whose service the Newspaper Press has established itself in the Parliament House, are the best judges.

After the Budget statement is made and the high-strung curiosity is satisfied, the Most of the chamber rapidly empties. members make their way to the social quarter of the establishment, where they can eat and drink, smoke and talk, bathe and shave. The two last-named appurtenances of civilisation have quite recently been introduced. You could wash your face and comb your hair years ago, but you could not cleanse your corruptible body any more than you could boil the old Adam out of you, or get your hair cut if it had attained philosophic or musical, literary or Samsonian Now that our legislators are dimensions. able to keep their hair short in the Parliament House itself, observers of the human economy are persuaded that, like Samson, become deprived of their normal strength, thus pointing a moral which no self-respecting barber would for a moment countenance.

Others go into the Lobby, where they talk over the Budget with interested outsiders. Many send telegrams to constituents whom it is desirable to propitiate, and thus contribute to a general show of fussiness. No private member who is worth a pinch of salt fails to recollect that, though he himself is a mere nobody in the House of Commons, many of his constituents are somebodies.

The Budget itself is in the meantime being bludgeoned by the leader of her Majesty's

Opposition, in the presence mostly of his own flock, who supply their shepherd now and again with a cheer or two by way of demonstrating their fidelity. But the interest now displayed is really fanciful, for everyone knows that it is of very little use expounding political ethics to any Government with a fair working majority, Providence being usually on the side of the biggest battalions.

For the remainder of the sitting the debate dulls to the points of lassitude and somnolency, and no one is sorry when that "tocsin of the soul"—the dinner bell summons us "from labour to refreshment." It is past nine o'clock when the House The debate may become a bit enlivened after the dinner hour by the incursion of a member with a plethoric store of jeux d'esprit. He will very likely denounce, ore rotundo, the Budget proposals as foolish and impracticable. But alas! how Gargantuan is the capacity of the human mind. What he regards as "foolish" appears to another member to be firmly founded on the "eternal principles of truth and justice." What he characterises as "impracticable" is "really noble," if indeed it is not "superlatively statesmanlike."

Meandering on until midnight the debate is adjourned, and you go out into Palace Yard very likely with mixed feelings regarding the High Court of Parliament, and with police-calls for conveyances ringing in your ears—the certain signal that the big night has come to an end.



THE SUPERIOR SERVANT.

By F. C. PHILIPS.

Illustrated by Jessie Caudwell.



SAW that the bankrupt attributed his position to the engagement of a superior servant, and the constant effort to live up to the standard of her requirements.

I thought I understood that man, and I sought him out, and we chatted.

"You see," he said, "she was a very

superior perindeed. son and my wife and I could not help being conscious of many shortcomings in our mode of life after her arrival. It is rather a pathetic story, and if you have twenty minutes to spare I should like to tell it Just you -as warning.

Her name was Warren. It sounds well,

doesn't it? We liked it ourselves when she answered our advertisement. My wife said Warren was a good name to say in front of visitors. We should have called her Nurse otherwise; as it was we called her Warren.

I should explain that we were living in half a house in Clapham. My salary was not adequate for anything more extensive. We had been married a year when the child was born, and of course we had to get a nurse, and to add the cost of her wages to our expenses, so that it was more than ever necessary to economise where we could in order to make our income come out.

Well we proposed to pay a nurse-girl about sixteen pounds a year, but Warren's letter knocked that on the head 'directly. We realised that we could not get a woman

with qualifications like hers for sixteen pounds, or even eighteen, and discussing the matter together we thought we might be justified in running to twenty. Anyhow, we decided to see her—and she came.

She came, and made a conquest the moment she stepped into the room. After the drabs we had been interviewing her style was positively fascinating. She wore what



"She came, and made a conquest."

I believe is called a black "princess" bonnetwith white strings. and had manner. said "madam" instead "mum," and gave us a reference Eaton Square andsomething Park. M v wife was in ecstasies.

"You see, George," she said, "it isn't asif we wanted a housemaid or a cook. A

nurse must be good. One might put up with second-rate cooking, or second-rate attendance at table—but a nurse! The child's life is in her hands. And then—O George! there isn't a nurse with an appearance like hers in the whole street. How sweet she would look with her white dress and gloves wheeling the perambulator! Mrs. Edwardes opposite would turn perfectly green with envy every time she saw her go out."

I should mention that we had ascertained by this time that the wages we should have

to pay were twenty-five pounds.

I demurred—in justice to myself I must say that I demurred, but it was a half-hearted objection I own. I, too, felt we should be rising in the social scale were we the possessors of a nurse like Warren, and in the end I agreed to her engagement,

She entered our service the next week, and for at least two days my wife and I were equally puffed with complacency.

I think the first alloy to our bliss was administered on the third morning. Warren



"Could Mrs. Jordan tell her where the rest were

observed that the child's wardrobe was insufficient; she said gravely that she was "only able to find two day-robes." Could Mrs. Jordan tell her where the rest were kept?

This occurred before I departed for the City, and I observed that Amy looked uncomfortable.

"We must buy one or two more, Warren," she murmured. "I will get them when I go

Warren bowed and retired, and then my wife turned to me guiltily, and I understood.

"I suppose two are a dreadfully short allowance for the poor little soul," she said. "I thought we might have managed, but one can hardly tell the woman we can't afford to dress the child, can we?"

"Better get 'em," I answered. "Only do it as cheaply as you can, darling, for heaven's sake!"

I missed those shillings, but consoled myself with the reflection that the garments, whatever they were like, would last a long time. There was now only the expense of a fortnight at the seaside to contemplate, and that had been foreseen and provided for.

I proposed to pack my wife off on the following Monday. She was strong enough to go by this time, and it was the date that

we had fixed. Of course she would go third-class; we always travelled third. I had the money carefully stored away in my cashbox, though the day-robes had detracted from it somewhat. I do not know when it was exactly, but I became conscious before Monday dawned that third-class tickets were impossible where Warren was concerned. She was never impertinent—she was, on the contrary, deeply respectful—but her manner told me she would be shocked and outraged if we travelled by a cheaper class than second. When I broached the subject diffidently to Amy, she confessed that she had been feeling the same thing.

"And do you know, darling," she said, "we can't afford a penny more than we put by for the purpose, and I have determined

not to go."

Could a man allow his wife's health to be jeopardised in such a fashion? I answered, "Nonsense," pretty sharply. I obtained an advance on my next week's salary and sent her and the baby and Warren off in proper style. I resolved to make up for it by lunching for a while on milk and a couple of scones—which are more filling than buns, though the same price. I was even exhilarated by what I had done. I had retained Warren's respect—Warren could not be contemptuous.

My next blow however fell speedily.



"Lunching for a while on milk and a couple of scones."

Amy wrote that her Brighton lodgings were "horribly dear," she really dreaded to tell me what she had been obliged to pay. Warren had always been accustomed to stay on the King's Road, and she "honestly had

not had the courage" to settle in the street we had lived in before. Warren had looked

so surprised,

I could only groan and resign myself. After this milk and scones were futile, and I returned to chops and beer with a callousness born of despair. This was really the commencement of my trouble, for I was obliged to give a bill of sale on our furniture, and while I was about it I thought I might as well take as much as I could get.



"' What's to be done?' gasped Amy."

You have no idea what the woman's laundry bills were, with her white dresses and her white gloves and her white strings to her fascinating bonnet. One could not very well mention it, because, as Amy agreed, it would look so mean; but I can assure you the extra expenses did not cease with the end of the holiday; they seemed every day to grow more. Certainly, with a good round sum in my pocket from the bill of sale, I did not worry over it so much at first; I deluded myself on each occasion into thinking that now everything really was bought at last.

"Can Warren want anything farther, dearest?" I used to ask mournfully. And my wife, shaking her head, would reply, "I don't think so, lovey. She was very pleased with the new rug for the 'prem'; she said

it was 'quite nice.'"

This encouraged me a little. Not only the hope that Warren would make no more demands, but the knowledge that she approved of the way we had satisfied her wishes,

It may sound a weakness, but when Warren approved I was sensible of a feeling of elation. I was proud when Warren showed her dignified approbation of anything we had or did. It was a rare occurrence. By degrees I found myself living to please Warren, striving to win a smile from her.

Well of course I couldn't meet the interest on the bill when it fell due, and the furniture was seized. Happily Warren was out when this happened—she was taking the air with baby—and my wife and I stood in the dismantled room debating how the humiliating fact could be concealed from her. I give you my word that, with the broker's men bustling around us, and our goods and chattels being carted away before our eyes, our paramount thought was that Warren would be disgusted—that Warren must never be allowed to know.

"What's to be done?" gasped Amy. "Fred, if she finds out it will kill me!"

I should have told you the seizure occurred on a Saturday afternoon—otherwise I should not have been at home.

"What's to be done?" repeated my wife.
I filled a pipe amid the chaos and smoked desperately.

"I don't see how it is possible to hide it

from her," I groaned.

Amy wrung her hands. "We must, we must, George! What would she think! It would be horrible!"

"The only thing we can do," I stammered, struggling for my faculties, "is to say you have gone to the country again, and to pack her off after you the moment she returns. I must say it was a sudden whim; you decided to leave for—somewhere at once. Can you get the luggage together in time?"

She thought she could and we essayed it.

I gave her all the money I had in my pocket. I saw her off in a cab and stood on the step with attempted carelessness waiting for Warren's arrival.

When she appeared I invented a thousand excuses to prevent her entering the house. I said Mrs. Jordan was waiting for her at the station—that all the things were already there; that she must drive off at once or she would miss the train.

She went—with many objections—I accompanying her lest she should turn back on finding that my wife had gone. In the frantic haste of the arrangement the only address we had been able to think of was the Brighton rooms in which they had stopped before, and I was in for two guineas a week and extras over again. Still, our honour was saved,

However strange she might think it, Warren could not know.

You think this foolish perhaps. have not met Warren.

My position at this stage will be under-



"I invented a thousand excuses to prevent her entering the house."

My salary was wholly inadequate to meet my expenses. I was liable for fashionable apartments in Brighton, a bedroom in strange lodgings for myself, and the rent of half a house unfit for habitation. I began to bet.

A fellow clerk gave me a tip for a minor race, and it came off, and put a little cash in my yawning pocket. I plunged again—this time disastrously. My luck was not good, yet if it had not been that Warren must be kept in fashionable quarters I could have had my wife back, and contrived to weather the storm even now. The fact was so very apparent to me that I expended six and fourpence on a "week-end ticket" and

went down to put it to her.

"Darling," I said, "if we take cheap lodgings in town—three rooms, you know we can 'come out' on my pay quite comfortably. I will drop the betting, and by degrees—on the hire system—we may be able to get a place of our own together again. What do you sav?"

She said, "I'm afraid if the neighbourhood

were very shabby Warren-"

"Hang Warren!" I dried, turning pale; "let us have Warren in."

I rang the bell as I spoke.

"Tell the nurse I wish to speak to her," I said to the servant. "Ask her to come down at once."

Ten minutes passed feverishly.

"You will say nothing rash?" asked my

wife, with trembling lips.

"Nothing," I answered. "I am simply going to let Warren understand that the exigencies of our position demand retrenchment."

The wretched woman entered as I spoke. I was again impressed by her superiority; again I felt how incongruous was the conomy I projected with the possession of such a nurse.

"Warren," I began nervously, but the words died in my throat; I could not go on.

"Mr. Jordan wished to see baby, Warren," faltered my wife, coming to my rescue, with an ingratiating smile. "I hope you were not busy?"

"I will bring baby down, madam," she murmured with dignity, "when she has

finished her sleep."

Then she retired, and Amy and I looked at each other helplessly. My scheme had failed. To what a pass the glory of Warren brought me at length, you know.

ADVENTURES OF MARTIN HEWITT.*

THIRD SERIES.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.

Illustrated by T. S. C. CROWTHER.

IV.-THE CASE OF THE "FLITTERBAT LANCERS."

I.

none of the cases of investigation by Martin Hewitt which I have as yet recorded had I any direct and substantial personal interest. In the case I am about to set

forth, however, I had some such interest,

though legally, I fear, it amounted no more than the cost of a smashed pane of glass. But the case in some ways was one of the most curious which came under my notice. and completely justified Hewitt's oft-repeated dictum [that there was nothing, however romantic or apparently improbable, that had not happened at some time in London.

It was late on a summer evening two or three years back that I drowsed in my armchair over a particularly solid and ponderous volume of essays on

* Copyright, 1896, by Arthur Morrison. social economy. I was doing a good deal of reviewing at the time, and I remember well that this particular volume had a property of such exceeding toughness that I had already made three successive attacks on it, on as many successive evenings, each attack having been defeated in the end by sleep. The weather was hot, my chair was very comfortable, the days were tiring, and the

book had somewhere about its strings of polysyllables an essence as of laudanum, Still something had been done on each evening. and now on the fourth Istrenuously endeavoured to finish the book. Late as it was my lamp had been lighted but an hour or so, for there had been light enough to read by, near the window, till well past nine o'clock. I was just beginning to feel conscious that the words before me were sliding about and losing their meanings, and that I was about to fall asleep after all, when a sudden crash and a jingle of broken glassbehind me woke me with a start,



"A pane of glass in my window was smashed."

and I threw the book down. A pane of glass in my window was smashed, and I hurried across and threw up the sash to see, if I could, whence the damage had come.



"The man . . . struggled fiercely."

I think I have somewhere said (I believe it was in describing the circumstances of the extraordinary death of Mr. Foggatt) that the building in which my chambers (and Hewitt's office) were situated was accessible—or rather visible, for there was no entrance—from the rear. There was, in fact, a small courtyard, reached by a passage from the street behind, and into this courtyard my sitting-room window looked.

"Hullo there!" I shouted. But there Nor could I distinguish came no reply. anybody in the courtyard. It was at best a shadowy place at night, with no artificial light after the newsagent—who had a permanent booth there—had shut up and gone home. Gone he was now, and to me the yard seemed deserted. Some men had been at work during the day on a drain-pipe near the booth, and I reflected that probably their litter had provided the stone wherewith my window had been smashed. As I looked, however, two men came hurrying from the passage into the court, and going straight into the deep shadow of one corner, presently appeared again in a less obscure part, hauling forth a third man, who must have already been there in hiding. man—who appeared, so far as I could see, to be smaller than either of his assailantsstruggled fiercely, but without avail, and was dragged across toward the passage leading to the street beyond. But the most remarkable feature of the whole thing was

the silence of all three men. No crv. exclamation or expostulation escaped anv one of them. In perfect silence the two hanled the third across the courtvard. and in perfect silence he swung and strnggled resist and es-The matter astonished me, not a little. and the men were entering the passage before I found

voice to shout at them. But they took no notice, and disappeared. Soon after I heard cab wheels in the street beyond, and had no doubt that the two men had carried off

their prisoner.

I turned back into my room a little perplexed. It seemed probable that the man who had been borne off had broken my window, but why? I looked about on the floor and presently found the missile. It was, as I had expected, a piece of broken concrete, but it was wrapped up in a worn piece of paper, which had partly opened out again as it lay on my carpet, thus indicating that it had only just been hastily crumpled round the stone. But again, It might be considered a trifle more polite to hand a gentlemen a clinker decently wrapped up than to give it him in its raw state, but it came to much the same thing after all if it were passed through a shut window. And why a clinker at all? I disengaged the paper and spread it out. Then I saw it to be an apparently rather hastily written piece of manuscript music, of which a considerably reduced reproduction is given over leaf.

This gave me no help. I turned the paper this way and that, but could make nothing of it. There was not a mark on it

that I could discover, except the music and the scrawled title, "Flitterbat Lancers," at the top. The paper was old, dirty and cracked. What did it all mean? One might



conceive of a person in certain circumstances sending a message--possibly an appeal for help-through a friend's window, wrapped round a stone, but this seemed to be nothing of that sort. It was not a message, but a hastily written piece of music, with no bars or time marked, just as might have been put down by somebody anxious to make an exact note of an air, the time of which he could remember. Moreover, it was years old, not a thing just written in a recent emergency. What lunatic could have chosen this violent way of presenting me with an air from some forgotten "Flitterbat Lancers"? indeed was an idea. What more likely than that the man taken away was a lunatic and the others his keepers? A man under some curious delusion, which led him not only to fling his old music notes through my window, but to keep perfectly quiet while struggling for his freedom. I looked out of the window again, and then it seemed plain to me that the clinker and the paper could not have been intended for me personally, but had been flung at my window as being the only one that showed a light within a reasonable distance of the yard. Most of the windows about mine were those of offices, which had been deserted early in the evening.

Once more I picked up the paper, and, with an idea to hear what the "Flitterbat Lancers" sounded like, I turned to my little pianette and strummed over the notes, making my own time and changing it as seemed likely. But I could make nothing of it, and could by no means extract from the notes anything resembling an air. I considered the thing a little more, and half thought of trying Hewitt's office door, in case he might still be there and could offer a guess at the meaning of my smashed window and the scrap of paper. It was

most probable, however, that he had gone home, and I was about resuming my social economy when Hewi' himself came in. He had stayed late to examine a bundle of papers in connection with a case just placed in his hands, and now, having finished, came to find if I were disposed for an evening stroll before turning in—a thing I was in the habit of. I handed him the paper and the piece of concrete, observing, "There's a little job for you, Hewitt, instead of the stroll. What do those things mean?" And I told him the complete history of my smashed window.

Hewitt listened attentively, and examined both the paper and the fragment of paving. "You say these people made absolutely no sound whatever?" he asked.

"None but that of scuffling, and even

that they seemed to do quietly."

"Could you see whether or not the two men gagged the other, or placed their hands over his mouth?"

"No, they certainly didn't do that. It was dark, of course, but not so dark as to prevent my seeing generally what they were

doing."

"And when you first looked out of the window after the smash, you called out, but got no answer, although the man you suppose to have thrown these things must have been there at the time, and alone?"

"That was so."

Hewitt stood for near half a minute in thought, and then said, "There's something in this; what, I can't guess at the moment, but something deep, I fancy. Are you sure you won't come out now?"

On this my mind was made up. That dreadful volume had vanquished me altogether three times already, and if I let it go again it would haunt me like a nightmare. There was indeed very little left to read, and I determined to master that and draft my review before I slept. So I told Hewitt that I was sure, and that I should stick to my work.

"Very well," he said; "then perhaps you will lend me these articles?" holding up the

paper and the stone as he spoke.

"Delighted to lend 'em, I'm sure," I said.
"If you get no more melody out of the clinker than I did out of the paper you won't have a musical evening. Good night."

Hewitt went away with the puzzle in his hand, and I turned once more to my social economy, and, thanks to the gentleman who smashed my window, conquered. I am sure I should have dropped fast asleep had it not been for that.

IT.

At this time my only regular daily work was on an evening paper, so that I left home at a quarter to eight on the morning following the adventure of my broken window, in order, as usual, to be at the office at eight. consequently it was not until lunch-time that I had an opportunity of seeing Hewitt. I went to my own rooms first, however, and on the landing by my door I found the housekeeper in conversation with a shortish sun-browned man with a goatee beard, whose accent at once convinced me that he hailed from across the Atlantic. He had called, it appeared, three or four times during the morning to see me, getting more impatient each time. As he did not seem even to know my name the housekeeper had not considered it expedient to say when I was expected, nor indeed to give him any information about me, and he was growing irascible under the treatment. When I at last appeared, however, he left her and approached me eagerly.

"See here, sir," he said, "I've been stumpin' these here durn stairs o' yours half through the mornin'. I'm anxious to apologise, I reckon, and fix up some damage.

He had followed me into my sitting-room, and was now standing with his back to the fireplace, a dripping umbrella in one hand, and the forefinger of the other held up shoulder-high and pointing, in the manner of a pistol, to my window, which, by the way, had been mended during the morning, in accordance with my instructions to the housekeeper.

"Sir," he continued, "last night I took the extreme liberty of smashin' your winder." "Oh," I said, "that was you, was it?"

"It was, sir—me. For that I hev come humbly to apologise. I trust the draught has not discommoded you, sir. I regret the accident, and I wish to pay for the fixin' up and the general inconvenience." He placed a sovereign on the table. "I 'low you'll call that square now, sir, and fix things friendly and comfortable as between gentlemen, an'

And he formally extended his hand.

Shake."

no ill will.

I took it at once. "Certainly," I said, "certainly. As a matter of fact you haven't inconvenienced me at all; indeed, there were some circumstances about the affair that rather interested me. But as to the damage," I continued, "if you're really anxious to pay for it, do you mind my sending the glazier to you to settle? You see it's only a matter of half-a-crown or so at most." And I pushed the sovereign toward him.

"But then," he said, looking a trifle disappointed, "there's general discommodedness, you know, to pay for, and the general sass of the liberty to a stranger's winder. I ain't no down-easter—not a Boston dude -but I reckon I know the gentlemanly thing, and I can afford to do it. Yes. now, didn't I startle your nerves?"

"Not a bit," I answered laughing. fact you did me a service by preventing me going to sleep just when I shouldn't; so

we'll say no more of that."

"Well-there was one other little thing," he pursued, looking at me rather sharply as he slowly pocketed the sovereign. "There was a bit o' paper round that pebble that came in here. Didn't happen to notice that, did you?"

"Yes, I did. It was an old piece of

manuscript music."

"That was it—just. Might you happen to have it handy now?"

"Well," I said, "as a matter of fact a friend of mine has it now. I tried playing it over once or twice, as a matter of curiosity. but I couldn't make anything of it, and so I handed it to him."

"Ah!" said my visitor, watching me narrowly, "that's a nailer, is that 'Flitterbat Lancers'—a real nailer. It whips 'em all. Nobody can't get ahead of that. Ha, ha!" He laughed suddenly—a laugh that seemed "There's music fellers a little artificial. as 'lows to set right down and play off anything right away that can't make anything of the 'Flitterbat Lancers.' That was two of 'em that was monkeyin' with me last night. They never could make anythin' of it at all, and I was tantalising them with it all along till they got real mad, and reckoned to get it out o' my pocket and learn it off quiet at home, and stop all my chaff. Ha, ha! So I got away for a bit, and bein' a bit lively after a number of toothlotions (all three was much that way), just rolled it round a stone and heaved it through your winder before they could come up, your winder bein' the nearest one with a light in Ha, ha! I'll be considerable obliged if you'll get it from your friend right now. he stayin' hereabout?"

The story was so ridiculously lame that I determined to confront my visitor with Hewitt and observe the result. If he had succeeded in making any sense of the "Flitterbat Lancers" the scene might be amusing. So I answered at once, "Yes; his office is only on the floor below: he will probably be in at about this time. Come

down with me."

We went down, and found Hewitt in his outer office. "This gentleman," I told him with a solemn intonation, "has come to ask for his piece of manuscript music, the 'Flitterbat Lancers.' He is particularly proud of it, because nobody who tries to play it can make any sort of a tune out of it, and it was entirely because two dear friends of his were anxious to drag it out of his pocket and practise it over on the quiet that he flung it through my window-pane last night, wrapped round a piece of concrete."

The stranger glanced sharply at me, and I could see that my manner and tone rather disconcerted him. But Hewitt came forward "Oh ves." he said. "Just so quite a natural sort of thing. As a matter of fact I quite expected you. Your umbrella's wet—do you mind putting it in the stand? Thank you. Come into my private office."

We entered the inner room, and Hewitt, turning to the stranger, went on: "Yes, that is a very extraordinary piece of music, that 'Flitterbat Lancers.' I have been having a little practice with it myself, though I'm really nothing of a musician. I don't wonder you are anxious to keep it to yourself. Sit down."

The stranger, with a distrustful look at Hewitt, complied. At this moment Hewitt's clerk, Kerrett, entered from the outer office with a slip of paper. Hewitt glanced at it and crumpled it in his hand. "I am engaged just

now," was his remark, and Kerrett vanished.
"And now," Hewitt said as he sat down and suddenly turned to the stranger with an intent gaze, "and now, Mr. Hoker,

we'll talk of this music."

The stranger started and frowned. "You've the advantage of me, sir," he said; "you seem to know my name, but I don't

know yours."

Hewitt smiled pleasantly. "My name," he said, "is Hewitt-Martin Hewitt, and it is my business to know a great many things. For instance, I know that you are Mr. Reuben B. Hoker, of Robertsville, Ohio."

The visitor pushed his chair back, and "Well—that gits me," he said. "You're a pretty smart chap anyway. I've heard your name before, of course. and so you've been a-studyin' of the 'Flitterbat Lancers,' have you?' This with a keen glance in Hewitt's face. "Well, well, s'pose you have. What's your opinion?"
"Why," answered Hewitt, still keeping

his steadfast gaze on Hoker's eyes, "I think it's pretty late in the century to be fishing about for the Wedlake jewels, that's all."

These words astonished me almost as much as they did Mr. Hoker. The great Wedlake jewel robbery is, as many will remember, a traditional story of the sixties. remembered no more of it at the time than probably most men do who have at some time or another read up the causes célèbres of the century. Sir Francis Wedlake's country house had been robbed, and the whole of Lady Wedlake's magnificent collec-



"Mr. Hoker."

tion of jewels stolen. A man named Shiels, a strolling musician, had been arrested and had been sentenced to a long term of penal Another man named Legg one of the comparatively wealthy scoundrels who finance promising thefts or swindles and pocket the greater part of the proceeds -had also been punished, but only a very few of the trinkets, and those quite unimportant items, had been recovered. great bulk of the booty was never brought to light. So much I remembered, and Hewitt's sudden mention of the Wedlake jewels in connection with my broken window, Mr. Reuben B. Hoker and the "Flitterbat Lancers" astonished me not a little.

As for Hoker, he did his best to hide his perturbation, but with little success. "Wed-lake jewels, eh?" he said; "and—and what's that to do with it. anyway?"

what's that to do with it, anyway?"

"To do with it?" responded Hewitt, with an air of carelessness. "Well, well, I had my idea, nothing more. If the Wedlake jewels have nothing to do with it we'll say no more about it, that's all. Here's your paper, Mr. Hoker—only a little crumpled. Here also is the piece of cement. If the Wedlake jewels have nothing to do with the affair you may possibly want that too—I can't tell." He rose and placed the articles in Mr. Hoker's hand, with the manner of terminating the interview.

Hoker rose, with a bewildered look on his face, and turned toward the door. Then he stopped, looked at the floor, scratched his cheek, and finally, after a thoughtful look, first at me and then at Hewitt, sat down again emphatically in the chair he had just quitted and put his hat on the ground. "Come," he said, "we'll play a square game. That paper has something to do with the Wedlake jewels, and, win or lose, I'll tell you all I know about it. You're a smart man—you've found out more than I know already—and whatever I tell you, I guess it won't do me no harm; it ain't done me no good yet, anyway."

"Say what you please, of course," Hewitt answered, "but think first. You might tell me something you'd be sorry for afterward. Mind, I don't invite your confidence."

"Confidence be durned! Say, will you listen to what I say, and tell me if you think I've been swindled or not? There ain't a creature in this country whose advice I can ask. My 250 dollars is gone now, and I guess I won't go skirmishing after it any more if you think it's no good. Will you do so much?"

"As I said before," Hewitt replied, "tell me what you please, and if I can help you I will. But remember, I don't ask for your secrets."

"That's all right, I guess, Mr. Hewitt. Well, now, it was all like this." And Mr. Reuben B. Hoker plunged into a detailed account of his adventures since his arrival in London.

Relieved of repetitions, and put as directly as possible, it was as follows:—Mr. Hoker was a waggon-builder, had made a good business from very humble beginnings, and intended to go on and make it still a better. Meantime he had come over to Europe for a

short holiday—a thing he had promised himself for years. He was wandering about the London streets on the second night after his arrival in the city, when he managed to get into conversation with two men at a bar. They were not very prepossessing men altogether, though flashily dressed. soon they suggested a game of cards. Reuben B. Hoker was not to be had in that way, and after a while they parted. The two were amusing fellows enough in their way, and when Hoker saw them again the next night in the same bar he made no difficulty of talking with them freely. After a time, and after a succession of drinks, they told him that they had a speculation on hand—a speculation that meant thousands if it succeeded—and to carry out which they were only waiting for a paltry sum of There was a house, they said, in £50. which they were certain was hidden a great number of jewels of immense value, which had been deposited there by a man who was now dead. Exactly in what part of the house the jewels were to be found they did There was a paper, they said, not know. which was supposed to have contained some information, but as yet they hadn't quite been able to make it out. But that would really matter very little if once they could get possession of the house. Then they would simply set to work and search from the topmost chimney to the lowermost brick if necessary. Anyhow the jewels must be found sooner or later. The only present difficulty was that the house was occupied, and that the landlord wanted a large deposit of rent down before he would consent to turn out his present tenants and give them possession at a higher rental. This deposit and other expenses, they said, would come to at least £50, and they hadn't the money. However if any friend of theirs who meant business would put the necessary sum at their disposal, and keep his mouth shut, they would make him an equal partner in the proceeds with themselves; and as the value of the whole haul would probably be something not very far off £20,000, the speculation would bring a tremendous return to the man who was smart enough to see the advantage of putting down his £50.

Hoker, very distrustful, sceptically demanded more detailed particulars of the scheme. But these the men (Luker and Birks were their names, he found, in course of talking) inflexibly refused to communicate.

"Is it likely," said Luker, "that we should give the 'ole thing away to anybody who

might easily go with his £50 and clear out the bloomin' show? Not much. We've told you what the game is, and if you'd like to take a flutter with your £50, all right, you'll do as well as anybody, and we'll treat you square. If you don't—well, don't, that's all. We'll get the oof from somewhere—there's blokes as 'ud jump at the chance, I can tell you—only they're inconvenient blokes to deal with, as I'll explain if you come in with us. Anyway we ain't goin' to give the show away before you've done somethin' to prove you're on the job, straight. Put your money in and you shall know as much as we do."

Then there were more drinks, and more discussion. Hoker was still reluctant, though tempted by the prospect, and growing more

venturesome with each drink.

"Don't you see," said Birks, "that if we was a-tryin' to 'ave you we should out with a tale as long as yer arm, all complete, with the address of the 'ouse and all.' s'pose you'd lug out the pieces on the nail. without askin' a bloomin' question. fool you, that's all. As it is, the thing's so perfectly genuine that we'd rather lose the chance and wait for some other bloke to find the money than run a chance of givin' the thing away. It ain't you wot'll be doin' a favour, mind. If it's anybody it's us. Not that we want to talk of favours at all, if you come to that. It's a matter o' business, simple and plain, that's all it is. If you're willin' to come in with the money that we can't do without-very well. If you ain't, very well too, only we ain't goin' to give the thing away to an outsider. It's a question of either us trustin' you with a chance of collarin' £20,000, or you trustin' us with a paltry £50. We don't lay out no 'igh moral sentiments, we only say the weight o' money is all on one side. Take it or leave it, that's all. 'Ave another Scotch.'

The talk went on and the drinks went on, and it all ended at "chucking-out time" in Reuben B. Hoker handing over five tenpound notes, with smiling, though slightly incoherent, assurances of his eternal friend-

ship for Luker and Birks.

In the morning he awoke to the realisation of a bad head, a bad tongue, and a bad opinion of his proceedings of the previous night. In his sober senses it seemed plain that he had been swindled. He had heard of the confidence trick, to which many Americans had unaccountably fallen victims (for to him the trick had always seemed very thin), and he had sworn that something

better than the confidence trick would be required to get over him. But now there seemed no doubt that this was no more than the confidence trick over again, in a new and more impudent form. All day he cursed his fuddled foolishness, and at night he made for the bar that had been the scene of the transaction, with little hope of seeing either Luker or Birks, who had agreed to be there to meet him. There they were, however, and rather to his surprise, they made no demand for more money. They asked him if he understood music, and showed him the worn old piece of paper containing the manuscript "Flitterbat Lancers." The exact spot, they said, where the jewels were hidden was supposed to be indicated somehow and somewhere on that piece of paper. Hoker did not understand music, and could find nothing on the paper that looked in the least like a direction to a hiding-place for jewels or anything else.

Luker and Birks then went into full particulars of their project. First, as to its history. The jewels were the famous Wedlake jewels, which had been taken from Sir Francis Wedlake's house in 1866 and never heard of again. A certain Jerry Shiels had been arrested in connection with the robbery, had been given a long sentence of penal servitude, and had died in gaol. This Jerry Shiels was an extraordinarily clever criminal, and travelled about the country as a street Although an expert burglar, he very rarely perpetrated robberies himself, but acted as a sort of travelling fence, receiving stolen property and transmitting it to London or out of the country. He also acted as the agent of a man named Legg, who had money, and who financed any likely-looking project of a criminal nature that Shiels might arrange or recommend. Luker and Birks explained that there were many men of this class, and that it was to them that they had referred on the previous evening, when they said that there were "blokes that would jump at the chance " of financing the present venture.

Jerry Shiels travelled with a "pardner"—a man who played the harp and acted as his assistant and messenger in affairs wherein Jerry was reluctant to appear personally. When Shiels was arrested he had in his possession a quantity of printed and manuscript music, and after his first remand his "pardner," Jemmy Snape, applied for the music to be given up to him in order, as he explained, that he might earn his living. No objection was raised to this, and Shiels was quite willing that Snape should have it, and so it was handed over. Now among

this music was a small slip, headed "Flitterbat Lancers," which Shiels had shown to Snape before the arrest. In case of Shiels being taken Snape was to take this particular slip to Legg as fast as he could. The slip indeed carried about it, in some unexplained way which Legg understood, an indication of the place in which Shiels had concealed the bulk of the Wedlake jewels, and the whole proceeding was an ingenious trick invented by Shiels (and used before, it was supposed) to communicate with Legg while under arrest.

Snape got the music, but, as chance would have it, on that very day Legg himself was arrested and soon after was sentenced also to a term of years. Snape hung about in London for a little while and then emigrated. Before leaving, however, he gave the slip of music to Luker's father, a rag-shop keeper. who was a friend of his, and to whom he owed money. He explained its history, and hoped that Luker senior would be able to recoup himself for the debt, and a good deal over. Then he went. Luker senior had made all sorts of fruitless efforts to get at the information concealed in the paper. He had held it to the fire to bring up concealed writing, had washed it, had held it to the light till his eyes ached, had gone over it with a magnifying glass-all in vain. had got musicians to strum out the notes on all sorts of instruments, backwards, forwards, alternately, and in every other way he could think of. If at any time he fancied a resemblance in the resulting sound to some familiar song-tune, he got that song and studied all its words with loving care, upside-down, rightside up—every way. He took the words "Flitterbat Lancers" and transposed the letters in all directions, and did everything else he could think of. In the end he gave it up and died. Now lately, Luker junior had been impelled with a desire to see into the matter. He had repeated all the parental experiments, and more, with chemicals, and with the same lack of success. He had taken his "pal" Birks into his confidence, and together they had tried other experiments still—usually very clumsy ones indeed—till at last they began to believe that the message had probably been written in some sort of invisible ink which the subsequent washings and experiments had erased altogether. he had done one other thing: he had found the house which Shiels rented at the time of his arrest, and in which a good quantity of stolen property — not connected with the Wedlake case — was discovered. Here, he argued, if anywhere, Jerry Shiels had hidden

the jewels. There was no other place where he could be found to have lived, or over which he had sufficient control to warrant his hiding valuables therein. Perhaps, once the house could be properly examined, something about it might give a clue as to what the message of the "Flitterbat Lancers" meant. At any rate, message or none, anybody in possession of the house, with a certain amount of patience, secrecy, and thoroughness, could in time make himself master of every possible hiding-place, and could completely excavate the back vard. The trouble was that the house was occupied, and that money was wanted to get possession. was with the view of providing this that they had decided to broach the subject to Hoker.

Hoker of course was anxious to know where the house in question stood, but this Luker and Birks would on no account inform him. You've done your part," they said, "and now you leave us to do ours. There's a bit of a job about gettin' the tenants out. They won't go, and it'll take a bit of time before the landlord can make them. So you just hold your jaw and wait. When we're safe in the 'ouse, and there's no chance of anybody else pokin' into the business, then you can come and help find the stuff if you like. But you ain't goin' to 'ave a chance of puttin' in first for yourself this

journey, you bet."

Hoker went home that night sober, but in much perplexity. The thing might be genuine after all; indeed there were many little things that made him think it was. But then if it were, what guarantee had he that he would get his share, supposing the search turned out successful? None at all. But then it struck him for the first time that these jewels, though they may have lain untouched so long, were stolen property The moral aspect of the affair after all. began to trouble him a little, but the legal aspect troubled him more. That consideration, however, he decided to leave over, for the present at any rate. He had no more than the word of Luker and Birks that the jewels (if they existed) were those of Lady Wedlake, and Luker and Birks themselves only professed to know from hearsay. any rate his £50 was gone where he felt pretty sure he would have a difficulty in getting it back from, and he determined to wait events. But at least he made up his mind to have some little guarantee for his money. In accordance with this resolve he suggested, when he met the two men the next day, that he should take charge of the

slip of music and make an independent study of it. This proposal, however, met with an instant veto. The whole thing was now in their hands. Luker and Birks laid it down, and they didn't intend letting any of it out. If Hoker wanted to study the "Flitterbat Lancers" he could do it in their presence, and if he were dissatisfied he could go to the next shop. Altogether it became clear to the unhappy Hoker that now he had parted with his money he was altogether at the mercy of these fellows, if he wished to get any share of the plunder, or even to see his money back again. And if he made any complaint, or if the matter became at all known, the affair would be "blown upon," as they expressed it, and his money would be gone. Mostly, though, he resented their bullying talk, and he determined to get even in the matter of the music. He resolved to make up a piece of paper, folded as like the slip as possible, and substitute one for the other at their next meeting. Then he would put the "Flitterbat Lancers" in some safe place and face his fellow-conspirators with a hand of cards equal to their own. He carried out his plan the next evening with perfect success, thanks to a trick of "passing" cards which he had learned in his youth, and thanks also to the contemptuous indifference with which Luker and Birks had begun to regard him. He got the slip in his pocket and left the bar. He had not gone far, however, before Luker discovered the trick, and soon he became conscious of being followed. He looked for a cab, but he was in a dark street. and no cab was near. Luker and Birks turned the corner and began to run. He saw they must catch him, and felt no doubt that if they did he would lose the slip of paper, the £50, and everything. They were big active fellows, and could probably do as they liked with him—especially since he could not call for help without risking an exposure of their joint enterprise. Everything depended now on his putting the "Flitterbat Lancers" out of their reach, but where he could himself recover it. Then it would form a sort of security for his share of the He ran till he saw a narrow passage-way on his right, and into this he darted. It led into a yard where stones were lying about, and in a large building before him he saw the window of a lighted room a couple of floors up. It was a desperate expedient, but there was no time for consideration. He wrapped a stone in the paper and flung it with all his force

through the lighted window. Even as he did it he heard the feet of Luker and Birks as they hurried down the street. The rest of the adventure in the court I myself saw.

Luker and Birks kept Hoker in their lodgings all that night. They searched him unsuccessfully for the paper, they bullied, they swore, they cajoled, they entreated, they begged him to play the game square with his pals. Hoker merely replied that he had put the "Flitterbat Lancers" where they couldn't easily find it, and that he intended playing the game square so long as they did the same. In the end they released him, apparently with more respect for his cuteness than they had before entertained, advising him at any rate, to get the paper into his possession as soon as he could. With this view he repaired again to the scene of his window-smashing exploit, and having ascertained the exact position of the window in the building, began his morning's attack on my outer door.

"And now," said Mr. Hoker, in conclusion of his narrative, "perhaps you'll give me a bit of Christian advice. You're up to as many moves as most people over here. Am I playin' a fool-game running after these toughs, or ain't I? I wouldn't have told you what I have, of course, if it wasn't clear that you'd got hold of the hang of the scheme somehow. Say, now, is it all a swindle?"

Hewitt shrugged his shoulders. "It all depends," he said, "on your friends Luker and Birks, as you may easily see for yourself. They may want to swindle you of your money and of the proceeds of the speculation, as you call it, or they may not. I'm afraid they'd like to, at any rate. But perhaps you've got some little security in this piece of paper. One thing is plain: they certainly believe in the deposit of jewels themselves, else they wouldn't have taken so much trouble to get the paper back, on the chance of seeing some way of using it after they had got into the house they speak of."

"Then I guess I'll go on with the thing,

if that's it."

"That depends of course on whether you care to take trouble to get possession of what, after all, is somebody else's lawful property."

Hoker looked a little uneasy. "Well," he said, "there's that, of course. I didn't know nothin' about that at first, and when I did I'd parted with my money and felt entitled to get something back for it. Any way the stuff ain't found yet. When it is, why then, you know, I might make a deal with the owner. But, say, how did you find

out my name, and about this here affair being

jined up with the Wedlake jewels?"

Hewitt smiled. "As to the name and address, you just think it over a little when you've gone away, and if you don't see how I did it, you're not so cute as I think you are. In regard to the jewels—well, I just read the message of the 'Flitterbat Lancers,' that's all."

"You read it? Whew! That beats! And what does it say, and where? How did you fix it?" Hoker turned the paper over

eagerly in his hands as he spoke.

"See, now," said Hewitt, "I won't tell you all that, but I'll tell you something, and it may help you to test the real knowledge of Luker and Birks. Part of the message is in these words, which you had better write down: 'Over the coals the fifth dancer slides says Jerry Shiels the horney."

"What?" Hoker exclaimed, "Fifth dancer slides over the coals? That's a mighty odd dance-figure, anyway, lancers or not.

What's it all about?"

"About the Wedlake jewels, as I said. Now you can go and make a bargain with Luker and Birks. The only other part of the message is an address, and that they already know, if they have been telling the truth about the house they intend taking. You can offer to tell them what I have told you of the message, after they have told you where the house is, and proved to you that they are taking the steps they talk of. they won't agree to that I think you had best treat them as common rogues (which they are), and charge them with obtaining your money under false pretences. But in any case don't be disappointed if you see very little of the Wedlake jewels."

Nothing more would Hewitt say than that, despite Hoker's many questions; and when at last Hoker had gone, almost as troubled and perplexed as ever, my friend turned to me and said, "Now, Brett, if you haven't lunched, and would like to see the end of

this business, hurry up!"

"The end of it?" I said. "Is it to end so

soon? How?"

"Simply by a police raid on Jerry Shiels's old house with a search warrant. I communicated with the police this morning before I came here."

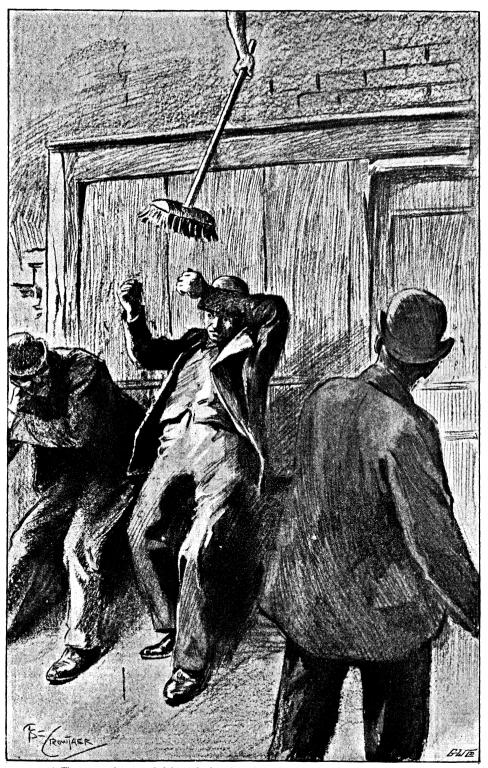
"Poor Hoker!" I said.

"Oh, I had told the police before I saw Hoker, or heard of him, of course. I just conveyed the message on the music slip, that was enough. But I'll tell you all about it when there's more time; I must be off now.

With the information I have given him, Hoker and his friends may make an extra push and get into the house soon, but I couldn't resist the temptation to give the unfortunate Hoker some sort of a sporting chance—though it's a poor one, I fear. Get your lunch as quickly as you can, and go at once to Colt Row, Bankside—Southwark way, you know. Probably we shall be there before you. If not, wait."

Hewitt had assumed his hat and gloves as he spoke, and now hurried away. such lunch as I could in twenty minutes and hurried in a cab towards Blackfriars Bridge. The cabman knew nothing of Colt Row, but had a notion of where to find Bankside. Once in the region I left him, and then Colt Row was not difficult to find. It was one of those places that decay with an access of respectability, like Drury Lane and Clare Market. Once, when Jacob's Island was still an island, a little further down the river, Colt Row had evidently been an unsafe place for a person with valuables about him, and then it probably prospered, in its own way. Now it was quite respectable, but very dilapidated and dirty, and looked as unprosperous as a street well can. It was too near the river to be a frequented thoroughfare, and too far from it to be valuable for wharfage purposes. It was a stagnant backwater in the London tide, close though it stood to the full rush of the stream. Perhaps it was sixty yards long perhaps a little more. It was certainly very few yards wide, and the houses at each side had a patient and forlorn look of waiting for a metropolitan improvement to come along and carry them away to their rest. seemed untenanted, and most threatened soon to be untenable. I could see no signs as yet of Hewitt, nor of the police, so I walked up and down the narrow pavement for a little while. As I did so I became conscious of a face at a window of the least ruinous house in the row, a face that I fancied expressed particular interest in my movements. The house was an old gabled structure, faced with plaster. What had apparently once been a shop-window, or at any rate a wide one, on the ground floor, was now shuttered up, and the face that watched me-an old woman's-looked from a window I had noted these particulars next above. with some curiosity, when, arriving again at the street corner, I observed Hewitt approaching, in company with a police inspector, and followed by two unmistakable "plain-clothes"

"Well," Hewitt said, "you're first here



"The woman began to belabour the invaders about the shoulders and head from above,"

after all. Have you seen any more of our friend Hoker?

"No. nothing.

"Very well—probably he'll be here before long, though."

The party turned into Colt Row, and the inspector, walking up to the door of the house with the shuttered bottom window. knocked sharply. There was no response, so he knocked again; but equally in vain.

"All out," said the inspector.

"No," I said, "I saw a woman watching me from the window above not three minutes

ago."

"Ho, ho!" the inspector replied, "That's so, eh? One of you—you Johnson—step round to the back, will you? You know the courts behind."

One of the plain-clothes men started off. and after waiting another minute or two the inspector began a thundering cannonade of knocks that brought every available head out of the window of every inhabited room in the Row.

The woman's face appeared stealthily at the upper window again, but the inspector saw, and he shouted to her to open the door and save him the necessity of damaging it. At this the woman opened the window, and began abusing the inspector with a shrillness and fluency that added a street-corner audience to that already con-

gregated at the windows.

"Go away you blaggards," the lady saidamong other things-"you ought to be 'orsew'ipped, every one of ye! A-comin' 'ere a-tryin' to turn decent people out o' 'ouse and 'ome! Wait till my 'usband comes 'ome-'e'll show yer, ye mutton-cadgin' scoundrels! Payin' our rent reg'lar, and good tenants as is always been—as you may ask Mrs. Green next door this blessed minute—and I'm a respectable married woman, that's what I am, ye dirty great cow-ards!"—this last word with a low tragic emphasis.

Hewitt remembered what Hoker had said about the present tenants refusing to quit the house on the landlord's notice. "She thinks we've come from the landlord to turn

her out," he said to the inspector.

"We're not here from the landlord, you old fool!" the inspector said, in as low a voice as could be trusted to reach the woman's ears. "We don't want to turn you out. We're the police, with a search-warrant to look for something left here before you came; and you'd better let us in, I can tell you, or you'll get into trouble."

"'Ark at 'im!" the woman screamed,

pointing at the inspector. "'Ark at 'im!" Thinks I was born vesterday, that feller! Go 'ome, ve dirty pie-stealer, go 'ome! 'Oo sneaked the cook's watch, eh? Go 'ome!"

The audience showed signs of becoming a small crowd, and the inspector's patience gave out. "Here Bradley," he said, addressing the remaining plain-clothes man, "give a hand with these shutters." and the two-both powerful men—seized the iron bar which held the shutters, and began to pull. But the garrison was undaunted, and seizing a broom the woman began to belabour the invaders about the shoulders and head from above. But just at this moment the woman, emitting a terrific shriek, was suddenly lifted from behind and vanished. Then the head of the plain-clothes man who had gone round the houses appeared, with the calm announcement, "There's a winder open behind, sir. I'll open the front door if you like."

Then there was a heavy thump and his head was withdrawn; the broom was probably responsible. The inspector shouted impatiently for the front door to be opened, and in a minute or two the bolts were shot and it swung back. The placid Johnson stood in the passage, and as we passed in he said: "I've locked 'er in the back room upstairs." As a matter of fact we might have guessed it. Volleys of screeches, punctuated by bangs from contact of broom and door,

left no doubt.

"It's the bottom staircase of course," the inspector said, and we tramped down into the basement. A little way from the stairfoot Hewitt opened a cupboard door which enclosed a receptacle for coals. "They still keep the coals here, you see," he said, striking a match and passing it to and fro near the sloping roof of the cupboard. It was of plaster, and covered the under-side of the stairs.

"And now for the fifth dancer," he said, throwing the match away and making for the staircase again. "One, two, three, four, five," and he tapped the fifth stair from the

"Here it is." bottom.

The stairs were uncarpeted, and Hewitt and the inspector began a careful examination of the one he had indicated. tapped it in different places, and Hewitt passed his hand over the surfaces of both tread and riser. Presently, with his hand at the outer edge of the riser, Hewitt spoke. "Here it is, I think," he said; "it is the riser that slides.'

He took out his pocket-knife and scraped away the grease and paint from the edge of the old stair. Then a joint was plainly visible. For a long time the plank, grimed and set with age, refused to shift, but at last, by dint of patience and firm fingers, it moved, and in a few seconds was drawn clean out from the end, like the lid of a domino-box lying on its side.

Within, nothing was visible but grime, fluff, and small rubbish. The inspector passed his hand along the bottom angle. "Here's a hook or something at any rate," he said. It was the gold hook of an old-fashioned

earring, broken off short.

Hewitt slapped his thigh. "Somebody's been here before us," he said, "and a good time back too, judging from the dust. That hook's a plain indication that jewellery was here once, and probably broken up for convenience of carriage and stowage. There's plainly nothing more, except—except this piece of paper." Hewitt's eyes had detected, black with loose grime as it was, a small piece of paper lying at the bottom of the recess. He drew it out and shook off the dust. "Why, what's this?" he exclaimed. "More music! Why, look here!"

We went to the window and there saw in Hewitt's hand a piece of written musical

notation, thus :--



Hewitt pulled out from his pocket a few pieces of paper. "Here is a copy I made this morning of the 'Flitterbat Lancers,' and a note or two of my own as well," he said. He took a pencil and, constantly referring to his own papers, marked a letter under each note on the last-found slip of music. When he had done this the letters read:—

"You are a clever cove whoever you are but there was a cleverer says Jim Snape the

horney's mate."

"You see?" Hewitt said, handing the inspector the paper. "Snape, the unconsidered messenger, finding Legg in prison,

set to work and got the jewels for himself. He either had more gumption than the other people through whose hands the 'Flitterbat Lancers' has passed, or else he had got some clue to the cipher during his association with Shiels. The thing was a cryptogram, of course, of a very simple sort, though uncommon in design. Snape was a humorous soul, too, to leave this message here in the same cipher, on the chance of somebody else reading the 'Flitterbat Lancers.'"

"But," I asked, "why did he give that

slip of music to Luker's father?"

"Well, he owed him money, and got out of it that way. Also he avoided the appearance of 'flushness' that paying the debt might have given him, and got quietly out of the country with his spoil. Also he may have paid off a grudge on old Luker—anyhow the thing plagued him enough."

The shrieks upstairs had grown hoarser, but the broom continued vigorously. "Let that woman out," said the inspector, "and we'll go and report. Not much good looking for Snape now, I fancy. But there's some satisfaction in clearing up that old quarter-

century mystery."

We left the place pursued by the execrations of the broom wielder, who bolted the door behind us, and from the window defied us to come back, and vowed she would have us all searched before a magistrate for what we had probably stolen. In the very next street we hove in sight of Reuben B. Hoker in the company of two swell-mob-looking fellows, who sheered off down a side turning at sight of our group. Hoker, too, looked rather shy at sight of the inspector. As we passed, Hewitt stopped for a moment and said, "I'm afraid you've lost those jewels, Mr. Hoker; come to my office to-morrow and I'll tell you all about it."

III.

"The meaning of the thing was so very plain," Hewitt said to me afterwards, "that the duffers who had the 'Flitterbat Lancers' in hand for so long never saw it at all. If Shiels had made an ordinary clumsy cryptogram, all letters and figures, they would have seen what it was at once, and at least would have tried to read it. But because it was put in the form of music they tried everything else but the right way. It was a clever dodge of Shiels', without a doubt. Very few people, police officers or not, turning over a heap of old music, would notice or feel suspicious of that little slip

among the rest. But once one sees it is a cryptogram (and the absence of bar-lines and of notes beyond the stave would suggest that) the reading is as easy as possible. For my part I tried it as a cryptogram at once. You know the plan—it has been described a hundred times. See here—look at this copy

of the 'Flit-Lanterbat Its cers. diffionly and culty, that is a small one, is that the words are not divided. Since there are on the stave positions for less than a dozen notes, and there are twenty-six letters to be indicated, it follows that crochets. quavers and semiquavers on the same line or space must mean different letters. The first step is obvious. We count the notesto ascertain which sign occurs most frequently, and we find that the crochet in the top space is the sign required occurs no less than eleven times.

Now the let-

"' The fifth dancer slides."

ter most frequently occurring in an ordinary sentence of English is e. Let us then suppose that this represents e. At once a coincidence strikes us. In ordinary musical notation in the treble clef the note occupying the top space would be E. Let us remember that presently. Now the most common

word in the English language is the. We know the sign for e, the last letter of this word, so let us see if in more than one place that sign is preceded by two others, identical in each case. If so, the probability is that the other two signs will represent t and h, and the whole word will be the. Now it

happens that in no less than four places the sign e is preceded by the same two other signsonce in the first line. twice in the second, and once in the fourth. No word of three letters ending in e would be in the least likely to occur four times in a short sentence except the. Then we will call it the, and note the signs preceding the e. They are a quaver under the bottom line for the t and a crotchet on the first space for the h. We travel along the stave, and wherever these signs occur we mark them with t or h, as the case may be. But

now we remember that e, the crotchet in the top space, is in its right place as a musical note, while the crotchet in the bottom space means h, which is no musical note at all. Considering this for a minute, we remember that among the notes which are expressed in ordinary music on the treble

stave, without the use of leger lines, de and f are repeated at the lower and at the upper part of the stave. Therefore anybody making a cryptogram of musical notes would probably use one set of these duplicate positions to indicate other letters, and as h is in the lower part of the stave, that is where the variation comes in. Let us experiment by assuming that all the crotchets above f in ordinary musical notation have their usual values, and let us set the letters over their respective notes. Now things begin to shape. Look toward the end of the second line: there is the word the and the letters ff th. with another note between the two fs. Now that word can only possibly be fifth, so that now we have the sign for i. It is the crotchet on the bottom line. Let us go through and mark the is. And now observe. The first sign of the lot is i, and there is one other sign before the word the. The only words possible here beginning with i, and of two letters, are it, if, is and in. Now we have the signs for t and f, and we know that it isn't it or if. Is would be unlikely here. because there is a tendency, as you see, to regularity in these signs, and t, the next letter alphabetically to s, is at the bottom of the stave. Let us try n. At once we get the word dance at the beginning of line three. And now we have got enough to see the system of the thing. Make a stave and put G A B C and the higher D E F in their proper musical places. Then fill in the blank places with the next letters of the alphabet downward, h i i, and we find that h and i fall in the places we have already discovered for them as crotchets. Now take quavers and go on with $k \, l \, m \, n \, o$, and so on as before, beginning on the A space. When you have filled the quavers do the same with semiquavers - there are only six alphabetical letters left for this—u v w x y z. Now you will find that this exactly agrees with all we have ascertained already, and if you will use the other letters to fill up over the signs still unmarked you will get the whole message-

"In the Colt Row ken over the coals the fifth dancer slides says Jerry Shiels the horney."

"'Dancer,' as perhaps you didn't know,

is thieves' slang for a stair, and 'horney' is the strolling musician's name for a cornet player. Of course the thing took a little time to work out, chiefly because the sentence was short, and gave one few opportunities. But anybody with the key, using the cipher as a means of communication, would read it as easily as print. Snape used the same cipher in his jocular little note to the next searcher in the Colt Row staircase.

"As soon as I had read it, of course I guessed the purport of the 'Flitterbat Lancers.' Jerry Shiels's name is well known to anybody with half my knowledge of the criminal records of the century, and his connection with the missing Wedlake jewels, and his death in prison, came to my mind at once. (The police afterwards, by the way, soon identified his old house in Colt Row from their records.) Certainly here was something hidden, and as the Wedlake jewels seemed most likely, I made the shot in talking to Hoker."

"But you terribly astonished him by telling him his name and address. How was

that?"

Hewitt laughed aloud. "That," he said; "why, that was the thinnest trick of all. Why, the man had it engraved at large all over the silver band of his umbrella handle. When he left his umbrella outside, Kerrett (I had indicated the umbrella to him by a sign) just copied the lettering on one of the ordinary visitors' forms and brought it in. You will remember I treated it as an ordinary visitor's announcement. Kerrett has played that trick before, I fear." And he laughed again.

On the afternoon of the next day Reuben B. Hoker called on Hewitt and had half an hour's talk with him in his private room. After that he came up to me with half-acrown in his hand. "Sir," he said, "everything has turned out a durned sell. I don't want to talk about it any more. I'm goin' out o' this durn country. Night before last I broke your winder. You put the damage at half-a-crown. Here is the money. Good-day to you, sir."

And Reuben B. Hoker went out into the

tumultuous world.

AN APRIL NIGHT.

By H. M. WAITHMAN.

O NIGHT of Spring, divinely still!
The moon is up and stars are clear;
The perfect line of every hill
Has found its mate upon the mere.
In little sparks that dance and shake,
A star looks up from out the lake.

Beyond the cliff that on the left
Is looming dark against the sky,
The range of hills is widely reft,
As courtiers when a king goes by
On either side fall back; between
The Dent du Midi stands as Queen.



From a photo by]

[W. Howard Hazell.

DENT BLANCHE AND THE SCHWARTZEE.

Beneath the headland's solemn frown A row of fiery eyes alight Are winking, where the little town Is nestling in the arms of night. Ah, by and by the eyes will close, And all be darkness and repose.

A glow-worm boat goes swiftly by
With light at head; its happy crew
Are singing. When the voices die
The splashing fount is heard anew.
A fragrant scent of wood alight
Like incense rises through the night.

AT THE END OF THE TELESCOPE.

By F. Frankfort Moore.



URIOUS circumstances demand curious phrases. To beycott was a verb for which there had been no demand in England up to a certain point. The same may be said of the

word "iingo." Although the latter, as a popular contraction, much needed, for St. Gengulphus -on the authority of Thomas Ingoldsbyhad a certain marketable value in this country for centuries, it did not attain to the distinction which it at present enjoys, until there was some question of a British ironclad or two passing through the Dar-Somebody said the ironclads danelles. shouldn't go beyond the entrance to that Homeric region, but someone else said they Now a British ironclad can be very nasty upon occasions, and any man who insists on running his head against one is likely (under certain circumstances) to endanger his crown without doing the ironclad any greater injury than a dab of paint can Some days had passed, however, before this great truth was appreciated as it deserved by the person who stood at the entrance to the strait waving a red fez to warn back the British fleet, and during these days the anthem of St. Gengulphus rolled majestically over the land, and its strains reached the ears of the gentleman waving the fez, and he ceased to wave it.



The words of the anthem were these—

We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do, We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too!

I would not venture to quote the stirring lines were it not that eighteen years have elapsed since they were first heard, and in the meantime a new generation has sprung up aware only of the word "jingo" used as a term of reproach.

* * *

The exigencies of the hour certainly demand the coining of a word to signify the opposite to valiant. I would venture to suggest Transvaaliant.

* * *

Some years ago I was anxious to find out, from someone who had lived in England in the days of the Peninsular War, what was the feeling of the people in England on the subject of the campaign. I was young enough then to fancy that the best way of obtaining the information which I desired would be to have an interview with the oldest inhabitant available. Without much difficulty I was favoured with an introduction to a thoroughly trustworthy man who was rapidly approaching maturity. He was then ninety-eight years of age, and at the date of Waterloo he was a lad of twenty-three. He was an excellent specimen of his class, and his memory was said to be phenomenal. I found it to be so. He was, he explained to me at the outset of our interview, a trifle hard of hearing, but I had no trouble in making myself heard by him. On my part I had no difficulty whatever understanding his pathetically quavering sentences.

* * *

I quickly found that he had had many interviews during the previous fifty years or so on the subject of the battle of Waterloo. He knew all about it. He had a sister whose son had played a prominent part in the fight perhaps the most prominent, my informant assured me, next to Wellington. He was therefore in a position to make me acquainted with the general plan of the battle. This was scarcely what I wanted just at the moment. I thought I knew as much about the details of Waterloo as would carry me on for a year or two, and I was doubtful if my information would be materially increased by an interview with the uncle of a man who had been a bugler in a regiment which I recollected had not been at Waterloo, though taking part in the stiff engagement at Albuera. I did not, however, interrupt the highly circumstantial narrative of the old man, leading on to the command, "Up Guards and at 'em!"—which was never delivered. I listened attentively to the elaborate account of a fictitious engagement and then re-filled the good old man's mug.

* * *

"You remember the return of the troops? Of course everyone was glad the campaign was over," I suggested.

"They weren't so glad neither," he said, stroking his head, "My sister's boy was a

wicked rascal, he was. If he had stayed away there'd ha' been a deal less trouble."

"And you remember hearing the news of Nelson and the great sea-fight off Cape Trafalgar? It happened ten years before Waterloo; but you were a good-sized boy, I'm sure."

"Oh. I mind it all well. One day I was going out with my flapper to fright the crows away from farmer Duncombe's fieldhe had wheat, you'll mind. We'd a deal o' wheat in them days. And my father—he died at a hundred and three and not an unsound tooth in his head—ay, says he, 'Tommy, never forget that you've see this day,' says he. 'No, daddy,' says I. 'But why?' says I. 'D'ye see that gen'leman gone by us on the gray horse? 'says he. 'Ay,' says I. 'Well, that's the great Captain Nelson that fought the French at Trafalgar Bay,' says he. 'And don't you forget that ye've see him,' says he. 'No, daddy,' says I. And I've kep' my word, ay, I've ken' it. But I've a monstrous big memory for minding things that I've see all my life."

* * *

And he had most certainly. I ventured to ask him if he had had any relatives who remembered the War of Independence in America, and he assured me, with that laborious attention to details which adds so much to a description of a narrative by an eye-witness, that he himself had a vivid recollection of George Washington. great man had even visited his father's cottage and had asked for a glass of water, but his father had declared that he would never have it said of him that George Washington went away with only water; he got a glass of milk that his mother had just obtained from a brindled cow that had been the best milker in the parish, only she had a bad habit of kicking over the pail just when she knew it was full. Oh yes, Washington was a fine man, and always wore a sword.

* * *

Of course then he recollected the death of Queen Anne? Well he didn't go so far as to say that he had been actually present at this melancholy occurrence, but he had certainly taken part in the tolling of the church bell when the news came that Queen Anne was dead. And Oliver Cromwell—had he ever had the good fortune to see Oliver Cromwell? Ay, that he had. He was about to put in the pony to the cart when a man came up with a shiny brass hat and spurs, and after

looking about him walked on very quietly. He didn't hear until the lapse of fully a week—or was it ten days?—that that striking personage was Oliver Cromwell himself. The execution of Charles I was, he admitted, antecedent to his own birth, but that fact did not prevent his remembering a pretty fair amount about the Spanish Armada. I did not think it advisable to put a greater tax upon the old gentleman's memory. I feared that the breaking strain would have been reached by the time I had got him safely down to the days of Noah. I told him that I had rarely passed a more instructive morning, and that at least was true.

* * *

I spoke to the landlord of the inn about the marvellous memory of the old man, and the landlord assured me that, old as he was, he could still read the print of the smallest Bible without the aid of spectacles. I hope that he availed himself frequently of this privilege.

* * *

Everyone to whom I have spoken has agreed with me as to the impossibility of obtaining any trustworthy information from people of great age who have a reputation for a good memory to maintain. Of course they do not mean to deceive anyone who questions them; the fact is simply that their memory and their imagination and their reading and all that they have heard from their youth up, get so mixed as to make it impossible for them to know where the operations of one division of the brain leave off and those of another division begin. One of the most recently built-up of all those monstrous creatures that lived in the early days of the world's history, is proved to have had actually two brains—one was situated in the usual place within its skull, but the other was about thirty feet down its spine. The first had to do duty for the upper part of the body, the other looked after the forty feet or thereabouts of tail. If it had not had this supplemental brain the creature would not have survived even so long as it The lower part of its tail might have been in great jeopardy before any consciousness of the danger could reach the brain situated in the head. It occurred to me when I heard of this division of labour that it was rather a pity that we are not provided with two separate and distinct sets of brains, the one to receive impressions of what we read, the second to be used as a storehouse of what we have ourselves experienced. This arrangement would certainly prevent a good deal of that confusion which is the result of a praise-worthy attempt—made perhaps late in life—to separate incidents of which we have merely read from those which we have ourselves experienced. Travellers in particular suffer from a unification of brain. When it begins to work at high pressure the two sets of impressions are apt to become a trifle mixed. Two sets of brains, arranged on the twinscrew principle, would be very convenient.

* * *

The regulation of one set seems too much for some people however.

* * *

Sometime ago there was a good deal of talk and correspondence regarding the advisability of persons being instructed when young to employ the left hand in many of those transactions in which it has for long been the habit to use the right only. Latterly we have not heard so much about the need for being ambidextral. It was a favourite, though a somewhat paradoxical, theory of Charles Reade's that nothing would be right in the world so long as people were so grossly prejudiced against the use of the left hand. He used to practise writing with both hands, but so far as I can gather he gained nothing by his skill in this respect. It was suggested by scoffers that he hoped to be able after a little time to write simultaneously a novel with his right hand and a drama with his left.

* * *

He never got so far as that. As a matter of fact, as things are at present, a man requires to give all his attention to the writing of a novel, which may after all not turn out greatly superior to any of Charles Reade's, while for a play two master minds and several hands are required if it is to be even up to the level of "Masks and Faces." The great thing about the typewriter consists in the fact that it employs both hands of the operator to advantage: that is to say, one can get through double the work by employing both hands, and no one has ever suggested that by being able to write with either hand one can get through twice as much work as by the exclusive use of the right only.

* * *

When on this subject I may perhaps venture to point out how things "sinister"

came to be associated with the left hand. and how it came to be regarded as discourteous to offer the left hand instead of the right in greeting a friend. The fact is that this sign of friendliness is a survival of those days when every man was trying to get the better of his fellow-men, and the usual way of indicating his success in this direction was by laving open as many heads as possible with a sword-blade, or indeed any weapon that came handy. The consequence was that the moment a stranger entered a room, the original occupants of that room considered that they would be on the safe side if they drew their swords and waited for a development of the situation. If the new-comer wished to show his friendliness he naturally held out his right hand—the hand with which he would grasp his sword when meaning business—and so long as it was held in a friendly clasp by anyone it was taken for granted that the man was harmless.

* * *

On the same principle a token of friendship was the uncovering of the head in the presence of men. When a man took off his helmet he meant that he was ready to place implicit trust in the people with whom he was mingling; he was undefended at the most vulnerable part. But if a man retained his casque it was understood that he meant business, and men kept an eye on him. a matter of course a man removed his helmet on appearing in the presence of women. was supposed that he had no need for such a protection at that moment, though some men found out that this assumption was based on an error. Thus it became an act of everyday courtesy to take off the hat to a lady.

* * *

The loving cup, was not a meaningless institution; it was meant to inspire confidence in one's guests. The host was the first to drink out of the goblet, and it was then passed down the table from guest to guest without being handled by any of the servi-It was understood that an excellent way of getting rid of an inconvenient friend was by inviting him to dinner and giving him a glass of wine containing poison. many inconvenient friends were got rid of in this way, people became a little shy about accepting the hospitality of a distinguished man. The loving cup was thus introduced with a view to restore confidence in the goodwill of the host, and it was undoubtedly effective.





WGLISH composers who are worthy of the name, and whose works have attained to anything like a national popularity, are in reality very few in number. Sir A.

Sullivan, Frederic H. Cowen, and the late

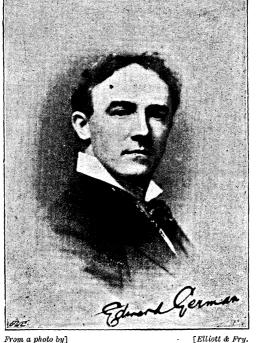
Joseph Barnby, have written music that will appeal to English people for many a year to come, music that touches equally an Albert Hall audience and the mixed crowd that gathers around a County Council band on Sunday afternoon in one of the parks. I do not attempt to explain why it is that "The Lost Chord," "The Better Land," and "Sweet and Low," are always acceptable to the popular ear, I merely state that it is And though we have now a goodly number of Englishmen who are scholarly musicians and talented scarcely composers. any besides those From a photo by] already mentioned

have a big reputation outside the concert room door, and beyond the pale of the musical world. The works of only a very small proportion of our composers have actually entered the homes of England, and some of our cleverest men are nothing more than a name—if even they are that—to the average middle-class amateur.

The first portrait we are giving this month is of a composer who may be said to have already attained to a wide popularity. He is young; but, by a happy turn of her wheel, Fortune has sent some of his compo-

sitions very far afield. His three Dances from "Henry VIII"—those dainty, melodious little trifles—appear to be included in the repertoire of every young lady who studies the pianoforte nowadays, judging by the number of times and the variety of circumstances under which one hears them.

But we are dealing with personalities in these papers, not with compositions, therefore the reader shall be introduced to Mr. Edward German without further delay. If one were asked to guess where he lives the natural reply would be St. John's Wood, so many musicians and artists have that made suburb



From a photo by]
MR. EDWARD GERMAN.

their headquarters, and Mr. German is among the number. He is fortunate in

having Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. Cowen, and Mr. Hamish McCunn among his near neighbours. His house has one or two features that would distinctly commend themselves to the soul of a composer. It lies back some distance from the road and is surrounded by its own grounds. It is therefore tolerably quiet—for London. seclusion is further emphasised by the fact that a high iron gate, in a high brick wall, very effectually bars the progress of the ordinary wayfaring man who. beside being a fool, is usually a beggar and a great nuisance into the bargain. As it is, the

composer can sit in peace in his study. its with French windows opening out on to the garden. the distant gate and the road beyond being hidden by high shrubs trees. and When I commented on the wisdom of his arrangements he

said-"Yes. think I have managed to secure quietness at last. The house is old-fashioned but I do not mind that at all. It is so pleasant to within ĥе touch of the centre London, and vet as absolutely quiet though one were in the country."

The room in which Mr. German works is not what one would call a "show" study; it has not at all the blase air of a study that has to live up to the constant scrutiny of the ubiquitous interviewer. On the contrary, a vague sense of pleasantness and comfort is the general effect of the room. The photos on the mantelpiece appear to have been placed there because the owner liked to have

them there, not so much that he desired other people to see that they were there. The upright piano looked as though it would stand any amount of practice; the writing-table was large and in a good light, and everything seemed conducive to hard work. The composer himself gives one the impression that he possesses a highly-strung and refined nature, albeit there is a certain determination and strength of character

frequently

apparent. Нe has managed to accomplish a great deal in the comparatively few vears that he has been composing. It may not be generally known that he started life with the intention of becoming a violinist. When he was quite a lad he taught himself to play on the violin after a fashion, and then joined the band of the choral society belonging to his native town, Whitchurch, in Shropshire. Thanks to the energy and interest of the con-



From a photo by]

MRS. HELEN TRUST.

[Russell.

ductor, his parents consented at length that he should study at the Royal Academy of Music, which institution he entered in 1880. Here he worked at organ, violin, pianoforte and composition. After a while he gave up the organ in order to devote more time to the violin. He was successful in winning the prize violin bow, also bronze and silver medals, and a certificate for violin playing. In due course he was appointed a sub-professor of that instrument at the

Royal Academy.

In time, however, the violin went the way of the organ. Mr. German's great ambition was to become a composer. In 1885 he won the "Charles Lucas Medal" for composition, after which he centred his whole attention on his aim. When he finally left the Academy, in 1887, he had won six certificates and six medals, whereupon he was elected an Associate.

These academical honours, though proclaiming hima musician of exceptional calibre, gave him no standing in the world at large. So far as the general public are concerned, they first made his acquaintance through the incidental music written for Mr. Mansfield's production of "Richard III," at the Globe theatre in 1889. Though this was eminently successful it can in no way compare with the fame he achieved in 1892 when, at Sir Henry Irving's request, he composed the incidental music for "Henry VIII." had written far more important compositions before this, notably a symphony in E minor, and, without giving a list of his compositions, it is safe to say he has done greater things since, but the "Henry VIII" music still remains the first favourite in public estima-There is really no reason why his Gipsy Suite should not be equally popular; the four movements are in every way as tuneful and as delightfully fresh as the "Henry VIII" Dances. Doubtless in time we shall hear them also on many an occasion when a pianoforte solo figures on the programme.

Mr. German is somewhat reticent when conversation turns on the subject of his work. I naturally asked him what his next

composition would be.

"I am busy at present with the incidental music for 'Hamlet,' which is to be produced by Mr. Alexander. In addition to this I have nearly completed the score of another orchestral work."

"You invariably confine your attention to

orchestral compositions?"

"Yes; as a rule I am happier when writing for the orchestra. Unfortunately I have written very little vocal music. I do not think that is my forte, so I generally leave it alone."

"What is your opinion of the future of

orchestral music in England?"

"I think the prospect is hopeful, but audiences are often treated rather too severely.

"To my mind it is a mistake to give so much Beethoven, for instance, at all con-

certs. We require programmes suited to the middle-class musical amateur as well as those which gratify the high-class amateur and the professional. I would advocate the more frequent performance of light suites, such as those written by Bizet and Gounod. There is an abundance of beautiful music in this form that seldom gets a hearing at an ordinary orchestral concert. It would be quite possible by these means to cultivate the taste of many who now only appreciate ballad concerts. Mr. Randegger is going very much on these lines at the Sunday Concerts he conducts at the Queen's Hall. But we ought to have similar concerts all over the country."

"Whom do you consider the greatest

orchestral conductor?"

"First and foremost, Hans Richter, while Nikisch certainly heads the other school. But there is no lack of good conductors."

The moments passed quickly. It was evident that the score on the table was only patiently waiting my departure. The thought suddenly occurred to me that perhaps I was depriving the world of some of Mr. German's best work, therefore I refrained for that afternoon from further questionings.

My host escorted me to the gate with a courtesy that was pleasantly reminiscent of the old world, and then I observed that,

like St. Peter, he carried a key.

A few steps from Mr. Edward German's house will bring us to the home of another musician whose name is now a familiar one to concert-goers all over the country. Mrs. Helen Trust has the reputation for being one of the most artistic and conscientious soprano singers in England. Other vocalists there are who have larger voices and a more florid and brilliant execution, but for the perfection of artistic finish Mrs. Trust has few equals.

We sat talking in her pretty drawingroom one morning about the difficulties a singer has to encounter before she can make

a success in the present day.

"Tell me about your own career," I said.
"There is nothing more useful to aspiring musicians than to hear the actual experiences of those who are the acknowledged heads of

the profession."

"There is really little to talk about. I learnt music, as girls do, when I was young, and as I grew up my voice seemed to be fairly good, but nothing extraordinary. My home was in Norwich, and I sang at small concerts and such like in the neighbourhood; but it was not until after my marriage that

I thought seriously of entering the profession. I studied under more than one good master, but the teacher in London to whom I owe most is Signor Tramezzani. He taught me more particularly how to use my voice. Others had told me that I was not producing my notes properly—and I could hear that I was not myself—but they did not explain to me why I was producing them wrongly—or it may have been that I was stupid," she added. "At any rate I never understood the matter until I went to him."

"If I remember rightly you made your first big success at one of the Popular Concerts?"

"Yes; Mr. Chappell was very kind, and, after hearing me sing, engaged me for several concerts during the one season. It was in 1892, when Miss Liza Lehmann was ill and had to take a complete rest. It happened that I sang much the same kind of songs that she did, and I was therefore able to step into the gap as it were."

"Where do you find the old songs and chansonnettes that you have made so popular? Do you search the British Museum?

"No; many of them I found among books of ancient music that have been in my family for I don't know how long. Then again, friends will often send me anything they may chance to come upon in the way of a discovery. People know that I have a preference for singing music of that description, and I often get old songs sent

"Do you consider it difficult for a young

vocalist to obtain a good hearing?"

"Yes; it is by no means an easy matter, even if one has introductions. There are so many, all of whom are naturally anxious to get to the front, that although there is room at the very top, the problem is how to get there. Concert directors, such as Mr. August Manns and Mr. Chappell, are simply besieged with applicants, and unless one knows someone really influential it is next to impossible to get one's foot on the first rung of the ladder. Yet no one is to blame It is merely that life is too short to hear the large number who want to be heard. Of course some who are really indifferent musicians get engagements through influential friends, but time and public opinion soon sift these, and eventually they disappear. Audiences are too educated and critical in the present day to tolerate anything that is not the best of its kind."

I asked Mrs. Trust whether either of her two children were likely to follow in her footsteps, but she said she thought not. Mr. Trust, who is a clever 'cellist, is likewise in the musical profession, and both he and his wife realise only too well how unwise it is for anyone to rely on earning a large income by music unless they are exceptionally, one may almost say phenomenally, gifted. The competition in this as in every other department of life increases as the years go on.

Another singer who is a perennial delight British public is Miss Marian McKenzie, who is known in private life as Mrs. Smith-Williams. She has married into a musical family, though she says she does not belong to one herself. Her husband is a brother of Miss Anna Williams, the well-

known soprano.

Her home is a delightful flat in Victoria From the quaint-looking windows, built at odd angles in the rooms, one gets idealised views of busy London, everything melting away into a blue haze, till even the immense assortment of chimney-pots looks picturesque, while green open spaces, dotted about, give one the feeling that there is yet breathing room in our big city.

"I am very fond of this outlook," Mrs. Smith-Williams said when showing the extensive view to be seen from one of the "I think London dining-room windows. always has an immense fascination for those who have been brought up in the country."

"Then you have not lived here always?" My home was in Plymouth. came to live in London when I entered the Royal Academy of Music as a student."

"I conclude you had studied music a great

deal before that time?"

"That was the strange part of it, I had scarcely studied it at all—really nothing to speak of. I should never have thought of going in for music I suppose had it not been that a great friend of mine joined the choral society in Plymouth, and of course, just like a school-girl, I said I must join too. had rather a large voice but no idea whatever of singing, the consequence was I frequently made mistakes, which were all the more noticeable as my voice was fairly strong. At last the conductor, Mr. Samuel Weekes, said I ought to have some lessons, and he spoke to my people about it. They said they had no objection, and as my dear friend was taking lessons, I wanted to do the I must have made some progress, because, after a while, my master suggested that as I would be visiting in London at the very time the 'Parepa Rosa Scholarship' was to be competed for at the Royal Academy of Music, he would like me to enter my name

and at any rate try for it.

"I was perfectly willing. I had not the very slightest idea that there would be the most distant chance of my getting it, consequently when I appeared at the examination I was as unconcerned as possible, while many of the candidates were so nervous that they could

From a photo by]

MISS MARIAN MCKENZIE.

hardly sing. To my astonishment I was informed that the scholarship had been awarded to me. When I found I really had it I didn't know what to do with it! I wrote home and told them, and asked what was to be done, in reply to which I received a telegram: 'Return at once,' and there was nothing for it but to obey. Eventually they decided to let me settle down in London, but it was rather doleful at first, until I found

a really congenial family with whom I could board. I think students coming to London from the country are often at a great disadvantage; they miss all the hundred-and-one things that are implied by the word 'home.'"

"Yet I have heard students profess to enjoy what they call the bohemianism of

living by themselves."

" It may be all right for men, but for women

I think it is a great mistake; it is apt to spoil the best that is in them. But I am a great lover of home myself so perhaps I am prejudiced."

Miss Marian McKenzie has had a most distinguished career as a vocalist. She has appeared, with great success, at concerts on the Continent. In England she has sung at the State Concerts at Buckingham Palace, at the Viceregal concert in Dublin, at Handel Festivals, and has even appeared on the stage. She sang in "The Old Guard" at the Avenue theatre for six months. I inquired whether she liked the stage.

"No; I enjoyed 'The Old Guard,' but on the whole I much prefer concert work. contralto has so little chance in opera. As a rule she is the witch or the cruel mother-in-law. An actress has a far more eventful life than a singer as a rule. Yet I enjoy the quiet routine of concert work. I think one of the most sincere compliments I ever had paid me was on one occasion when I was singing in Scotland.

"I had been asked to sing in a certain town, but when I stated my terms the secretary wrote back and said they were very sorry but they

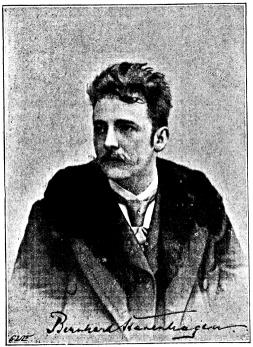
could not afford to pay me so much as I had asked, and he named a lower figure. As I should be singing quite close to this town only the day before, I agreed to take the sum they named. The concert was a great success, and when the worthy secretary paid me my fee he gravely handed me the sum I had originally asked, remarking, 'Don't say a word; I ken ye're worth it.'"

[Russell.

"How long do you usually practice each

dav ? ''

"About two hours. I have an accompanist who comes to me every day, and she always plays for me when I am practising; I have had her now for ten years. I do not play well enough to be of much use to myself. Personally I prefer singing in oratorio. I greatly enjoy Dvorak's 'Stabat Mater' and Saint-Saëns 'Samson and Delilah.' At the same time I study every new work that comes out. It is most necessary that a singer should do this in order to keep abreast of the times."



From a photo by] [Hoffmann, Weimar.
HERR BERNHARD STAVENHAGEN.

Mrs. Smith-Williams has a bright and vivacious personality. She differs from some singers in that her sympathies are very wide. So many people unfortunately can only discuss intelligently the matters connected with their own profession. Mrs. Smith-Williams is one of the exceptions. She is extremely well read, and though she has no pronounced hobbies, apart from her singing, her interests are with art and science in every shape and form. She and her husband make a point of reading a great deal together. They read all the important books that are published from time to time, and history has a special interest for them.

"I think all musicians should have a thoroughly good all-round education." she explained to me. "It is impossible for them to do the best that can be done with their art otherwise. It is such a pity that students are not able to give more time to serious study than they do. Of course they are anxious to get engagements as soon as possible, but it is a mistake. All do not sufficiently study music itself, much less other things. There is one point I would strongly recommend to young singers, and that is that they should go to orchestral concerts more frequently rather than to ballad concerts. It is surprising how they will neglect the very highest kind of music while they listen to feeble ballads that are worth positively nothing."

It may be interesting if I mention, in passing, that it is to the father of Miss Anna Williams and Mr. Smith-Williams that we owe the discovery of Charlotte Brontë and her sisters. He it was who read their works in the first instance, and

advised their publication.

Unlike the preceding musicians, Herr Bernhard Stavenhagen is but a bird of passage, who only visits our shores at irregular intervals. This season he is with us once again however, giving recitals and playing at the Philharmonic, the Popular, and the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts.

Herr Stavenhagen, who has for long been a great favourite with English audiences, was born at Greiz in 1862. When he was five years old he commenced to study the pianoforte under Herr Urban, organist. His progress was so extraordinary that he was sent to Berlin when he was twelve years old and placed under the late Theodor Kullak. He remained with Kullak a year, after which he decided to enter the Hochschule. Young Bernhard Stavenhagen believed in variety, as is evidenced by the fact that when he was sixteen he became a pupil of Professor Rudorf, who was at that time the second director of the Berlin Academy. One year with Rudorf sufficed the aspiring pianist. He had at this period been studying composition under Dr. Kiel, and he was successful in carrying off the Mendelssohn prize when he was eighteen years of age.

All these masters sink into insignificance however beside Liszt—the teacher for whom Stavenhagen entertained the highest admiration. He studied with the virtuoso about a year, during which time Liszt took him with him everywhere; and between master and

pupil a great affection existed.

His first appearance in London was just five years ago, when his playing created a great impression. Needless to say he is well known on the Continent and has made various tours through the principal towns.



From a photo by] [H. S. Mendelssohn.
MISS CLARA EISSLER.

In 1890 he was appointed Court Planist to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, which necessitated his making his home in Weimar—that town of so many memories. Here he leads a most ideal existence from a musical point of view. Each summer pupils come to him from various parts of the country, and like his master Liszt he gathers around him a congenial circle of young and rising pianists. His official duties require him to play on all State occasions, but in addition to this he frequently gives private performances before the Grand Duke.

In 1891 Bernhard Stavenhagen married Fraulein Agnes Denis, prima donna of the Weimar Hof Theater. Last year he was appointed Hof-Kapellmeister, which necessitates his conducting the greater number of

the operas at the theatre.

Mention should be made of his compositions. It is not generally known that he has written a large number of songs and pianoforte solos, though only a few of these have been published so far. About a year ago he put the finishing touches to a pianoforte concerto, upon which he had previously been for some time at work.

Our final moments are to be spent with those two clever musicians the Misses Eissler. Like Herr Stavenhagen they are not natives of our foggy land, but unlike him they have made a permanent home with us. This is the more singular seeing that both the sisters hold official appointments at a foreign Court, Miss Clara Eissler being Court Harpist and Miss Marianne Eissler Court Violinist to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. When State functions require their attendance, the sisters take a journey abroad to fulfil their engagements, after which they return to their home in Redcliffe Square.

It was in Miss Clara Eissler's boudoir that I first heard the story of their earlier years. I had been wandering around the room looking at the innumerable portraits of the ever youthful Madame Adelina Patti. To no one are they more attached than to the prima donna, and there is no lack of evidence—if one may judge by the inscriptions on the photographs—that the affection is mutual. Another photo that also attracted my attention was of a bright-faced happy-looking boy in a sailor suit. It bore an inscription, written in a round schoolboy hand-" Alfred, 1887." When I commented upon this I was shown a diamond and sapphire ring that had been presented to Miss Marianne Eissler by the royal parents of the little sailor boy. Inside the ring is engraved, "From the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh."

The Misses Eissler are natives of Brünn, Moravia—a town already famous in the annals of violinists. Ernst was born there, also Wilhelmina Neruda (now Lady Hallé) and her brother Franz Neruda, the 'cellist.

Herr Eissler was a professor of science at the Brünn University. On his death how-



From a photo by] [H. S. Mendelssohn.
MISS MARIANNE EISSLER.

ever Madame Eissler removed to Vienna. in order that her daughters might have greater musical advantages than was possible in Brünn.

"How was it that you made the harp your speciality?" I inquired of Miss Clara Eissler, after examining the exquisite instrument that had been made for her by Messrs. Erard.

"When I was ever so small I used to be taken to the concerts at the Vienna Conservatoire, where my sisters were studying, and the harp always fascinated me greatly. I made up my mind that if ever I played anything it must be the harp. At last they agreed that I should at any rate try what I could do with it, and when I was seven years old I likewise became a student at the Conservatoire and was placed under Zamara. Later on I studied under Hasselmans in Paris."

"Seven years old seems very young to

enter a Conservatoire," I remarked.
"No, I think not. My sister Marianne began her studies at Vienna when she was the same age. By the way, it was rather curious that her first master at the Conservatoire was Professor Heissler.'

Our conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the young violinist herself, who had just returned from fulfilling an engagement at an afternoon concert. my request she exhibited her beautiful "Carlo Bergonzi" violin, which bears the This violin cost £400, and was date 1732. presented to her by her friends in London. Violin collecting is a pardonable weakness in which Miss Marianne Eissler indulges; her partiality for autographs is a less expensive pursuit however.

Miss Clara Eissler-who has a most artistic eye for such matters—finds her chief delight in arranging furniture and generally beautifying the home, while her favourite pastime is playing billiards.

The sisters have the highest regard for the musical ability of our royal family.

"I have heard that her Majesty takes a great interest in the music that is performed before her," I said.

"Yes, and not only the Queen likewise the princes and princesses," Miss "On one occasion Clara Eissler replied. when my sister was playing at a concert in Portsmouth the Duke of Edinburgh came into the artists' room and shook hands with her, and said how much he had enjoyed her playing, adding, 'I have heard you play that solo before,' and he mentioned the occasion on which she had previously played it. is surprising how they can possibly remember trivial things like that, and yet they do."

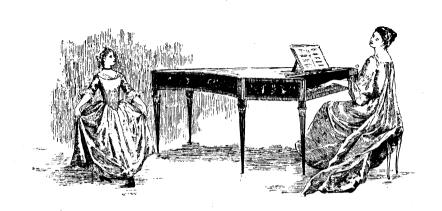
"You have often played before the

Queen?"

"Yes we have played before her Majesty on several occasions. Once she honoured us

so far as to command an encore."

Our musical chat was finally broken up by Tristan—a terrier belonging to the harpistwho noisily demanded to be admitted to his mistress's domain without further delay. The rest of our time we employed in trying to induce that quadruped to perform certain tricks in view of a prospective piece of sugar. But he was a superior dog and declined to sell his genius to so base an end-though he ultimately ate the sugar with little compunction.



GRAND-CHILDREN OF THE GREAT:

MUSICIANS.



From a photo by] [Window & Grove.

ALFREDINO LOCHIS.

(Son of the Countess Lochis, grandson of Signor Piatti.)



From a photo by] [Goodman & Schmidt, Margate.

LOUISE BÖUTEN.

(Only grandchild of Mr. August Manns.)



From a photo by] [Russell & Sons.

BASIL DEANE GAUNTLETT.

(Grandson of Dr. H. J. Gauntlett.)



From a photo by]

[Collings, Brighton.

GLADYS GROVE.
(Granddaughter of Sir George Grove.)

RIGHT OF CONQUEST.

By Guy Boothby.*

Illustrated by R. H. MATHER.

A fair good night, to thee, love, A fair good night to thee, And pleasant be thy path, love, Though it end not with me. Liking light as ours, love, Was never meant to last; It was a moment's fantasy And as such it has passed.

A Ball-room Romance.



HIS story would be quite worth printing, if only to place on record the amazing impudence of Sublicutenant George Thomas Hoskyns, of her Majesty's ship Blunder-

buss, now serving on the Australian station. It is also sworn evidence as to the enormous and dangerous power vested in the hands of the opposite sex, and of the necessity for proper legislation them affecting.

Solely for the welfare of my country. of course, I bring the following facts under the notice of the Lords Commissioners, and if anything goes wrong hereafter it's their

fault, not mine.

Mrs. De Courcy Fenning will go down to posterity famous for many things, but undoubtedly her greatest talent lay in marrying her daughters well. For this reason an irreverent aide once bestowed upon her the title of the "Official Handicapper," and by that name she is celebrated through the length and breadth of four colonies.

Her daughters were all very charming and accomplished girls. The eldest, Marion, married a globe-trotter, with ten thousand a year; the second, Gertrude, jilted Burgan, of the Lands Department, to marry an Irish earl; and the third, Ethelwyn, when this story opens, had just "come out."

Naturally enough Mrs. De Courcy Fenning was very much concerned about the future of this youngest born. The marriage-market that year was unusually depressed, and her list of eligibles only contained a squatter and a permanent Under-Secretary. would have done at a pinch, but she was not a Protectionist she said; Free Trade was her motto. She wanted something European and distinguished. Then Fate, or the Admiralty, stepped in and sent her the very man.

Rear-Admiral Sir Dominic Denby, K.C.B. was a bachelor, and a most gallant and polite old gentleman. Like most of his profession he had an eye for a pretty face and a well turned ankle, and in spite of his years he was still susceptible to their fascinations. He was, moreover, sociably inclined. entertained hospitably, and the officers of his squadron ably seconded his efforts.

When the fleet had been in Sydney harbour a fortnight or so he issued cards for an afternoon "At home" aboard his flagship. Mrs. De Courcy Fenning and Miss Ethelwyn Fenning were among those invited.

Sir Dominic had met the younger lady half a dozen times before, and on each occasion he had become more and more enamoured of her beauty and accomplishments.

On the evening of the day upon which the invitation arrived she attended the Beetons' cinderella. A number of naval men were present, and among them was a certain Sublieutenant George Hoskyns. He was a nice enough young fellow, very pink and clean looking, and irreproachably upholstered. However impossible such a thing may seem, it was a case of love at first sight. They danced and sat out four numbers together. and, because it was the one thing they should have avoided, laid the foundation of a very strong attachment. Her friends noticed this behaviour and told her mother, who next day carpeted her daughter soundly.

To quote the Press, the Blunderbuss "At home "was a brilliant success. The harbour looked its loveliest, and the arrangements were beyond reproach. Steam launches conveyed the guests between the warship and the shore. The flagship herself was decorated with true nautical taste, and the bright uniforms and varied colours of the ladies' dresses lent an additional lustre to the picture. The fleet band played on the quarterdeck, and a camera obscura was arranged upon the bridge. The latter is important.

Mrs. and Miss De Courcy Fenning were among the first to arrive, and the Rear-Admiral coloured like a school-boy as he stepped forward to receive them.

^{*} Copyright, 1895, by Guy Boothby.

young lady's toilet had been made with exquisite care, and everyone thought it suited her charmingly. Sir Dominic Denby

thought so too.

By the exercise of considerable diplomacy he managed to keep her continually by his side, and allowed it to be seen that he paid her open and unmistakable attention. The mother could hardly conceal her delight, but it was evident to us that her daughter was not so pleased.

Sublieutenant Hoskyns watched them from a distance, and in consequence his conversation with pretty Miss Fetterby was disjointed and fragmentary in the extreme. He was being afforded a practical illustration of a naval situation which would prove of

value to him in his after career.

When the vice-regal launch was signalled, the guard of honour formed, and the Rear-Admiral had advanced to the gangway to receive the Governor, Hoskyns edged up alongside Miss Ethelwyn and said something in a low voice. There he made a mistake, for she withered him with a glance, and they spoke no more throughout the afternoon.

The officers of the Blunderbuss are proverbially good hosts, and amusements followed thick and fast upon each other. When the Government House party left the ship the Admiral felt at liberty to devote his attention exclusively to Miss Fenning, and he himself escorted her over the vessel. They wound up with the camera obscuratent, where they found themselves alone. Being a woman, her instinct told her what was coming.

For a space they talked the ordinary trivialities. Then while she was examining the picture of the harbour and its shipping, as delineated on the calico disk, Sir Dominic, assuming his most pompous manner, revealed the state of his affections, hummed and hawed over his declaration of the passion that was consuming him, and finally wound up by entreating her to so far honour him

as to become my Lady Denby, etc.

It would be hard for an Admiral to hit upon a better place to plead his cause than the bridge of his own flagship. And Miss Ethelwyn, remembering certain advice given her beforehand, turned deadly white and faltered an assent. He was delighted beyond measure. I caught his eye as they left the tent, and I saw that though his hair was gray and his back bent, he was in reality only twenty-three. Mrs. Fenning was devoutly and ostentatiously thankful when she heard the news.

Everybody said (Sublieutenant Hoskyns of course included) that they were a heartless family, and many added various other spiteful assertions just to prove their own disappointment and their vast superiority to the fortunate Sir Dominic.

Next morning the Admiral called upon Mrs. Fenning and placed matters on an eminently satisfactory basis. When the business interview was ended he went into the garden to find his fiancée, who, upon meeting him, thrust a note hurriedly into her pocket. Her eyes were red and she did not seem best pleased to see him. But he was a kind-hearted old gentleman, in the seventh heaven of happiness, and she found it impossible to be angry with him for long.

After lunch they drove to a jeweller's shop in George Street, where she chose for an engagement ring a neat half hoop of diamonds, and as a souvenir of the occasion a bracelet that would have brought tears into the eyes of any ordinary girl. His courteous manner of presenting the gifts equalled their value, and Miss Fenning returned home feeling that after all the situation was not quite as horrible as she had imagined. She told herself repeatedly that she could have endured it well enough if she had never seen Sublicutenant Hoskyns. That little "if"!

Because we are essentially a reciprocating people, a number of ladies clubbed together to give a farewell dance to the officers before the fleet put out to sea. Mrs. De Courcy Fenning was on the committee, and she requested her future son-in-law to allow them the services of a few blue-jackets to assist in the decoration of the ball-room. The petition was immediately granted, and Sublieutenant Hoskyns obtained permission to go ashore to superintend their exertions.

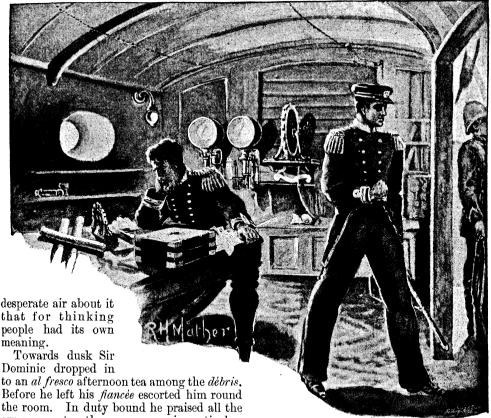
Now any chaperon of experience will tell you that the preparation of a ball-room is a dangerous business; it presents so many

opportunities for flirtation.

Miss Fenning undertook the decoration of the supper room, and the Sublicutenant discovered that it behoved him to assist her. People whom it did not concern wondered what Sir Dominic would have said had he seen them.

During the afternoon their behaviour became so noticeable that the "Official Handicapper" was compelled to draw her daughter on one side and remonstrate with her. But it had no effect, her conduct became even less restrained than before. There was a





" 'Now go!'"

to an al fresco afternoon tea among the debris. Before he left his fiancée escorted him round the room. In duty bound he praised all the arrangements—the supper room in particular. He prophesied that he would enjoy himself immenselv.

The invitations were for nine o'clock, and the guests were received by the ladies of the committee. The large lobby had been arranged as a drawing-room, and somebody had insisted that it should be provided with little snuggeries partitioned off with palms and high green stuff. A knowledge of the geography of this room is essential to the success of my story.

It was really a beautiful little dance, admirably arranged and carried out, yet four people did not enjoy it one bit.

Miss Ethelwyn Fenning arrived in a feverishly excited state that so frightened her maternal parent that she almost forgot she was to dance the opening lancers with his Excellency himself. The young lady was faultlessly dressed, and her heightened colour, radiant beauty and dashing carriage electrified everyone.

She danced the opening set with the Rear-Admiral, and the first waltz with his Sublieutenant. Mygracious! how she carried on! She dashed through everything at break-neck pace, complaining that the waltzes were too slow, and that the polkas sounded like dirges. Her temper was by no means amiable, and her partners suffered accordingly. sparkled like the brilliants on her wrist.

No. 15 was a Pas de Quatre, No. 16 a square. Hoskyns was her partner for the first. Sir Dominic for the second.

She whirled and bounded through the Pas de Quatre like a mad woman—dashing. crashing, leaping, prancing like a professional danseuse. It was a gorgeous performance, and by no means the least remarkable part of it was the study of her mother's face. Nobody who saw that will ever forget it.

The Admiral watched from an alcove in amazement, while numbers of the other dancers stopped to look on. Presently the conductor of the orchestra caught the infection, and the band played faster and faster. couple tore round and round at headlong speed, leaping, whirling, twirling like two possessed. It was glorious!

When the music ceased the Admiral crossed the floor, and in defiance of ball-room etiquette took Miss Fenning from her partner's arm. Then they passed through the drawingroom into one of the snuggeries together.

For some minutes she was too exhausted to speak, and her future husband watched her with an anxious face. Recovering as the orchestra commenced the lancers, she made as if to rise, but he signed her back to her seat.

"Ethelwyn," he said softly, "I can see there is something very wrong. What is it,

my dear-can you tell me?"

She did not answer, and an expression of almost terror swept across her face.

He leaned towards her and took her

"Am I not worthy of your trust, Ethel-

In reply, and before he could prevent her, the poor child had fallen on her knees before him, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Oh, yes, yes," she moaned, "too worthy, far too worthy!"

He took a seat on the sofa beside her and gently drew her towards him. Then bit by bit, with infinite tact, he coaxed her into telling him everything, and in the telling she stabbed remorselessly at the heart that loved her best.

He heard her out, striving to conceal the pain of the bitter blow she was dealing him. When she had finished, he said simply

"Child, I am glad you had the courage to tell me this. It is all my fault. I should have known that it would be impossible for

you to love an old man like me. I will show you how much I love you by considering your happiness before my own—if you will leave it to me? I will do my best for you."

Next day he called upon Mrs. De Courcv Fenning. When the interview was over he had won her consent to the transference of her daughter's engagement to Sublieutenant George Hoskyns, vice Rear - Admiral Sir Dominic Denby, K.C.B., resigned.

On his return to the flagship he sent for his rival. When they were alone together

he commenced abruptly-

"Mr. Hoskyns, Miss Ethelwyn Fenning has told me of your mutual attachment. presume you are certain as to the stability of your affection?"

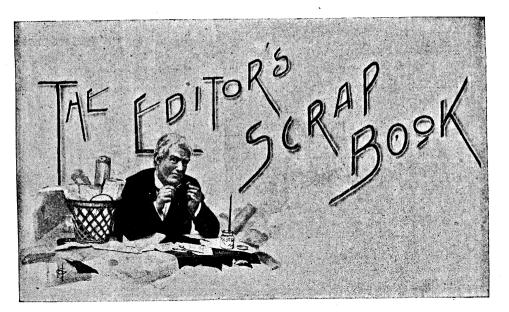
"Really, Sir Dominic——"

"No procrastination, sir!" the Admiral thundered. "Are you certain?"

"Quite certain, sir."

"Then understand that I have arranged the matter with the young lady's mother, who sanctions your engagement. career, provided you behave yourself, will be my particular care. But markee this! If ever you give Miss Fenning cause to regret her action, by God, sir, I'll keel-haul you through the fleet! Now go!"

The sentry, who had overheard the foregoing, affirms that after the Sublieutenant had passed out, a sound very like that of a man crying came from the state-room of Rear-Admiral Sir Dominic Denby, K.C.B.



April 1, 1896.



AVE you thought how many similes of life can be found in an omnibus? The very ugly word itself is a simile. In an omnibus there is an equality which one finds nowhere else. The bishop sits next to the baker, the duchess next

to the dressmaker; indeed one English prelate used to be called "the omnibus bishop" because of his modest partiality for that public vehicle. All sorts and conditions of men, women and children ride in the omnibus. It has figured in our politics, as in John Bright's well-known sentence about driving omnibuses abreast through Temple Bar, and in our literature, vide many allusions in current works. And it seems to have an immortality, for do not various boards proclaim that certain omnibuses go to the world's End? Life, like the omnibus, has its inside and outside passengers. The latter are exposed to as much criticism and inconvenience occasionally as those on the top of an omnibus, for high honours are also heavy responsibilities. The clever driver may often be envied by the small boy, yet he has no easy task to "keep his road," as the phrase goes. Passengers get in and out of an omnibus often without our notice, just as in life our fellowtravellers are like ships that pass in the night. The faces in an omnibus are as varied as the tempers of the passengers. How sorely is the patience of the conductor tried! I sometimes have thought that Mark Tapley would have chosen that career to reduce his high spirits if the omnibus had been running in his day. If a Herbert Spencer were to study human nature as an omnibus conductor what an interesting analysis he could make. But he would probably only collect facts and forget the fares.

The longest syllable in the English language is "strength."

A good deal of interest has been taken in the charming poem "Daffodils" which appeared in our February issue. I am glad to give another poem by Miss Edith Rutter:—

THOU HAST ALL SEASONS.

The roses of the sunset paled and died;
Some snowy doves amongst the ivy tried
To coo themselves to sleep. All satisfied
The green lands lay. The golden rod held out
Its shining arms to catch the dropping dew,
And gray moths flutter'd past the sweet peas' pout
Of fragrant lips to cornflowers robed in blue.
It seemed there was no death, nor any wrong;
That life was spinning to a new glad song
That Summer Eve.

That night the sound of wings came down from God!
So short a time the little feet were shode
So small a path the little feet had trod. . . .
Since that sweet eve the flowers still droop and sway.

The same trees rustle, and the white doves cry
Their sleepy murmurs in the same soft way
Beneath the roses of the "altered sky."
They wake no new dreams now; they weave no
spell
Save of the old hush, when the flat fell
That Summer Eve!



A LITTLE ejaculation may sometimes express as much annoyance as can be put into words. A lady was in her room when a lady and gentleman called to see her. Her husband received the visitors, and after a while said to his little daughter, who was playing about the room, "Go upstairs and tell your mamma that Mr. and Mrs. Blank have called to see her."

The child went, and in a little while returned and began to play again.

"Did you tell your mamma that Mr. and Mrs. Blank are here?" asked her father.

"Oh yes," replied the little girl.
"And what did she say?"

The little girl locked up, and after a moment's hesitation, exclaimed: "She said—well, she said, 'Oh dear!"

TRAIN TALES,-No. 2.

THE ELEVEN FORTY-FIVE P.M.

By W. Pett Ridge.

The girl in the green hat was hurled breathless into the crowded carriage as the train started, and her companion stumbled after her. She sat on an arm-rest and he stood up at the door holding the hat-rack. She fanned herself with her theatre programme, pulled off her puce-coloured gloves and set her green hat straight with the aid of the slip of mirror opposite.

"Well, 'Erbert," she gasped contentedly, "I'm glad we caught this trine. Had a rare old run for it, 'aven't we? I suppose if we'd missed this we

should 'ave had to wait for the next?"

He did not answer.

"I say, dear, I suppose if we'd missed this we should 'ave had to wait for the next?"

Herbert said that of course they would.

"And aren't these first-class carriages nice too? What I mean to say is, nicely fitted up with cushions and arm-rests and what not. know that I've ever been in a first-class carriage before, unless it was that time we came back from Chingford, one Sunday night three or four summers ago, before we were engaged." She looked round the compartment again, and clicked her tongue amazedly. "My word," she said, "I wonder whatever these rileway companies will go and think of next! For the matter of that though it's much the same everywhere you look. Fancy those girls on the stage to-night 'Erbert! I am sure I should never have believed it possible if I hadn't seen it done with me own eyes. Dance? I never in all my born days dreamt of any dancing approaching And you made it worse too."

She looked at him reproachfully.

"You and your giggling," she said severely. "I think the least you can do when you're out is to behave. And then when the best part of it came on, with the comic man in his shirt sleeves up in the branches of a tree and listening to what they were saying about him, why you couldn't keep your eyes open."

Herbert remarked with an injured air that he was up and about that morning before some people were a-bed. Herbert also added that he had to work for his living. He didn't belong to the landed gentry, he said, and he didn't see no chance of belonging to them either. The girl in the green hat

glanced at her programme.

"But wasn't that a treat where the old chap comes on and sings a song about when he was a boy and fell in love, and then about being a grown man and falling in love, and then about being old and falling in love? Let's see, how did it go? I had the tune at the time, but it's gone now. A lot of these things go in one ear and out at the other with me. Once they get on the piano organ I'm safe, but without that I'm—well, I'm a perfect silly. I am reely."

Herbert, shifting his hold to the opposite rack, remarked with some austerity that she needn't

make a hymn of it if she was.

"Oh"—frankly—"I never mind acknowledging the truth, bless you! There's no 'umbug about

me. I'm a regular Polly Blunt, mother always used to say, and I glory in it too."

The green hat shivered with a sense of its owner's rectitude and had to be set straight with the aid of the slip of mirror opposite. Herbert, feeling that he had lost ground, mentioned that the comic duet sort of thing between the three old men wasn't, he considered, so dusty.

"Oh, I thought it was capital!" she said with much enthusiasm. "I sat back in my seat and I simply roured! What the people round me must have thought I don't know; what's more I don't care. One or two of 'em said 'ush,' but as I said, I hadn't paid—or rather, dear, you hadn't paid—your shilling to come there and 'ush. Of course, though, it's impossible to argue with some people. You might talk to them for a whole year and not knock any sense into them. Wouldn't you like to sit here, dear, and let me stand up for a bit?"

Herbert said blushing that he was right enough as he was. It wouldn't be long before they were home now.

"Ah," she said sighing, "that's the worst part of it. Coming 'ome I mean. I firmly believe that those are 'appiest who never stir out at all."

Herbert asked how she made that out.

"Why can't you see? I should 'ave thought anybody could 'ave reelised that. You go out, say, to a theatre and you get excited over the piece—at least I do—and you forget all about your little worries and about the few words you had with your Aunt Ann Eliza and, so to speak, you're in quite another world. Follow me, 'Erbert?"

Herbert said humorously that he could follow her anywhere if she didn't go too quick.

"Don't be silly. I mean follow me argument."
Herbert said he knew what she meant. He was
only having a bit of a joke with her, he said.

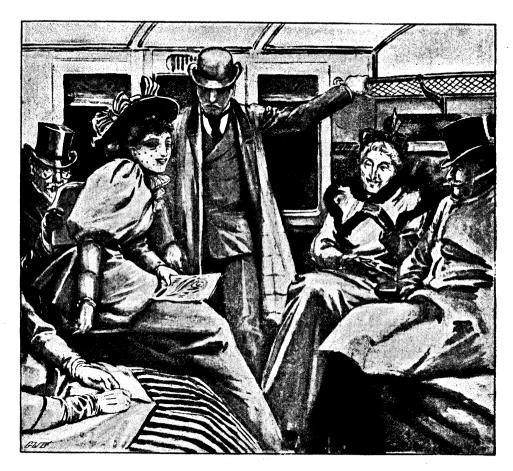
"Well," she said tartly, "this is no joking matter at all. I'm as fond of a joke as here and there a one, but this what I'm saying now is sense. There's a time for jokes and a time for sense, and when anybody's talking sense isn't the time for working in silly jokes." She screwed the programme and her puce gloves tightly in her hands and looked very hard away from Herbert at a white-haired old lady in the corner. "They're two entirely different things, and it is only right that they should be kept apart."

Herbert recalled her to the topic under discussion.

"Well as I was saying when you must needs put your oar in, that you go to a play and you seem to be carried away with it, in a manner of speaking, and then when it's all over and the curtain comes down and you're out in the Strand, the effect gradually begins to work off and off, and presently you find yourself in quite a fit of the miserables. Anyhow that's the way with me. Of course I don't pretend to speak for other people; I only speak for meself. I'm sure the day after I've been out to a party or what not I am as cross and low spirited as I can possibly be. I am reely. My young sister doesn't dare so much as to open her mouth to me. Not, mind you, that I haven't got in a general way as good a

temper as anybody living at the present moment; but it's the getting light-headed first, and then the kind of a relapse, if you know what I mean, afterwards. It's no use people telling me to fight against it because I simply can't, and there's an end of the matter. And that's why sometimes—you may have noticed it, 'Erbert—sometimes when we're out at any place wherever everything's lively and bright and jolly and so forth, suddenly, all at once——"

quiet, you know, jest the same as some are too noisy. I like the 'appy mejium meself; then you please all parties. I've seen girls who sit in a corner and if a young fellow says anything to them in the way of chaff they haven't a single word to answer back for themselves. They haven't reely. Might as well be made of wood for all they say for themselves. But I don't know as I don't prefer that class of young girls to the class that has got too much to say, mind you. Them



She looked impressively round the crowded compartment with the manner of one approaching a dramatic situation.

"All at once you'll see me go off into a kind of fit of thoughtfulness. Of course people think it means I'm not enjoying meself, and they come up and jolly me about it. But it isn't that exactly; it's more the kind of—well, looking forward to the next day sort of thing. After all it's a world of ups and downs and "—vaguely—" it would never do for us all to be alike."

Herbert, agreeing, said it would get pretty blooming menotinous if we were.

"I've often had other girls envy me my good spirits though," she said, with a more self-appreciative air—"of'en and of'en. Some girls are too I can't stand at any price. Jaw, jaw, jaw from morning, noon to night, and never give anyone else a chance to get a word in edgeways. A great deal depends of course on the way a girl's been brought up, because if she's never been told she can't expect to know how to behave, but——"

The train slackened. Herbert released his hold of the rack and took from his pocket the fag end of a cigar.

"I say," she remarked suddenly as she stepped down to the platform, "while I think of it, mind we say good-bye to-night before we reach the corner of our road. I don't trust the neighbours round our way. For one thing they can't keep their mouths shut."

I found recently in a volume of travels the following remark, made by a Syrian bishop who had visited the British Museum Reading Room: "Never have I seen so many slaves so perfectly trained to serve so few masters." Of all the sights in London the British Museum is perhaps the least understood, although one of the most impressive. Why should there not be well educated guides to explain its contents? There might be a corps of intellectual commissionaires formed for the special purpose of spreading education thus. It might take the place of a Civil List for scientists.

The following dialogue was overheard at the Mansion House:—

OLD LADY (to 'bus conductor, inquiringly): I want the Marble Arch, please conductor.

CONDUCTOR (solemnly): I don't think they'll let you have it, mum.

The same of the sa

OLD MAIDEN AUNT: In Venice at last! One half of the dream of my youth is now fulfilled!

NIECE: Why only half, auntie?

OLD MAIDEN AUNT (sighing): I contemplated going to Venice on my wedding tour.

"MOTHER," said a little girl, "what does Transatlantic mean?"

"Oh, across the Atlantic, of course. Don't bother me"

"Does 'trans' always mean 'across'?"

"I suppose it does. Now if you don't stop bothering me you shall go to bed."

"Then does 'transparent' mean 'a cross parent'?"

Ten minutes later she was resting on her little couch.

stated a fine old family mansio

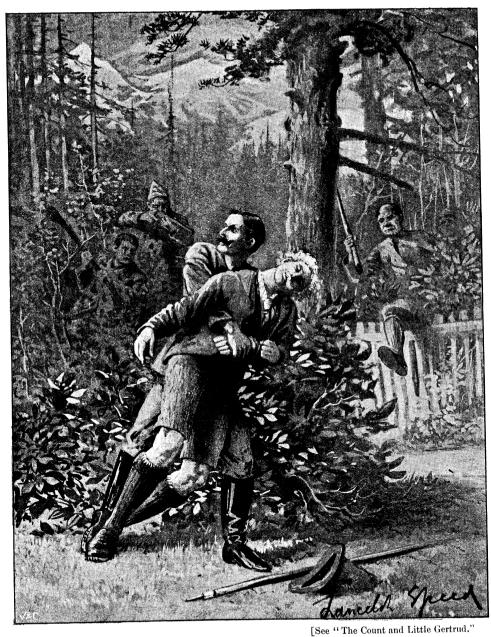
A fire had devastated a fine old family mansion in the country. On the day afterwards, when the heavy loss of valuable pictures and heirlooms was being computed, the cook entered her mistress's boudoir and said, "Oh, ma'am, I thought you'd like to know I managed to save all this year's jam."



An old lady read aloud from a newspaper that "the firemen had been playing on the ruins all day," and commented, "I've no patience with them frivolous fellows. Playing, indeed!"







"A CROWD OF MEN BROKE FROM THE COVERTS ON RIGHT AND LEFT."

THE COUNT AND LITTLE GERTRUD:*

A STORY OF THE SEVEN WEEKS' WAR.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sun-bonnet." etc.

Illustrated by LANCELOT SPEED.

CHAPTER I.

THE COUNT'S DAISY CHAIN.



THE Count St. Polten-Vassima was walking slowly along one of his forest paths. He was not in the least thinking where he was going. He had quite recently and unexpectedly come

into both the title and the property, and he was, for the time being, staying in one of the smaller rooms of the great unfinished castle which his father had begun and his brother had continued. The new Count St. Polten was tall, dark, meditative—a soldier, yet nevertheless constitutionally inclined to a certain graceful melancholy. Even his recent dignities had not very obviously cheered him. It was now that still hour of the afternoon when Nature takes its summer siesta, and St. Polten walked along the woodland glade, sober as a funeral to look upon, but nevertheless happily and conscientiously sad within. It pleased him to observe the absence of elation in himself. As he sauntered, his mind far away, he did not observe that he had approached close to one of the cottages of his people—that of Alt Karl, his ancient Jagdmeister, whom many years ago his father had ordained to teach him all the mysteries of the hunt and the secrets of the wood, while yet he was but a wild younger son of the great house of the Counts of St. Polten.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" called suddenly a bird-voice above his head. Something whirled lightly through the air and settled about his neck. The Count looked up quickly and caught just one glimpse of a girl's laughing face vanishing at the window above him. Then he looked down and found a daisychain caught round his neck and hanging about his shoulders.

The Count St. Polten-Vassima stood awhile in wonder, not ill pleased, only fingering the ring of flowers, and smiling quietly to himself. Presently there came along the forest path

towards him a stern-faced erect old man. who carried himself with a curious mixture of forest freedom and soldierly precision.

It was Alt Karl, the tenant of the house under which the Count stood. He looked curiously at the daisy-chain, but said nothing. The Count noticed the question in the old man's eves.

"No, Karl, I do not wear one of these chaplets as a rule," he said: "but the fact is, either an angel from heaven crowned me with flowers, or else-

And he paused and looked up.

"It was my minx of a Trudchen!" cried Alt Karl, finishing his master's sentence; "I saw her busy at the making of it. I cannot control her since her mother died. She will do nothing but play pranks or scour the hills with a gun, and boasts that she is as good a jäger as there is in all the forest (which is a thing most true) - besides being as good a mountaineer as there is on the mountains, as if these were worthy ambitions for a young girl. But it is a good thing that she goes to-morrow to her aunt's school in Breslau; there of a surety she will learn something more befitting modest maiden."

"I trust," said the Count, pleasantly, "that you will convey to the young lady my sense of the great honour she has done me by bestowing upon me this flowery token of her favour."

"On the contrary," cried Alt Karl, "I shall bestow upon her a great scolding whenever I catch her, minx that she is!"

And so with a mutual salute of military exactness the Count and his old and privileged Jagdmeister parted, the nobleman to return to his vast and lonely barracks, Alt Karl to enter angrily the cottage with the roses crowding about the porch.

Alt Karl called sternly, "Gertrud!" stamping his foot a little. He had stopped to listen, standing just within the door of the quiet dusky sitting-room.

No one answered to his call. He could hear the two clocks ticking loudly, one on

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the wall of the salon and the other over the mantelpiece in the kitchen.

"Cuckoo!" all suddenly cried a voice

behind him.

Alt Karl could not restrain a violent start. The bird seemed so near him—at his very ear, in fact. He looked up just as the Count had done, and instantly he found himself bepelted from head to foot with a shower of roses, which a tall bright-faced girl of thirteen or fourteen poured out of her apron upon his upturned face. She had been standing on tiptoe all the time upon a chair set behind the sitting-room door.

The tricksy maid clapped her hands and

laughed merrily.

"A forfeit! a forfeit!" she cried. "It is the fête day of the flowers. And the new Count owes me a forfeit also!"

"I would have you understand that it is not the custom"—began her father sternly.

"A forfeit or a kiss, father!" she cried; "and if you scold me a single word I declare I shall ask the Count for a kiss too!"

And launching a random salute at her father, which alighted on the top of his nose, she danced out among the sunlit summer flowers as lightly and irresponsibly as a gossamer blown by the winds.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONVICT GANG.

" HALT!"

It was Under-Officer Richter who spoke. And in war time this same stiff Alt Karl did not speak without reason. Never had the discipline of the Imperial White Coats showed better than now, when, defeated and decimated, the weary remnants of the great army of the double empire stood at bay just long enough to allow Feldzeugmeister von Benedek to rally and reorganise his scattered forces under the guns of Olmütz and Vienna.

"Halt! The enemy!" muttered Under-

Officer Alt Karl.

"The brushwood is good enough for me," said his colonel, the Count of St. Polten-Vassima. And with the alertness of a mountaineer he betook himself to cover till the enemy should develop his strength. It was the Count's duty to protect the hill-road which crosses the Austrian Alps to Verona, to mask the weakness of the fortresses of Moelk and Neustadt, to forward supplies from the Tyrol, and generally to retrieve an irretrievable misfortune with

which he and his men had had nothing whatever to do. He had now but twenty-seven men to do all these things with. Also these twenty-seven were hungry men, for in the sullen retreat from the stricken field of Königgrätz there had been no time for more than a mouthful of 'wurst' out of the knapsack, and the hasty draught of water as they passed over a brook.

The Count had commanded well nigh five hundred men when the big guns first spoke across the valley on the morning of the 3rd of July. Five hundred gallant fellows had lain among the wet corn all night and arisen with hope in their hearts out of the crushed and muddy rve. Then first of all St. Polten's command had been flung out across the Prussian skirmish line, and the deadly fire of the needleguns had wrought him sore havoc. After that the grape-shot from the orchards of Sadowa had left many of his brave Tyrolers dead among the silent water-mills of the His five hundred were barely three when Chlum was taken, and when with the Field-marshal at their head the Imperial White Coats dashed at the intrenched Prussian Guards of the army of the Crown Prince. There St. Polten left two out of his three hundred, on the bare slopes which were swept by the needle-gun of the North, even as the broad Danube is swept by the slantwise western rain.

And when the pursuit quickened, and the retreat bade fair to become a rout, was it not the Count St. Polten-Vassima who pushed his war-worn hundred across and across the line of advance, and with the scanty ammunition at his command dulled with desperate valour the edge of the victory-hunger of the 3rd Prussian Army Corps? For though their guns were but few, the aim of the Tyrolers was deadly. So now, with belts tightened and gray set faces, St. Polten's men kept, as was their duty, the lonely hill-road to Verona with but twenty-five bayonets—and Under-Officer Alt Karl.

Already this remnant of the Imperial White Coats had been forty-eight hours without food or sleep, and even the hardest old chamois-poacher of the Inn valley owned

himself done up.

From the dense covert of the brushwood the Count, with Alt Karl at his elbow, watched the road beneath. Certainly a large party of some kind was marching southward. A jabber of hoarse voices rose through the still air. The Prussians must have risen betimes, thought the Count, to be here ere the dew



"'I would have you understand that it is not the custom,' began her father sternly."

was off the grass this morning in mid-July. Then a gun cracked. The sound came with a little jar upon the party in the brushwood. They were discovered, so each man of them thought, and automatically he counted the precious rounds of ammunition which remained to him. Then for a moment his heart went pitifully out to the lass away in the Tyrol village whose cheek, like so many others during the terrible seven weeks, would pale at the sight of the next list posted at the village Rathhaus.

But Under-Officer Alt Karl rose erect. "Dumm-Kopf! Convicts! Assassins!" he exclaimed, with the contempt of a soldier for the bands of criminals from the southern penal settlements, whom the policy of weakening and withdrawing the military guards had encouraged to escape, and who now constituted at once a difficulty to the authorities and a danger to the inhabitants of the provinces.

A loose-marching rabblement of men, carrying guns and slung wallets of various patterns, hurried southward along the road beneath the Tyrolers. Leaders there were manifestly none, for the quarrelling and noise were past telling. The nostril of Under-Officer Richter curled.

"Shall we stop these swine-cattle?" he said; "they are here for no good. Murderers, likely; thieves, certainly."

The Count nodded.

"March!" said Alt Karl, hardly above his breath. And the command strung stealthily down the hill, taking advantage of every scrap of cover, in order to reach the narrows of the pass before the head of the convict column should come up. Rollicking songs rose joyously from the rascals beneath, lilting along the hillside with an abandon which spoke not of war but of wine. The nose of Alt Karl mounted ever higher and higher.

"Calf-heads! Stupid kerls! Worse than scoundrels!" he muttered. "Would that I had them in the barrack-yard for three

months."

At last the twenty-seven were in position. Of this Alt Karl informed the Count with an upward movement of his head, somewhat like a duck giving thanks to a kind Providence. Then up rose St. Polten.

"Stop!" he cried loudly to the men beneath. "To what penal establishment do you belong; and where is the officer in

charge?"

The convicts, in Austrian prison uniform, stood still with open mouths on the road beneath; but so astonished were they that no

one answered. Only from far back in their straggling ranks a rifle cracked, and a twig spat close by the Count's ear.

"Pigs of the city slums!" muttered the Under-Officer under his breath. And he kept his eyes alert to catch the Count's

every movement.

"Shoot me that man who fired!" cried the Count; "and those two at the head of the column—no more. We cannot afford to waste ammunition on rascals!"

Crack! Crack! Crack! rang out the three shots. The man with the smoking gun fell prone upon it. The leader of the advance leaped into the air and collapsed in a heap on the ground, while a third man suddenly reeled and grasped his leg as though a wasp had stung him.

The twenty-seven White Coats rose from

the brushwood.

"Ready!" cried Under-Officer Alt Karl.

The convicts from the settlements started to run, but the commanding voice of Under-Officer Karl suddenly brought them up all standing.

"Halt! pigs, and eaters of pigs' meat! Put down the guns, which are the property of the Kaiser-like Apostolic Majesty!

Ground arms! Pile arms!"

The rascals beneath, held by the threatening muzzles of the guns of the twenty-seven veteran marksmen, reluctantly piled their arms in obedience to the threatening accents of the voice which spoke as having authority.

"I was not ten years a guard of such scoundrels for nothing," said Alt Karl as he

saluted stiffly.

The Count smiled. He had hunted and campaigned too long with Alt Karl to take any offence at his abrupt speeches and dictatorial ways.

"And now," said Alt Karl, "what does your Excellency wish done with these escaped thieves? Shall we shoot them and be done?"

"God forbid!" cried the Count, who was more tender of heart, and had seen enough killing of late, "they may have those that love them. Even as you, Alt Karl, have the little Gertrud in the cottage by the pine-wood."

"Wolves and swine have not Trudas," muttered Alt Karl rebelliously. "They had been safer shot, for they are the very spawn of death and full of the treachery

of the devil!"

"Speak to them," said the Count wearily, "and tell them that they are free to return to their homes. We have not force to hold them and do our duty also. The play is played. Let the supers go home."

So Alt Karl erected himself once more to hid the ex-prisoners dismiss to their homes and settlements, and be grateful for the clemency of the commander. And right gladly the cowed rascals, who had doubtless had their fears of Karl's solution of the matter, bent their heads to the ground and scoured away to the south.

CHAPTER III.

THE BIRD OF HOPE.

So day by day the Count of St. Polten-Vassima kept the road which leads to Verona, and day nor night none came near him. For all the peasant folk were fled, the barns were exhausted or plundered, and all the fields were desolate. It was not long before there came a day when the men wanted food. the Count bade Under-Officer Richter, who was also Alt Karl and his own Jagdmeister. to serve five rounds of ammunition to each of the five best shots and let them go out to kill wood-pigeons, where a few corn patches were not quite trampled down and the wheat began to be ruddy.

It happened as the five soldiers set out to leave the camp that the note of the cuckoo came through the trees, rough and stammering now with the lateness of the season. Then first one, then another, and at last half a dozen of the long, gray, ashen-breasted birds swooped noiselessly down, flying their short flights from tree to tree, and occasionally uttering the call which, though rough and raucous now, still carried the eternal freshness of spring along with it.

"Let us try if the 'kuckuck' is good eating," cried Alt Karl. And one of the White Coats lifted his gun to fire at the bird as it flashed past. But the Count of St. Polten-Vassima sprang to his feet. His face had suddenly grown pale.

"Down with your guns!" he cried, in a voice that had more of the war rasp in it than even that of Alt Karl. "If one of you so much as fires a shot at a cuckoo, I will give him the contents of my revolver!"

The men stopped, open-mouthed with wonderment. Alt Karl was so astonished that he forgot to put down the boot which he had been tying, and so held it for a long

moment suspended in the air.

But the Colonel did not choose to give any explanation of his strange manifestation of temper, and the five White Coats saluted and betook themselves wonderingly to their several quests. Alt Karl also went about his business of gathering together a small cairn of stones for the camp kettle, and the cooking of the provision with which he expected the marksmen to return. But he collected first the stones and then the fuel mechanically, for in his heart he was busily conning reasons for the strange behaviour of his officer and master the Count.

For an hour St. Polten sat on the trunk of a fallen pine, deep in thought. Then raising his head he summoned Alt Karl to him.

"Karl," he said, "do you remember the illness that brought you to a shadow and the gates of the dead?"

"Remember!" said Alt Karl: "do I forget it for a day, or your most noble

"And do you remember how, one morning in the spring when the leaves were greening, I came to you in the little châlet under the

"'Ah,' you said, 'it is over, Count Rudolph, all over; I shall never hear the "kuckuck" again.' Then at that moment the little Trudchen came running in. 'Father.' she said, with a voice like sleigh bells ringing over the snow, heard from the other side of a lake, 'father, I hear the "kuckuck" calling.' So we two that were men listened like little children for the voice of the bird—av, as it had been for the sentence of the Angel of Life and Death. But we could not hear the sound. So in my arms I took you up and carried you out till I set you, all rolled in the blankets of the great bed-chair I had given you, blinking like a great white owl there in the sunshine of the morning. there came two cuckoos, courting the same mate to grant them her favours, and the gladsome cry of 'kuckuck' went round the forest.

"'Now you know, father,' said your little Truda, 'that you will certainly get better. For to-day you have heard the "kuckuck," and the spring is here.' And that is the reason why I would not permit the shooting of a cuckoo. No, Karl, nor ever shall while I am Rudolph, Graf St. Polten-Vassima and colonel even of a broken regiment."

Alt Karl went and stood before his master. He bent his stiff gray head uncovered and took the Count's hand. He raised it to his lips and, as the manner of the Austrian Tyrolers is, he kissed devoutly the signet-ring upon it.

"Master," he said, and the tears were not far from his eyes; "master, God has given me a good pupil, in other things than the learning of the Jagd. Saving your great honour and high nobleness, I that am but a poor huntsman love you as a son for the gracious words spoken to Alt Karl this day."

CHAPTER IV.

A ROSEBUD OF TWENTY-ONE.

The war of the Seven Weeks was over, and the twenty-seven Tyrolers disbanded till the regiment should be reorganised. The sudden quarrel of South and North had been as suddenly made up. The Count went back to his corner of the great house of St. Polten. His heart was yet more heavy within him, for the pride of his nation had been trampled upon by the strong rude feet of the invaders from the north—iron-cast Prussians, as he called them, bullocks from gray Pomerania.

But when the Count had taken one look at the gaunt unfinished mass of his château he turned away with genuine sadness, dragging at his moustache—for the third army corps of the enemy had come that way on its swoop for Vienna. Horses had been stalled in the billiard-room and field-guns stored in the chapel. In the dining-hall the surgeons had done their abhorred divine work. The garden was a mere waste, and a wild pig was rooting there among the untended flowers even as he looked. The panelled front door had been used as a target for the revolver bullets of the Northern officers.

So the Count of St. Polten turned away, he hardly knew whither. He was a lonely man, with no one in the world genuinely to love him, and it was much the same to him where he went. So at least he told himself. He would see his lawyers, his land-agent, his Jagdmeister, and then set out for Paris. This was his resolve as he strode away from St. Polten with a sense of solitude and desolation settling like lead about his heart.

His feet rather than his will carried him to a sunny south-looking glade, with a cottage that stood banked against the sheltering pine-wood. It was the châlet of Alt Karl, but how unlike the other châlets of the forest people! Roses over-clambered it, creepers dominated the walls and roof, a vine cast its snaky tendrils round the chimney, the gravel walk was of hard-packed sand, and carefully swept.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

It was the same bird's voice he had heard there years ago, but with a new elan, a fresh brightness in it. The Count paused a while in the leafy shadow of the porch, for it was pleasant there out of the heat. Suddenly there came a soft rustle as of wings or summer draperies, a patter down the stairs, a rush out of a door, and a clear voice exclaiming, "Why don't you answer, old

curmudgeon of a father? Do you really think I cannot see you hiding there in the

porch?"

Two arms were thrown impulsively about the Count's neck, and then turning he found himself closely face to face with the dismayed. terrified eyes of the fairest maid it had ever been his lot to see. The girl stood before him crimsoning from brow to bosom. Her hands had fallen from his shoulders to her sides, and had again been half-way lifted to her eyes as if to cover her face from the shame. She took her breath short, panting like a captured bird that fears mishandling. The Count St. Polten was equally surprised. His heart certainly jolted within him in a manner strange and unwonted. And when he awoke to himself he had his dirty campaigner's cap in his hand, and was bowing over the girl's hand as though she had been the Empress-Queen herself.

But suddenly, with a startled recognition of her tardy dutifulness, the girl knelt before him and set his hand to her lips, kissing the signet of the Count's ring as her father had

done.

"The Count!" she murmured. "I have been rude to the Count, my father's gracious lord!"

Rudolph St. Polten raised the maid, and for the first time in his life he resented the homage which was his unquestioned right as grand seigneur. "And you?" he said, as if he had answered a previous question of hers as to his own identity.

"I am only little Gertrud Richter, daughter

of your Jagdmeister Karl."

"Not the little Truda whom I used to set on my knee and feed with sweetmeats and brown spiced biscuits! Not little Truda who called 'kuckuck,' and threw the flowers about my neck!" The Count looked at the bright young girl from head to foot as if his mind could not compass the greatness of the change.

"Even so," she said, blushing yet again, for the sense of his greatness was fresh upon her. "I have been for five years in Breslau at school, and have just come home to take

care of my father."

A swift sense of the happiness of Alt Karl broke in upon the lonely Count. His Jagdmeister had this to come home to when his day's work was done. For himself he had only the mildewed walls of the great barracks over yonder, defiled by the Prussians and wasted by the wild boar out of the wood.

Suddenly the maid clapped her hands together with a pretty gesture of despair.

"What have I done?" she cried. "I am dumb and stupid with your so unexpected coming. I had well-nigh forgotten to bring you in and offer you refreshment."

And she led the way into a cool room. with green blinds set at an angle to keep out the sun's heat. In the corner of the room there was a bower of greenery—ferns and flowers, and a little jetted spray of water that tinkled and laughed in the midst. Behind were bright love-birds and Japanese sparrows, in a cage which nearly filled one entire end of the little salon. A piano was set thwartwise in the angle. Music was strewn here and there. A paper-covered book lay face down on the window seat, and a mighty wolf-hound aroused himself from the fireplace to sniff the new-comer all over. Then with silent, reluctant approval the beast went back, and lay down with a sigh of regret that the intrusion needed no hostile intervention on his part. Pervading everything about the châlet there was the charming sense of feminine occupancy, that delicate refinement alien to man, which is yet the more delightful to him on that account.

The Count sat down in wonder. Alt Karl's house as he remembered it in his boyhood, had been a bare clean place in which a strong-handed, plain-favoured old peasant woman perpetually washed and baked and scolded. He could hear the ring of her voice still as she called a certain ragged, coltish, long-limbed lass away from the sweet sawdusty smells of the sawmill down by the St. Polten water, or sent her voice up the hill to bring the same unlicensed wanderer down out of the resinous silences of the pinewood, where she had been all too happily playing bo-peep with the squirrels.

While he thus dreamed Truda stood by the window, her instinctive reverence for the Count of St. Polten—her father's master, whom she had watched and worshipped many a day as he strode past to the hunting—struggling with her training in the free scholastic commonwealth of the far-off Silesian city.

With quick intuition the girl caught the wonder in the face of the Count as he looked about him.

"It is my aunt," she said timidly. "She had been very kind—too kind. She wished to keep me with her in Breslau, but I could not leave my father for a longer time. So she gave me the piano and these other things to remind me of the school in Breslau which had been my home for five years."

The Count felt a sudden and infinitely curious jealousy of the city. This maid was

a flower of his own gloomy forests, a plant of the free pine-woods and the dashing highland brooks. What had she to do with pianos and schoolmistresses and scholastic cities?

"Not that I am likely to forget sweet

Silesia," she said and sighed.

The Count felt his gloom return yet more fully upon him. He looked out of the window at the squirrels cracking the juicy young cones of the larches and biting the tops of the young trees. The plain-faced, strongarmed woman he used to see in the house of Alt Karl moved across the glade towards the door with a basket in her hand. It seemed not a day since he had seen her last. Her hair might be a little grayer, that was all. "If you will not sit down," said the Count at last, "I must stand up also and then I must go."

Obediently Gertrud sat down by the window and leaned against the sill the heavy coil of fair hair she had wound carelessly round her head, instead of allowing it, as was the local custom, to hang down her back. A spray of scarlet creeper fell over it as the wind blew softly in, and a tangle of swaying vine leaves cast flickering shadows upon its flat, dull,

golden mass. The Count thought of his journey to Paris with a sudden dismay and a sense that he was leaving something infinitely more desirable behind him. The Count was thirty-five. and to-day he felt twenty years older. brief seven weeks' campaign had touched the dark hair above his temples with gray. life also seemed all gray and wearisome, ever since the eagles of Austria had gone down at Königgrätz before the carrion vultures of the North. The Count awoke from a kind of day-dream, to find himself calculating how old this girl might be who sat so innocently with him in the house of Alt Karl.

"'Twenty-one and a rosebud?'" he quoted, thinking aloud.

CHAPTER V.

THE SIEGE OF THE CHÂLET.

But Gertrud did not seem to hear. She was looking at something across the open grassy space, with parted lips and eager wide-open eyes.

"Look!" she cried, manifestly troubled; "look! there are two or three men hiding yonder in the shadow. They are not folk of St. Polten nor of the neighbourhood."

The Count rose quickly from his chair and came to her side. She pointed with her

finger to the edge of the pine-wood. For a minute his less accustomed eyes could discern nothing—only the shadowed spaces of the glade interspersed with the staring sunlight and the blue wash of cool shadows.

"Quick!" she cried breathlessly. "I see another and another. They have guns and curiously marked dresses. They are crouching in the dusk behind the trees. Do you not see them just there behind the oleander?"

And now the Count St. Polten saw a man with a convict's jacket and a peaked forage

cap set crosswise on his head, lying in the dark of the bushes, and behind him two or three others. stinctively he felt for his He knew the revolver. rascals now. It was a section of the band of escaped criminals whose leaders he had killed, and from whom he had taken the guns on the way to Verona. He knew in a moment that they were seeking his life. But very calmly he picked up his own cap which he had let fall by his side.

"I must bid you adieu, Mademoiselle," he said; "it is time that I went away." For as he said to himself, it was no use bringing this young girl into a matter which concerned himself

alone.
"I will go and find your father," said the Count.

But the maiden never moved, watching eagerly from the open window. She put out one hand a little behind her as if to command his silence. Then very calmly she walked to

the window, set her elbows on the sill, looked listlessly and carelessly up and down the green glade, and finally broke into a gay folksong, the notes of which rang jauntily across the silent spaces of the wood. She stretched her arms slightly and yawned, as if she were weary of the sleepiness of the heavy day and listless with the stirless air of noon.

Then quite slowly she drew herself back into the room, pulling the green sparred wooden shutters after her and bolting them within.

"Run quickly," she said to the Count;

"close the back door, bolt it, and also the little wicket window in the angle. I will attend to the front door."

Whereupon she vanished, and the Count, smiling a little at taking his orders from little Gertrud Richter, hastened to do her bidding. He passed through the kitchen, where old Elizabeth stood speechless at the unwonted apparition of the noble Count St. Polten marching through her kitchen and banging and double-locking her back door. Then going quickly to the angle behind the



"The ancient Elizabeth . . . was charging the older muzzle-loaders."

staircase St. Polten almost thrust his hand into the face of a dark-browed man who was staring keenly in through the wicket. But at the sight of the Count's revolver, then a comparatively rare weapon, and much feared in Austria and the Quadrilateral, the spy turned and fled.

"Now they are warned of our preparations," said the Count, "we shall have the storm presently."

He went back through the kitchen into the little salon and there he found Gertrud. She had a dozen guns out of her father's presses ranged on the table, and several boxes of cartridges stood open beside them. The ancient Elizabeth, with a somewhat bewildered look but with ready capable obedience, was charging the older muzzle-loaders which had been used for years at the chamois shooting—guns whose every trick and kick were known to the Count, who had cuddled them to his shoulder on many a perilous ridge and remote deer-pass among the mountains.

"Count," said little Truda as soon as he entered, "if you will take the wicket in the angle, you will have under observation both the sides which are nearest the wood. I shall go to the gable window above, whence I shall be able to see any who may attack us

across the grass."

"But why trouble yourself at all?" the Count St. Polten began, a little proudly. "I can account for any dozen of these dogs

of the prisons."

"Ah! but," said little Truda wisely, "they are too many for you. I have counted ten already, and such rascals as they would never fight fair but would shoot you in the back."

And she almost pushed him to his position in the angle at which he had seen the

face of the spy.

Then there occurred a strange still pause before anything happened. The sunshine slept white-hot in the open spaces, not a twig moved in the wood. In the grass the cicadas shrilled like the sharpening of scythes in a far-off meadow. The Count St. Polten-Vassima had all the high-born Austrian's contempt for the rascal sweepings of the gaols, but nevertheless he recognised his peril. Doubtless the band of desperate men would do their best to revenge the death of their leaders and the loss of their weapons.

While the Count was still meditating, "crack" went little Truda's first shot in the room above. It was answered by the cry of a man in angry pain, and then came the soft trample of many rushing feet over

greensward.

Crack! crack! The swift double report rang out again from the room where the

school-girl of Breslau kept her vigil.

The Count was on the point of rushing up to succour his ally when she called down imperatively, "Keep your place, Count! They will attack you next. I can keep them back on this side."

And she spoke no more than the truth, for half a dozen muskets spoke from the woods, and then with a rush as many men sprang out of the covert of leaves and ran hard

for the back porch of Alt Karl's châlet. If once they got safely within its shelter, it might have been difficult to reach them with bullets. Four of the men carried a long straight section of tree trunk, to be used as a battering-ram to force the door.

The Count's rifle cracked, and the nearer end of the tree dropped promptly to the ground. The man who had been carrying one side of the log gripped his hand to his thigh and roared aloud. The Count laid down one smoking weapon and lifted another. With this he took aim at the nearer of the two dark-faced men who, with muskets in their hands, were by this time much closer to the porch thán those who had to bear the burden of the tree. Again the Count's rifle was heard, and the men broke for the wood without waiting for more. The leaves closed about them and there was a great and instant stillness.

As Count St. Polten-Vassima stood at his wicket he could hear Gertrud Richter in the room above, loading her artillery and laying each gun as it was ready in order on her little dressing table. He himself hastened to do likewise. Then all suddenly a new turn was given to the situation, for Alt Karl strode out of the wood and across the wide green towards the front door. His daughter saw him first, for that was her chosen side of the house.

"Run," she cried, "run for the door, father! I will open it." But Alt Karl was an Under-Officer of the Apostolic Kaiser, and it was not his habit to run till he saw cause. So he faced about and looked calmly all about him. A gun went off to the right and a waft of white smoke arose. Alt Karl took the fowling piece from his shoulder and laid it to his ear ready for action. steadily, as if he had given himself the order to charge, he went at the double straight for the place from whence the bullet had come. But before he had gone a dozen yards a second shot was fired from the left. Alt Karl wavered, stumbled, and went over on his face with a swirl, his gun exploding as he fell.

By this time Truda had the front door open and was on the point of rushing forth to succour her father. But Count St. Polten took her by the shoulder roughly and thrust her behind him.

"Stay where you are," he commanded;

"he is too heavy for you to carry."

And he laid down his gun on the sparred rustic seat in the porch and rushed across the lawn bareheaded. Bullets whistled about him

as he ran. But in a moment he had reached the side of the fallen man. He stooped and raised Alt Karl in his arms. A crowd of men broke from the coverts on right and left, and with fierce howls of rage rushed towards the Count, who stumbled under his

heavy burden.

Nevertheless he carried his Jagdmeister swiftly enough in his arms towards the open As he came he saw Gertrud kneeling upon one knee behind the trellis of the Swiftly she fired one gun and then another till she had exhausted her battery. Then she stood up with her father's revolver in her hand, and as he approached the door with his unconscious burden on his shoulder. he could hear the sharp crack of the report, and simultaneously the spit and whistle of the bullets as they passed on either side of him. first over one shoulder and then over the other. So accurate was the young girl's aim that the charge of the convicts was retarded, though not wholly prevented. As Gertrud clanged the door and shot the bolts, two men flung themselves against it and one fired his gun into the keyhole. But the solid oak and the good iron bolts stood the stress.

"To your wicket!" cried Truda; "I

shall go back to my window."

She only reached her station in time to see the disappointed assailants running back to cover. But the lawn was fairly sprinkled with the wounded, some limping, some crawling, and a few more lying deadly still. All was safe for a little, so having again loaded her rifles Gertrud ran swiftly down to look after her father.

Alt Karl lay with his head supported on the Count's arm. His daughter cut away his coat deftly. The bullet had gone clean through his shoulder, between the joint of the right arm and the spring of the neck, but very near the surface—too near to have touched any vital part. It was the shock more than the wound which had felled Alt Karl. Presently he looked up.

"Trudchen," he said, "have they killed

your father at last?"

But his daughter smilingly answered him, "Tis but a little blood-letting and will do thee good, Father Karl. It is not for gallows thieves to make an end of such a soldier as thou art."

So when they were somewhat reassured, and the bleeding stanched, Alt Karl bade them to lay him along a couch by an open window and give him a gun or two, for it was natural that he also should desire to have his chance at the scoundrels.

But for a long time there came no sign of further attack. The peace of an utter quiet settled on the little châlet and its encompassing ring of sombre woodlands. In the long glades where the confederation of the flowers strove with the green pigmy armies of the grass which should be the greater, not a blade waved, not a petal nodded, so wonderful a silence brooded over all. The sun smote overbearingly down upon them, so that the humming of the bees and the shrill whistle of the cicadas almost ceased as the performers retired to take their siestas till the sun should creep a little lower in the white-hot sky.

CHAPTER VI.

WHO SHALL SAVE?

"I LIKE this not," said Alt Karl; "it goes not soundly right. I would rather see the scoundrels storming up to the doors of the house yelling for our blood, than abide this

uncanny quiet."

The Count St. Polten had relapsed into his customary lassitude, save that his eyes sometimes rested with a peculiar expression of astonishment on the returned schoolgirl from Breslau. Gertrud on the other hand seemed wholly unconscious that she had done anything remarkable. The repulse of an organised band of convicts might have formed part of the ordinary curriculum of ladies' schools in Silesia, so calm and well accustomed, so demure and unconscious sat the little Truda at her window. But she listened eagerly enough to the talk of her elders.

"Doubtless they are waiting for the night, to steal upon us with the firebrand and the drench of petroleum," said Alt Karl; "that is the way we burn the villages from which the sharpshooters fire upon our line of

march.′

"There is part of a cavalry regiment, Hussars of the Black Eagle, lying in St. Polten," said the Count. "If by any means we could get the news taken down there we might have succour within an hour. It is but three miles, and if there were a man of courage in the neighbourhood, he might run with the news."

Alt Karl shook his head.

"It needs more than courage, and our men of sense are mostly lying between here and Königgrätz," he said. "Besides, the woodchoppers and peasants will doubtless think that we of the château amuse ourselves with firing at the mark."

Alt Karl held those low views of the

intelligence of the countryfolk about St. Polten, which are the birthright of the true hillman of the Tyrol.

The Count lay back in his chair, deep in meditation. He drew out of his breast pocket a silver cigarette case. He was on the point of lighting one, when his eves fell on Gertrud Richter.

"With your permission, Mademoiselle,"

he said, bowing courteously.

The words brought a grim smile to the face of Alt Karl, a smile which ended in a little twitch of pain as his wounded shoulder nipped him.

"Tis just my little Truda home from school in Breslau, and no Mademoiselle at all." he explained. For often in the Austrian Tyrol, with regard to the meaning of words. things are not what they seem.

The Count looked more than a little annoved and glanced at Truda, but she had taken to her knitting, with the muskets ready on the table beside her all the time.

"Your permission, Fräulein Gertrud?"

he said politely.

Gertrud smilingly nodded and said that indeed, with her father's habits, she was well enough accustomed to tobacco.

"To the grand pipe, not to the whiffing of straws," said Alt Karl contemptuously, pointing to the array of noble bowls and six-foot stems on the wall.

So with the Count smoking and Gertrud making occasional reconnaissances to the upper windows, the still, breathless afternoon wore on into the cooler stillness of the evening sunshine.

All the while little Gertrud was busily thinking. It was the Count and her father whose death the convicts aimed at. For herself, not knowing the hearts of the human wild beast, she had no fear. Indeed, had she known all, the worst would not have affrighted her so long as within the chambers of her father's revolver there slumbered an alternative.

From childhood Gertrud had dwelt in this For fifteen years she had tried every path, tested every hiding-place and descended into every hollow in all the jagged tangle of honeycombed limestone country about St. Polten. She remembered especially the long ravine cleft of St. Martin, which began so mysteriously just beyond the grassy slope of the glade. The little Trudchen thought deeply, and her thoughts were of what she and she alone could do.

Would it not be possible for her to run across the lawn, drop into the raying

and there lie hid while the convicts were searching for her? From thence she might be able to make her way down the bed of the stream to Martin's Loch, where, in rainy weather, the streamlet spouted through an archway of stone down the cliff side. had clambered there many a time in search of frost-gentian and saffron dandelion, and had indeed descended half way to St. Polten along the side of the cliff. It was true the foothold was exceedingly precarious, even in daylight, consisting of the merest projections of the limestone rock. But no one had ever attempted it in the twilight, still less at night, at which time alone she could now hope for success.

All this kept passing and re-passing in the busy little brain while Gertrud proceeded with her knitting, or went her rounds above

and below stairs.

"I wonder if they have really gone," she said to herself, "or if they are only lying I shall try. I shall give the in hiding. real 'Mademoiselle' a chance to distinguish herself."

And she set the hunter's Tyrolese hat, in which she had been accustomed to roam the woods, upon the head of the dressmaker's wooden model, which, like a thrifty landward damsel, she used in the making of her attire. She set 'Mademoiselle' upon a chair with a cloak about her and pushed her to the There she swayed idiotically forward and leaned against the sill as if looking A jet of white smoke sprang promptly out of an oleander bush on the far side of the lawn. There followed the sharp report of a stolen needle-gun, and a bullet pitted itself in the thick beam above the window.

"Well done, Mademoiselle," said Truda

smiling.

And she withdrew the decoy back again into her bedchamber.

Thereupon Gertrud went down and explained her scheme for bringing relief, telling them what she had done with Mademoiselle. But the men, knowing what they knew, would not hear of her plan for a moment. If any one was to go for help it must be himself, that was St. Polten's solution. we are to die, why die we must," was that of

But in her heart the girl refused to accept The Count certainly could not go, because he did not know the only practicable way to St. Polten, that through Martin's Her father might be ready and willing to die-but not so she, nor, if she judged aright, the Count either. So Truda looked carefully to her revolver, which had been her father's during the war, and slipped it loosely into the pocket of her hunter's coat, ready to her hand. Then she put on the short mountaineer's kilt in which she had so often gone to the hunt with her father, and setting the man's Tyrolese hat firmly on her head she stood ready. After all it was only fifty steps or so across the grass, and fifty through the wood to the beginning of the cleft, and in the quick-coming dusk she would be there in a moment.

The dark comes swiftly enough among the wooded foothills of St. Polten. The sun was already set and the brown shades were cooling into blue with the rising of the

night mist out of the hollow places.

Truda laid her plans rapidly. She arranged her half-dozen guns in a row and then discharged them one after the other, lifting them in turn to her shoulder and firing them into the belt of woodland through which she meant to run. The Count came anxiously upstairs to see if she had precipitated a general engagement. But all was still and quiet, not even the shaking of a branch betrayed the presence of the lurking foe.

The girl asked the Count to accompany her downstairs for a moment. There was some thing to be done with which he alone could help her. So they went below, and Gertrud very swiftly undid the fastenings of the back door of the châlet. Then standing on the doorstep she said, "Now I mean to go down to St. Polten by Martin's Loch to bring up the cavalry. Shut the door swiftly after me!" And with that she was gone out of his sight before he could lay a hand on her, melting into the dusk like a shadow.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLEFT OF ST. MARTIN.

THE Count stood a moment where she had left him in speechless amazement. Then he took a hurried step or two in the direction of the wood, as though to follow and bring the madcap back, but the folly of this proceeding immediately forced itself on him. He could not hope to catch her. He knew nothing of the way by which she had gone. He would be leaving the châlet open and undefended, with no one but a wounded man within.

He bolted the door therefore and ran up to the higher window which had been Gertrud's embrasure. Cautiously he looked out and listened. The night was very still. Not a breath of air whispered among the pine trees.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

The voice of the bird came clearly and cheerfully from the direction in which the girl had vanished. The Count took it for a good omen, and the prayer of his heart became a thanksgiving.

"That was little Trudchen's voice," said Alt Karl, when the Count St. Polten reentered the room where, in the darkness, the old man still kept his keen vigil, peering out of the open window across the narrow space which divided them from the woods.

Then the Count told Alt Karl all that his Gertrud had done. But the old soldier

showed no sign of emotion.

"It is in the hands of God," he said.
"Did she take the revolver?"

"It is at least gone from its place," replied the Count.

"Then she may indeed die, as may we all," said her father; "but otherwise I am not

greatly afraid for little Truda."

Rarely had Gertrud's heart beat so wildly as when she dashed across the lawn into the thick blackness of the woods. Her hand was on her pistol, for she knew that she risked infinitely more than her own life upon the issue of her quest. She might, for instance, for all she knew, have run straight into the arms of the cruel and lurking foe. She might chance upon the very spot at which a score of them lay hidden. Nevertheless she sped swift-foot towards the wall of leaves, and in a moment she was stooping low to take the plunge.

Suddenly out of the darkness, a little way to the right, two men emerged and looked towards the châlet. Their eyes caught the flash of her figure darting past. Without a word they closed in upon her, compelling her to enter the woods a little more to the right than she had intended. So that instead of having thick woods all the way to the cleft's mouth, she had to cross an open space of twenty yards of flower-sprinkled grass.

When Gertrud emerged upon this little woodland cirque, where a thousand times as a child she had spread her cups and baked her mudpies in her girlish housewifery, she almost tripped over half a dozen men all lying on the grass. She swerved to the right in order to avoid them. One or two sprang after her with growls like wild beasts, and to avoid these new assailants Truda had to dodge between her first pursuers. She could hear them crashing after her in the wrong direction. So she bent her head

till she was running almost double. Truda kept along the side of Martin's cleft for a hundred yards before plunging into it, letting herself down by the branches of trees and bushes into its depths, and clinging perilously with her knees to every jutting crag and point of limestone rock.

Her pursuers came blundering after. She could hear them calling in prison slang the one to the other. But they searched in vain, for not one of them was a true mountain man

or trained in the ways of the woods.

When Gertrud Richter reached the gravelly bottom of the cleft of St. Martin she found

long heats of summer. Here in a secure recess she waited full five minutes to let the heat of pursuit pass by overhead, and then in the stillness which ensued she cried twice "Cuckoo!" It was the note of hope which had cheered the heart of the Count, hearing it from the window of the beleaguered châlet.

Veryswiftly the girl made her way along the cleft. which, as is the manner of such places in limestone districts, now opened out into a ravine

with precipitous sides, now contracted into a passage little wider than a tunnel, and anon debouched quite unexpectedly upon the bare side of a precipitous cliff.

But not unexpectedly to Gertrud Richter. Many a time had she clambered down to the steep break-neck path, which led almost to the roofs of St. Polten. There it was at Through the narrow half overgrown opening of St. Martin's Loch, Truda could see the lights of St. Polten glimmering beneath her. She even heard the band playing-that of the regiment which she was risking her life to summon. It seemed as if she could almost cry down to them, they She could see the bright were so near. lights of the café, and the officers sitting in front of it at the little round tables, smoking with crossed legs and no doubt talking infinite scandal.

But there was a hard climb yet to comeand what made it much more difficult, she

had to climb down, not upwards.

But little Gertrud grasped the edge of the rocky sill of St. Martin's Loch and let herself drop with confidence over the bare scarp of the Her feet did not quite reach the next

> since last she had been there, the foothold beneath hermight have been knockedaway either by weather or by some random mountaineer.

No, it was still there. Her feet gripped the broad firm edge, and she tip-toed out upon it to feel for the rowan which used to grow from a cleft to the right. It was gone, and Truda's heart for the first time fluttered wildly. would be terrible should she be fixed all night on



"One or two sprang after her with growls like wild beasts."

this bare limestone ledge, like a beetle pinned to a wall, while the fiends above were making an end of the one most dear to her on earth—that is, of her father.

But Truda did not hesitate more than a She remembered that the ledge immediately beneath her was very broad, and that the rock sloped a little towards it. So without a moment's hesitation she swung herself over, and, stretching to the full extent of her arms, she let go. She slid downward bodily, snatching at every smallest prominence which would break her fall, and in doing so bruising herself most cruelly upon the rocks. But what of that, thought Truda, when once she stood safely upon the ledge, and the worst was over. She called to mind that a goat's track led down a tail of débris to the back of the Rathhaus of St. Polten. So in a moment she was digging her heels into the sliding banks of shale, and descending recklessly towards the lights of the town.

In five minutes more Gertrud Richter, dishevelled and bleeding from a dozen scratches on her hands and arms, was telling her tale to the Colonel of the Hussars of the

Black Eagle.

"The Count of St. Polten besieged by forçats-impossible!" said he, looking at the wares of a seller of matches and auto-. matically selecting the one with the prettiest

picture.

Nevertheless, in spite of the impossibility, the bugles sounded, the saddles filled, and the hoofs clattered merrily up the road towards the château of St. Polten. The path led uphill all the way, but the men set themselves light-heartedly to their task. And first of them all, with the Colonel a little way behind her, rode the Breslau school-girl upon a cavalry saddle.

And as they went they came in sight of that which made them spur yet faster and more fiercely—the flames of a burning house mounting redly to the skies. The heart of the maid throbbed violently. Was the deed which she had done to be all in vain? Were the rescuers after all to arrive too late?

Not till the white coats of the cavalry had surmounted the last rise, could the men see the source of the flames. But they heard the rattling of small arms, the crackling of timbers, and the hoarse shouting of many

The tall columns of soaring fire made an awful flickering twilight among the gloomy forest glades. Presently, with anxious hearts, the Hussars of the Black Eagle topped the brae, and there before them was the great house of St. Polten, which so long had stood unfinished, flaming to the skies, and the convicts running every way with torches and blazing pine faggots, like ants in a disturbed hillock of dry fir needles.

But the châlet of Alt Karl was still dark

and untouched.

A pile of faggots had indeed been laid down in the porch under Truda's roses, and was just beginning to flame up. The rattle of musketry rang about the house in a circle of fiery flashes. For it was evident that the

convicts had found more arms and ammunition in the burning château.

A solitary gun replied fitfully from the windows of the châlet.

So busy were the besiegers that the cavalry were actually among them with the sword before they were aware. And then with what wild yells of terror the wretched men fled for the shelter of the woods, the horsemen riding them down mercilessly, so that but few escaped. For the marvellous light of the burning palace shone every way, even into the densest thickets. And all that night the pursuers rode hither and thither, striking and killing along the woodland ways as far as the spring of St. Martin's cliff.

Thus ended the leaguer of St. Polten. For several days the soldiers hunted high and low, until the whole band of the escaped convicts had in divers fashions

accounted for.

Within the châlet there had been desperate work. Late in the engagement the Count had been wounded on the brow by a chance bullet; it was a flesh wound and he made little of it for its own sake. But fierce anger at the indignity came upon him, and not for all the entreaties of Alt Karl would be for a moment resign his place at the windows. So that at last the Jagdmeister, tied to his couch, had to content himself with preparing the guns for his master to fire. This he did with an ever darker and more silent fury as the night went on, and the light of the burning cl. teau made his enemies plain in its fierce gare.

The Count as he fired winged every

bullet with a silent curse.

"This for her who gave herself for our sakes," he said below his breath.

And at each discharge an enemy dropped, out there on the green flamelit fairway of

the glade.

Presently there came to their ears, through the rattle of the musketry and the shouts of the incendiaries, the unmistakable cavalry cheer of the Austrian horse, and the clatter of disciplined steeds, then last of all the heady elation of the charge. But one there was that rode straight up to the door of the châlet and dismounted swiftly, minding neither friend nor foe.

The Count St. Polten-Vassima ran

open the door.

It was only the little Truda who stood there, clear and fair in the great light which shone from his burning castle. She looked down at her short kirtle, and the girl who had ridden the cavalry charger at the head of the detachment stood blushing and ashamed before him whom she had risked life and bonour to save.

"I brought them as soon as I could," she said weakly, and then began to cry as if her heart were broken.

But the Count of St. Polten-Vassima clasped the daughter of his Jagdmeister in his arms without a word.

It was a fortnight later, and the Count had returned from Vienna. Ostensibly he had gone to have the plans prepared for the new house, which he was to build by the heights near Martin's Loch, upon the plateau whence one can look down upon the red roofs of St. Polten.

Yet as fast as his feet would carry him he hastened to the cottage, which had resumed its perennial quiet after the terrors of the siege to which it had been exposed. As the Count came near he heard the ripple of a piano in the little salon. Little Gertrud was singing a love song, quaint and old, and the sound of her voice brought back again the lonely feeling into the heart of the Count.

Gertrud came sedately to the door and asked him to enter, and would have gone forthwith to find her father. But he took her hand and kept it, as he looked away over to the crest of the hill where his new château was to stand.

"Truda," he said, "I have come all the way from Vienna to ask if a girl, beautiful and young, can love a glum useless fellow like me."

Gertrud's eyes were on the ground, and for a moment she did not answer, but her hand shook in his.

"You must marry a great lady," she began

at last, her voice quavering.

"A Count St. Polten-Vassima can wed where he chooses. The Emperor himself has said it."

"But," faltered Truda, compelling her rebellious heart to be still, "there are ladies, beautiful and clever, in Vienna, in Paris, in all the cities where you will go."

The Count laughed a little, and pointed up to the trees which nodded over the defile, at the bottom of which lay the perilous pass through which she had passed so lately.

"Beautiful ladies—clever ladies—without doubt many, little one. But which of these beautiful ladies would have risked Martin's Loch at blackest night for me? And which would have thrown herself down, bruising her fair hands on the white cliffs of St. Polten, all to save my worthless life?"

"But it was for my father," whispered Truda, glancing at him just once, with a spark of the ancient mischief quick in her eye.



S. R. CROCKETT AND HIS STORIES.

BY ARCHIBALD CROMWELL.

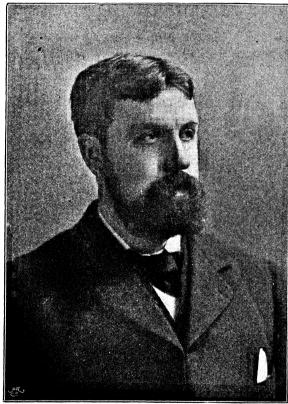


would be possible, as well as interesting, to publish a literary map of the United Kingdom, or even of the World, marking the districts chosen by past and present

authors for the groundwork of their stories. Such a map—to write at random—might

allot Wessex to Thomas Hardy; parts of the metropolisto Charles Dickens and Walter Besant: "Thrums," inevitably, to J. M. Barrie ; Cornwall to A. T. Quiller-Couch; Somersetshire to Walter Raymond; Devonshire to R. D. Blackmore; and Galloway to S. R. Crockett. Ιt would be easy to allot almost every county in this way, and the map would have the double advantage of exhibiting the claims which, in colonial language, havebeen "pegged out," and the districts still "to be let" as backgrounds. To continue the idea, a literary Stanford might mark certain spots with crossed swords as the sites of fictitious battles, and the scenes of the deaths of celebrated characters could be printed

in purple, and the



From a photo by]

[Russell.

S. R. Crockett

names of the towns where marriages were celebrated might be encircled with a wedding The possibilities of such a map are ring.

endless, and the writer presents the suggestion gratis to any enterprising publisher.

In the Scottish school of story-writers which has arisen during the last dozen years, three names stand conspicuously before the public. J. M. Barrie may be awarded the position of head of the school by right of the fact that his "Auld Licht Idylls" (pub-

lished in 1888) was the first volume of the class in recent literature to attain pre-eminent success. In the following year his "Window in Thrums'' was opened to $_{
m the}$ world, which has since then grown well acquainted with the joys, humours and sorrows of Kirriemuir, the humble village thus immortalised.

Samuel Rutherford Crockett. who is a year older than Mr. Barrie, next graduated in this famous school. The son of a Galloway farmer, he was born at Duchrae, and educated at the Free Church Institution. Castle Douglas. After being a pupilteacher. young Crockett went with a bursary to Edinburgh University in 1876. Having finished his collegiate course he was a tutor, travelling over much of the



From a photo by

T. & R. Annan, Glasgow.

MISS CROCKETT.

old world during various engagements, during which period he began to feel his way in literature. Some of his poems were published under the title of "Dulce Cor" in 1886. It is interesting to remark that the

same words anglicised form part of the title of his later book, "Sweetheart Travellers." Mr. Crockett entered the Free Church ministry in 1886, commencing his pastoral work at Penicuik, where he still resides. He resigned his ministerial charge a year and a half ago. It was in 1893 that "The Stickit Minister "was published, and immediately called attention to the new pen at work in the Midlothian manse. Edition after edition has been required to satisfy the constant demand for this entertaining volume of sketches Its very of Scottish life. name, puzzling to Southrons, aided its success. A story was circulated to the effect that a well-known ladv said,

"I never can remember whether that book's called 'The Crockett Minister,' by Stickit, or 'The Stickit Minister,' by Crockett! And, in either case, can anvone inform me what is a 'stickit'?" While mentioning the title, one may refer to an amusing blunder committed not long ago by a Daily News leader-writer who wrote of "Mr. Crockett's latest book, 'Ian Maclaren'"! Each of the three Scottish writers has selected striking, if somewhat difficult, titles for his works. Mr. Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls" has been a stumbling-block to many an English reader, and Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" came to be called at Mudie's Library by the shortened form of "B.B.B.B."

· It is unnecessary to expatiate on the charm of the sketches in "The Stickit Minister." The pertinacity of the young preacher, the laughable exploits of Cleg Kelly, and the chapter on sermon preparation are too well known to need more than passing mention. Cleg Kelly so delighted R. L. Stevenson that he urged Mr. Crockett to devote an entire book to the gamin, and this he has just finished. Yet, of course, the book has had its scoffers. An eminent critic threw the volume across the room in disgust at what he termed its "maudlin sentiment." And he was a brother Scot, and should have appreciated the fidelity of Mr. Crockett's word-painting. Sentiment is, after all, saying fearlessly what is in one's own heart without thought of critics. That which is



From a photo by]

BANK HOUSE, PENICUIK. (Mr. S. R. Crockett's home.)

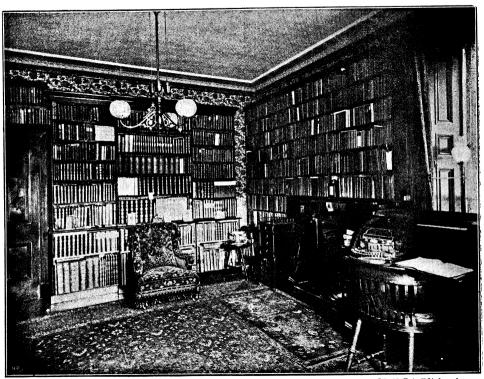
so written will touch the heart of others, making it beat as strongly in sympathy. But curiously enough all three of these Scottish story-tellers have their largest circle of readers out of the land of their birth.

Robert Louis Stevenson's admiration of "The Stickit Minister," to whom the book was dedicated, has been equalled by that of Andrew Lang and John Ruskin, two very dissimilar critics. The latter invited Mr. Crockett to visit him at Brantwood, and expressed his warm interest in his work. "The Raiders." published in 1894, was

jingling clear "—sets a note of interest which is sustained to the last. The characters of Patrick Heron and May Maxwell are well contrasted, and the latter especially gains the sympathy of most readers.

Mr. Crockett, on a visit to London about a year ago, was the guest of the New Vagabonds Club, and no one who was present will forget the unaffectedly modest speech in which he expressed his gratitude

speech in which he expressed his gratitude for the welcome accorded by the army of literature to its latest recruit. "I determined not to spoil a good dinner by the



From a photo by

MR. S. R. CROCKETT'S WRITING-ROOM.

[J. Moffat, Edinburgh.

rather a surprise to that section of the public which was only acquainted with "The Stickit Minister." Its plot reminds one slightly of R. D. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" and R. L. Stevenson's "Treasure Island." As in the latter volume, there is a "Silver" in "The Raiders"—Silver Sand. Throughout the long story—a trifle long drawn-out, perhaps—Mr. Crockett has given many fine descriptive passages, and in nearly every landscape, depicted in glowing colours, there are human figures in the foreground. The opening sentence—"It was upon Rathan Head that I first heard their bridle-reins

thought of making a bad speech," was Mr. Crockett's apology for not delivering a finished oration. But there was no doubt that his sincere and cordial little speech was quite to the liking of the Vagabonds. Many of them were surprised to find the Scottish novelist was so youthful and had "a ruddy countenance," for portraits had hardly given that impression. Mr. Crockett is tall and broad—a figure which would not pass unobserved in any company. He was a guest during this visit in several homes of literary men, and not a few of them, including Mr. Andrew Lang, have enjoyed Mr. Crockett's

hospitality at Penicuik. Since he resigned the charge of the Free Church he has resided at Bank House, a view of which is given herewith. The house stands on high ground, and the breezy air and beautiful outlook make it a delightful place. In the summer time the garden is the favourite resort of Mr. Crockett, although he is much attached

to his study. where thousands of volumes, chiefly historical and ad venturous. line the walls. Intothisroom the sunshine pleasantly pours during the early morningthe time when the novelist is busiest with his pen. Then after luncheon he walks or cysometimes with his little girl, who become has endeared to thousands who have enjoyed the book, "Sweet-heart Travellers."

"The Lilac Sun-bonnet," which was published in 1894, had a curiously diverse reception from the reviewers. The author says of it:

"It was my first book in point of time, written before 'The Stickit Minister,' and it has been the most popular in point of sale." It was an unambitious piece of work—one of Mr. Crockett's "recreations," so it seemed to me—and "The Play Actress" was somewhat similar in style. One could easily believe that the latter little story was founded on fact, for it had a pathos which

had the note of an echo from real life. Undoubtedly, in stories of a simple domestic nature, Mr. Crockett shines to advantage. When he wades into history there is a danger of the general reader getting out of his depth and wearying for the solid ground more familiar to him. With all his fine imagination Mr. Crockett resists the tempta-

tion of florid word-painting, but nevertheless he gets his effects with singular certainty. Two recent works are "The Men of the Moss Hags," which is truer than anv novel, for the letters and sermons therein are genuine, and most of the conversations in the book are echoes from life: and "The Grey Man of Auchendrayne." The scene of the latter story is Ayrshire. Another volume by Mr. Crockett is " Bog-Myrtle and Peat.

In the story which precedes this article—"The Count and Little Ger-

trud"—Mr. Crockett ventures out of his beloved Galloway and tells a tale of quiet heroism with a straightforward force which is certain to appeal to all who read it. He heard the incidents related by the Count himself, in broken English, last year, and the happy sequel is, like the rest of the story, true. It may be interesting to state that considerable alterations were made in the



From a photo by]

"SWEETHEART" AND HER DOLLS.

(The most characteristic portrait of Miss Crockett.)

narrative after it had been set in type, and the title was changed from "A Mere School Girl" to "The Count and Little Gertrud." Mr. Crockett's MSS. are type-written, in very neat fashion, on thin white paper, and during the last three years the number of pages which have passed into various printing offices must exceed several thousands. He is very punctual in fulfilling his literary engagements, and though his pen has commissions which will last at least the next seven years, there is little fear of its running dry. In three years the aggregate sale of Mr. Crockett's books has reached a quarter of a million copies. Just lately he has been taking a well-earned holiday in the Netherlands. Mr. Crockett has developed a taste for golf, achieving quite an admirable record for a beginner on certain links where many famous literary men are wont to disport themselves.

In America his books have had a very large sale, not always to the monetary advantage of their author, owing to the pirated editions which have been published. The Tauchuitz Library, too, has paid him the compliment of including one or two stories in their list. Mr. Crockett has received the most generous appreciation from other novelists, who recognise in his work the true marks of literary workmanship-knowledge and sincerity. He has also had the satisfaction of recalling to many Scots who have gone from their home to seek fortune in different parts of the globe, the characteristics of their native land. And some of his most treasured possessions are letters from readers in all parts of the world who have thanked him for the wholesome breath of health which pervades all his stories—all the more welcome in a period when jaundice has affected fiction.



From a photo by]

[J. Moffat, Edinburgh.



MAY-DAY IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

DRAWN BY GEORGE MORROW.

KILMAINHAM MEMORIES-II.*

THE STORY OF THE GREATEST POLITICAL CRIME OF THE CENTURY.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.

Illustrated by T. Walter Wilson, R.I., and from photographs specially taken for the Windson Magazine.

THE PHOENIX PARK MURDERS.



OR dramatic effect the day was well chosen. It was the day of Earl Spencer's public entry into Dublin as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. With him was Lord Frederick Cavendish.

Mr. Forster's successor in the office of Chief

Secretary. The re ception was over, and the new Vicerov had been handsomely greeted. story goes that, after the ceremony at the Castle, Lord Spencer attended by his valet, was riding home to the Viceregal lodge in the Phœnix Park, and passing a posse of police officers, one of them remarked to a brother. "This is a great day for Ireland," and the officer's reply was, "I hope so, but it is not yet twelve

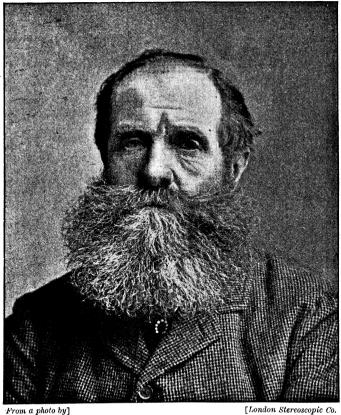
o'clock."

This was the day on which Joe Brady, Tim Kelly, Pat Delaney and Tom Caffrey were under orders to take the life of Mr. Burke.

The murder had been carefully and most minutely planned, and the Phœnix Park had been selected as the scene. The Under Secretary has his official residence in the park, a little more than a mile from the main entrance. The Invincibles were to wait in the park for Mr. Burke, who usually

walked or took a hacknev car to his house on leaving his office in the Castle.

Eleven of them in all were under orders for the park, but the actual business of the assassination was in the hands of the four whom Kavanagh was to drive on his outside - car. Since midday they had been heartening themselves with whisky. and were all more or less drunk at the hour of starting. They got on the



RIGHT HON. EARL SPENCER, K.G. (Viceroy of Ireland, 1882-1885.)

car in Palace Street, drove past the Castle, and turned out of Parliament Street into a long narrow lane which debouches on the

Liffey at Wood Quay. Crossing the river by

^{*} Copyright, 1896, by Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited.

the next bridge they drove along the quay to Park Gate Street, where, at the little Royal Oak tavern, they alighted to screw their courage to the sticking point. Five minutes

later they had entered

the park.



JAMES CAREY.

All the car party were armed with knives.

Following the car was the cab driven by Fitzharris ("Skin-the-Goat") in which were Dan Curley, M. Fagan and Joe Hanlon, each furnished with a loaded revolver.

Carey and James Smith, who completed the band, were already on the scene. Carey

was to give the signal, and he and Smith were seated on the first bench beyond the Gough Monument, on the right hand side of the road. Smith's presence was necessary for a singular reason. He, and he alone of the party, was able to identify Mr. Burke. These men, it is to be remarked, had nothing in the nature of a private wrong to avenge. Not a man amongst them had ever in his lifetime suffered, directly or indirectly, the very smallest injus-

tice at the hands of Mr. Burke. To one and all of them he was a name and nothing more.

The park was quiet. There had been a polo match, and the last of the spectators were strolling from the ground. Farther off some members of the staff of a Dublin paper were finishing a game of cricket. By a fitting and fateful mischance there was not a single policeman on duty in the park, nor in the streets they had traversed had the Invincibles passed one man in uniform.

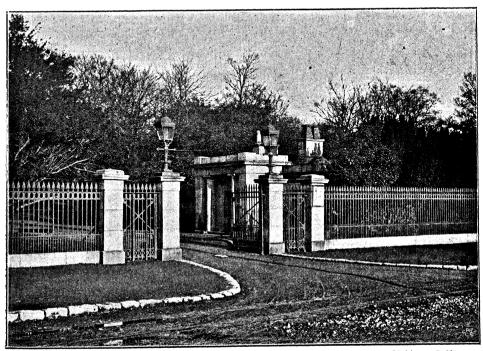
It was nearing seven; a fine warm evening. Kavanagh, a simple merry-featured fellow, was driving his car slowly up and down the main road. The car was shadowed by the cab, the business of "Skin-the-Goat's" trio being to assist the attacking party, if necessary, during or after the attack.

At about five minutes past seven a man was seen to alight from an outside car just within the park gates.

"'Tis Burke," Smith said to Carey.

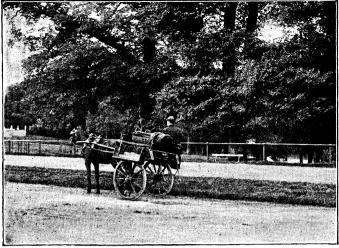
"Which of them?" asked Carey, for the one who had quitted the car had stopped to speak with another man on the footpath.

"Him that's afther gettin' down," said Smith. "The man in gray." Mr. Burke, recognising Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was going on foot to his new home in the park, had dismissed his car, and the two



From a photo by]

[Robinson, Dublin.



From a photo by

THE SPOT WHERE THE CAR WAITED.

men—the sands in the glass so nearly spent for each—set out to walk together. It was within a moment or two of sunset.

Mr. Burke always walked splendidly erect, and carried his cane sword-fashion on his right shoulder.

Carey signalled Kavanagh with his handkerchief and as the car came up gave the word to Brady, the Hercules of the party, who, it was well understood, was to do the deed alone.

"Mind the man in gray," said Carey.

None of them knew Lord Frederick Cavendish.

Carey and Smith set out across the park at once in the direction of the Island Bridge gate. Brady and the three with him slipped from the car and advanced to meet Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick, Brady walking on the inside of the path opposite to Mr. Burke.

At the instant of meeting, Brady stooped as if to tie his shoe, then, rising suddenly, gripped Mr. Burke by the waist, swung him

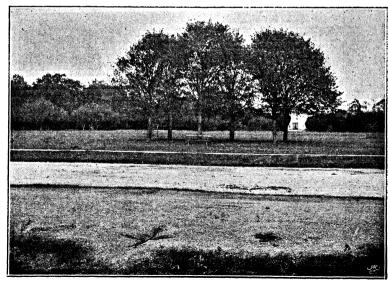
to defend his companion (with an umbrella), and [Robinson, Dublin. Brady, Burke being down, grappled with Lord Frederick and struck him deep in the breast under the

round, and dealt him one terrific blow in the back. Carey, some distance from the scene, heard the murdered man's single groan, and imitated it on the witness table months afterwards. As Mr. Burke fell. Kelly bent over him and gashed him across the throat. The herculean Brady did his work well and quickly. for Lord Frederick was in the death throes now. His death he owed to the fine blue blood in him. It was not intended to kill him. but he had turned instantly

Through an opening in the trees Lord Spencer, standing with his secretary in a window of the Viceregal Lodge, had watched the scuffle on the path and sent the secretary to inquire what it was.

left clavicle. One blow apiece sufficed.

Kavanagh, waiting quietly with the car turned in the direction in which the flight was to be, kept flicking his little brown mare with the whip to heat her for the start. The four sprang on the car, Kavanagh let out



From a photo by

[Robinson, Dublin.

A GLIMPSE OF THE WINDOW IN THE VICEREGAL LODGE FROM WHICH LORD SPENCER SAW THE SCUFFLE.

the reins and the mare went away at the gallop. Let us share this flight, which was one of the mysteries of the affair.

("Skin-the-Goat" meanwhile had driven his men out by the North Circular Road gate.)

Kavanagh took the first turn to the left—the well-known road that leads across the Fifteen Acres. At the hill just beyond the Hibernian School there are two sharp curves, forming together a letter S, and George Godden, a park ranger, standing here as the car made the double turn, noted Brady and Caffrey, who were seated on opposite sides, and was able afterwards to identify them in court. Out at the Chapelizod gate and round to the right, and Kavanagh swept through the village of Chapelizod, nearly

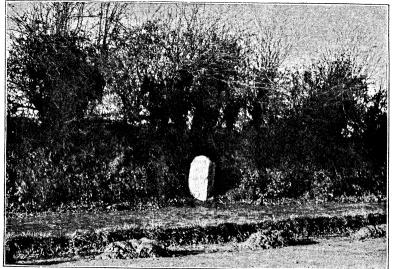
all, and within which three were to lie in one grave.

Here Kavanagh made another détour, edging always farther and farther from Dublin; and gaining the Naas Road, he put the mare's head for the open country. Chance was furthering the flight. They were unpursued, and the night began to cover them. The dusky highway was their own, and the little mare was still racing up to her bit in the gamest fashion. In front the Dublin and Wicklow hills were fading in the clear-obscure.

It must have been at about this point that the tension passed and the men began to find their tongues, for at the next stage on the journey—the cross-roads beyond Bluebell

Mill—they were passed by a car, the driver of which, in his information to the police at a later date, said they were "laughing and talking like mad," and he took them for "a tipsy party returning from a Saturday spree."

From the cross-roads they might have driven straight into South Dublin, but Kavanagh, in accordance with the plan, swerved again on to the Tallaght Road, still farther into



Prom a photo by]

[Robinson, Dublin.

THE FIRST HALT: MILESTONE ON THE TALLAGHT ROAD.

killing a child on the bridge crossing the Liffey. Another turn to the left brought the car on a road parallel to the one just traversed, and in a few moments, glancing across towards the Chapelizod gate, the murderers were able to see that they were not yet followed. But Kavanagh kept the whip going, and the brown mare was flying with her heavy burden ten miles an hour. Time was not so much in question as the length of ground to be covered.

As yet the men were silent. They were now on the Inchicore Road, and as they went, ventre à terre, through the township of that name the five might have glimpsed in the distance the stark walls of Kilmainham, which were presently to receive them

the country. They were safe enough now, and at a milestone on the right of the road a halt was called, and Kavanagh drew rein. Brady and Kelly, who had a slight toilet to perform, got off the car. So cleverly had Brady despatched his victims that there was not a stain upon his clothes; but his hands were covered with blood, and Kelly's superfluous service on Mr. Burke had left a smear on his. In the long moist grass against the milestone they cleaned their hands and scoured the blood from the knives.

But their goal was still to win, and the halt was brief. Rattling the mare along once more, the pace a touch easier, Kavanagh presently turned off the Tallaght Road and took the straight road for Terenure, through the willage of Crumlin. It was death to anything that let the brown mare's feet that night, and a dog that sprang barking at her in Crumlin had his brains kicked out. In then to Terenure, where at length town life began again, for the car was now spanking over the stones of a Dublin suburb. It is at Terenure that the tramway service ends, and at the terminus of the Palmerston Park tramway Kelly was set down and went home by tram to his mother's house. The car, now at a sober jog, continued along the tram-line through Palmerston Park and Ranelagh, where Kavanagh made a final bend to the right to fetch Leeson Park.

At Leeson Park the flight was over. Kavanagh had accomplished his object by bringing his men into Dublin at the point

remotest from that at which the start had been made in the afternoon.

Folk going home late that evening from Saturday's marketing might have seen a car, with a brown mare (14½ hands, wiry hair) reeking between the shafts, outside the door of Davy's Tavern, 111 Upper Leeson Street. Inside, four men, returned from a very successful expedition of murder, were clinking their glasses. It was the parting cup.

Kavanagh took the mare home softly to his house in Townsend Street—man and mare on their last legs—led her into the stable without removing the harness, and threw himself beside her in the straw, and slept.

Brady, Delaney and Caffrey walked to Westland Row, where, in the shadow of the chapel, they met Carey by appointment, and gave him assurance that all was well.

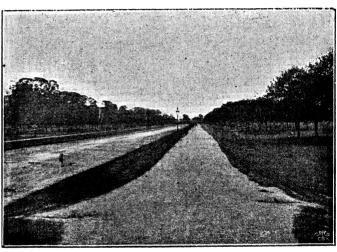
On the following morning, Sunday, Carey went to early mass with his wife and children, and took the sacrament.

V.—SUNDAY.

The bodies of the murdered men were first seen by a young telegraphist, McGuire by name, riding home on his bicycle. Scarcely stopping, he sped on in search of a policeman. "There are two men lying in pools of blood on the path near the Phœnix monument," he said.

I believe the struggle had actually been watched at a little distance by an officer in a cavalry regiment quartered in the town, but so paralysed was he by the horror of it that he could render no assistance, nor was he even able, when visited in his quarters by the police, to give a coherent account of what he had seen.

Some hours later it had begun vaguely to be known in the city that the Phœnix Park had been the scene of a terrible tragedy. A rumour that the new Chief Secretary had been murdered reached the theatre, and the opera was finished in a hurry. Pressmen and other inquirers chased one another to the Castle. Dublin in general, however, passed the night of Saturday in ignorance of the crime. Several hours of that night were spent by a



From a photo by] [Robinson, Dublin.

SCENE OF THE MURDER: THE SCOOPED OUT CROSSES MARK THE

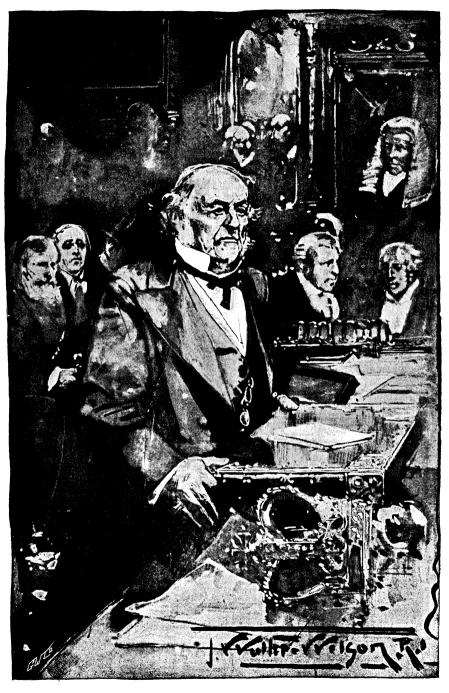
SPOT WHERE THE BODIES WERE FOUND.

chief officer of police in writing a despatch to the Queen, which was carried by Captain Ross the next morning.

For the first time in the history of the Irish Press Sunday editions were issued of the three Dublin papers. Mention of one circumstance was omitted deliberately by all of them. A black-edged card had been dropped into their letter-boxes on Saturday evening, which bore this legend—

"This deed was done by the Irish Invincibles."

By each of the journals which received this missive it was regarded as a gross and



 $M_{\mbox{\scriptsize R}}.$ GLADSTONE PAYING A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ghastly jest, and none of them would put it into print. But the cards were genuine, and the inscriptions were the writing of Dan Curley.

The first verbal announcements of the crime were made in the Roman Catholic churches. Mr. Burke was a member of that faith, and at high mass on Sunday morning prayers for the repose of his soul were asked

every Roman Catholie church in Dublin. These solemn utterances from the altar must have been impressive in the highest degree where no previous knowledge of the tragedy existed amongst the congregation. In two churches the duty devolved upon priests bearing the name of the murdered man, and one them. o f Father Burke of St. Kevin's, Heytesbury Street, fell dead at the altar in the act of speaking.

By midday the deed was known to all Dublin. From that on to nightfall the

popular feeling of amazed indignation and horror increased hourly. There were curious evidences of the temporary suppression of private and personal sorrows: funeral processions passing through Sackville Street on their way to the Glasnevin Cemetery stopped at the newspaper offices, and copies of the newspapers were bought and read aloud in the mourning coaches. In the afternoon the whole town poured into the Phœnix Park, and by four o'cleck the people in

thousands were struggling to advance a pace along the mile and more of road between the Phœnix gate and the Phœnix monument.

It was on this Sunday afternoon that justice began already to get upon the trail. In the private room in Castle Yard of the officer who had been entrusted with the case the scent was first picked up. While the town was given over to the dimmest speculations



Prom a photo by] [London Stereoscopic Co.
THE LATE RIGHT HON, LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH, M.P.
(Assassinated in Phænix Park, Dublin, May 6, 1882.)

and rumour assailed general with as many names as she had tongues, aquiet person, w h o was neither an Invincible nor a spy of the police, was unfolding an interesting history to the chief detective. This person was never brought forward in connection with the case. He made no appearance in court at the preliminary examinations oratthe trials, and the formal evidence which he tendered while the case was in its infancy was taken under conditions

as to the pos-

sible authors

of the crime.

of the strictest privacy. His secret has been well preserved; he is going about his business in Dublin at this day, unmolested and unsuspected. It was from this unexpected quarter that the first useful clue was received.

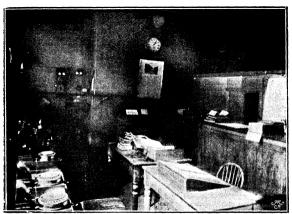
VI.—THE ARRESTS, THE INVESTIGATION, THE TRIALS.

On Monday morning Dublin was placarded with Lord Spencer's proclamation offering a

reward of £10,000. Side by side with it appeared the proclamation of Mr. Parnell and the leading members of the Land League, denouncing the murders in fit

language.

The summoning of the 4000 and odd cardrivers of Dublin to account for their time on the afternoon and evening of Saturday was the first step taken by the Castle in a criminal investigation the most elaborate. minute and skilful on record. It showed that the police were already aware by what means the murderers had escaped from the park, for the earliest impression had been that they had walked to the Kingsbridge station and taken train thence to the south. Each "jarvey" in turn was closely interrogated, and Kavanagh alone was unable to



From a photo by [Robinson, Dublin. THE ROOM IN DUBLIN CASTLE IN WHICH MR. ADYE CURRAN CONDUCTED THE INVESTIGATION.

give a satisfactory account of himself. yet however there was nothing to justify his arrest.

Arrests significant enough were nevertheless not long delayed. Carey himself, Dan Curley, Chairman Mullett, the two Hanlons, and McCaffrey (not to be confused with the Tom Caffrey who occupied a seat on the car) were all laid hold of. They were lodged in Kilmainham, and kept there under the Crimes Act until the month of September. when, as the legal evidence was still to procure, they were liberated.

It was six months since the murders, and the belief was that a baffled police had abandoned the case. It was forgotten that Ireland was under a reign of terror. before the six men first arrested were let out, to be shadowed by the police till they were wanted again, their parts in the crime were

known, and every man who was afterwards placed in the dock was already under watch. The public proofs against them were what was lacking all these tedious months. one would risk the chances of an open testimony. At every stage throughout the inquiry, it was this that gave check to the police. When, for instance, they had learned. eight or nine months after the act, the route by which Kayanagh had taken his men from the scene of the murder, inquiries made at every house and cabin on the road failed to bring into court one word of evidence as to the flight of the car.

But the Invincibles played unwittingly into the hands of their enemy. They made two foolish moves in November. The first of these was Pat Delaney's attempt on Judge

Lawson. Delaney made a feint of shooting the judge as he was entering the Kildare Street club, and was at once arrested. At about the same time Mr. Field, foreman of the common jury which had recently brought in a verdict of guilty against a man charged with murder, was attacked on the steps of his house. The arrests which followed were important. Certain evidence was drawn from Delaney which had its bearing on the larger case, and a further inquiry under the Crimes Act was commenced in the first week of December.

It was a process reminiscent of the Star Chamber, conducted with great ability by the magistrate Mr. Adve Curran, who had the invaluable assistance of Mr. John Mallon, then

chief of the detective department. first under examination was Dan Delaney, an active Invincible and brother of the Patrick just named. For five hours on one day and six on the following he underwent a searching interrogation. Kelly, Caffrey, Brady and James Mullett followed. men were charged with nothing, but their brains were picked and sifted, and the catechism was severe enough to shake the hearts of the guilty ones.

This process extended far. All manner of persons considered likely to be able in any way to assist the case were politely asked to present themselves before Mr. Curran in his private room at the Castle. Sometimes a single question sufficed; sometimes the visitor was under examination the greater portion of the day. Each day the net was drawn a little closer about the prospective victims, although many of those who were afterwards put upon their trial were never called on to face Mr. Curran.

The private investigation under the Crimes Act occupied the whole of December and the first part of January, and then the grand coup was made. Twenty-six Invincibles were seized one night under warrant in various parts of Dublin, and placed in the dock of the Inns of Quay police court on January 13, 1883. Up to this point the course of justice had been hidden, but the appearance of the twenty-six in the dock was a startling and effective answer to the charge of failure that had been laid against the police. The men were remanded for a week. and their next appearance was in Kilmainham Court-house, a change of scene which the dangers of the street rendered necessary. Kilmainham Court-house adjoins the prison, and from the latter to the former the men were safely conducted by a covered passage through a double file of police.

For a time the caged Invincibles maintained a front which was not merely cool Their jocularity in the dock one morning drew from Mr. Murphy, Q.C., the leading counsel for the Crown, a dry word to the effect that they would "possibly be a little less merry before he had finished with them." Some of the group displayed a contemptuous and others a lively interest in the proceedings against them. who occupied a front corner of the dock, was always good-humouredly on the alert. and brisk in signalling the messenger of one of the Dublin dailies, when the reporter had his "copy" ready. It was curious to observe, however, with what care the prisoners counted their numbers when they were placed in the dock in the morning—the dread of betrayal by an informer, which is the poison in the heart of every Irish conspirator.

One morning the count fell short. The conspirators were fewer by one comrade than they had been on the previous day. While they were still in the pains of suspense as to the cause of his absence from the dock, he was led in by another door, and, shamefaced and quaking, mounted to the chair on the witness table. It was Bob Farrell, the first of the informers.

The dock was dumb but for an unphrased murmur, and it never joked again. Mr. Murphy was about to put the cup to the lips of the jesters.

One informer was not enough to undo the whole batch in the dock, but in Irish crime

informers come not singly. Kavanagh, a week or two later, took Farrell's place on the table. There had been remand after remand. but with Kavanagh's translation from the dock to the witness-table, the case against the prisoners began to be narrowed to its final issue. It was not until Kavanagh turned Queen's evidence they were able to be charged in set terms with the murders. "Conspiring to murder certain Government officials and others," was the charge formulated against them when first placed in the Brady, Kelly, Pat Delaney, and Tom Caffrey were charged with the murders; and Fitzharris, Fagan, Curley, Joe Hanlon, and James Carey with being accessories.

But it was not in Kilmainham Court-house all this time that the case against the Invincibles was being most subtilely developed. Rather more was being done within the walls of Kilmainham prison. The stake for which justice was playing in this affair was such a great one that not a ruse known to modern detective science was neglected. The object was to bring the prisoners to implicate one another, and their fears and their suspicions of treachery were most cunningly played upon. They were exercised in a small yard apart, and meetings were arranged between particular comrades, in circumstances which allowed their talk to be overheard. A possible witness against them, who was supposed to be in safe hiding across the Channel, was pushed for a moment through the door of the exerciseyard, and as suddenly withdrawn. By word and suggestion they were made to feel that they had been betrayed on every side, and above all, that the chief traitors were of their own number. Amongst the six-and-twenty who had been placed in the dock not all were worth prosecuting, but it was fixedly resolved to bring the ringleaders to justice, and, if possible, to send the actual murderers to the gallows upon the testimony of their own companions. It was easily done in the end. Before the actual trial was commenced there was hardly a man in his cell in Kilmainham who had not begged for an opportunity to state all he knew, appealing to the officer who had charge of the case: "For the love o' God, sir, why won't ye take my evidence?" Amongst the scenes in Kilmainham, when it becomes possible to tell the story in detail, that of the panel in the door of the infirmary ward, and what was heard on the other side, will be classed as an instance of detective skill with the adroitest in the criminal annals Amongst the prison officials of France.

Dr. Carte and the late Governor Gildea are



MICHAEL FAGAN.
(Sentenced to be hanged.)



THOMAS CAFFREY.



TIMOTHY KELLY.
(Sentenced to be hanged.)



JOE BRADY.
(Sentenced to be hanged.)



DANIEL CURLEY.
(Sentenced to be hanged.)



PATRICK DELANEY. (Sentenced to be hanged; but afterwards the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.)



JAMES FITZHARRIS

("Skin-the-Goat").

(Sentenced to penal servitude
for life.)



JOE MULLETT.
(Sentenced to penal servitude
for life.)



JOSEPH SMITH. (A workman at Dublin Castle who pointed out Mr. Burke.)



EDWARD M'CAFFREY.

(Sentenced to ten years'
penal servitude.)



MYLES KAVANAGH. (The car-driver, who died shortly after his trial.)



JAMES MULLETT. (Sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.)

THE MEN WHO WERE TRIED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MURDER, IN PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN, OF LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH AND MR. THOMAS HENRY BURKE.

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considered to have rendered signal assistance in bringing the case to a head. It has been little known how important a part certain women played towards the same end. Here a wife and there a mother, seeking to save a husband or a son, helped by secret promptings to bring justice nearer to its end.

Towards the close of the investigation the position of the Invincibles had become so nearly hopeless that but one thing was needed to make a ruin of it: it was the defection of James Carey, and the dock was not to escape this worst blow of all. It has been supposed that Carey was willing if not eager from the outset to be the Judas of the party, but the facts were otherwise. He was less a hero, I think, than any of his associates in the plot, but he had in him a kind of stubborn pride and all the Irishman's instinctive horror of the rôle of informer. He refused to speak until he felt the rope at his throat. It was the damning evidence of Kavanagh that finally innerved him and forced his lips to save his But even then it was hard to fetch the neck. truth from him. The first statement which he drew up in his cell in Kilmainham was torn up and returned to him. "This is ancient history, Carey," said his examiner. Up to the last moment it was extremely difficult to get him to face the Court, an ordeal to which his physical nerve was as little equal as his moral. In a room at the back of the court he had to be primed with brandy before he could be persuaded to mount to the chair on the witness table.

For the unhappy creatures at the bar the case had been a series of the most disquicting surprises; but when they saw that Carey too had slipped from the storm which was raining on the dock, surprise was swallowed up in rage. Brady made an effort to seize him by the neck as he passed, and maledictions audible enough went up from the pen where the betrayed men were imprisoned. Carey, once he had taken his seat, regained his nerve, and never faltered in the narrative which was to set the final seal upon the fate of the friends he had abandoned.

For when the trial, over which Judge O'Brien presided, was commenced in Green Street, the ship was already on the rocks. The sole remaining hope of the Invincibles lay in the eloquence of the counsel whom the Crown had provided for the defence; but all the forensic skill in the world could avail them little.

What fate but the worst could Joe Brady look for? Of those who had been sent for trial he was the first to be arraigned, and he

took his stand in the dock of the Green Street Court-house on Wednesday, April 11. 1883, just within a year of the day on which he had sent Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke to their account. Two patient days and a half the Court gave him, though the issue could never at any moment have been in doubt. When called upon to show reason why sentence of death should not be passed on him, he sprang up in the dock, pale. but full of passion, his huge frame quivering, and swore huskily in the broadest Irish that his life had been taken from him by the lying oaths of informers. The death sentence calmed him. He took it bravely and without brayado, and thanked his counsel before he was led out.

This young fellow, the real murderer, was the most sympathetic personality in the group. As the man who had struck the blows he could not have hoped to escape by informing. and he was never of course invited to turn Queen's evidence. But I believe that, had he been approached for that purpose, he would still have kept his tongue. In every Irish crime of this sort there are more traitors than are named, but not so many as are whispered. It was not possible to name Brady as a traitor; but what is more, the intent of treachery was never whispered against him. I believe too but for Brady there would have been no Phoenix Park murders. If there were no legerdemain in the assigning of the lots, the Invincibles were fortunate on the day that Brady drew his. Had the chance fallen on Carey, for example, Lord Frederick and Mr. Burke would have come off as lightly as Judge Lawson and Mr. Field. Brady, in a word, was the one man who had courage for the part which was, I feel sure, deliberately imposed on him by a trick of the ballot.

I must be brief over the trials that followed Bradv's. Dan Curley's, three days later, was the second. Curley was the handsomest of the band, a young-looking man of thirty-There were considerations which made it hard to sentence him, and his wife and children were in court. He clung to the rail of the dock as he stood up to receive his doom. He was the only man who melted the Court into tears, though he scarcely spoke a word. There were tears at the reporter's table and tears in the eyes of the Judge when, at the third essay, he put on the black cap. Timothy Kelly, a slim, longfaced youth of nineteen, with a thick pendulous lip and a cold, blue, shifty eye, was the third to stand in the dock. Timothy was tried three times. There were slight discrepancies in the evidence, and the "packed British jury" were not willing to send a mere lad to the gallows except upon the strongest confirmation of his guilt.



From a photo by]

MR. JOHN MALLON, J.P.

[Werner, Dublin.

Michael Fagan was the fourth and Tom Caffrey the fifth upon whom the death sentence was passed. Pat Delaney received the same award, but he had turned informer after Carey, and his death sentence, commuted almost immediately to penal servitude for life, was subsequently reduced to one of ten years. Chairman Mullett escaped with ten years. Life sentences of penal servitude (not quite so terrible a penalty in Ireland as in England) are still in course of expiation by the other Mullett—Joe, the hunchback—Laurence Hanlon and "Skin-the-Goat."

Of the informers, not all of whom have been named, one has made a comfortable fortune in a corner of the globe where he is never likely to be traced, and others are not too badly housed elsewhere. Carey, who was kept longest in Kilmainham, for his own undeserved security, was liberated at ten o'clock one night and conveyed to Kingstown by three stages in three separate cabs. The surviving Invincibles have always made the boast that the man O'Donnell, by

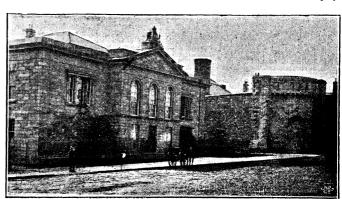
whom he was shot at Port Elizabeth, was sent after him by them. But O'Donnell, who had no connections with any revolutionary party in Ireland, had taken his passage in the Cape

steamer a month before the Government had decided to what part of the world they would despatch. Carey. Kavanagh, shipped to Sydney, was refused a landing there, and was shipped back to England. He died at twenty-three, poisoned by drink, in a lunatic asylum in London.

Within little more than a twelvementh the crime was expiated, and the conspiracy itself was then barely eighteen months old. Considering the magnitude of the affair and the innumerable difficulties in the path of the inquirers, the execution of justice was almost as rapid as it was complete. The ranks of the Invincibles were decimated, their constitution was broken all to pieces. Five of their number sent to the gallows (and chiefly by the treachery of comrades), others into life-long imprisonment, and others again involved, with their families, in ruin and irremediable disgrace—this and no less was But for such a deed as theirs their portion.

.... all vengeance comes too short Which can pursue the offender.

A plot and crime of this nature, and in a country circumstanced as Ireland then was, are not unrayelled without a master mind. The brilliant agent of the law in this instance was Mr. Mallon, who had the case in hand from the first, and who, at the constant peril of his life, may be said to have carried it through alone. Judge O'Brien spoke no idle compliment from the bench in his description of this prince of detectives as "a man whose courage was equalled only by his sagacity." Not less deserved was the encomium of Mr. Murphy,



From a photo by]

[Robinson, Dublin.

KILMAINHAM COURT-HOUSE.

Q.C., that "while the world was of opinion that nothing was being done the police were quietly getting together the threads of the evidence; and it was very significant that the officer who had charge of the case, with a knowledge peculiar to himself, had the four members of the committee in custody almost immediately after the crime was committed." Not only this, indeed, but within a very few weeks the plot with its maze-like windings was

known to him, and but for the incredible difficulty of procuring clean testimony in support of the evidence of the informers, the final blow would have fallen long ere it did. It will never be known, until he chooses to tell it himself, by what means Mr. Mallon got at the very heart of the plot at the earliest stage of the inquiry, but it is still a tradition of Kilmainham with what terror he inspired the Invincibles whom he first examined privately in the governor's office. "There's really no savin' what you don't know. Misther Mallon," said one of them, in whose deposition certain notable deficiencies had been pointed out. He had a memory that never slept, patience without end, a terrible skill in piecing evidence together, and a complete disregard of danger. Of all the men whom he brought to justice Carey alone bore him any real ill-feeling, and those who were to hang shook him by the hand on the eve of execution. Mr. Mallon is now a Justice of the Peace and Commissioner of Police, and it may be hoped that he will one day sit down to tell the story of his life.

Mr. M'Manus, who did for me with the utmost kindness all that the governor of a prison could do for an unofficial visitor, is one of the most experienced officers in this service. For thirty years he has been concerned in the administration of Irish prisons, and bears a high character as a just and humane governor. In no prison in the United Kingdom is a high standard of discipline maintained with less harshness of treatment than in Kilmainham.

VII.—MARWOOD.

From the middle of April to near the middle of June, 1883, the venerable chaplain of Kilmainham (who died in his 85th year on Christmas Eve last) was busy with the con-



From a photo by] [Robinson, Dublin.

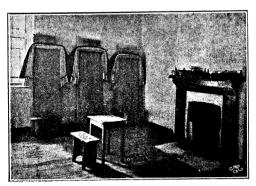
MR. A. D. M'MANUS, GOVERNOR OF KILMAINHAM PRISON.

solations of the Church. For five of the condemned men there was no hope in this world, and they knew it. All of them are said to have been attentive to the priest, and for that matter many of the Invincibles did the duties of their faith in the most exemplary manner. Carey, who was a member of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart, hung the medal and ribbon of the Order over the bed in his cell. Carey, on the night of his release from Kilmainham, while he was faring by quiet ways to Kingstown, chanced to look out of the cab as it passed the little tobacco shop kept by Curley's widow. Crossing himself, he exclaimed, "God save the soul of Dan Curley!" "Why, you villain," returned his conductor, "you're after helping to hang the man!"

The five men cast for the gallows were of quiet and seemly behaviour, though one piece of bravado is told of Kelly. The governor happening to enter the lad's cell at the dinner hour the day before he was to die, Kelly lifted the pot of porter with which he had been regaled and flourished it at him. "Your honour's health, an' a long life!" said he. Of the five, Curley and Tom Caffrey showed themselves the most

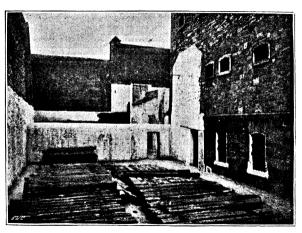
sincerely penitent. Caffrey suffered more than the others at the near envisaging of death. He became very thin and pallid towards the last.

Within a few hours before the first of the fatal mornings the authorities of the prison found themselves in something of a predicament. There was no gallows standing in Kilmainham,* and no person within the precincts of the gaol who could be entrusted with the building of one. Nay, there was not a morsel of timber in the place which could be



From a photo by] [Robinson, Dublin.
THE CONDEMNED CELL.

used for the purpose. In this strait, a party of Royal Engineers were fetched in from one of the barracks, and the necessary timber (which had been bought as "wanted for or-



From a photo by] [Robinson, Dublin.

SMALL EXERCISE YARD, WITH VIEW OF EXECUTION
YARD BEYOND.

dinary prison repairs ") was smuggled in after them. The very spot at which the gallows was to be set up was kept as privy as possible, lest the dynamiters should get wind of it.

On the morning of May 14 soldiers and police guarded Kilmainham within and without. The whole neighbourhood was thronged, and the crowd was densest on the bridge and in the cherry orchard beneath the rear walls of the prison. These were the places of vantage, commanding a view of the water-tank reared high between two chimneys. Suddenly all heads here were bared as the flutter of the flag above the tank told that Marwood had loosed the bolt for Joe Brady. The stanchest of the Invincibles died without a tremor. His cheek had the colour of life, and his huge frame had not diminished by the weight of an ounce.

Four days later handsome Dan Curley followed him into the gallows pit. Curley's father—an old peasant from the West of Ireland—stood watching in the cherry orchard, and as the flag was hoisted he dropped on his knees and began a prayer in Irish. The people, kneeling around him with uncovered heads, took up the responses, and the murmur of their voices passed through the prison walls and mingled with the voice of the old chaplain on the gallows, while the squat figure of the hangman was crouched over the swaying body of his victim.

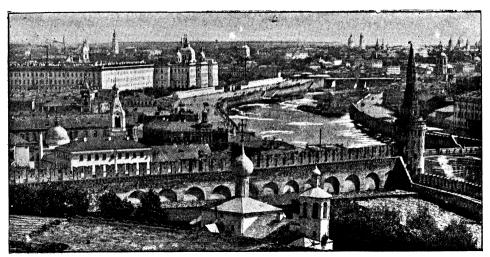
Michael Fagan died May 28th, Caffrey on June 2nd, and young Tim Kelly on the 9th. None of the men made any confession on the gallows.

The five lie in one grave between the two walls which framed their gallows, and the grave is nameless.

^{*} There is none at the present day. The execution yard of the Invincibles, when I was shown into it, was stacked with timber, and of the gallows from which the five murderers were launched no trace was visible except the two holes in the whitewashed walls where one of the beams supporting the platform had been fixed. The reader may perceive one of these holes in the photograph.—T. H.



THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES THE TSAR AND TSARINA OF RUSSIA. (Whose Coronation is appointed to take place in May.)



MOSCOW, WITH A VIEW OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

THE CITY OF THE TSARS:

A VISIT TO MOSCOW AND THE KREMLIN.

BY CHARLES S. PELHAM-CLINTON.



I is almost impossible to conceive two cities more dissimilar than the ancient and modern capitals of Russia. While Peter the Great's creation is a collection of wide streets,

magnificent palaces and stately buildings, the ancient capital is a combination of eccentric fantasies, a mixture of Eastern and European architecture thrown together without any regard for symmetry, the conglomeration making a sight to be seen in no other city in the world. As one looks down upon the city from the low Sparrow Hills the brilliant colour and gilt of the vast number of domes and spires, no less than their wealth of variety and Oriental shapes, form a striking picture against the green of the plain The city itself is divided into five well-marked zones, the outer one of which is called the Slobodes, or suburbs, and here the very poorest of the inhabitants reside. Within this is the Zemlianoï-Gorod, or Earthen City, so called because it was at one time surrounded by a wall of earth, most of which has now been converted into spacious promenades. Inside this again is the Bjeloï-Gorod, or White Town, which comprises some of the best houses of Moscow, palaces and public buildings, and is, in fact, far more like an ordinary European town

than any other part of the city. three form concentric circles, and in the space enclosed between them and the river Moskva is what is known as the Inner Town, which includes the Kitaï-Gorod, or Chinese Town, and the Kremlin. former is the chief commercial part of Moscow, and it is here that the Bourse, the Bazaar, and the principal business houses and shops are to be found. This circle encloses the Kremlin, the centre and very heart of the ancient capital, to which it holds about the same relation as the Tower. Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's combined do to London. But it is something more than even all this, for it is still a royal residence, and, like the Tower, has quite a small town within its walls. It is first mentioned in history as having been founded by Prince George Dolgorouki in 1147, he having established a camp there, and, as a little town sprang up round this, he surrounded it with wooden walls on which were towers of the same material. In the fourteenth century the Grand Dukes of Russia took up their residence here, and in the latter half of that century Dmitri Donskoï replaced its wooden ramparts by a wall of stone, and 100 years later Ivan III. increased the size of the citadel, making the walls about 1½ miles in circumference, and these still stand with their battlements, towers and gates: the principal architects of the walls.

by the way, were Italians.

So the Kremlin grew, and for four centuries it was the centre of the Government of Russia, the Tsars residing there until the time that Peter the Great's wonderful city sprang up on the banks of the Neva. Time after time has the Kremlin been the scene of most destructive conflagrations, and time after time has it risen, phænix-like,



BELL TOWER OF IVAN THE GREAT.

from its ashes, growing larger and stronger at each new birth.

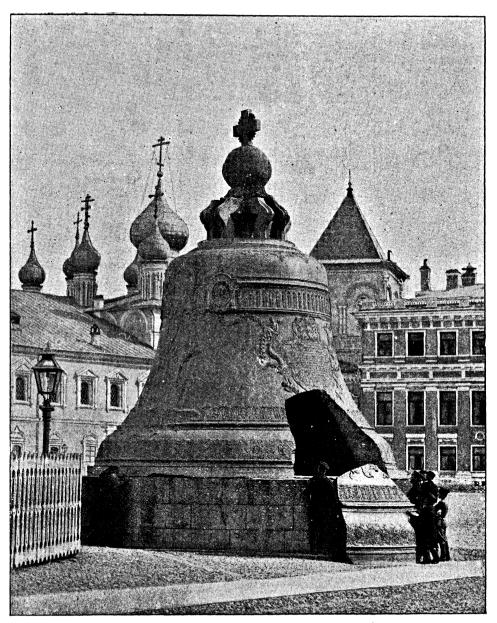
Standing on a slight incline rising from the river Moskva, the walls enclose a space roughly triangular in form, and in them there are five gates, above which are five great towers, known as the Nicolski, Spasski, Borovitski, Troïtski, and Taïnitski gates. Facing the Red Place and the world-famous Church of Vassili Blagennoi is the Spasski Gate, which is decorated with a picture of the Saviour, every person uncovering when passing beneath it, and entering by this gate we see on our right the Convent of the Ascension, where lie the remains of the Grand Duchesses and Tsarinas of Russia. Passing this we come to the Bell Tower of Ivan Veliki, wherein hang some thirtyfour bells, the largest of them weighing no less than 64 tons, but even this is quite eclipsed by the monster "Tsar Kolokol," or King of Bells, which stands on a pedestal at the foot of the tower: it was cast in 1736. fell during a fire, which burned through the beam supporting it, and has never been rehung; it is 26 feet high, and weighs about

200 tons.

Leaving the Bell Tower on our left, we come to a large iron gate. through which we enter the Square of the Cathedrals, which is surrounded on all sides by churches and palaces. On the left is the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael. and farther on the white walls and gilded cupolas of the Cathedral of the Annunciation stand out clearly against the Imperial Palace at the foot. Close by, on the right, are the celebrated Palais Anguleux and the Grand Palace, on the south side of which descends the famous Red Staircase, having at its top the no less famous Red Terrace. In the middle of the Square stands the old Cathedral of the Assumption, the principal sanctuary of Moscow, and behind it is the Patriarch's house, in which is the famous library of the Kremlin. Just outside the Cathedral Square is the Grand Palace, which is quite a modern building, next to it is the old Terem Palace, and within the walls are also a number of smaller palaces, barracks, an arsenal, and other important structures; but a very brief description of some of the principal rooms in the large palaces, which are occupied

by their majesties during the coronation festivities, and of the cathedrals used during the ceremony is all that space will allow.

The Grand Palace stands on slightly rising ground, whence it commands a magnificent view of the whole of Moscow. spot on which it is built has always been occupied by the dwelling of the sovereigns of Russia, but the present building was only commenced in 1839. It is in the form of a square, the south side forming the principal façade, the Terem Palace being on the north, while on the east is the Cathedral of the Annunciation, and on the west the Winter Garden. It contains eighteen altars



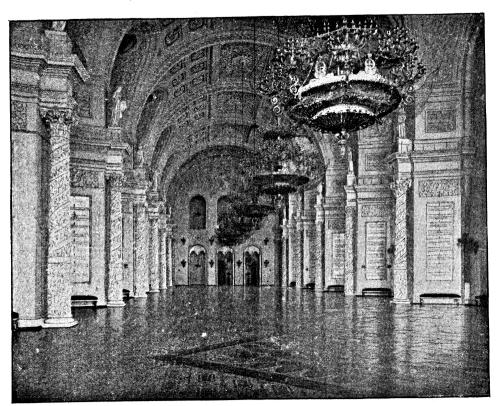
"TSAR KOLOKOL," THE BIG BELL OF MOSCOW.

(This bell, which holds the world's record, being about 200 tons in weight, was cast in 1736. The metal of which it is made is valued at about £70,000, as many offerings of gold and silver were given for its manufacture. Its height is about 26 feet. The breakage was caused by its falling from the burnt beam which supported it.)

in nine chapels, thirty-two staircases, and seven hundred rooms, all sumptuously furnished. The principal rooms are: the St. George's Hall, which is 200 feet long by 65 wide and 58 high, decorated in white, and whose six large chandeliers can hold 3200 candles, but are now lighted by electricity; the Great Hall of St. Alexander Nevski, which is 100 feet long by 65 wide and 65 high, and has a large dome, is ornamented with frescoes and gilt arabesques; the Hall of St. Andrew, or Throne Room,

material; four very fine pieces of Gobelin tapestry hang on the walls depicting the adventures of Don Quixote, and there are some China vases of colossal dimensions. The Picture Gallery has some splendid old masterpieces by Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, Teniers, Murillo, etc.

The Palace of the Terem is much older than that just described, dating back to the fifteenth century, and its Throne Room has some superb old decorations, the walls being covered with gilt ornamentation; on



ST. GEORGE'S HALL IN THE GRAND PALACE.

with statues of Peter the Great, the founder of the Order of St. Andrew, Nicholas I., who dedicated this as its Chapter Room, and Paul I., who carved the statues; the St. Catherine Room, the Chapter Room of the Order of St. Catherine, of which the Tsarina is chief, has its walls hung with white silk.

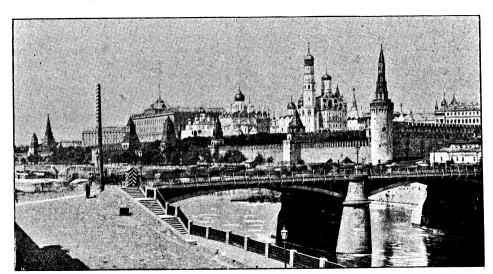
The State Bedroom is remarkable for the richness of its decorations, the green jasper mantelpiece being especially handsome. The Tsarina's drawing-room is called the Silver Room because of the quantity of silver articles it contains, mirrors, tables, firescreens, etc., being made of this precious

the roof are some fine frescoes and the arms of the Russian principalities; on the left, facing the door, is the throne, and there used formerly to stand by it a golden box in which petitions to the Tsar were placed. In the Golden Chamber, or Tsarika Room, the Tsarinas used to receive congratulatory visitors; it is a much smaller apartment than any of the rooms above mentioned, but has a grandeur of its own; the low vaulted roof, which is strengthened with gilded iron girders, the deep embrasures of the windows, and the roof and walls covered with frescoes, carry one's mind back for

centuries to the time when this room was first built. The Gold Dining Hall too has some very handsome frescoes, and on the shelves which surround the pillars supporting the arched roof is a display of ancient gold and silver plate which cannot be equalled anywhere else. It is in this hall, built in the fifteenth century, that the State dinners take place after the coronation, and here, too, the Emperor receives congratulatory addresses.

The Treasury in the Kremlin contains a collection of curiosities in jewels, the duplicate of which is to be seen in no public collection in Europe. The building was erected in 1851 on the west side of the Palace. Of course this Treasury does not hold any of what may be termed the Crown jewels of Russia, as these are all at St.

richly ornamented with ancient Russian armour, and also with arms of all kinds, and entrance to the main suite of apartments is gained by a large doorway at the head of this staircase. It is almost impossible to describe in detail the rooms through which one passes, as a visit of several days hardly makes one acquainted with the wonderful collection of curiosities stored in them. The first room contains some marvellous sets of armour and Russian arms of numerous kinds, as well as cases containing mementoes of various personages of note in Russian history. In the room beyond are a number of thrones which have been used for the coronation of various Tsars, but which, while beautiful in construction and interesting to examine, are not bejewelled



THE KREMLIN

Petersburg, but the crowns of a large number of the Tsars, and relics of Peter the Great, Catherine II., and Ivan the Terrible, are to be seen in profusion. On the left, on entering, is a large collection of ancient carriages that belonged to the Tsar Boris Godunof, several presented to him by Queen Elizabeth, which are ornamented with pictures of the Crusades. The small toy carriage of Peter the Great, when a child, is particularly interesting, and so is the sleigh, or rather carriage on runners, used by the Empress Elizabeth when she journeyed between Moscow and St. Petersburg in the winter time.

Some good tapestry and very handsome harness ornament the walls of this apartment, while beyond are pictures by celebrated Russian artists. The staircases are like those in the Circular Room. This room, to which entrance is gained by high iron doors, is where the ancient crowns and coronation robes are kept, as well as the jewelled thrones, the like of which are not to be seen anywhere else in the world. One of the most interesting crowns is that of the last King of Poland, Stanislaus Augustus, and near by is that of Paul I. when Grand Master of the Order of Malta. The Oriental crown of Simeon, Tsar of Kazan, is a marvellous piece of work. In this room is a casket in which is a curious old document, the Code of Tsar Alexis, which is written on sheets of parchment measuring in all 368 yards long; it dates back to 1649. The next room contains an immense collection of gold and silver plate, representing the work of almost every country in Europe, and each country has its examples in a group by themselves, the total number of pieces being over 1600. The collection would have been larger if much of the old plate had not been used by needy Tsars to melt down and convert into coin, and much of it had not been given as indemnity to the Polish invaders in 1612. What there is left mostly only dates back to the seventeenth century; but there is one cup of plain silver which is said to be over 700 years old, and a few pieces which are between 400 and 500 years old. Polish, Russian, Persian, Chinese, Danish and English work in the precious

Emperor Alexander I., and a vast number of other articles of silver, fill this large room.

One of the rooms has a wonderful collection of guns, rifles and fowling-pieces, some of which are as much as 400 years old, while others are much less. Most of them are of Russian make, but the fowling-pieces are said to have been given by an Englishman named Fabian Smith to the Tsar Michael early in the seventeenth century. There are some interesting historical Russian helmets here, and some old standards and flags, notably that which was carried to the conquest of Siberia, and the one that Ivan the Terrible carried at Kazan in 1552.



moscow.

metals are well represented, among the English specimens being the presents taken to the Russian Court by the ambassador of King Charles II., the Earl of Carlisle. consisting of jugs, vases, dishes, candlesticks, all of chased silver, and a very large ewer, which weighs no less than 24 lbs., of solid silver. There are also presents from Charles I. and James I., and the German silver-work is particularly fine. There is some very fine Gobelin tapestry at one end of the room, and in front of this is a statue of Napoleon which came from Hamburg. Two silver tables, the travelling-case of knives and forks that once belonged to the Farther on is a room which is a regular portrait gallery of the Romanoff family, to which the present Tsar belongs. In cases in this room are some magnificent jewelled objects, among which are a sceptre of gold studded with yellow diamonds, and a sword whose hilt is encrusted with the same very rare stones. In another case is a saddle which was presented by the Sultan Abdul Hamid to Catherine II. in 1775; its trappings are of cloth of silver trimmed with lapis lazuli and coral. In the middle of the room is a glass case containing the English jewel of the Garter, which some say was bestowed upon Ivan the Terrible by Queen

Elizabeth: but there is no account of this in the records of the Order, so that it is more probable that it was bestowed on one of the Tsar's subjects, and by him lodged here. In this same case is a collar of splendid enamel. said to have been given to the Tsar Vladimir Monomachus by the Emperor Constantine in 1113. small black box at one end of the room is perhaps the most interesting object in the collection, for it contains the constitution which Alexander I. granted to his Polish subjects, and which, owing to their treachery, had to be recalled.

The Arsenal contains an enormous number of guns taken from various nations, there being close on 900 pieces of ordnance of dif-

ferent sorts and sizes, the French being most largely represented. The largest piece of all is called "Tsar Pushka," or Tsar of Cannons, and it is over 300 years old, having been cast in 1586, in the reign of Theodor I.; it weighs no less than 40 tons.

But I must hasten on and give a very slight description of the cathedrals before leaving this old-world enclosure. To attempt a detailed description of these, to say nothing



ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

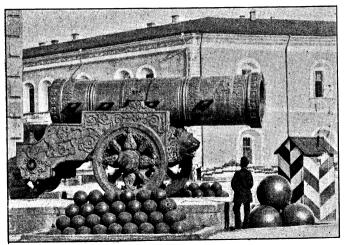
of the dozen or so other churches and monasteries within the walls of the Kremlin, would fill a volume.

The Cathedral of the Assumption claims first place by reason of seniority, as the first wooden church was built in 1326, and was replaced by the present stone structure in 1475, and this has had enacted within its walls many scenes which have gone to make Russian history, and in it are buried the

Patriarchs of the Russian Church. It is built in the Byzantine style, and is perfectly square in shape, having in the centre four large pillars which support the central cupola. It is not a large building, being rather what we would call a chapel, but the interior is magnificent, the dim light which comes in at the high windows playing on gold and silver frames, crowns, brilliant ornaments, and on the enormous silver lamp-holder hung in the middle of the building; and before each of the icons, or holy images, a lamp is continually burning. Before the principal altar—dedicated to the Assumption of the Virgin Mary—is a magnificent screen covered with richly-jewelled icons representing biblical characters and saints. On the left is a miraculous image of the Virgin of Vladimir, which tradition says was painted by St. Luke.



KRASNAYA PLÒSCHAD, OR RED SQUARE.



THE TSAR OF CANNONS.

Close to the first of the massive pillars on the left is the balcony on which the Tsar and Tsarina stand during the coronation ceremony, and near by is that used by the Patriarch on all ceremonious occasions. There are some wonderful relics, both in the cathedral itself and in the sacristy and library.

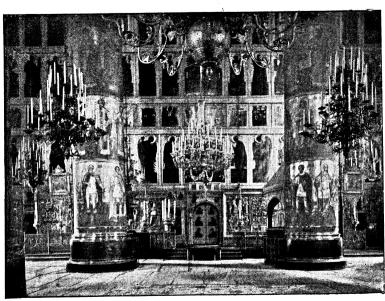
On the very top of the rising ground of the Kremlin a small wooden church was built in the twelfth century, and in the year 1500 the present Cathedral of the Archangel Michael was erected in its place. In shape and size it is not unlike the Cathedral of

the Assumption, but, unlike it, the Byzantine frescoes which decorate the interior are not painted on gold. In this place are buried all the Grand Dukes and Tsars of Russia up till the time of Peter the Great, and their tombs, which occupy the greater part of the floor, are covered with tapestry and crimson velvet, and have silver plates with the dates of the birth and death of him who lies below.

The Cathedral of the Annunciation was originally built in 1394, and the vaults under it were at that time used to hold the royal It was burned treasures. down several times. finally rebuilt in its present form about the middle of the sixteenth century. differs from the other two cathedrals in having a gallery round it and having nine cupolas instead of five. The interior walls, roof and cupola are covered with paintings, and the floor is mosaic of jasper, exactly like that in the Cathedral of St. Mark. at Venice. This cathedral. communicating as it does by a private door with the Palace, has always been the. church of the Court, and

here the Grand Dukes and Tsars were married, had their children baptised, and here they performed their devotions just before the coronation ceremony.

Just outside the Kremlin is the Kitaï-Gorod, or Chinese Town, which, as I have before said, is the chief business quarter of Moscow. It however contains some most remarkable buildings, one of them, the Cathedral of Vassili Blagennoi, or St. Basil the Blessed, being, I should think, the most grotesque pile that has ever been erected, not alone from its fantastic shapes, but also from the marvellous mixture of colours in which it



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION.

is painted. It was built by Ivan the Terrible in 1552, the architect, an Italian, having his eves put out by the Russian monarch immediately on its completion, in order that he should never have a chance to build anything still more grotesque. Each of its nine chapels has a differently designed cupola, and all the facades are different, the colouring is crude, and yet the whole forms "an admirable mysterious harmony." This church had a narrow escape from the hands of Napoleon, who ordered it to be destroyed, but the order was disobeyed, and it was only desecrated by

being used as a stable by the French.

Close to is the Bazaar, which stretches the entire length of one side of the Red Square. It is a gigantic three-storied building, containing over four hundred shops, the passages and galleries into which it is divided being covered in with glass. The silver shops are well worth a visit, but more interesting to my mind are the enamel factories, as Moscow is the centre of the celebrated Russian enamel industry. We visited one of these factories some little distance off, driving over the most abominable road it has ever my misfortune traverse; indeed, so rough was it that the springs of the much enduring drosky gave way, and the last half mile had to be done on foot. The article to be enamelled is made out of silver, or even gold, the pattern being traced with threads of the same

metal, and the interstices are filled with enamel of the requisite colour, the whole being afterwards baked. Certainly the results are very beautiful, but the prices are by no means suitable for slender purses; however, economy in Russia is not by any means a primary consideration.

The Exchange is not a very important looking building, but the Romanoff House is well worth a visit.

The hotel we stopped at, the Slavianski Bazaar, was one of the most interesting places of its kind I have ever seen, for attached to the hotel was an enormous restaurant, patronised for the midday meal by the leading merchants of Moscow, and canable of seating about four hundred people at a time. At the buffet in one corner were arranged a large number of small dishes. containing appetisers of various kinds, and as each person entered the room he adjourned to this sideboard and commenced operations with a good-sized glass of vodki and a small piece of bread on which was some of the appetiser before mentioned. Another sidetable fairly groaned with cold meats of every sort and kind, sucking-pig being very prominent, no less than half a dozen being seated



CHURCH OF ST. BASIL THE BLESSED.

in one dish, each with a lemon in his mouth; besides this there were large quantities of sturgeon done in different ways, while close by, swimming in a pool, were a number of sterlet, or young sturgeon, which the Russian gourmet declares to be the best fish in the world—it ought to be from the price they charge for it. The scene was a curious one: the Tatar waiters, with their high cheekbones, rushing about in obedience to orders given them; the vast throng of diners included apparently dozens of nationalities, and almost every conceivable tongue seemed to be spoken. A gallery ran round this apartment, and on almost every occasion we were there we could notice that one or two men paraded this gallery, keeping an eye on

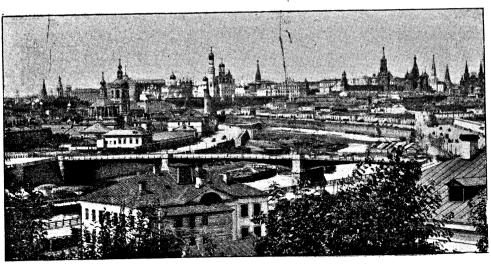
those below-evidently police spies.

On Sunday mornings a fair is held in the Great Market Square, where the country people bring in all sorts of curiosities for sale. The name given to this collection of personages by the Russians is not a very pleasing one, being nothing else but the Louse Market, for reasons we need not go into. Knowing this, the best way to see this fair is from the seat of a drosky, whereby contact with the dirty-looking gentlemen and ladies who form the crowd is avoided.

One of the things to do in Moscow is to

drive out to the Sparrow Hills and dine in one of the restaurants overlooking the city. Delightful as the view is, the journey there and back is by no means pleasant, as the pavement of the Moscow streets is so bad that one is flung about from side to side of the drosky until every portion of the anatomy is a mass of bruises and contusions.

From the terrace on the edge of the hills, however, a magnificent view of the city can be had, and the extraordinary clearness of the air makes it possible to see each of the spires or mosques of the 400 or 500 churches or mosques which add so much to Moscow's beauty.



GENERAL VIEW OF MOSCOW.

DOCTOR NIKOLA.

By GUY BOOTHBY.*

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW PRENDERGAST SUCCEEDED.



O say that I was only surprised at Nikola's sudden entry into the Benfleets' drawing-room would be to put too tame a construction upon my feelings altogether. I don't know

how it was, but Nikola's appearance at any time always seemed to take one by surprise. And curiously enough I was not alone in this feeling; more than one person of my acquaintance has since owned to having experienced the same sensation. What it was about the man that produced it, it would be difficult to say. It may have been something peculiar in his face. At any rate this much is certain, it would be impossible for Nikola to say or do a commonplace thing. When he addressed you you instinctively felt that you must answer him plainly and straightforwardly or not at all; a monosyllabic reply was not suited to the It struck you almost unconsciously that he was entitled to your best service, and whether he was worthy or not he invariably got it. I have seen Nikola take in hand one of the keenest and, at the same time, most obstinate men in China, ask of him a favour which it would have been madness to expect the man to grant, talk to him in his own quiet but commanding fashion, and in less than ten minutes have the matter settled and the favour granted.

One other point struck me as remarkable in this curious individual's character, and that was the fact that he always seemed to know, before you spoke, exactly what sort of answer you were going to return to his question, and as often as not he would anticipate your reply. In my own case I soon began to feel that I might have spared myself the trouble of answering at all.

Having entered the room he crossed to where Gladys sat and, bowing as he took her hand, wished her good-evening. Then turning to me he said, accompanying his remark with one of his indescribable smiles—

"My dear Bruce, I am rejoiced to see you looking so well. I had expected to find a skeleton, and to my delight I am confronted with a man. Do you think you are anything like fit to travel again?"

"I am ready as soon as you are," I answered, but not without a sinking in my heart as I looked across at Gladys and realised that the moment had indeed come

for parting.

"When do you want me?" I asked.

"At once," he answered. "You must be ready in a few minutes. Can you manage it? You can?—that's right. Now I should like to have a little talk with Mr. Benfleet, if he will permit me, and then we must be off."

He went out of the room, accompanied by Mrs. Benfleet, and for ten minutes or so

Gladys and I were left alone.

I will give you no description of what happened during that last interview. Such a parting is far too sacred to be described. It is enough to say that when it was over I joined Nikola in the veranda and left the house. With the shutting of the front door behind us all the happiness of my life seemed to be put away from me. For nearly five minutes I walked by Nikola's side in silence, wondering whether I should ever again see those to whom I had just said good-bye. Nikola must have had some notion of what was passing in my mind for he turned to me and said confidentially—

"Cheer up, Bruce! we shall be back again before you know where you are, and remember you will then be a comparatively rich man. Miss Medwin is a very nice girl, and if you will allow me to do so I will

offer you my congratulations."

"How do you know anything about it?"

I asked in surprise.

"Haven't I just seen Mr. Benfleet?" he answered.

"But surely he didn't tell you?"

"It was exactly what I went in to see him about," said Nikola. "You are my friend, and I wanted to try and make things as smooth for you as I could. To tell the truth I am glad this has happened; it will make you so much the more careful. There's

^{*} Copyright, 1895, by Guy Boothby.

nothing like love—though I am not a believer in it as a general rule—for making a man look twice before he leaps."

"It is very good of you to take so much trouble about my affairs," I said warmly.

"Not at all," he answered. "I am under a great obligation to you, and besides, there can be no question of trouble between two men situated as we are. But now let us hasten along as quickly as we can. I have a lot to talk to you about, and we have many preparations to make before to-morrow morning."

"But where are we going? This is not the way back to the house in which I was

taken ill."

"Of course not," said Nikola. "We're going to another place—the property of an Englishman of my acquaintance. There we shall change into our Chinese dresses again, and, having done so, make our way back to the place you speak of."

"This, then, will probably be our last walk for some considerable time in European

costume?"

"For many months at any rate."

After this we again walked some time without speaking, Nikola revolving in his mind his interminable intrigues, I suppose, I thinking of the girl I had left behind me. At last we reached the house to which we had been directing our steps, and, on knocking upon the door, were at once admitted. It was a tiny place, situated in a side street leading out of a busy thoroughfare. The owner was an Englishman, whose business often necessitated his taking long journeys into the interior; he was a bachelor, and, as I gathered from Nikola, by no means particular as to his associates, nor, I believe, did he bear any too good a reputation in Pekin. Before I had been five minutes in his company I had summed the man up exactly, and could understand why Nikola had chosen That he was afraid of Nikola was self-evident, and that Nikola intended he should be was equally certain. To cover his nervousness the man, whose name was Edgehill, affected a jocular familiarity which intensified rather than concealed what he was so anxious to hide.

"You're looking very so-soish, Mr. Bruce," he said when I was introduced to him; then, with a leer, "The old thing, I

suppose?"

"I have been down with fever," I an-

swered.

"I don't wonder at it," he replied. "This beastly country would do its best to make an

Egyptian mummy turn up his toes. But never fear, you'll pull through yet."

I thanked him for this assurance, and then turned to Nikola, who had seated himself in a long cane chair, and, with his finger-tips pressed together, was staring hard at the ceiling. Something seemed to have ruffled his feathers. When he spoke it was distinctly and very deliberately, as if he desired that every word he uttered should be accepted by the person to whom it was addressed at its full value.

"And so, Mr. Edgehill, after my repeated warnings you have told your Chinese friends

that I was your visitor?"

The man stepped back as if he had received a blow, his face flushed crimson and immediately afterwards became deathly pale. He put out his hand to the wall behind him as if to prevent himself from falling, while I also noticed that he breathed with such a long gasp that the glasses on the sideboard beside him rattled against each other.

"Your two Chinese friends," said Nikola, slowly and distinctly, "must have placed a great value upon the information with which you were able to furnish them if they were willing to pay so high a price for it."

The man tried to speak, but without success. All his bounce had departed; now he was only a poor trembling coward who could not withdraw his eyes from that calm but cruel face that seemed to look him through and through.

Then Nikola's manner changed and he

sprang to his feet with sudden energy.

"You dog!" he cried, and the intensity of "You pitiful his tone cut like a knife. hound! So you thought you could play Judas with me, did you? How little you know Dr. Nikola after all. Now listen, and remember every word I say to you, for I shall only speak To-morrow morning at six o'clock you will saddle your horse and set off for Tientsin. Arriving there you will go to Mr. Williams, whose address you know, and will tell him that I have sent you. You will say that you are to remain in his house, as his prisoner, for one calendar month; and if you dare to communicate with one single person concerning me or my affairs during that or any other time, I'll have your throat cut within half an hour of your doing so. Can it be possible that you think so little of me as to dare to pit your wits against mine? When you get out of my sight You fool! go down on your knees and thank Providence that I haven't killed you at once for your

presumption. Do you remember Hanotat?

Well take care my friend that you do not come to his end. You have been warned remember. Now go and prepare for your journey. I will communicate with Williams myself. If you are not in his house by breakfast-time on Thursday morning it will save you expense, for you will never eat another."

Not a word did the man utter in reply,

but left the room directly he was ordered to do so.

When he had gone I turned to Nikola, for my astonishment exceeded all bounds, and said—

"How on earth did you know that he had given any information about us?"

In reply Nikola stooped down and picked up from the floor two small stubs. On examination I discovered that they were the remains of two Chinese cigarettes. When I had examined them he went across the room to a small curtained shelf from which projected the neck of a brandy bottle. Threeglasses, all of which had been used, stood by the bottle, which was quite empty. Having pointed out these things to me he went back to his chair and sat down.

"Edgehill," he explained, "doesn't drink brandy, except when he has company; even then he takes very little. When I left the house this evening to fetch you I noticed that that bottle was more than three parts full, and I am quite certain that there were no ends of Chinese cigarettes upon the floor, because I

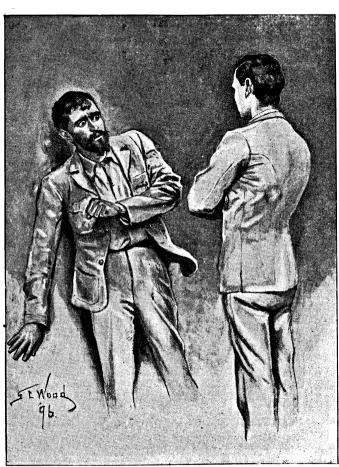
looked about. What is more, two men were watching the house from across the way as I went down the street. The man's manner when he let us in added another link to the chain of evidence, and his face, when I asked him the first question, told me the rest. Of course it was all guess-work; but I have not learned to read faces for nothing. At any rate you saw for yourself how true my accusation turned out to be."

"But what do you think the man can

have told them?" I asked. "And who could the people have been who questioned him?"

"He can't have told them very much," Nikola replied, "because there wasn't much to tell; but who the men could have been I am quite unable even to conjecture. I distrust them on principle, that's all."

"But why did you send him to Williams?"



"''You pitiful hound! So you thought you could play Judas with me, did you?"

"To keep him out of the way of further mischief until we have had a fair start; also because I wanted to teach him a lesson. I may have occasion to use him at some future date, and a little bit of discipline of this sort will do him no harm. But now let us change the subject. I have something else I want to talk to you about. First see that there is no one at the door, and then bring your chair nearer to mine."

I tip-toed over to the door, and when I

had reached it waited for a moment and then opened it suddenly. There was no one outside, so I came back again and drew my chair nearer to Nikola's. He had taken a letter from his pocket and was evidently going to read it. Before he did so however he said in a low voice—

"This communication is from Prendergast. It was brought to me by special messenger at midday to-day. If you will give me your attention I will read it to you. It is dated from Tientsin, and runs as follows:—

"'To Dr. Nikola, Pekin.

"'Dear Sir,—I have to inform you that on Thursday week last I received a telegram from Mr. Williams of this place bidding me come to him at once in order to negotiate some important business on your behalf. I had hardly received your wire before Mr. Eastover called upon me to say that he was also in receipt of a telegram to the same effect. Understanding that no time must be lost, within two hours of receiving the messages we were on board the steamer James Monaghan, en route for Tientsin.

"'That place we reached in due course, and immediately reported our arrival to your agent, Mr. Williams, from whom we learned the nature of the work upon which we were to be employed. Its danger was quite apparent to us, and at first, I must own, the difficulties that surrounded it struck me as The Chief Priest of the insurmountable. Hankow Temple is a well-known personage. and very popular. His private life may almost be said to be nil. He never moves out without a troop of people about him, while to attempt to get at him in his own town would only be to bring a mob of howling devils round our ears and ruin the whole enterprise. I immediately placed myself in communication with Chung-Yein, who fortunately was in Hankow at the time. It was through his agency we discovered that the priest—who, as you know, has resigned his office in the temple—was in the act of setting out upon a long journey.

"'As soon as I learned this I instructed Chung-Yein to endeavour to elicit the route. He did so, and informed me that the man proposed travelling by way of Hang-Chu and Fon-Ching to Tsan-Chu, thence up the Grand Canal by way of Tsing-Hai to Tientsin, whence it was said he was going to make his way on to Pekin. I examined a chart of the country very carefully, and also conferred with Mr. Williams and Mr. East-over, who both agreed with me that any

action which might be necessary should be contrived and carried out at Tsan-Chu, which, as you know, is a town a little below where the point of the canal, running to Nans-Shing, joins the Yun-Liang-Ho river.

"'This settled, the next thing to be done was to endeavour to discover how the abduction of the priest could be effected. To suit your purposes we saw that it must be arranged in such a fashion that no scandal could possibly ensue. He would have to be abducted in such a manner that his followers would suppose he had left them of his own accord. But how to do this was a problem very difficult to work out. The man is old and exceedingly suspicious. He has a reputation for trusting nobody, and he invariably acts up to it. Unless therefore we could invent some really plausible excuse he would be almost impossible to catch, and foreseeing this I again called in Chung-Yein to my assistance. At any cost, I told him, he must manage to get into the priest's service, and once there to begin to ingratiate himself with his master to the very best of his ability. The time was so short that we dared not wait to cultivate an opportunity, but had to work in our chances as they rose to suit ourselves.

"'At great risk Chung-Yein managed to get himself appointed a member of the priest's travelling party. Once this was done his peculiar abilities soon brought him under his master's notice, and that end having

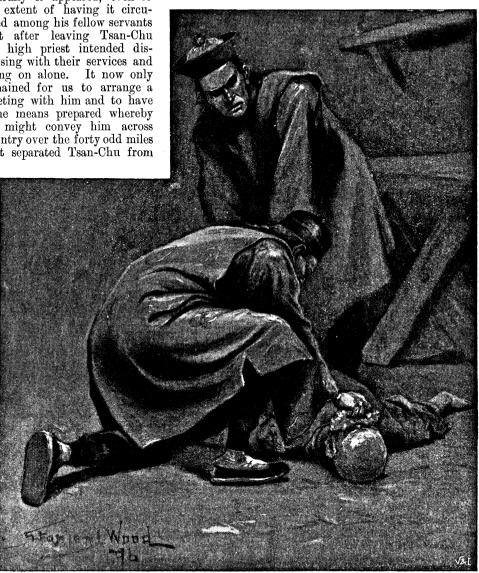
been achieved the rest was easy.

"'Within three days of his arrival the household was broken up and the priest, with a numerous retinue, commenced his journey. By the time they had travelled a hundred miles Chung-Yein was on very familiar terms with him; he discovered many means of adding to the priest's comfort, and during the march he was so assiduous in his attentions that his master began to place more and more trust in him. When they reached Fon-Ching he was advanced to the post of secretary, and then the plot which I had arranged was ready to be put into execution.

"'Little by little Chung-Yein dropped into his master's willing ears the news of a fortune which he assured him might be obtained with very little risk. The avaricious old man swallowed the bait only too readily, and when he had digested the letters which the astute Chung read him from time to time, and which were supposed to have been written by his cousin Quong-Ta, from Tsan-Chu, he was as good as caught.

"'After eight days of continuous travelling the company arrived at the entrance to the canal. Eastover and I had left Tientsin by this time and had travelled post haste down to meet them. Once they were fairly installed at the principal inn Chung Yein came to see He had arranged everything most

carefully it appeared, even to the extent of having it circulated among his fellow servants that after leaving Tsan-Chu the high priest intended dispensing with their services and going on alone. It now only remained for us to arrange a meeting with him and to have some means prepared whereby we might convey him across country over the forty odd miles that separated Tsan-Chu from he was the unhappy possessor of a cousin who was a noted freebooter. By virtue of his evil habits he had accumulated great riches, but finding himself now only just beyond the finger-tips of the law he was most anxious to



" 'The anæsthetic did its work well,"

Chi-Kau-Ho, where a junk was already waiting to receive him. While Eastover undertook the arrangement of this part of the business I drew up the plan which was to give us possession of the priest's person.

"'Chung Yein was to represent to him that

purchase a friend who would stand by him in

case of evil happening.

"' The greedy old priest, intending to ask a large share of the plunder for the favour accorded, consented to bestow his patronage upon the youth, and when he was brought to understand that his share of the transaction

would amount to something like six thousand taels, his anxiety to obtain possession of the coin became more and more intense. discussed the matter with Chung Yein over and over again, and finally it was decided that that night they should proceed together to a certain house in the village, where he should interview the culprit and also receive his share of the gains.

"'As soon as I was made conversant with what had been arranged I pushed forward my plans, engaged a man to impersonate the cousin, and by the time dusk had fallen had everything in readiness. Relays of ponies were stationed at intervals along the road to the coast, and the skipper of the junk only waited to have his passenger aboard to weigh

anchor and be off. "' At eight o'clock, almost to the minute.

the priest, disguised, and accompanied by Chung Yein, appeared at the door.

"'They were admitted by the counterfeit cousin, who conducted them forthwith to the back of the house. Once in the room. negotiations were commenced, and the priest lost no time in severely reprimanding the young man for the evil life he had hitherto been leading. Then, that he might the better be able to understand what a nefarious career it had been, he demanded a glimpse of the profits that had accrued from They included a bag of dollars, a good selection of gold leaf, a quantity of English money and a small bag of precious stones. All of these things had been prepared at considerable cost for his inspection.

"His old eyes twinkled greedily as they fell upon this goodly store, and his enthusiasm rose as each successive bag was opened. When at last the contents of the bag of stones were spread out before him he forgot his priestly sanctity altogether in his delight and stooped to examine them. As he did so Chung Yein sprang forward, clapped a chloroformed sponge against his nose, while the spurious cousin pulled his heels from under him and threw him on his back upon the floor in the twinkling of an eye.

"'The anæsthetic did its work well, and in less time than it takes to tell the old gentleman was in our power. Ten minutes later he was safely tied up in a chair and was being deported as fast as his bearers could

conduct him to Chi-Kau-Ho.

"In the meantime Chung Yein had returned to the inn, where he paid off the retinue and informed them that their master had received a sudden summons and had started up the canal for Tientsin alone. Then Eastover and myself mounted our ponies and followed the

worthy priest to the sea.

"'Chi-Kau-Ho, which, as you know, is a place of abject poverty, and is only visited by junks bringing millet from Tientsin in exchange for fish, was the very place for our purpose. Fortunately it was high tide, and for that reason we were able to get our burden on board the junk without very much difficulty. At other times it is impossible for a boat drawing any depth of water at all to come within seven miles of the village. The bar, as doubtless you are aware, is

exceedingly difficult to negotiate.

"'As soon as we had handed over the man to the skipper of the boat we returned An hour later the junk set to the shore. sail, and by the time you receive this letter the high priest of Hankow will in all probability be somewhere among the pirates of Along Bay. As his captors on board the junk have no respect for his creed, and he has no money upon his person to bribe them to set him ashore again, I think he will find it difficult to get back to the mainland. But to prevent anything of the sort occurring I have told the owner of the junk that if, on the 21st day of August, six months ahead. he conveys him to Michel Dugenne, who by that time will be in Formosa, he will receive £100 English in exchange for his person. I think this will suit your purpose.

"'As to our own movements, they were as

follows :-

"'Leaving Chi-Kau-Ho we chartered a junk for ourselves and proceeded up the coast to Pea-Tang-Ho, thence on pony back to Tientsin, at which place we arrived two days since. Chung Yein I have rewarded with 2000 dollars, and he is now on his way, as fast as he can travel, to Hong-Kong. He intends, I believe, to make for Singapore, where he will reside till all chance of trouble has blown over. I have taken the precaution to register his address in case we should require his services again. Should you desire to see either Mr. Eastover or myself, we will remain in Tientsin for a fortnight longer. After that Eastover purposes crossing to Japan, while I return to Hong-Kong.

"'' Trusting that the manner in which we have conducted this dangerous affair will be to your satisfaction.—I have the honour to subscribe myself, your obedient servant,

William Prendergast.'

"Now," said Nikola as he folded up this precious document, "the coast is clear, and for the future I intend to be the High Priest

of Hankow. During the time you have been ill I have been making a number of important inquiries, and I think I know pretty well the kind of course I shall have to steer. To-morrow morning I intend that we shall enter the Llamaserai, where it will be imperative that we have all our wits about us. A change in our dress will also be necessary, particularly in mine. The priest is a comparatively old man, and I must resemble him as nearly as possible."

"It will be a difficult character to support for so long. Do you think you are capable

of it?"

He looked at me with one of his peculiar smiles.

"There was a time in my life," he said. "when I used to be a little uncertain as to my powers: since then I have taught myself to believe that if a man makes up his mind there is nothing in this world he cannot do. Yes, I shall manage it. You need have no fear on that score.

"I have no fear," I answered truthfully. "I have the most implicit confidence in

vou."

"I am glad to hear it," said Nikola, "for you will want it all. Now let us rest for a while. At five o'clock we must begin to dress: at six I have to see that Edgehill starts off for Tientsin."

Without more ado therefore we procured blankets and stretched ourselves out upon the floor. In less than five minutes I was asleep, dreaming that I was helping the priest of Hankow to abduct Nikola from the Llamaserai, where he had gone to deposit the stick that Wetherell had given him.

When I woke it was to hear horse-hoofs clattering out of the yard. It was broad daylight, and on looking about me I discovered that Nikola was not in the room.

Presently he entered.

"Edgehill has departed," he said with a queer expression upon his face. "I have just seen him off. Somehow I think it will be a long day before he will attempt to play tricks with Dr. Nikola again."

CHAPTER IX.

THE LLAMASERAI.

"Come," said Nikola when the last sounds of Edgehill's departure had died away; "there is no time to lose; let us dress."

I followed him into an adjoining room, which was rather larger than that in which we had hitherto sat and even more sparsely

furnished. Here a number of dresses lav about on chairs, and from these Nikola

"The first thing to be considered," he said as he seated himself on a chair and looked at me, "is that we have to change the form of our disguises in almost every particular. I have been thinking the matter most carefully out, and, as I said just now, we are going to be entirely different men. I shall be the priest of Hankow, you will be his secretary. Here are your things; I should advise you to dress as quickly as you possibly can."

I took him at his word, and appropriating the garments he assigned to me, returned with them to the front room. At the end of a quarter of an hour I was no longer an Englishman. My dress was of the richest silk, figured and embroidered in every conceivable fashion, my shoulders were enclosed in a gray cloak of the finest texture, my pigtail was of extraordinary length and thickness, while my sandals and hat were of the finest make. If my rank had been estimated by the gorgeousness of my attire and material I might have been a Taotai of some small province, or secretary to some metropolitan dignitary. When I had dressed myself I sat down and waited for Nikola to make his appearance.

A short time later a tall gaunt Chinaman, certainly fifty years of age, upon the chin of whose weather-beaten countenance an illtrimmed beard showed itself, came into the room, accompanied by a smaller man much bent with age. I was resolved not to be hoodwinked this time, so I said in Chinese

to the man who entered first-

"You've not been long in getting ready." "It would be folly to be slow," he answered; "we have much to do," and then without another word he led the way down the passage towards the rear of the house. Arriving at the vard we discovered a perfect cavalcade drawn up. There were several led ponies, half a dozen mounted men, and about twice that number of hangers on.

"One word," I said, drawing Nikola as I "What part am I to thought on one side.

play in this pageant?"

"Is there not some little mistake?" the man said. "For whom do you take me?"

"For my master," I answered.
"I'm afraid you have pitched upon the wrong man," he returned. "If you want Dr. Nikola there he is mounting that pony vonder."

I could hardly believe my eyes. The second man resembled Nikola in no possible particular. He was old, wrinkled and nearly bent double. His face was more like a sundried crab-apple than a human countenance, and his eyes were much sunken as also were his cheeks. If this were Nikola he might have gone through the whole length and breadth of China without his identity being once questioned. I went across to him and, scarcely believing my own eyes, addressed him as follows:—

"If you are Nikola," I said—"and I can hardly credit it—I want you to give me my

instructions."

"You don't recognise me then?" whispered the real Nikola. "I'm glad of that; I wanted to try you. I thought to myself, if he does not find me out it is scarcely likely that anyone else will. Your own disguise is most excellent; I congratulate you on it. With regard to your position, you are of course supposed to be my secretary. But I will give you a few pointers as we proceed. Now let us be starting."

"But first, who is the man whom I

mistook for vou?"

"He is a fellow whom I picked up while you were ill; he was recommended to me by a person I can trust, and as I have taken means to ensure his fidelity you need have no fear of his betraying us. He will only accompany us as far as the Llamaserai, and then, having posed as a chief of my retinue, he will leave us. Now mount your animal and let us start."

I went back to my pony, and when I was in the saddle we slowly filed out of the gateway, down the crowded street and through the gates towards the Yung-Ho-Kung, or the great Llama temple. This enormous building, which has the reputation of being one of the most inaccessible places in China to Europeans, is situated on the outskirts of the city, nearly five miles from the quarter in which Edgehill's house was situated. It can be seen for miles, and is as dangerous a place as it well can be.

Remembering this, you may imagine the sensations which animated me as we rode up to the first great gate. I could not help wondering what the Fates had in store for us inside. For all I knew to the contrary I might be destined never to see the world outside the walls again. It was not a cheering thought and I tried to divert my attention from it by looking about me.

Strangely enough the first two gates were by no means difficult to pass, but at the

third the real difficulty began.

The next door was shut in our faces, and though we knew our coming had been observed by those inside, not a sign of any living soul presented itself. An awe-inspiring silence reigned in the great building, and for some time our servants hammered upon the door in vain. Then a shaven head appeared, and looking through a small grille inquired our business.

Whether the answer he received was satisfactory or not I could not say, but seeing that it did not unbar the gate Nikola rode forward and leaning over in his saddle said something in a low voice. Instantly the doors flew open. Then a man came forward and assisted Nikola to alight. He signed to me to do the same, and I accordingly dismounted and stood beside him. As I did so a servant approached him and greeting him with the utmost reverence, never daring to raise his eyes to his face, said something to him which I could not hear. When he had got through with it Nikola turned to the man whom I had mistaken for himself in the courtvard at Pekin, handed him some coins, and said—

"Your mission is accomplished; here is

payment; now begone."

Without waiting for further instructions the man collected the little band of servants and, placing himself at their head, rode off. Then turning to the monk who was still waiting, Nikola said, pointing to me—

"This is my secretary. He is necessary to my well-being, so I beg that he may be allowed to enter with me." The monk nodded, and then the gate being opened wide we passed through it. Having done so we ascended, by means of a long flight of stone steps, to a large courtyard, round which were a number of small stone rooms not unlike cells. In the centre of this yard was an enormous wooden statue of Buddha which riveted the attention at once; he was at least 70 feet high, was covered with all sorts of beautiful ornamentation, and held an enormous flower resembling a lotus in either On his head was a large gold crown, and in each section of it I could discern a smaller image, reproducing the large one in every particular.

Above the cells just described were a series of long galleries, which were reached by stairs from the courtyard, and above them again rose roof after roof and tower after tower. From this terrace, if one may so call it, we passed on to another, the approach to which was guarded by two magnificent bronze lions. Then through temple after temple, each

decorated with chinese hangings, ornaments in gold, silver, ivory, bronze and enamel, we made our way. In the last of these we were requested to wait while our guide, who was evidently a person in authority, went off to find the high priest.

For nearly twenty minutes we were left alone together. The place was eerie in the extreme. A soft wind entered and rustled the

long silk hangings; there was an intolerable odour of josssticks: and besides all this we had the pleasure of knowing that we were only

"He came softly to where we stood."

db poemit

for our lives. If but one suspicion entered the minds of those we were among we might consider ourselves as good as dead men. such an enormous building, unvisited by foreigners, and owning hardly any allegiance —if indeed such a feeble reed could help us -to the Emperor of China, the news of our deaths would excite no concern, and we would be as completely lost as the bubble

impostors,

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which rises majestically, only to finally burst unnoticed in mid-air.

As I watched the morning light playing amongst the hangings and listened to the booming of a gong which faintly percolated in to us from some distant part of the building, I could not help thinking of the sweet girl to whom I had plighted my troth. and who at that very self-same moment might also be thinking of me and wondering what I was about. That I did not deserve such consideration on her part was only too certain, for never surely in the history of the world had a man embarked upon a more foolish undertaking than I had done. Columbus in his lonely little ship ploughing its way across the unknown ocean in search of land, the existence of which at times he almost doubted himself, was not one whit less desperate than we were at that moment. Franklin amid the ice, unconscious whether another week might not find his vessel ground to powder between the ice floes, and himself floating with his dead face turned up in the icy water, was not one tittle nearer it than we were while we waited for an audience with the father abbot of this most curious monasterv.

At the end of the twenty minutes my ears—which of late had been preternaturally sharp—detected the pattering of sandalled feet upon the stone staircase at the farther end of the room. Next moment three figures appeared, two of whom were leading a third between them. The supporters were young men in the prime of life. The third must have been at least nearly eighty years of age. One glance was sufficient to show me that he was not a pure Mongol, but had evidently Thibetan blood in his veins. Both he and his monks were attired in the usual coarse dress of the Buddhist priests, and very soon I discovered that their heads were as destitute of hair as a billiard ball.

Having brought the old fellow down to the bottom of the stairs, the young man left him there, and returned up the steps again. Then it was that we made the discovery that, besides being old and infirm, the high priest of the Llamaserai was also blind. He stood perfectly still for a moment after we had entered, a queer trembling figure, dressed all in yellow. From his chin depended a long gray beard that reached almost to his waist. When our arrival had been made known to him he moved his head in that way peculiar to the blind, and finally, with hands outstretched, came softly towards where we stood.

"I beg vou tell me," he said, "who you are, and how it comes that you thus crave our hospitality?"

He put the question in a high tremulous voice, more like a woman's than a man's.

"I am the high priest of the temple of Hankow." said Nikola gravely. "I believe my arrival is expected."

"If it is as you say how shall I know you?" "Is the moon no longer aware that there are little stars?" asked Nikola, speaking with a perfection of accent that no Chinaman living could ever have excelled.

"The dawn makes all things equal," replied the old man. "But there are other means whereby we can tell those who are true

Nikola slipped his right hand inside his long outer jacket and drew from his pocket the little tiny stick he had obtained from Wetherell and handed it to the old man. No sooner had he received it, and run his fingers over the quaint Chinese characters upon it, than the old fellow's demeanour changed entirely. He had examined it for some time, then down he dropped upon his knees and kissed the hem of Nikola's dress.

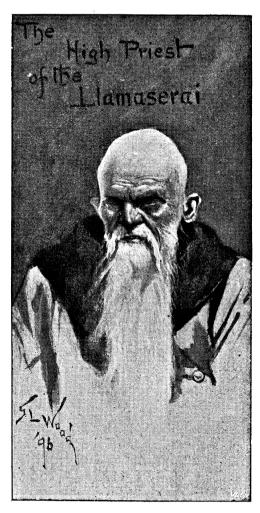
"If my lord had only said at first," he whimpered, "that he was doing his servant this honour he would not have been made to wait. Will my lord step this way?"

As he spoke he tottered again towards the staircase by which he had entered the room. Nikola signed to me to follow him, and in single file we made our way to the room As we went I could not help noticing above. the great solidity of the building. The place might have withstood a siege with the The walls were in many greatest ease. cases 2 feet, and in not a few nearly 3 feet thick.

The stairs conducted us to a long passage, on either side of which were small rooms or cubicles, made by partitioning off a long room with screens made of coarse matting. Proceeding through this room we approached another flight of steps which led us to the highest floor of the building. At that end of a long corridor was a small ante-chamber hung round with dark coloured silks, just as we had seen in the great hall below. From this we entered another nearly twice the size of the first, which was lighted with three narrow windows. From one of these I noticed that a good view of the city of Pekin was obtainable.

As soon as we were safely inside the chief priest exclaimed in a quavering voice that everything we might find in his humble dwelling was at our disposal, and that we might consider his rooms our home during our stay in the monastery. Then, with another expression of his deep respect, he left us. presumably to see that some sort of meal was prepared for us. As soon as his steps had died away down the staircase Nikola leaped to his feet.

"So far so good," he cried. "He does



not suspect us you see, and if I can only get him into the proper frame of mind I'll have the rest of the information I want out of him before he can turn round."

For the rest of that day we amused ourselves perambulating the building, walking slowly with dejected bearings whenever we met anybody, greeting the various shrines with deepest reverences, prostrating ourselves at the different altars, and in every way, so far as lay in our power, creating the impression that for good religionists we were without our equal. At five o'clock we participated in the usual evening service held in the great hall, and for the first time saw the mass of monks assembled together. A more disreputable looking crew I can unhesitatingly assert I had never seen before. They were of all ages and of all ranks, but, so far as I could see, there was hardly a face among them that did not suggest the fact that its owner was steeped to the evebrows in sensuality and crime. Taken altogether I very much doubt if, for general blackguardism, their equal could be found in the whole length and breadth of the East. Also I could not help speculating as to what sort of a chance Nikola and myself would have if our secret should happen to be discovered and we were compelled to run the gauntlet The service was not a long of the inmates. one, and in something under an hour we were back in our old room again. Then Nikola was summoned to an interview with the high priest and while he was away I wandered down stairs and about the court-

It was the time of the evening meal, and those monks who had already dined were lolling idly about chewing betel nut and gossiping over the affairs of the day. What they thought of my presence there I could not tell, but it struck me that I was not regarded with any too much favour. Possibly my supposed rank may have been partly responsible for this, though I could not see why it should give offence; or it may have been that they entertained that difference of feeling, which exists in other countries as well as China, between the laity and clergy, and would not speak until they were spoken to

At the end of one of the largest courtyards, that in fact in which we had noticed the large statue of Buddha, there was a fair-sized well, and round the coping were seated quite a dozen men. Their quaintly coloured garments, their shaven heads and their curiously constructed pipes, all backed by the rosy glow of evening, constituted a most picturesque and effective group. I crossed towards them and bowing to the party seated myself in a place which had just been vacated

One of the party was an accomplished story-teller, and was in the middle of a lengthy narrative bristling with gods, devils, virtuous men and reverend ancestors. I sat down to listen. When he had finished I

applauded vigorously, and being desirous of ingratiating myself with the company, called for silence and commenced a tale myself. Fortunately it received considerable commendation, but I could not help noticing that my success was not very palatable to the previous narrator. I had observed that he had been watching me ever since I had joined the circle, and that as I proceeded with my story his interest increased. Then. like a flash, the knowledge dawned upon me that I had seen him before. As I remembered the circumstance a cold sweat of fear burst out upon me, my voice shook with terror, and as it did so I lost the thread of my narrative. I saw my listeners look up in surprisé, and even the previous narrator seemed to wonder what was the matter with me. Instantly I pulled myself together and tried to continue as if nothing out of the common had occurred, but it was too late: I had aroused attention, and for some reason or other the man had come to the conclusion that all was not right. How bitterly I regretted having joined the circle at all. But it was no use crying over spilt milk, so after a while I made an excuse and left them to their own devices, returning myself to the room where I had last seen Nikola. Fortunately he was alone. Not knowing however who might be about I did not address him at once, but sat down near the door and waited for him to speak. He very soon did so.

"What have you been doing this last

hour?" he asked rather sharply.

"Wandering about the building," I answered, "and at the same time discovering something which is the very reverse of pleasant."

"What do you mean," he asked, his eyes—for he had removed his spectacles—

glittering like snakes.

"I mean that there is a man in this monastery whom I have met before, and under very unpleasant circumstances."

"Do you think he recognises you?"

"I hope not," I answered; "but how can I tell?"

"Where did you meet him, and why do

you say 'unpleasant'?"

"It was in Canton," I answered, "and this man tried to break into my house. But I caught him in time, and in the fight that followed he stabbed me in the wrist. I carry the mark to this day. Look at it for yourself. I caught him however and he would have been executed had not the magistrate before whom he was brought

possessed a personal grudge against me and allowed him to escape."

"Let me look at the mark," said Nikola.

I gave him my left hand, pulling up my sleeve as I did so, that he might have a better view of it. Half way across, but a little above the wrist bone, was a long white scar. Nikola gazed at it attentively.

"This is serious," he said. "You will have to be very careful or that man will suspect something, and then we shall be nicely caught. For the future make it your habit to walk with your hands folded beneath your sleeves, and take care who you let come

up beside you."

"I will remember," I answered, and as I spoke the great gongs, calling up the monks to the last service of the day, boomed out from the courtvard below. Being determined not to show ourselves lacking in religious zeal we descended to the large hall, which was already filled with worshippers. Nikola, by virtue of his sanctity, took up his place in a prominent part, hard by where sat the high priest himself. I was near the western wall, surrounded by a set of the most loathsome and blackguardly ruffians it would be possible to imagine. At first I took but little notice of them, but when a new monk came up and pushed his way alongside me my attention was thoroughly aroused. was not long before my suspicions were confirmed; the man next to me was the same fellow who had looked at me in such a curious fashion when we were seated round the well, and about whom I had spoken to Nikola only a few minutes before. But even if he recognised me he did not let a sign escape him to show that he did. Throughout the service he occupied himself completely with his devotions, turned his face neither to the right hand nor to the left, and it was not until we were about to rise from our knees that he came out in his true colours. Then, just as I was half on to my feet, he stumbled against me with such violence that I fell back again and rolled over on to the floor. Then like lightning he sprang forward and seized me by the arm, and tearing back my sleeve looked at the scar upon my wrist. As he did so he allowed a little cry of triumph to escape him. For a moment I stood too confused and horror stricken at what had happened to say or do anything, and yet I knew that unless I could act promptly we were indeed ruined.

By this time the hall was more than half empty. Nikola, I could see, was standing at the farther end talking earnestly to the high priest. To interrupt him would be akin to sacrilege; so when the man had left me, and hurried out after the others I stood at a little distance and waited for him to notice me. As soon as he looked my way I placed three fingers of my right hand upon my forehead, a sign we had agreed to use whenever danger threatened us and it was necessary to act quickly. He saw my meaning and a moment later, making some excuse, bade the high priest good-night, and signing to me to follow him retired to his dormitory.

As soon as we had reached it he turned sharply upon me, his eyes, in his excitement, blazing in his head like live coals.

"What is it you have to tell me?" he

"Only that I am discovered," I answered. "While we were at prayers downstairs the man whom I suspected this evening pushed himself in next to me. I immediately took the precaution to keep my hands covered with my sleeves lest he should see the scar he had inflicted. I could not move away from him for obvious reasons, and when the service was over I flattered myself that I had outwitted him. But he was as sharp as I was, and just as I was rising from my knees he lurched into me and pushed me down upon the floor. With a natural instinct I immediately put out my hands to save myself and as I did so he seized upon my wrist."

"This will put us in a nasty fix," said Nikola; "and one mistake at this juncture will ruin everything. He will of course go direct to the high priest and reveal his discovery, then that worthy will come to me. I shall be compelled to produce you. You will be found to be an Englishman disguised, and as soon as that is discovered we'll see the gleaming of the knives. This has come at a most unfortunate time, for by to-morrow morning, if all had gone well, I should have got the information I wanted, been told the word that would admit us to the monastery in the mountains, and we could have left this place and been off to it. However there is no time to waste talking of what might have been. I must work out some scheme that will save us, and at once. had better go into the inner room and leave me alone."

As he spoke I detected the sound of footsteps on the stairs. I ran into the inner room and drew the heavy curtain across the door. A moment later the high priest, accompanied by two or three of the principal monks and the man who had discovered me, entered the room. Looking through a hole in the curtain I saw that Nikola had prostrated himself upon his knees and was occupied with his devotions. On observing this the high priest and his satellites came to a dead stop. Nikola was in no hurry, but kept them waiting for at least ten minutes. Then he rose and turned towards them.

"What do you want with me?" he asked; and how does it come about that this rabble intrudes upon my privacy? Leave the room

all of you!"

He waved his arm and the men fell back,

but none too pleasantly.

"Now sir," he said to the high priest, who had watched these proceedings with no small amount of surprise, "what is that my

father requires of me?"

"Nay, my son," said the man he addressed, be not angry with us. There is without doubt some little mistake, which will soon be set right. I have come to thee because it has been asserted by a young priest that the man whom you call your secretary is not a Chinaman at all but a certain barbarian Englishman, called by the heathen name of Bruce.' I cannot believe that this is so. How long hast thou known the man, my son?"

"A matter of three weeks," said Nikola with a great air of candour, "and during that time he has been continually about my

person. What thy servant says is false; he is as true a countryman of thine as the Emperor himself. Let us decide the matter in this way. If it should be as thou sayest, then to-morrow morning I will have the dog out, and he shall answer for his duplicity with his barbarian life. If not, then I will tear the tongue of that lying knave, thy priest, out of his mouth. To-night I have to offer many prayers, and I am weary, so let it be decided between us in the great hall to-morrow morning."

"It shall be as you say," said the old man.
"Do not let there be ill feeling between us,
my lord. Have no fear; if the man be all
thou sayest my servant shall surely pay the

penalty."

Having said this he bowed himself before Nikola and then departed from the room. As soon as the sound of his footsteps had ceased upon the stone stairs Nikola crossed the room and came in to me.

"They have gone," he said. "And now we have got to find a way out of this

difficulty."

"It seems almost impossible," I answered

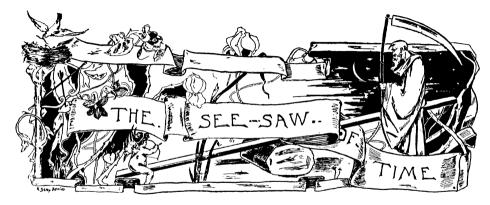
doubtfully.

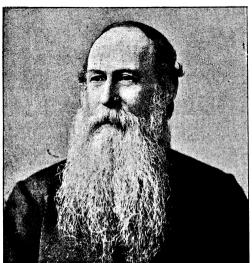
"Nothing is impossible," Nikola answered, "as I have so often told you. We've got at least six hours before us in which to do something, and we had better look sharp and decide what that something shall be."

(To be continued.)



[Drawn by S. A. Rudd,





From a photo by]

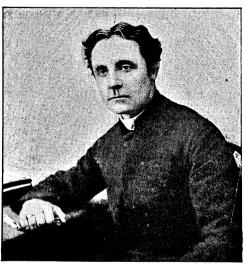
[Moffat, Edinburgh.

THE OLDEST PRELATE OF THE SCOTCH EPISCOPAL CHURCH:

MOST REV. DR. HUGH WILLOUGHBY JERMYN, BISHOP OF BRECHIN AND PRIMUS. (AGED 75.)

THE Most Rev. Hugh Willoughby Jermyn, D.D., Bishop of Brechin and Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church, took his B.A. degree at Cambridge in 1841. He was curate of Kensington in 1843-5, and dean of Moray and Ross in 1851. Next, Dr. Jermyn was consecrated Bishop of Colombo on October 28, 1871, by Dr. Tait (then Archbishop of Canterbury). He filled that See until 1875, "though," as he quaintly writes to a correspondent, "all that I know of Ceylon you will find in Miss Gordon-Cumming's 'Two Happy Years in Ceylon.'" On the death of Dr. A. P. Forbes, of Forbescourt, he returned home to be consecrated Bishop of Brechin. In 1886 Dr. Jermyn was raised to the high office of Primus, which, together with the See of Brechin, he still retains.

The Right Rev. James Robert Alexander Chinnery-Haldane, D.D., Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, was born in 1842, and is thus the youngest bishop of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. Appointed curate of Colne in 1866, and of All Saints', Edinburgh, two years later, he successively became incumbent of St. Brides', Nether Lochaber, St. John's, Ballachulish, and St. Mary's, Glencoe. On the death of Dr. G. R. Mackarness he was consecrated Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, August 24, 1883. He numbers among his forbears Admiral Duncan, the victor of Camperdown, and is a cousin of Mr. R. B. Haldane, Q.C., M.P. The bishop's beautiful residence, "Altshellach," stands on Loch Leven in sight of frowning Glencoe—a landmark in the surrounding scenery for all travellers.



From a photo by]

[S. A. Walker.

THE YOUNGEST PRELATE OF THE SCOTCH EPISCOPAL CHURCH:

RIGHT REV. J. R. A. CHINNERY-HALDANE, BISHOP OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES. (AGED 54.)

HOW FAMOUS PAINTERS WORK.

PEEPS INTO THEIR STUDIOS

By Lewis Hind



HE other afternoon I met a friend, who is also a wellknown painter, at Mudie's Library, and observing a copy of Mr. Zangwill's "The Master" upon the counter, I

inquired if he had perused that interesting work.

My friend his shook 66 T head. never read novels about painting," he can't stand the longhaired velvet - coated heroes. They stroll out upon the seashore, and in the course of one afternoon paint a little thing which they sell the next day for £1000. In real life it's only secondrate artists who wear their hair long; very, very few play the banjo; and it is quite the exception for wealthy and beautiful

to fall in love with us."

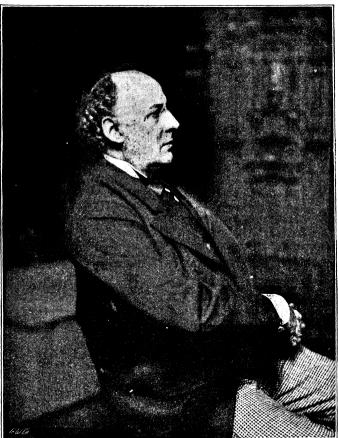
ladies of title

Nowadays there is not much to distinguish the average eminent painter from any other average eminent man. If you were to meet Sir John Millais in a first-class carriage on the Underground railway you would prob-

ably take him for a country squire. Alma Tadema might be a Dutch tulipgrower: Luke Fildes Mr. French merchant: Mr. Seymour Lucas a man with a keen eve for a horse: Mr. Marcus Stone a lord: Mr. Herkomer an actor: and Mr. Dicksée a fashionable young doctor with a

> pretty taste in furniture and pottery.

As a matter of fact the painting of pictures only too often develops into a business. much as the selling of dry goods or the manufacture of chemicals. Young Pictor Ignotus begins life with fine theories about art for art's sake. and for a time remains faithful to his youthful ideas. But the years fly by, his father's allowance ceases, and he begins to understand that his art. like everything else in life, is governed by the inexor-



[Ralph W. Robinson, Redhill. THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: SIR JOHN EVERETT

able laws of supply and demand. Then he marries-painters always marry early-and the desire to be on the right side of the fence on quarter-day becomes a much more potent factor in his life than vague dreams about art for the sake of art.

MILLAIS, BART.

moreover seldom manage their pecuniary affairs shrewdly. When success comes early they have a way of building lordly dwelling-places with the first-fruits of their earnings, amassing a noble debt, which hangs ever afterwards like a millstone about their necks. There are cases on record of Royal Academicians who have been hampered financially by extravagances of this nature till the day of their death.

The lives of all painters who have attained to eminence are records of unceasing toil. They work quite as hard in proportion as doctors or barristers. A fashionable portrait-painter will make appointments for five sitters a day for weeks together. The mere physical act of painting makes such demands upon the strength that I have known one of these children of fortune, after an hour's work, be in the state of perspiration produced by a hard set of tennis upon a hot

summer's day.

There are of course some men who paint without any regard to the marketable value of the work they produce. These are mainly landscape artists, impregnated with such a rare feeling for the beauty of the world, and so passionate a desire to become at one with nature, both in their lives and in their art, that they never acquire the common desire to be the architects of their own fortunes, or to shine in the drawing-But these are the rooms of Belgravia. Most men come in the end to producing little else but those subjects in the painting of which they have become famous—subjects which the public expects Mannerism claims from their brushes. them, and so it follows that year after year one is able to assign most of the "line" works at the Academy to their authors, without the trouble of referring to one's catalogue.

And after all is not this very natural? Most of us prefer to do that which we can do well. Lord Leighton was an adept at those richly-coloured, highly-finished classical themes, so unlike anything that mortal eye ever looks upon in this grey world; Mr. Alma Tadema is a master of white marble and blue skies; Mr. Orchardson of yellow walls and eloquent empty spaces; Mr. Hook of pleasant summer seas; Mr. Dicksee of the sentiment that trills through drawingroom songs; Mr. MacWhirter of the silver birch tree-"our lady of the woods"; and Mr Sidney Cooper of unemotional cattle. Knowing that the public expects these subjects from their brushes, or changes rung upon them, it is certainly to the credit of these gentlemen that they do sometimes shoulder their easels and sally forth to new Mr. MacWhirter, for instance, a few summers ago sent to the Academy a dazzling picture of Alpine flowers, and Mr. Alma Tadema occasionally marches in the ranks of the portrait-painters. of the more ruthless among the art critics attempt to probe painters with pitchforks from the grooves in which they are so willing to travel, while at the same time they lash about them at the legs of the public who run alongside, and encourage the painters to keep each in his own groove. But nothing ever comes of it, as the painters pretend they were not aware anybody was

probing them.

As the world is too strong for most of us, so in the end is the Royal Academy too strong for the painting fraternity. In their hot youth most young artists of spirit abuse that institution stoutly and vehemently, and call upon the Queen and the Home Secretary to rescind the privileges wielded by the Immortal Forty; but the Forty sit quietly in their deep chairs, stroke their beards and smile. They know! The years pass, the most terrible of the young iconoclasts become elected to Associateships, and without a murmur they conform to the rules and are soon smiling at the hoarse cries of a new generation of terrible young outsiders. Such has been the history of many men who are now snug and safe within the walls of Burlington House. But why mention them? Why wave torn colours? Why shout old Would we act differently, battle-cries? you and I? Stop! There is one man who, having been called in to take his seat in the council chamber, tarried there but a little while; then one day he seized his old flag, and with his ancient battle-cry upon his lips rushed forth again into the darkness. man is Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who a few years ago resigned his Associateship. then he is a great painter, with a great following, and as powerful, standing alone, as any of the Forty.

How do artists work? To that question there can only be one answer. Each painter early discovers the method best suited to his habits and temperament, and having found it, the method crystallises into rules, which, if he have that grit in him which helps to make a man great, guide him evermore. Let me take two examples—Mr. Orchardson, one of the oldest of the Royal Academicians, and Mr. Solomon, one of the latest Associates.

Mr. Orchardson, whose delightful interiors— "Mariage de Convenance," "A Social Eddy," and "The Queen of Swords"—are known to everybody, does not put brush to canvas until he has seen the picture complete in his mind's eye. He then jots down the scheme upon a piece of paper and proceeds forthwith to paint the picture. His most famous work. "Napoleon on board the Bellerophon," was conceived and carried out in this way. Long had the idea been in his mind that the subject was extremely paintable, and one day, passing up and down his studio in Portland Place, he suddenly saw the whole scene—the bare deck, the brooding, watching staff and the disconsolate Emperor standing apart frowning at the ocean, over which he was being borne to banishment.

This method seems to me to be quite the happiest, as the first fresh impression is thrown in the first fresh flight of the painter's fancy direct upon the canvas. Those artists who make small finished sketches before beginning upon the picture itself hardly ever succeed in imparting to the final canvas the spontaneity that characterises the early sketch. It follows that the study is almost always the better of the two-a statement which anybody can verify by examining sketch and finished picture side by side. How often on Show Sunday has the eye wandered from the magnum opus to the sketch for the picture, rapidly jotted down upon a piece of waste canvas and pinned upon the studio wall, and how swift has been the relief to the eye, like a fragment of natural talk in a page of stilted dialogue.

Although many painters are in the habit of making finished studies, the custom is not universal, as when, a few years ago, the Fine Art Society, purposing to hold an exhibition of such studies, applied to several painters for the loan of a few examples, they received replies from many painters to the effect that they could not oblige as they were not in the habit of making first studies for their pictures.

Mr. Solomon's method is the antithesis of Mr. Orchardson's. The mere act of painting does not give him very much trouble, as his eye for colour is true and sure, and he knows just what effects he can produce. But he spends an infinity of time over draughtsmanship and composition. You may call upon him on a Monday morning and find his picture apparently finished. You express your admiration of the work, and ascribe his own muttered criticism and the ominous shaking of his head to the artist's natural discontent

with anything falling short of perfection. If you call again a fortnight later it is likely enough that you will find the picture quite changed. The three cupids that hovered so prettily about the head of the central figure have disappeared and now trip gracefully along the ground at her feet. When you tentatively regret the change the artist replies, "I didn't like it. 'Twouldn't come well. The lines were ugly. So I scraped it all out."

Mr. Solomon paints and repaints upon the canvas, losing a figure here, gaining a



From a photo by] [Ralph W. Robinson, Redhill.

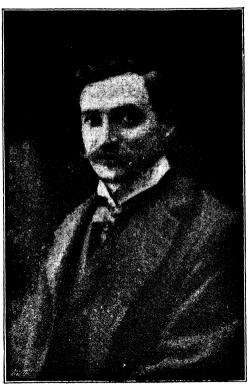
MR. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., IN HIS STUDIO.

drapery there, till in the end the picture that you admire at the Academy is not one, but three or four overlaid each upon the

other.

As Mr. Solomon's is a typical working studio, let me describe it. Oblong in form, the north wall has been knocked down and a roomy glass house built out from it, giving a clear and equable light. This is known in art parlance as a plein air studio. A platform stands in the middle of this glass chamber, and upon it is placed a couch. Sprawling upon the velvet, laughing, crying and cooing, is a baby of about two years of

age, who has the distinction of being one of the models of Mr. Solomon's new picture for the Academy. The mother sits by the side of the sofa striving to repress the infant's spirits, and about half a dozen yards off the painter stands before a large upright canvas fixed upon an easel, as firm and solid looking as the scaffold about a modern building. The walls of the studio are hung with various pictures of his own making, gifts from brother artists, and photographs of old and modern masterpieces. On a low wide table paint-brushes of all



From a photo by] [H. S. Mendelsschn.

MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

kinds, sketch-books, squeezed tubes, fat tubes and lean tubes of pigment are littered. In the east corner of the studio a small drawing-room has been built, hung about by heavy curtains, furnitured after the manner of such apartments, and lighted by a lamp. Here Mrs. Patrick Campbell sat for her portrait.

Painters have long discovered the advantage of such a room for the painting of artificial light effects. When Mr. Luke Fildes was working upon "The Doctor"—a cottage interior—of which an exact repro-

duction appeared in the picture—was built by Mr. Fildes into his studio in the Melbury Road. A set scene of this character adds enormously to the heavy cost of painting a picture, which often amounts to as much as £150 for models, paints and canvas alone.

Some of our most famous artists have their studios in the country. Mr. G. F Watts, R.A.—a national benefactor, whose gifts adorn so nobly the National Portrait Gallery—has made for himself, within the last few years, a charming home at Compton, on the Hog's Back, in Surrey. Built in the midst of tangled woodland, "Limnerslease" shows inside and outside the fine taste of Mr. and Mrs. Watts. Nature has not been rudely curbed, nor have convention and formality been allowed to spoil the rural beauty of the scene. An old-fashioned garden with the flowers which used to charm our grand-parents lies behind the studio. The morning sunlight floods the beautiful room where the veteran artist labours at an hour when most of us are lying abed, for Mr. Watts has been an early riser all his long life. As a young man he trained himself by sleeping on a board, and to this early rising and other Spartan habits Mr. Watts attributes his

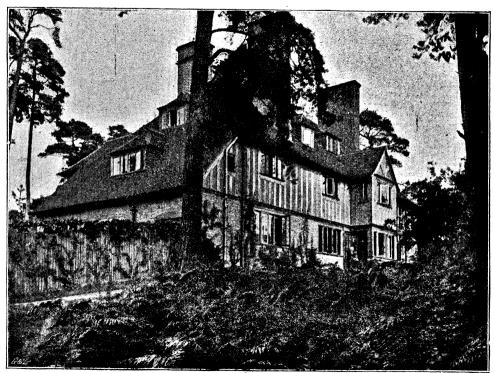
When you enter his splendid studio a great white figure of "Energy" reminds you that he is also a sculptor; indeed every expression of art interests him. He and Mrs. Watts have supported most liberally the society which aims at the spread of arts and crafts in our towns and villages. Mr. Watts likes working in his Surrey studio during the winter, paying occasional visits to his betterknown Kensington home. He is always busya splendid example to everyone who sees and knows him. Probably no artist has ever before had the rare honour of twice declining a baronetcy, but Mr. Watts rightly believes that his countrymen will respect him quite as much (or even more) without a handle to his name. He has held his great talents in trust for the ultimate benefit of thousands who, by the medium of Mr. Watts' portraits of his leading contemporaries, are made acquainted with their faces and also with a famous artist's ablest work.

For those who seek light and loveliness there is probably no house and studio in the world equal to Mr. Alma Tadema's. This magnificent dwelling-place—his own design from roof to basement—stands in the clear air of St. John's Wood. As you walk up the classical arcade that winds through the garden by waving trees, shrubs and many

flowers, a frieze of parti-coloured tiles overhead flashes upon the eye. The door being opened, a flight of dazzling brazen steps, starting up like a golden ladder, invites to the studio; but you first walk through a little winding pathway to the left, bordered by palm trees, evergreens and ferns, leading to a little alcove where afternoon tea is served. The walls are divided into panels, each decorated by a painter friend. The studio itself is a wonder of white and silver, with balconies and galleries overhead on a level with the topmost of the trees that

Brussels he painted his walls light green. Afterwards in London he tried blue and green, and so on to the white and silver with which they are at present decorated.

It is the painters of subjects and of portraits who own the most beautiful studios. A luxuriously appointed apartment, with the spoils of every clime upon the walls and floors, forms an excellent bait to sitters. Landscape painters are not so particular about their surroundings, and if they live in the country they are often content that their studios should be workrooms and little else.

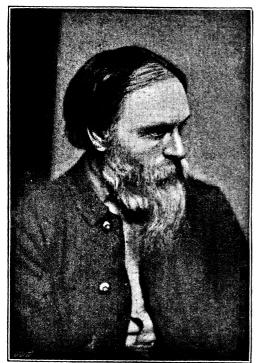


From a photo by]

[W. Shawcross, Guildford.

wave in the large garden where fountains play and birds sing. Mr. Alma Tadema is the painter of sunshine and blue skies; his life and his work are in harmony with the motto which streams across the studio walls—"As the sun colours flowers, so art colours life." It is only by degrees that Mr. Tadema has discovered the value to his art of the dazzling background which now vivifies his studio. In the old days in Antwerp he found that the black Pompeian decorations made his pictures too heavy, so he painted his next studio red, with the result that they became too hot. Arriving in

Let me describe the studio of a famous landscape painter where I have spent many pleasant hours. A big man himself, he likes to work in a big studio. This enormous chamber, with rafters stretching high overhead into the dark, and tall windows that stare out upon the Atlantic ocean, has no furniture but a couple of chairs, a great open stove, with hissing water in a bowl of copper standing upon it, and a long looking-glass fastened against the further wall. The floor is uncarpeted, and the draughts (on this coast the winds blow bitterly) are excluded by half a dozen fishing-smack sails



From a photo by]
SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.

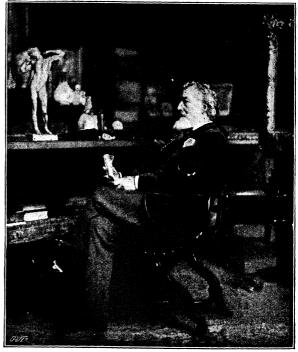
[F. Hollyer.

dyed by innumerable seas and winds into a rich brown colour like velvet. The picture, an 8-foot autumn sunset landscape, still requiring a week of work, stands on an easel close to the wall. The painter is never still, and he rarely paints for more than two minutes upon any portion of the canvas. He paces backwards and forwards like a lion in a cage, here sweeping square brushfuls of paint down the canvas, there toning down a light with a flick of a neutral tint. Like his brother, the figure painter, he is never content. hear him mutter—"Sky's much too heavy," or "I shall take out those sheep," or "Must tone down the moon; it's too cheesy," and so he continues erasing and repainting, observing the effect with head cocked sideways, studying the reflection of the picture in the glass, day after day, from morning till evening, till at last the moment of sending in to the Academy arrives, and willy-nilly he must put down his brushes and pack off the picture to London.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones has no

liking for an ornate studio. His floors and walls are bare; and as for incompleted pictures, I have never seen such a collection. "It would take me a hundred years to finish them all," he sometimes remarks with a sigh. To Sir Edward it is always a delight to begin a new picture. He never finishes it straightway out of hand. They wait for the mood when he can do them justice; and with such a collection of fragments by him, it follows that he knows not the meaning of an idle day.

Perhaps no artist ever took such pains over the preparatory stages of his pictures as did the late Lord Leighton. He first finished them all in monochrome—and many judges think they were far finer at that stage than when completed. He devoted as much time to the study of his draperies as many painters give to the work itself. You have seen these first-fruits filling pages of the popular handbooks to the Royal Academy. In 1890 the $Pall\ Mall\ "Extra"$ published half a dozen studies for a "Tragic Poetess," for "Solitude," and for the "Bath of Psyche." They were executed in monochrome, fully modelled and drawn, with the exception of the patterns upon the dresses, and were marked by a spontaneity which was often



From a photo by]

[Ralph W. Robinson, Redhill.

THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON IN HIS STUDIO.

absent afterwards. How hard the late President worked, and how admirably he divided his time! The hours of his day were all numbered, and each hour had its appointed task. At a certain moment of the afternoon one always met him driving from his home to the Athenæum Club—alone; at classical concerts he appeared on the stroke of the hour, and he left always the moment the last note died away—alone. On Sunday afternoons during the season he was always to be found at his beautiful house in Holland Park Road talking in half a dozen tongues with men and

women from everv clime. Who, as things of this world go, had such a brilliant success? And yet it is on record that a few days before he died, Leighton remarked to a friend, "What a disappointing thing life is!"

The studio properties of painters of classical subjects men like Lord Leighton, Mr. Tadema, Alma Mr. Richmond. and Mr. Waterhouse-are draperies of various colours, jewels, ornaments, barbaric and mediæval. and suitable models. Thehistorical painter must be a collector of old

costumes, a student of Macaulay, Gibbon and Green, and a snapper-up of every trifle of a past day that may be of use to him in his work. Mr. Seymour Lucas, for instance, is an authority upon old armour, and the possessor of many fine examples of warlike accoutrements. Before painting "Peter the Great in Deptford Dockyard," he spent months in research. His first step was to carefully examine the prints of the period in the British Museum, and after much seeking had the good luck to hit upon a presentment of Deptford Dockyard at the period of Peter

the Great's visit. On another occasion, while roaming about London, he chanced upon a weather-beaten statue of an admiral of Peter's time in a sequestered spot in the east end of London. Then a coat came under his notice. But he had still to find a solution to perhaps the most difficult problem of all, namely, a yard where he could study the building of a three-decker wooden vessel. In these days of iron ships this was no easy matter. But at length his patience was rewarded when he learnt that wooden ships are still built in a yard upon the East Coast, and received permission

from the owners to make studies upon the spot. So, step by step. he accumulated materials for his picture, with the result that when it was finished we were interested bvan exact representation of the same, and even students of the period could find no flaw in it.

A large historical picture will take from nine months to a vear. Mr. Edouard Detaille, the famous French painter, often spends a longer period over a "The canvas. researches take me a long time," he said to an interviewer; "but, as vou see, I am the fortunate

the fortunate possessor of a first-rate collection of old uniforms and arms. Every kind of bric-à-brac finds its way to Paris from all parts of Europe, and I am always on the lookout. I work all day, but never at night. As to panoramas, I took immense pains over Champigny and Resonville. I visited the battlefields again and again and did all the work myself, save the skies. These two panoramas took up the whole of my time for a year, and eighteen months, for you know this kind of painting is like any other, only the composition has to be somewhat larger."



MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A.

From a photo by]

[Ralph W. Robinson, Redhill.

Animal painters find it convenient to live in the neighbourhood of the Zoological Gardens, and the authorities of that institution are kind to them, for when the beasts die they courteously send the bodies over in a cart to the painter. morning, when Mr. Briton Riviere was at breakfast, a servant entered the room with the remark, "If you please, sir, a lion have come." Mr. Briton Riviere stepped out into the street, and there, sure enough, was

a lion upon a truck. The beast had died during the night. But a limp, dead lion is a very different object from splendid the living beast, with every muscle taut and radiant with the symmetry of limb and motion that delight the painter's heart, so the dead animal is merely utilised in the way that medical students study the subjects of the dissection-The animal painter goes direct to nature (to the Zoo) in quest of inspiration for those last mastertouches which constitute the difference between a mere anatomical study and the representation of a living animal.

Tame creatures. such as horses, dogs and donkeys, Mr. Briton Riviere admits to his studio. They

enter from a large stable door, and sit, or rather stand, patiently upon a bed of straw. One of his most famous pictures is that magnificent work illustrating the lines—

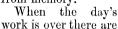
They say the lion and the lizard keep The courts where Jamsheyd gloried and drank deep.

A couple of lions prowl over the timeworn terraces, while another stalks up the flight of steps leading to the deserted building. Lizards crawl from between the interstices of the stones. The painting was

approaching completion when a friend, who was well up in natural history, remarked that lizards never came out by moonlight. What was to be done? Mr Briton Riviere determined to carry his trouble to Professor Huxley. "Oh, that's all right." said the Professor. "A big lion walking over its hiding place would make any lizard creep out, moonlight or not, just to see what was the matter."

How different is the method of the land-

scape painter. wanders about the country with a sketchbook in his pocket, and when he sees a land or seascape that is paintable he makes a note of the drawing and of the colours. fixes the scene in his memorv and then shuts himself up in his studio day after day till the work is finished. A few years ago it was the fashion among certain advanced men to paint landscapes entirely out of doors; but effects transitory, so changing before one can say, "Lo, it has changed!" that many find it a better method to make colour and pencil notes of the effect at the moment, and to paint the scene afterwards from memory.



no men so sociable as painters. Few of them work at night-time; not many are over-fond of reading, and as they are alone the best part of the day they are only too ready to spend the evenings in each other's studios, when the talk is mainly of art, and criticism of each other's pictures -so frank, so gay, so inconsiderate that critics, who call themselves outspoken, start when the comments are repeated to them.



From a photo by

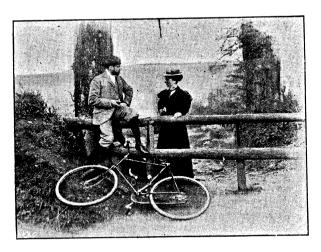
Ralph W. Robinson, Redhill. MR. J. C. HOOK, R.A., PAINTING A SKY OUTSIDE

CYCLE SONGS.-III.

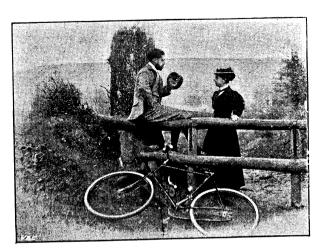
"PRAY, DO YOU NEED A GROOM, SIR?"

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Illustrated by Charles Knight.



I LOITERED by a country stile,
My "bike" upon a bank was laid:
A very pretty country smile
Upon her country face, she said—
"Pray, do you need a groom, sir?"



"No groom I need, my pretty maid,"
I doffed my hat and made reply;
"But this I need, if I may speak—
A pretty little wife!" said I.—
"Then you would be the groom, sir!"
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"So if you will, my pretty maid,
Pray mount, and ride away with me;
No lover since the world began
Has loved so much as I love thee!"—
"There's scarcely room for two, sir!"











"Well then," said I, "if you'll be mine,
I'll take you in my arms from here
And carry you right up to town,
Nor once shall set you down, my dear."—
"Now that Is sweet of you, sir!"







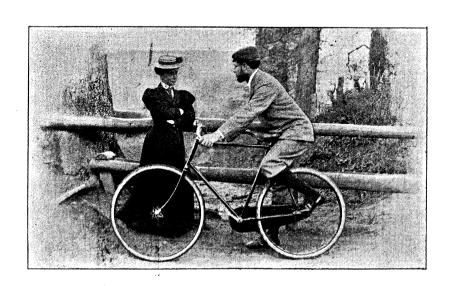
"But if you will my suit refuse,

And all my pretty prayers disdain,

I'll just ride off, and ne'er return,

And we shall never meet again!"—

"Oh my!" she said, "pray po, sir!"





AT THE END OF THE TELESCOPE.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.



HE Boer of South Africa is an object at which a good many telescopes have recently been directed. Having been in personal contact with him I consider myself in a position

to state unreservedly that a distant view of him and his relatives is very much preferable to a close one. At the end of the telescope the Boer possesses some elements of interest

* * *

In my opinion the Boer is as certain of extermination as the Red Indian or the Maori. He is beginning to feel this himself, hence he now and again becomes extremely annoying to his exterminators. It is not however altogether unreasonable on his part to object to the forces which are crushing him out of the land of the living. deer struggling in the folds of the boaconstrictor is not to be greatly blamed if it makes itself as unpleasant as possible during its last moments. And this is why I think that the Maori and the Boer and the Red Indian should be looked at with much more sympathy than is usually accorded to them by such persons as have lived in contact with any of the three races.

* * *

The story of the North American buffalo is the story of every race of people whose mode of life is interfered with by the uncontrollable influences of civilisation. The buffalo and the Red Indian lived very happily together for many centuries. Their continent was, they considered, quite large enough for both of them, and so it was; but it was not large enough for the buffalo, the Indian, and the man with a flask of

gunpowder. The aborigines retreated year by year before the new-comer. The Indian retreated fighting, but the buffalo suffered himself to be driven to the verge of his native prairies without complaint until the introduction of the locomotive. This was the last straw so far as the original inhabitants were concerned. The Indian lassoed the smoke-stack of the iron monster, and the buffalo charged it, but the locomotive went on. The Indian and the buffalo didn't. Neither of them was quite the same thing Never was there so perfect a afterwards. type of the remorseless and irresistible forces of civilisation.

* * *

The Boer was perfectly satisfied with his position at the Cape until the Englishman, with his active mind and untiring ingenuity, came to live in the same neighbourhood. This was more than the Boer could stand, so, with the sullenness of the buffalo, he trekked northward. He thought, as everyone else might have thought at that time, that surely the African continent was large enough to hold both him and his antagonist. All he wanted was to be let alone—to be allowed to live his own quiet, simple, unobtrusive life in his own way. He was content to live precisely as his forefathers livedprecisely as the ancient Britons lived when an unsuccessful day's hunting meant short commons for some time to come. restless and resistless influences of the latter part of the nineteenth century were however too much for the Boer, who had remained a part of the sixteenth. He had no more chance of surviving these influences than the sedan chair had of surviving the introduction of the hansom.

Even so recently as twenty-five years ago no one in the world could have fancied that Africa would become a congested district. The map of the continent south of the equator was practically a blank: only along the coast there were a few names. But then that passion for exploration which is the inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race was developed; and one day a man turned up at Capetown with a curious stone which he had bought from an ivory hunter, who had got it from a Boer, who had got it from a Kaffir. The Capetown trader into whose hands it eventually fell subjected it to some rough tests and bought it for fifty pounds. He took it to London and sold it for. I believe, £15,000. The Boer had given the Kaffir two sheep for it and had then exchanged it for a magazine rifle.

* * *

So soon as the news spread that diamonds had been found at the Cape people who had seen or heard of the development of California and the Australian Colonies knew what was in store for South Africa. These of them who were wise put their money into steamships and sent them out packed with passengers. The rush to the diamond fields came as a great surprise to the Boers, who might have become the richest nation on the face of the earth if they had belonged to the nineteenth century instead of the seven-If there had been any enterprise or any knowledge among them they might have picked up as many diamonds in the course of a year, letting no outsider into the secret, as would have provided every man, woman and child of the race with a fortune of £10,000—perhaps £20,000. But the diamonds were picked up by the strangers who over-ran the country, annoying the Boers greatly by their nineteenth century ways.

* * *

A few years later there came another surprise to the easy-going Boer. Gold was discovered, and forthwith there was another rush to South Africa. Thousands and tens of thousands of the most energetic men on the face of the earth—many of them persons whose energy was too great to allow of their living in England—appeared in the midst of this seventeenth century pastoral people, and the result of the meeting was precisely what any observer worthy of the name might have foreseen. The Boer was hemmed in on the north as well as the south, and not being able to trek further he stood his

ground. But instead of trying to conform himself to the nineteenth century influences he endeavoured to make them conform to his seventeenth century notions. For a moment it seemed as if he were successful. For some time—thirty-five years ago—it seemed as if the Maoris were to be the masters of New Zealand, and there was a good deal of talk about the advisability of giving up the country to them. The position occupied by the Maoris to-day will be the position occupied by the Boers in less than twenty years perhaps in less than ten years. He is being crushed between the hammer of diamonds and the anvil of gold. It is on this account I say that he should be regarded with both interest and sympathy, though, as a matter of fact, he is by himself the most uninteresting, nasty man alive.

* * *

That was the conclusion to which I came when I first made his acquaintance in South The accounts which had been published—almost exclusively by German missionaries, it is well to remember at the present moment—seemed to me somewhat furid until I had had some experience of the Dutch Boer far away from Capetown and The great majority of its neighbourhood. Dutch-named gentlemen with whom I became acquainted in Capetown seemed to me to possess many admirable characteristics, including an indomitable courage in attempting to pronounce the English language, and a child-like belief that they were able to make themselves intelligible through that medium. The only seventeenth century trait which they possessed was a fondness for inordinate quantities of snuff. They seemed to have a monstrous contempt for non-snuff-takers. Learning this I managed to pass muster by my adroitness in dropping into my glove the dainty pinch which a Mr. Van something was courteous enough to offer me when I had ridden out to his vineyard at the base of the Devil's Peak of Table Mountain. see," said the Dutchman, "that you can take snuff with perfect impurity." afterwards told me that he had read Shakespeare and considered him an excellent writer. He had clearly succeeded in annexing a good deal of Dogberry's vocabulary.

* * *

So soon as I got well into the veldt I found myself daily in a position to place a certain amount of credit in the accounts of the Transvaal Boer which the Germans have given to the world.

It cannot be denied that slavery has been an unbroken practice with the Boers for a long time. The worst stories told of the horrors of the slave trade and the slave raids between Uganda and the coast were far eclipsed by those which I heard from the most trustworthy sources in South Africa in connection with the Boers. It may be taken for granted that slavery was one of the recognised institutions of the country, and that the native wars into which Great Britain has been plunged from time to time were wholly due to the brutalities of the Dutch farmers.

* * *

Let me recall a day spent with a typical family. The head of the household was a big, awkward, ill-looking old man, almost as grim as Paul Kruger himself. His big sons were slouching, whiskered men, and his womenkind were equally forbidding. worst enemies however could not say that they were gaunt. We arrived about dinner time—that is to say, shortly after eleven in the morning. I had heard of hospitality being the sole virtue possessed by the Boers. and so I prepared for a hearty welcome. I waited in vain. The interpreter said a few words of introduction, but a grunt was the only response that came from our host, and his womenkind never so much as glanced up from the meat which they were audibly devouring. We found seats for ourselves at the foot of the rough-hewn table, and in due timerather overdue time we considered it—the bone which one of the men was hacking was pushed down to us along the table stained with the grease of twenty years of meals. Nothing can be more certain than that that hospitable board had never been washed since it was first sawn. There was only one knife on the table, and nothing resembling a fork in any direction. Not wishing to appear in sympathy with that effete civilisation which makes a knife and fork and plate essential to comfort at a dinner table, I did not hesitate to do some hacking at the bone. I contrived to get a strip of meat off, but any failure more appalling than the attempt to masticate it could not be imagined. flesh was attributed to a sheep, but having tasted sheep in more forms than one I am prepared to say that the flesh we tasted could not possibly have come off any animal remotely resembling a sheep. "How on earth do they manage to masticate that?" I inquired of our interpreter. "They

don't," he replied laconically. "Then how on earth do they escape dyspepsia?" I asked. "They don't," he replied again.

* * *

There is a handbook published dyspepsia. It is greatly valued by literary men. I am told. It has become the vaile mecum of a certain school of writers. learned from this source that there are eight separate and distinct forms of the malady. I am prepared to affirm that every one of the eight was represented in that Boer family in the course of that happy afternoon in the boundless ineffable veldt. It was like "walking the hospitals" to interview the Boer and his household until sunset. when they all assembled to partake of unspeakable biscuit and unnameable coffee. What principles could any reasonable person look for among people who are habitual dyspeptics? One might as well look for a smooth phrase from Carlyle.

* * *

It would be impossible to give in detail the result of one's experience of the Boer race and their mode of life, which is a good deal below that of the Basutos, and infinitely below that of the Zulus. In addition to his uninteresting personality the Boer is a bore, and a South African savage is never that. He will, if you allow him, whether you understand a word of his detestable language or not, harangue you on the subject of his superiority to an Englishman or any other man on earth. I heard a good deal about his reticence, but I only found him reticent when it came to offering hospitality to strangers. I also heard that hospitality was part of his religion; but my experience of him was to convince me that of the true spirit of hospitality he knows nothing German authorities declare that he is a treacherous ruffian. I think that the German hatred of the Boer goes too far. I never found him treacherous, I only found him cunning, ignorant, brutal and bigoted. He is as much out of place among civilised people as the dodo would be in an English farmyard.

* * *

I never was so near being grievously assaulted as when I ventured to suggest in a house in Amsterdam that the South African Boer spoke Dutch. As a matter of fact a man who only speaks Dutch cannot make himself intelligible to a South African Boer.



AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT IN THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

THE CANTERBURY RIDING ESTABLISHMENT.

By Ernest W. Low.

Illustrated from photographs by H. B. Collis, Canterbury.



EW people will deny that the Military Tournament occupies a unique position in its hold on the spectacle-loving public. And year after year the popularity of the great Islington

display goes up by leaps and bounds. Nightly, during its progress last year, hundreds had to be turned away disappointed, for, vast as is the accommodation round the arena, every available inch of it was occupied. Nor indeed is it any matter for surprise that such is usually the case, for the spectacle as a whole is calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of the most lukewarm audience, let alone that of one which loves the sight of the "lads in red" (and blue, too), and is ever prepared to give hearty recognition to feats of personal skill and daring.

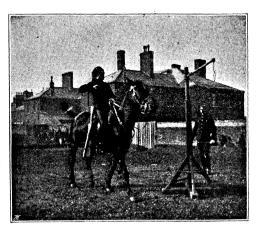
And if the Tournament as a whole is in high favour, certainly the mounted displays rank highest in popular estimation. The statement must not be taken to imply that the "high-low" branches of the service do not show to advantage; far from it; the feats they perform often require a very great amount of skill and careful preparation. On



READY FOR THE BAYONET.

the other hand, in many instances the possession of some technical knowledge is essential to duly appreciate them, whilst the

"musical ride," the cavalry outpost display, the barebacked riding and "voltige," and in fact all the mounted displays, appeal with



TILTING AT THE RING.

equal force to the "mere civie" craning over the barrier as to the "hero of a hundred fights," whose trained eye, critical but approving, takes in every detail from his coign of vantage in the reserved seats.

And how keen the audience is to notice every little point in the ride; scarcely a detail of either horses or men is not commented upon, often with no little shrewdness, but sometimes with an ingenuous innocence highly diverting to the listener who happens to be behind the scenes.

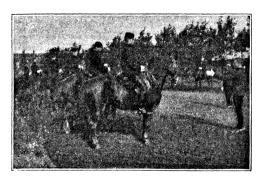
One question there is which crops up with never-failing persistency. "Splendid, old man, isn't it? Better than a circus. Where the dickens do they learn it all?" The key to the riddle is to be found in the subject of this article. To many who each year look forward with pleasurable anticipations to the Tournament, it may be of interest to learn something about the system which brings about such a pitch of excellence as is therein displayed.

The sergeant who, when sitting for his education certificate, wrote that Canterbury was famous for its riding-schools was perhaps a poor historian but a very typical cavalryman, for to the latter that is the feature

of the old town, with its thousand-and-one memories of the Middle Ages. Of course the individual man may linger with affection over the rare associations in which the cathedral town is so rich, but to the cavalryman, qua cavalryman, Canterbury and the "Establishment" are almost synonymous terms. The establishment, or—to give it the name by which it is generally known—the "'Stab," is virtually the cavalryman's university. And as such it is regarded throughout that arm of the service.

The recruit of three months' standing regards the sergeant-instructor who is a "Canterbury man" in much the same light as a grammar-school lad looks up to the old boy who has had a successful career at Oxford or Cambridge. He is to him the embodiment of all the qualities to which he himself would aspire.

The Canterbury certificate is, so to say,



"ATTENTION!"

the hall-mark of a cavalryman's merit, and the very word implies a high standard of excellence.

Has a man a fine position on his horse?—he is said to have quite a "Canterbury" leg. Does he show to advantage when handling a young remount?—he is "doing a Canterbury;" and if a young soldier is noticed to be putting on an undue amount of "side," he will be chaffingly told that if he doesn't take care the colonel will one fine day pick him out to go to Canterbury.

In styling the 'Stab the cavalry university it is not meant to convey the impression that he there learns everything which it is desirable for him to know. For instance, if he would qualify as a musketry instructor he must go through a course at Hythe; as a signalling instructor, at Aldershot, and so forth. However, these schools of instruction are equally available for all other branches

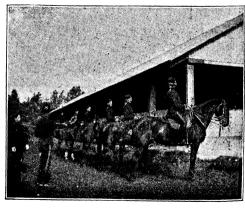


"RIDE" LEAVING THE SCHOOL.

But the 'Stab occupies a different position in every respect. It is reserved exclusively for the training of men in those things which are absolutely peculiar to the cavalry. It does not attempt to deal with a vast amount which it is advisable for the mounted man to learn, but it gives him a thorough training in those essentials without which, though he may be a crack shot and a rapid signaller, he can never hope to become a thoroughly efficient cavalryman. And the Canterbury establishment is the *only* place where the British soldier can receive such a training.

Such then is a general idea of the object and scope of the Cavalryman's University. The "students" are made up of two entirely distinct classes: first, the men who are sent from their regiments to go through the regular course; and secondly, the "graduates," i.e., those who, having already done so, are being trained for riding-masters, and are meanwhile employed as instructors on the establishment. Each of these sections must be dealt with separately.

Two men are sent from each regiment to go through the ordinary course. Care is of course taken in the selection, and to be

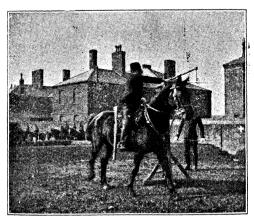


IN THE MANÈGE.

eligible a man has to possess certain qualifications. He must be a non-commissioned officer, unmarried, have over three years' service, and, needless to sav. have a clean sheet. The choice lies with the colonel of each regiment, who selects the men who recommend themselves to him by their capabilities. They need not necessarily be fine riders—of course a rank duffer would not be picked out; but often a man who is only a very average horseman may show signs of possessing qualities marking him out as eminently fitted to be trained as an instructor. The men selected by their colonel have to be seen by the inspectorgeneral of cavalry, who judges of their suitability for the training.

Another condition, which is of recent date, is that they have to agree to re-engage after the expiration of their first term of enlistment. The short-service system rendered this imperative. Without it a man would very likely, after going through his course, take his discharge and utilise his knowledge in civilian life, the trouble and expense which his training entailed upon the authorities being thus thrown away.

Exceptions are occasionally made in the length of service condition with regard to men of regiments serving in India. The depôts of these corps are at Canterbury, and as no men are sent from abroad to go through the



TILTING AT THE RING: "THROUGH."

course, young soldiers are now and again picked out from the recruits to go on the establishment before joining their regiments. As the riding-master of the establishment also presides over the recruits in the depôt, he is able to keep an eye on any likely young fellow who comes under his notice.

Since the establishment was moved from Maidstone to Canterbury, some thirty years ago, the system adopted therein has been well-nigh revolutionised. Originally it provided nothing like so thorough a training in the duties of a trained horse-soldier. The men simply used to go through a ride



LANCE EXERCISE.

on horses that were already trained, while at present one of the main features of the course lies in the fact that each man has to show his capacity for breaking in a remount.

Another feature, introduced so late as 1883, is the drilling of recruits, which was undreamed of under the old regime. The consequence was that many a Canterbury man, though a smart enough soldier in his way, was utterly incapable of drilling the newly joined, either in the "school" or "on the square." But now, nous avons change tout ce'a, as I shall proceed to show.

The very first thing the men have to do on joining their class is to go through a preliminary gymnastic course, which mainly consists of a series of evolutions on a wooden horse for the purpose of attaining facility at mounting and dismounting without the aid of stirrups. By this means a certain degree of flexibility and agility is achieved and the men are preparing themselves for the barebacked course which follows. Many people will remember the excellent performance of this kind at the last Tournament; the men engaged in it were from the establishment, at which it forms part of the regular training.

For this purpose the horse is equipped with a sort of girth or surcingle, attached to the top of which are two handles for the man to hold when he vaults on its back. It is quite astonishing to see what a degree of proficiency the men reach in this work; they

mount and dismount while the horse is at a swinging canter, ride "face to tail" and even go over jumps in that awkward position.

The necessity for all this sort of thing may not seem obvious to the layman,



SWORD EXERCISE.

indeed many would not hesitate in saying that it is entirely unnecessary, unless our soldiers are to be turned into circus riders. But the experienced rider will think far otherwise, knowing as he does the all-important axiom that before you can make a good rider of a man he must be taught to "stop there" under all circumstances. The first step is for a man to obtain a good seat, and it is in helping to bring about this desirable consummation that the bareback riding is so valuable.

But in addition, circumstances might easily arise under which it would be of great practical utility. Thus if a man on service wanted to mount while his horse were on the move, he might easily manage a clean vault into the saddle when an attempt to put his foot into the stirrup would inevitably lead to disaster.

I have already mentioned that every man has to break the horse which is to carry him through his course, and a very ticklish business it sometimes is. The remounts are usually four-year olds, and are mostly bred in Ireland; the majority of them have never had a bridle in their mouths, and it is by no means unusual for a spirited youngster to show his very decided objection to being subjected to that badge of servitude; and the antics of a young horse are not altogether amusing when you happen to be on his back.

Of course very great care has to be taken, as rough treatment might spoil the prospect of the remount developing into a reliable troop-horse. His mouth may easily be ruined

by awkward handling, and it is for this very reason that the training of a young horse forms part of the curriculum. It gives a man "hands"—a quality in which many otherwise good horsemen are so lamentably deficient.

Until their horses are fairly well broken in the class devotes its energies mainly to that task. Not only has the remount to be schooled to obey the bit and leg, but he has to get used to the flash of the sword and the firing of a carbine. When the preliminary part of the horse's education is accomplished the men begin to take them through the more complex evolutions, to which the public have become familiarised by means of the Tournament.

And here again it is a very mistaken idea to suppose that these movements are simply of use for show purposes. Of course a few of the more fantastic features are simply designed to add to the picturesqueness of the ride, but with these exceptions each movement has been introduced with a specific object in view.

Experience has shown that by making a horse perform certain figures the process of training him to obey the slightest touch of rein and spur, or, as it is technically styled, "bending" him, is greatly facilitated. Thus the majority of the movements in the double ride, though they may appear to the uninitiated but fantastic devices, are in reality important factors in the work of horse-breaking.

Only a short time back I had the pleasure



PURSUING PRACTICE.

of seeing at work a class whose course was well on towards completion. The ridingschool portion of their work is carried on in strict privacy, and it is accounted a great privilege to be allowed to witness it from the gallery. Thanks however to the kindness of Colonel Onslow, the superintendent of the establishment (an officer whose name is well known in connection with the good work he accomplished with the Army Gymnasia), and Major Jones, the riding-

master (to whose kind offices much of my information is due), a good opportunity was afforded me of seeing all that was to be seen in connection with the Irish ride.

A word of explanation may here be necessary. For convenience the men are split up into three rides—the Guards, Hussars, and the Irish rides. The first includes all the "heavies," the second the "light-bobs," and the last the men of regiments stationed in the Emerald Isle.

Theoretically these are the distinctions, but in practice it is found to be impossible to strictly adhere to them. Consequently there may be found Hussars in the Guards' ride, and very frequently the Irish contingent has to be reinforced by men from other sections.

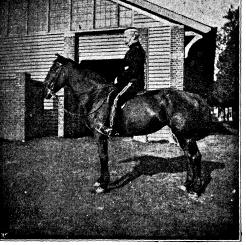
To attempt to describe in detail a military ride so as to be understanded of the many would be a futile task. It would entail the using of so many technical terms, which would render the description almost incomprehensible if left unexplained, while to translate them into colloquial English would be wearisome in the extreme. Besides, every one has seen a musical ride, and an ordinary ride differs little from this, barring of course the fact that it is accompanied by no inspiriting strains. Sufficient then to say that the course the men go through is not dissimilar to that undergone by a recruit, with the additional difficulty that the horse has to be taken through his novice's course at the same time. They have to ride on a saddle without stirrups and go over the jumps under similar conditions, and in fact to show a perfect mastery of their animals in every

This is not always displayed in the execution of the most complicated figures, which, after the general idea is committed to memory, are comparatively simple. Indeed

it is in the accomplishment of what appear to be perfectly simple moves that perfect horsemanship has often to be called into play.

Perhaps the surest test of a good rider is

to be seen in the movement with which the cantering lesson usually concludes. It simply consists in pulling up from a swinging canter into a trot. The horses momentarily stopped and are then started off at a trot: the difficulty is to prevent them dropping into a canter again. It looks so extremely simple that even when every man in the ride does it correctly it scarcely evokes a round of applause at the Tournament, while the showier but really far



MAJOR JONES.
(Riding-master.)

easier feats (the character of some of which will be seen from the illustrations) are cheered to the echo.

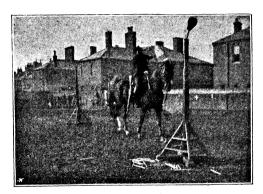
It used to be the custom on a man going back to his regiment after completing the course to take the horse he had trained back with him. This has now been discontinued, and the horses are retained for the use of the depôt. Exceptions are to be found in the Household Cavalry,



THE NEW STABLES.

Engineers and Artillery, who still follow the old rule.

While taking the riding-school course the men are also going through the dismounted



CUTTING THE TURK'S HEAD.

work, and almost from the very beginning they commence to qualify as instructors by drilling the recruits in the depôt. For the first six months their efforts in this direction are confined to dismounted drill; when efficient at this they pass on to the direction of recruits rides, in everything being superintended by the riding-master and the establishment staff.

And this brings me to the school of assistants. These are the men from whom the riding masters are supplied. They are filled by selection from a list kept by the adjutant-general, the number of names on this roll being four.

When a vacancy occurs recommendations are sent in by the commanding officers of cavalry regiments both at home and abroad, and the names of the candidates being submitted to the commandant, he picks out a warrant or non-commissioned officer for approval by the adjutant-general.

The qualifications necessary for the men who aspire to these coveted posts are fairly high. They must have previously been through a class and obtained first-class certificates as horsemen and instructors. In addition they must now possess first-class certificates of education—a condition which still further augments the standard.

When a vacancy occurs for a ridingmaster this is filled from among the assistants who are at the establishment at the time, and usually the selection is made by seniority.

The method of appointing riding-masters in the Household Cavalry is slightly different; they are always, if possible, made from men belonging to the particular regiment in which the vacancy occurs. The non-commissioned officer selected has, before being appointed, to go through a short special course of instruction, for which he receives a

certificate of his capacity from the commandant and the superintendent of the establishment at Canterbury.

When no eligible candidate is forthcoming from the Household Cavalry the vacancy may be filled by a line candidate, but in this case the commanding officer has the right of furnishing the name of a non-commissioned officer for the adjutant-general's roll, who afterwards, when duly qualified, is eligible for appointment as riding master to a line corps.

The stables occupied by the horses and the men going through the course well repay a visit. They furnish models of what army horses and accourtements should be. Each sergeant has a batman who looks after him, but the corporals do their own horses. There is no supervision of a tiresome kind, it being left to the men's own sense of honour to look after their horses well and keep their saddles clean and in good condition.

Belonging as they do to different regiments and anxious to do them credit, it can easily be understood that a good-natured rivalry exists, which is fraught with far more satisfactory results than could otherwise be produced by the most rigorous system of What is known as "the surveillance. powder and paint system" adopted by some corps is discountenanced here; no wax or composition is used for saddlery. It is simply cleaned with soap and water and looks a great deal better than when covered with a greasy coating of wax, which too often only serves to cover the dirt beneath. Certainly the establishment stables would put in the shade those of any corps in the service.

The depôt is so bound up with the establishment that it is hardly possible to deal with the one without touching to some extent upon the other. To adequately deal with the depôt would infringe upon my limitations of space, but I cannot refrain



A CLEAN CUT.

from noticing some of the most striking features which were pointed out to me by Colonel Onslow as he accompanied me on a tour of inspection.

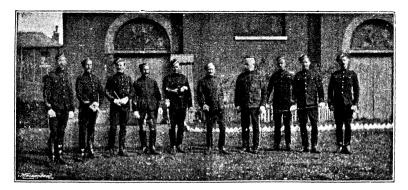
Thanks to Colonel Abadie, C.B., great strides have been made here in the direction of farthering the military enlightenment and comfort of the troops. A novel idea is to be seen carried out in the stables, and a very excellent one it is too. In each stable (and also barrack-room) hangs a large diagram showing the anatomy of the horse, with a list appended giving the correct names for all the different parts. The necessity for this will be seen when it is borne in mind that by far the greater proportion of recruits have never had anything to do with "the long-faced 'uns" prior to their enlistment.

Much care has been bestowed upon the arrangements for providing the recruits with suitable food. The messing is unequalled, and fine supper-rooms are a feature of the depôt. The scale of charges is very moderate, so that for a trifling sum a well cooked meal can be obtained. They have become very popular with the men; bright and cosy they offer a powerful counter-attraction to the all too enticing allurements of the canteen. They are worked on the self-supporting principle, and all the profits go back to the men by various channels. They furnish a

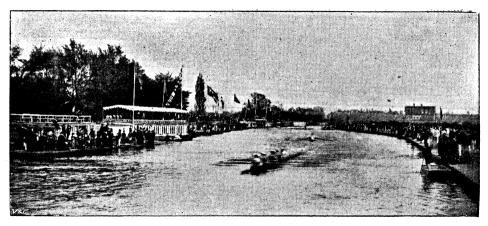
pleasant contrast to many of the coffeeshops to be seen in regimental stations, and one wonders that, considering the excellent results of good management in this department, the example is not more extensively followed. To Captain Knox, the adjutant, the credit for the inception and carrying out of the idea is, I understand, mainly due.

Taken altogether, perhaps nothing struck me so forcibly as the high level of conduct which seems to prevail at the establishment. One misses perhaps something of that hearty, rollicking spirit which was at one time so characteristic of the cavalryman, but its place has been taken by something better, something more in keeping with the spirit of the age. There is more sobriety, a higher sense of responsibility, and a finer sense of consideration for subordinates.

The old system of brutality and roughness, when a choice stock of oaths was held to be part and parcel of a rough rider's equipment, has in the main passed into the limbo of things forgotten. The rough rider of today is no more perfect than was he of former times an unmitigated bully. But that in almost every respect he is, generally speaking, a vast improvement upon his predecessor I have no hesitation in affirming. And that is the best tribute that can be paid to the 'Stab.



COLONEL ONSLOW, MAJOR JONES, AND ASSISTANTS.



THE BARGES AT OXFORD.

COMMEMORATION WEEK AT OXFORD:

REMINISCENCES OF THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE.

BY R. E. S. HART.



OMMEMORATION week at Oxford has a fine joyous ring in it, with its associations of balls, of picnics, of luncheon parties, of charming ladies and lobster-salad (both deli-

cacies which are apt to cloy in time). Dance follows dance and jaunt jaunt with such a successive similarity of resembling college halls, sitting-out rooms, Japanese-lanterned gardens, smiling partners and river banks, that the details of the week's vision melt away into the twinkling perspective, and all the remembrance a fair visitor can bear away to excogitate in after years is that big blur of pleasant sensations expressed in the almost classic sigh and shake of the head, while one murmurs generally, but regretfully, "What a jolly time that was!" But perhaps one scene may stand out somewhat more prominently than the rest by reason of its strong contrast to the usual surroundings in which the British mind seeks its pleasures, an old-world scene, steeped in associations of the past, both in the functions there performed, the curious garbs worn, the unknown tongue used, with its occasional touches of half-familiar phrases, and the very buildings where all takes place. This is the Oxford Encænia, and the spot is the Sheldonian Theatre.

Not the new theatre: mark well the difference, ye prospective undergraduates, or haply. when luckless freshmen, your friends may send you thither for tickets for one of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas, and you may wander about the Bodleian precincts and ask for information from crusty Bodleian officials. No: the Sheldonian is a strictly University building, and its scholastic character is easily recognised if you enter from the Broad and front the frowning heads of the first twelve Cæsars, impaled there among the intervening spikes like the heads of decapitated criminals. The analogy might be carried farther. The Cæsars, if history is to be believed, were bad; but surely never did twelve human beings possess such diabolical countenances of bearded ferocity. Tradition has its say in the matter. It is whispered that not Roman medallions, but seventeenth-century English dons served as the models; and just as certain King's fellows are to be found among the company on the left hand, in a painting of the "Last Judgment" in King's College Chapel at Cambridge, so some of Oxford's worthy children frighten us now under the guise of Nero or Domitian. The night before one Encænia it is said that some Trinity undergraduates once crept forth, and when the visitors next morning came flocking to see the show, these

murderers of Christians glowered out upon them under an emblematic covering of bright vermilion paint. Even without such ornamentation the Cæsars are hideous enough.

Passing amid the Cæsars you enter the Sheldonian itself, a semicircular, ugly building, with its stage fronting you, on which sits the vice-chancellor, or chancellor, to confer the honorary degrees, the rostrum on the left, where the public orator delivers his address, in the body of the hall the seats for

father of our Encænia. This function, so called because it was the occasion when the "Acts" or exercises were finished qualifying students to "commence" as bachelors of arts, had hitherto taken place in St. Mary's Church, and as it included the performances of the terræ filius, or chartered "Universitie Buffoone"—so Evelyn calls him—whose comical speech, often very scurrilous, was the lineal ancestor of the licence of the undergraduate of to-day, the good bishop may have had grounds for his scruples.



From a photo by]

THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE, OXFORD.

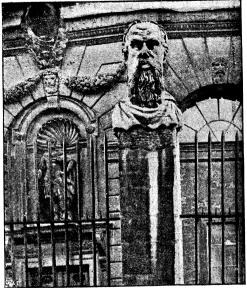
[W. II. Wheeler, Cxford.

the doctors, the heads of houses, and the masters of arts, and the galleries running almost all the way round, partly occupied on Encænia days by undergraduates—the gods of the University theatre.

The Sheldonian takes its name from a certain Bishop Sheldon, who provided the funds to build a theatre, in the interests of morality and decency (the first time perhaps the erection of a theatre has had such an end in view), for the holding of the Public Act or Commencement, the fore-

On July 9th, 1667, the Sheldonian was first used. A letter from Mr. John Wallis to Hon. R. Boyle gives an account of the preceedings, which lasted over several days. "After a vote of thanks to the bishop the public orator made an oration, consisting of satire, against Cromwell, fanatics, the Royal Society" (then just founded) "and the new philosophy; of encomiastics of the archbishop, the theatre, the architect, and lastly of execrations against poor fanatics, against conventicles, etc., damning them all inferas

ad gehennam." After this little exhibition of University sycophancy and jealousy some honorary degrees were conferred. In the afternoon panegyric and execratory verses in the same strain were recited by several undergraduates. The whole action began and ended with the noise of trumpets, and twice there were musical interludes. On the two following days, after the exercises pertaining to the Act, the terræ filii distinguished themselves. They were more abominably scurrilous than usual, writes the



From a photo by]

[W. H. Wheeler, Oxford. HEAD OF A CÆSAR.

respectable and horrified Wallis, and met with no check at all from the authorities, all or most of the heads of houses and eminent persons in the University, with their relatives, being represented as fools and dunces. John Evelyn entered a solemn protest with the Vice, who (being himself one of the butts) was quite of the same way of thinking.

These exhibitions of the terræ filius, who held a semi-statutory position, were apparently the great feature of interest in the Act, and drew large audiences to Oxford, including ladies and others, attracted, perhaps, by the hopes of a row. In 1655, the Act being then held in St. Mary's, the students and the parliamentary soldiers actually came to blows in the church. In 1681 Moore of Merton got himself a good cudgelling in the Roebuck backyard at the hands of one of the victims of his ribaldry. In 1713 the

speech of the terræ filius was burnt in the theatre vard by the common hangman. In the reign of Charles II, as might be expected, the jovial manners of the Court were introduced into the University assemblage, and the obscenities of a Sedlev and a Rochester became the model for the terrae filius. The learned president of St. John's, a notorious gambler, was insulted by cries of "Jacta est alea. Doctor, seven's the main." In 1733 the speech of the terræ filius was again suppressed. Considering the following expressions contained in it the authorities can hardly be blamed. The Bishop of Oxford was apostrophised as a "mitred hog"; "barrel-cutted fellows of Trinity" is a choice witticism: "Lincoln," it is said, "always was, and always will be, under the devil's inspection "—the devil being perhaps John Wesley; "In Worcester there cannot be found a parson who can read prayers in English, much less in Latin"; St. John's boasts its "Jacobite topers"; "Brazenose engrosses good livings and brews ale that flies to the head even of a seasoned Essex squire."

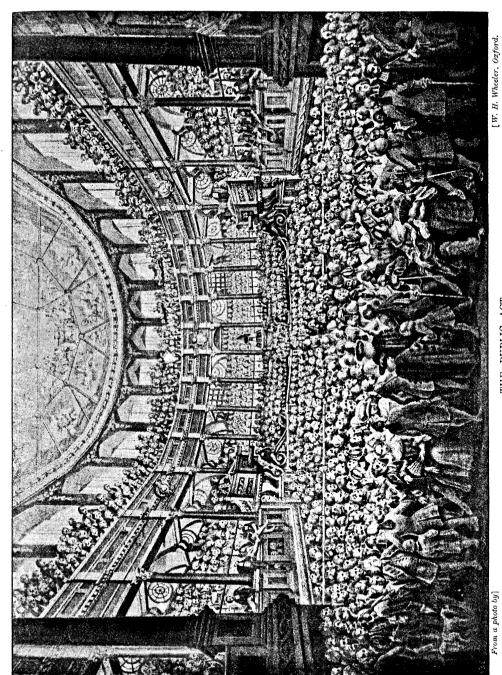
Though Evelyn and others might be disgusted at this "licentious lyeing and railing," the majority of Englishmen were delighted at the chance of seeing this bearbaiting of authorities, and the performances were held before crowded audiences, though

envious Cambridge declared—

For at Oxford last year this is certainly matter of fact,

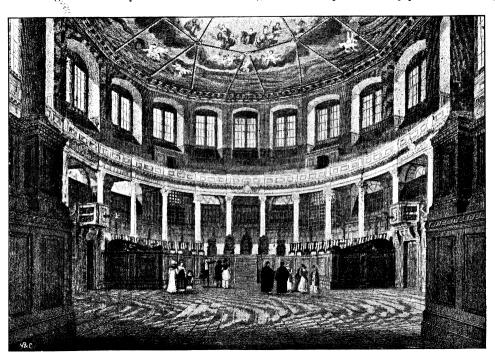
That the sight of the ladies and music made the best part of their Act.

The dons however, whether out of genuine disgust or from interested motives we cannot say, agreed entirely with respectable protestants. There is in the Hogarth collection of prints a picture of the interior of the Sheldonian with the terræ filius struggling in the grasp of infuriated doctors and heads of houses, who are tearing off his cap and gown, while the spectators look on delightedly, and a dog barks at the uproar. The length of the proceedings, taking up three whole days, also must have seemed tedious, and the obscenity of the terræ filius himself was a strong argument against him. Accordingly, by the end of the eighteenth century, he has disappeared, his last appearance being in 1763, and the old, long Public Act has yielded to the modern Encænia, lasting a single morning, and consisting of honorary degrees, public orator's speech, prize recitations, and musical interludes.



But though the terræ filius was himself a thing of the past, the chartered licence he had embodied, and the spirit of revolt against authority, were passed on to his residuary legatees the undergraduates. The Encænia was still a kind of University saturnalia, when shafts of ridicule were aimed from the undergraduates' gallery against all the occupants of the body of the theatre impartially. Vice-chancellor, doctors, heads of houses, proctors, especially if unpopular, visitors, and even the recipients of the honorary degree, came in for their share of jests, and woe be to the man who could not take them good-naturedly.

stifling that the undergraduates smashed all the windows within reach—which had been nailed down by the professor for the sake of musical effect—with their hats. Amid the hoots of the undergraduates, the crash of falling glass and the cries of distressed relatives over their fainting friends, a comic touch was given by the fat old professor, who, turning towards the galleries, implored the men to desist with a cry of agony: "For God's sake, gentlemen, for mercy's sake, for music's sake, for my sake, don't ruin me!" In 1814 the Allied Sovereigns visited Oxford with the Prince Regent, who had however grown too corpulent to enjoy himself much,



THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

In 1810 Sheridan, whose name had been withdrawn from the list of the intended degrees in consequence honorary threatened blackballs, was recognised by his jolly red face and coarse figure in the theatre and voted by acclamation to the doctor's seat, and the uproar could not be allayed till the curators conducted him thither, though without a degree. In 1793 a very queer scene took place at the installation of the Duke of Portland as chancellor. ode, specially written for the occasion by the professor of poetry, and set to music by the professor of music, Dr. Hayes, was about to be performed, when the heat became so

Show Sunday promenade in the Broad walk especially distressing him. The undergraduates, with their usual discrimination, chose "old Blucher" as the hero of the hour. He was almost pulled to pieces on leaving the theatre, and was heard to declare "it was the hottest struggle he had ever been in." As he was driving to Christ Church, where he lodged, accompanied by crowds of hero-worshipping enthusiasts, an impudent shoemaker threw a pair of boots into his carriage and thenceforward announced himself as "Bootmaker to General Prince Blucher." The proctors, the chief maintainers of University discipline, were

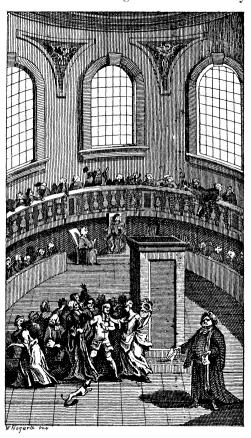
very often the object of the hoots and hisses from the undergraduates' gallery.

In 1834 the Duke of Wellington was elected chancellor of the University—as unfit a personage to represent that learned body as could well be imagined. Among the witticisms called forth by this selection was that of Archbishop Whately, who called straightway on Lord Wellesley (the Viceroy) and demanded a troop of horse. whom," said the marquis. "For myself," said the archbishop. But the undergraduates of course were uproarious in their welcome to the hero, whose obvious ignorance of the Latin tongue and numerous false quantities drew from them no rebuke. the installation, the chancellor of Oxford University, when conferring the honorary degrees, had to be repeatedly prompted by the vice-chancellor, and there was not lacking an occasional allusion to the grotesque contiguity of black gowns and red coats. Not many years later the junior proctor, who had made himself very unpopular, was paid off with such a storm of hooting and hissing that the honorary degrees were conferred in dumb show—a Unitarian (and therefore heretic) American getting his without protest in the riot; not a word of the Crewian oration could be heard, and the vicechancellor was obliged to dissolve the assembly.

For a time, in order to remedy this, undergraduates were only admitted by ticket, and the next year Commemoration was peaceful. But in 1848 the undergraduates were as bad as ever. Poor Mr. Gladstone, who had just voted for the admission of Jews to Parliament, was most unfavourably received, and not a word of his presentation address could be heard, while, as if to point the insult, Guizot (who had just fled from France with Louis Philippe) was invited by acclamation to sit with the doctors. A few years after, Disraeli (spite of his descent from Abraham) received quite an ovation.

But the patience of even the most conservative of dons was rapidly wearing out. If the proceedings had been enlivened by some real wit, the intermittent uproar might have been tolerated; but spite of the asseverations of middle-aged gentlemen, who, looking back through the rose-coloured mist of years, declare that Encænia in their time was something worth seeing, and lament over their degenerate descendants, the exhibition of comic genius seems to have been most often limited to asinine bellowings. In 1875, after the past Encænia

had been more than usually bad, Punch published a skit with the ominous quotation from "Hamlet" for heading, "Reform it altogether." The scene was the Hebdomadal Council Board. Dr. Sobersides, among others, arose and said: "The theatre on Commemoration Day had become of late years a perfect bear garden. (Applause.) The cheers for the 'ladies in blue' and the counter-cheers for the 'ladies in pink' were calculated to cause a great deal of unseemly



TERRÆ FILIUS.
(Hogarth's picture of the Sheldonian Theatre.)

rivalry between the persons thus singled out for unofficial recognition. But this was not all. On one occasion, he was told, three groans had been given for the 'old woman in black.' He was informed that these words masked an allusion to the authorities of the University. (Shame.)"

At the present time only such undergraduates as have relatives up at the Encænia can get tickets of admission. The dons congratulate themselves on the success of this ruse; the undergraduates have a different

According to them, when proctors, story. vice-chancellors, and all the officials had proved helpless, and even the sour looks and disgusted mien of old lady visitors were futile. young ladies were admitted to the undergraduates' gallery, and they soon kept the men quiet. Certain it is that the proceedings are now somewhat tedious, the possession of relatives being little guarantee for the possession of wit. Now and again an undergraduate wag comes out with something more than usually worth recording, as happened, for instance, on the occasion of the late Lord Tennyson being presented with an honorary When the gifted poet's well-known form was seen advancing up the theatre, a voice from the "gods" was distinctly heard asking-

Did your mother call you early, Call you early, Alfred, dear?

This sally was received with a roar of laughter, in which the vice-chancellor, dons, proctors, and even Tennyson himself heartily

joined.

The genial public orator (Dr. Merry), the author of many a Spoonerism, brightens things up now and again with his witticisms or a proctor of the name of Maude is a godsend, inducing callow undergraduate wit to call him into the garden. At the last Encænia Dr. Mavor, the famous Juvenalian, was invited to tell some story from his rather broadly-satirical poet, and the Oxford Magazine represents him as murmuring to himself in answer the lines—

Semper ego auditor tantum nunquamne reponam Vexatus toties.*—Juv. Sat.

But on the whole the Encænia is as decorous as a church service.

Perhaps the most interesting scene the Sheldonian has witnessed of late years was the Romanes lecture given by Mr. Gladstone in 1892. There is a story about the reason for the disgraceful crush and fights for seats among undergraduates which, whether authentic or not, was at least credited by many Oxford men. The curators, it is said, were observed sitting in the small novelroom at the Oxford Union talking in the loud tones done often affect in front of the chilling notice posted up in big letters,

The M.A's were to enter at such and such a gate, it was arranged, the visitors who had secured tickets at another. "But what of the undergraduates?" said one gentleman, as an afterthought. "Oh, hang the undergraduates; they've fought before, let them fight again," returned the other, and all laughed boisterously. Accordingly at an early hour the Broad was blocked by undergraduates, and the Cæsars scowled upon black-gowned crowds. Hansoms and carts, after vainly striving to pierce the mass, were obliged to turn back and make a détour amid derisive hissing. last, a short time before the commencement of the lecture, two burly policemen opened the big gates a few inches, somewhat recalling the simile of the camel and the eye of a needle, and there was a rush, many being crushed against the railings by the impetus of those behind. Then followed an escalade; some climbed boldly over the spikes, others secured a footing on the heads, noses, or beards of the Cæsars, all at the obvious risk One unfortunate man of being impaled. was spiked through the hand, another through the button-hole of his coat and hung suspended, and as finally the few victors rammed themselves triumphantly into the tiny space allotted, a long file of the wounded were being handed out by the opposite gate.

After all, the chief reminiscences of the occasion borne away by those who succeeded in the struggle, were the sight of the Grand Old Man gazing intrepidly down the throats of two bell-mouthed blunderbusses of eartrumpets belonging to Canon Christopher, and two jingling verses called forth by the coincidence of George I. having sent a troop of horse to Jacobite Oxford at the same time as he made a gift of books to Whig Cambridge. They are, as far as I can remember, as follows. That of Cambridge—

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse—For Tories own no argument but force;
To Cambridge then a gift of books he sent—For Whigs do own the force of argument.

Oxford replied (I will not vouch for the exact words)—

A gift of horse to Oxford came from royalty - For that most learned body wanted loyalty; To Cambridge, books—George craftily discerning That that most loyal body wanted learning.

^{*} Must I always sit listening? May I never retaliate for all this baiting?

PREACHERS' AUTOGRAPHS.

Yours vay tak

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Herbert fardri all aus han Archbert op y Westmins hir

DR. PARKER

Cordially yps

Jas Fleming.

CANON FLEMING.

Tattfully Yours alex Maren

DR. MACLAREN.

A Free Hughes

REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

Your suicerel

DR. CLIFFORD.

Ju mutfaltifully Andrew Morney

REV. ANDREW MURRAY.

Win- poor food will

Alonia en maya

DR. ALEXANDER WHYTE.

Basil Welbirforce

CANON WILBERFORCE,



MR. H. G. Wells has reached authorship by devious ways. He was educated at a private school in Bromley, Kent, and, prior to literature asserting its sway, had a varied experience of life. He has wielded the pestle and mortar as a candidate druggist, and taught the rudiments in a country

ave

(From a photo by F. Dickins.)
LITERATURE: H. G. WELLS.

grammar school. Thence he secured a scholarship at the Royal College of Science, and while engaged in neglecting his studies at that institution, he made his first literary experiments in the students' magazine For five vears his literary career was an unbroken record of rejection, and only in 1891 did he succeed in selling his first article to the Fortnightly Review. During

this period he taught in a private school, graduated in honours at London University, and turned this to account by coaching and demonstrating for University examinations. He found his opportunity at last upon the Pall Mall Gazette, under the editorship of Mr. Cust, writing also for the National Observer in Mr. Henley's inspiring days. It was in 1894, at the suggestion of Mr. Lewis Hind, the editor of the Pall Mall Budget, that he wrote the first of the "scientific" short stories by which he became known. Fifteen of these have recently been republished in book form under the title of "The Stolen Bacillus." These short stories have led to those more sustained efforts, "The Time Machine," "The Wonderful Visit," and "The Island of Dr. Moreau."

Among reciters of the "natural" school Mr. Alexander Watson stands in that highest rank headed so honourably by Mr. Clifford Harrison. As a schoolboy at Brighton he gained many prizes for elocution, and afterwards, on coming to London, studied at the Birkbeck Institution elo-

cution class, of which Mr. Pinero was once secretary. In 1886 he made his début at the Steinway Hall, where so often since he has delighted hundreds. The young reciter bore the heavy burden of two hours' entertainment lightly as his memorv carries the two hundred pieces which he knows. Mr. Watson can recite three entire plays by Shakspeare, and his dramatic



(From a photo by Martin & Salnow.)

ELOCUTION:
ALEXANDER WATSON.

powers have been shown again and again in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Rosencranz and Guildenstern," wherein he was the original King Claudius. When the "Comedy of Errors" was recently revived at Gray's Inn Hall, he made a brilliant success as Antipholus of Syracuse, and in "Twelfth Night" and other plays he has also distinguished himself. But it is as a graceful reciter that Mr. Watson has chiefly achieved renown. To hear him, for instance, give a humorous selection from J. M. Barrie, or some lovely poem to Miss Chatterton's harp accompaniment, or "The Flight of Little Em'ly," is to recognise the gamut of his genius. Mr. Watson's wide acquaintance with literature has enabled him to discover pieces for recital which find a place in no other elocutionist's repertoire.

ADVENTURES OF MARTIN HEWITT.*

THIRD SERIES.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.

Illustrated by T. S. C. CROWTHER.

V.-THE CASE OF THE DEAD SKIPPER.

I is a good few years ago now that a suicide was investigated by a coroner's jury, before whom Martin Hewitt gave certain simple and direct evidence touching the manner

of the death, and testifying to the fact of its being a matter of self-destruction. The public got certain suggestive information from the bare newspaper report, but they never learnt the full story of the tragedy that led up to the suicide that was so

summarily disposed of.

The time I speak of was in Hewitt's early professional days, not long after he had left Messrs. Crellan's office, and a long time before I myself met him. At that time fewer of the police knew him and were aware of his abilities, and fewer still appreciated them at their true value. Inquiries in connection with a case had taken him early one morning to the district which is now called "London over the border," and which comprises West Ham and the parts there adjoining. At this time, however, the district was much unlike its present self, for none of the grimy streets that now characterise it had been built, and even in its nearest parts open land claimed more space than buildings.

Hewitt's business lay with the divisional surgeon of police, who had, he found, been called away from his breakfast to a patient. Hewitt followed him in the direction of the patient's house, and met him returning. They walked together, and presently, as they came in sight of a row of houses, a girl, having the appearance of a maid-of-all-work, came running from the side door of the end house—a house rather larger and more pretentious than the others in the row. Almost immediately a policeman appeared from the front door, and, seeing the girl

running, shouted to Hewitt and his companion to stop her. This Hewitt did by a firm though gentle grasp of the arms, and, turning her about, marched her back again. "Come, come," he said, "you'll gain nothing by running away, whatever it is." But the girl shuddered and sobbed, and cried incoherently, "No, no—don't; I'm afraid. I don't like it, sir. It's awful. I can't stop there."

She was a strongly-built, sullen-looking girl, with prominent eyebrows and a rather brutal expression of face, consequently her extreme nervous agitation, her distorted face and her tears were the more noticeable.

"What is all this?" the surgeon asked as they reached the front door of the house.

"Girl in trouble?"

The policeman touched his helmet. "It's murder, sir, this time," he said, "that's what it is. I've sent for the inspector, and I've sent for you too, sir; and of course I couldn't allow anyone to leave the house till I'd handed it over to the inspector. Come," he added to the girl, as he saw her indoors, "don't let's have any more o' that. It looks bad, I can tell you."

"Where's the body?" asked the surgeon.

"First-floor front, sir—bed-sittin'-room.
Ship's captain, I'm told. Throat cut awful."

"Come," said the surgeon, as he prepared to mount the stairs. "You'd better come up too, Mr. Hewitt. You may spot something that will help if it's a difficult case."

Together they entered the room, and indeed the sight was of a sort that any maid-servant might be excused for running away from. Between the central table and the fireplace the body lay fully clothed, and the whole room was in a great state of confusion, drawers lying about with the contents spilt, boxes open, and papers scattered about. On a table was a bottle and a glass.

"Robbery, evidently," the surgeon said as he bent to his task. "See, the pockets are all emptied and partly protruding at the

^{*} Copyright, 1896, by Arthur Morrison.

top. The watch and chain has been torn off, leaving the swivel in the button-hole."

"Yes," Hewitt answered, "that is so." He had taken a rapid glance about the room, and was now examining the stove, a register, with close attention. He shut the trap above

it and pushed to the room door. Then very carefully, by the aid of the feather end of a quill pen which lay on the table, he shifted the charred remains of a piece or two of paper from the top of the cold cinders into the fire shovel. He carried them to the sideboard. nearer the light from the window, and examined them minutely, making a few notes in his pocket-book, and then, removing the glass shade from an ornament on the mantelpiece, placed it over them.

"There's something that may be of some use to the police," he remarked, "or may not, as the case may be. At any rate there it is, safe from draughts, if they want it. There's nothing distinguishable on one piece, but I think the other has been a cheque."

The surgeon had concluded his first rapid examination and rose to his feet. "A very deep cut," he said, "and done from behind, I think, as he was sitting in his chair. Death at once, without a doubt, and has been dead seven or eight hours I should say. Bed not slept in, you see. Couldn't have done it himself, that's certain."

"The knife," Hewitt added, "is either gone or hidden. But here is the inspector."

The inspector was a stranger to Hewitt, and looked at him inquiringly, till the surgeon introduced him and mentioned his profession. Then he said, with the air of one unwillingly relaxing a rule of con-

ingly relaxing a rule of conduct, "All right, doctor, if he's a friend of yours. A little practice for you, eh, Mr. Hewitt?"

"Yes," Hewitt answered modestly. "I haven't had the advantage of any experience in the police force, and perhaps I may learn. Perhaps also I may help you."

This did not seem to strike the inspector as a very luminous probability, and he stepped to the landing and ordered up the constable to make his full report. He had brought another man with him, who took charge of the door. By this time, thinly populated as



"He mounted the ladder and looked in at the window."

was the neighbourhood, boys had begun to collect outside.

The policeman's story was simple. As he passed on his beat he had been called by three women who had a light ladder planted against the window-sill of the room. They feared something was wrong with the occupant of

the room, they said, as they could not make him hear, and his door was locked, therefore they had brought the ladder to look in at the window, but now each feared to go and look. Would he, the policeman, do so? mounted the ladder, looked in at the window, and saw—what was still visible. then, at the women's urgent request, entered the house, broken in the door, and found the body to be dead and cold. He had told the women at once, and warned them, in the customary manner, that any statement they might be disposed to volunteer would be noted and used as evidence. The landladv. who was a widow, and gave her name as Mrs. Beckle, said that the dead man's name was Abel Pullin, and that he was a captain in the merchant service, who had occupied the room as a lodger since the end of last week only, when he had returned from a voyage. So far as she knew no stranger had been in the house since she last saw Pullin alive on the previous evening, and the only person living in the house, who had since gone out, was Mr. Foster, also a seafaring man, who had been a mate, but for some time had had no ship. He had gone out an hour or so before the discovery was made—earlier than usual, and without breakfast. That was all that Mrs. Beckle knew, and the only other persons in the house were the servant and a Miss Walker, a school teacher. They knew nothing: but Miss Walker was very anxious to be allowed to go to her school, which of course he had not allowed till the inspector should arrive.

"That's all right," the inspector said. "And you're sure the door was locked?"

"Yes, sir, fast."

"Key in the lock?"

"No, sir. I haven't seen any key." "Window shut, just as it is now?" "Yes, sir; nothing's been touched."

The inspector walked to the window and opened it. It was a wooden-framed casement window, fastened by the usual turning catch at the side, with a heavy bow handle. He just glanced out and then swung the window carelessly to on its hinges. catch, however, worked so freely that the handle dropped and the catch banged against the window frame as he turned away. Hewitt saw this and closed the casement properly, after a glance at the sill.

The inspector made a rapid examination of the clothing on the body, and then said, "It's a singular thing about the key. The door was locked fast, but there's no key to be seen inside the room. Seems it must

have been locked from the outside.'

"Perhaps," Hewitt suggested, "other keys on this landing fit the lock. It's commonly the case in this sort of house."

"That's so," the inspector admitted, with the air of encouraging a pupil.

They walked across the landing to the nearest door. It had a small round brass scutcheon, apparently recently placed there. "Yale lock;" said the inspector. "That's no good." They went to the third door, which stood aiar.

"Seems to be Mr. Foster's room," the inspector remarked; "here's the key inside."

They took it across the landing and tried it. It fitted Captain Pullin's lock exactly and easily. "Hullo!" said the inspector, "look at that!"

Hewitt nodded thoughtfully. Just then he became aware of somebody behind him. who had arrived noiselessly. He turned and saw a mincing little woman, with a pursed mouth and lofty expression, who took no notice of him but addressed the inspector. "I shall be glad to know, if you please," she said, "when I may leave the house and attend to my duties. My school has already been open for three-quarters of an hour, and I cannot conceive why I am detained in this manner."

"Very sorry, ma'am," the inspector replied. "Matter of duty, of course. Perhaps we shall be able to let you go presently. Meanwhile perhaps you can help us. You're not obliged to say anything, of course, but if you do we shall make a note of it. You didn't hear any uncommon noise in the night, did you?"

"Nothing at all. I retired at ten and I was asleep soon after. I know nothing whatever of the whole horrible affair, and I shall leave the house entirely as soon as I can arrange."

"Did you have any opportunity of observ-Mr. Pullin's manners or habits?"

Hewitt asked.

"Indeed, no. I saw nothing of him. But I could hear him very often, and his language was not of the sort I could tolerate. He seemed to dominate the whole house with his boorish behaviour, and he was frequently intoxicated. I had already told Mrs. Beckle that if his stay were to continue mine should cease. I avoided him, indeed, altogether, and I know nothing of him."

"Do you know how he came here? he know Mrs. Beckle or anybody else in the

house before?"

"That also I can't say. But Mrs. Beckle,

I believe, knew all about him. In fact I have sometimes thought there was some mysterious connection between them, though what I cannot say. Certainly I cannot understand a landlady keeping so troublesome a lodger."

"You have seen a little more of Mr.

Foster, of course?"

"Well, yes. He has been here so much longer. He was more endurable than was Captain Pullin, certainly, though he was not always sober. The two did not love one another, I believe."

Here the inspector pricked his ears. "They didn't love one another, you say,

ma'am. Why was that?"

"Oh, I don't really know. I fancy Mr. Foster wanted to borrow money or something. He used to say Captain Pullin had plenty of money, and had once sunk a ship purposely. I don't know whether or not this was serious, of course."

Hewitt looked at her keenly. "Have you ever heard him called Captain Pullin of the *Earet*?" he asked.

"No, I never heard the name of any

vessel."

"There's just one thing, Miss Walker," the inspector said, "that I'm afraid I must insist on before you go. It's only a matter of form, of course. But I must ask you to let me look round your room—I shan't disturb it."

Miss Walker tossed her head. "Very well then," she said, turning toward the door with the Yale lock, and producing the key; "there it is." And she flung the door open.

The inspector stepped within and took a perfunctory glance round. "That will do; thank you," he said; "I am sorry to have kept you. I think you may go now, Miss Walker. You won't be leaving here to-day altogether, I suppose?"

"No, I'm afraid I can't. Good-morning." As she disappeared by the foot of the stairs the inspector remarked in a jocular undertone, "Needn't bother about her. She

isn't strong enough to cut a hen's throat."

Just then Miss Walker appeared again and attempted to take her umbrella from the stand—a heavy, tall oaken one. The ribs, however, had become jammed between the stand and the wall; so Miss Walker, with one hand, calmly lifted the stand and disengaged the umbrella with the other. "My eyes!" observed the inspector, "she's a bit stronger than she looks."

The surgeon came upon the landing. "I shall send to the mortuary now," he said.

"I've seen all I want to see here. Have you seen the landlady?"

"No. I think she's downstairs."

They went downstairs and found Mrs. Beckle in the back room, much agitated. though she was not the sort of woman one would expect to find greatly upset by anything. She was thin, hard and rigid, with the rigidity and sharpness that women acquire who have a long and lonely struggle with poverty. She had at first very little to say. Captain Pullin had lodged with her before. Last night he had been in all the evening and had gone to bed about half-past eleven. and by a quarter past everybody else had done so, and the house was fastened up for the night. The front door was fully bolted and barred, and it was found so in the morn-No stranger had been in the house for some days. The only person who had left before the discovery was Mr. Foster, and he went away when only the servant was up. This was unusual, as he usually took breakfast in the house. What had frightened the girl so much, she thought, was the fact that after the door had been burst open she peeped into the room, out of curiosity, and was so horrified at the sight that she ran out of the house. She had always been a hardworking girl, though of sullen habits.

The inspector made more particular inquiries as to Mr. Foster, and after some little reluctance Mrs. Beckle gave her opinion that he was very short of money indeed. He had lost his ship sometime back through a neglect of duty, and he was not of altogether sober habits; he had consequently been unable to get another berth as yet. It was a fact, she admitted, that he owed her a considerable sum for rent, but he had enough clothes and nautical implements in his boxes

to cover that and more.

Hewitt had been watching Mrs. Beckle's face very closely, and now suddenly asked, with pointed emphasis, "How long have you known Mr. Pullin?"

Mrs. Beckle faltered and returned Hewitt's steadfast gaze with a quick glance of suspicion. "Oh," she said, "I have known him, on and off, for a long time."

"A connection by marriage, of course?"

Hewitt's hard gaze was still upon her.

Mrs. Beckle looked from him to the inspector and back again, and the corners of her mouth twitched. Then she sat down and rested her head on her hand. "Well, I suppose I must say it, though I've kept it to myself till now," she said resignedly. "He's my brother-in-law."

"Of course, as you have been told, you are not obliged to say anything now; but the more information you can give the better chance there may be of detecting your

brother-in-law's murderer."

"Well, I don't mind, I'm sure. It was a bad day when he married my sister. He killed her—not at once, so that he might have been hung for it, but by a course of regular brutality and starvation. I hated the man!" she said, with a quick access of passion, which however she suppressed at once.

"And yet you let him stay in your

house?"

"Oh, I don't know. I was afraid of him; and he used to come just when he pleased, and practically take possession of the house. I couldn't keep him away; and he drove away my other lodgers." She suddenly fired up again. "Wasn't that enough to make anybody desperate? Can you wonder at anything?"

She quieted again by a quick effort, and Hewitt and the inspector exchanged glances.

"Let me see, he was captain of the sailing ship *Egret*, wasn't he?" Hewitt asked. "Lost in the Pacific a year or more ago?"

"Yes."

"If I remember the story of the loss aright, he and one native hand—a Kanaka boy—were the only survivors?"

"Yes, they were the only two. He was the only one that came back to England."

"Just so. And there were rumours, I believe, that after all he wasn't altogether a loser by that wreck? Mind, I only say there were rumours; there may have been nothing in them."

"Yes," Mrs. Beckle replied, "I know all about that. They said the ship had been cast away purposely, for the sake of the insurance. But there was no truth in that, else why did the underwriters pay? And besides, from what I know privately, it couldn't have been. Abel Pullin was a reckless scoundrel enough, I know, but he would have taken good care to be paid well for any villainy of that sort."

"Yes, of course. But it was suggested

that he was."

"No, nothing of the sort. He came here, as usual, as soon as he got home, and until he got another ship he hadn't a penny. I had to keep him, so I know. And he was sober almost all the time from want of money. Do you mean to say, if the common talk were true, that he would have remained like that without getting money of the owners, his

accomplices, and at least making them give him another ship? Not he. I know him too well."

"Yes, no doubt. He was now just back from his next voyage after that, I take it?"

"Yes, in the *Iolanthe* brig. A smaller ship than he has been used to, and belonging to different owners."

"Had he much money this time?"

"No. He had bought himself a gold watch and chain abroad, and he had a ring and a few pounds in money, and some instruments, that was all, I think, in addition to his clothes."

"Well, they've all been stolen now," the inspector said. "Have you missed anything

yourself?"

" No."

"Nor the other lodgers, so far as you know?"

"No, neither of them."

"Very well, Mrs. Beckle. We'll have a word or two with the servant now, and then I'll get you to come over the house with us."

Sarah Taffs was the servant's name. She seemed to have got over her agitation, and was now sullen and uncommunicative. She would say nothing. "You said I needn't say nothin' if I didn't want to, and I won't." That was all she would say, and she repeated it again and again. Once, however, in reply to a question as to Foster, she flashed out angrily, "If it's Mr. Foster you're after you won't find 'im. 'E's a gentleman, 'e is, and I ain't goin' to tell you nothin'." But that was all.

Then Mrs. Beckle showed the inspector, the surgeon and Hewitt over the house. Everything was in perfect order on the ground floor and on the stairs. The stairs, it appeared, had been swept before the discovery was made. Nevertheless Hewitt and the inspector scrutinised them narrowly. The top floor consisted of two small rooms only, used as bedrooms by Mrs. Beckle and Sarah Taffs respectively. Nothing was missing, and everything was in order there.

The one floor between contained the dead man's room, Miss Walker's and Foster's. Miss Walker's room they had already seen,

and now they turned into Foster's.

The place seemed to betray careless habits on the part of its tenant, and was everywhere in slovenly confusion. The bed-clothes were flung anyhow on the floor, and a chair was overturned. Hewitt looked round the room and remarked that there seemed to be no clothes hanging about, as might have been expected.

"No," Mrs. Beckle replied; "he has taken to keeping them all in his boxes lately."

"How many boxes has he?" asked the inspector. "Only these two?"

"That is all."

The inspector stooped and tried the lids. "Both locked," he said. "I think we'll take the liberty of a peep into these boxes."

He produced a bunch of keys and tried them all, but none fitted. Then Hewitt felt about inside the locks very carefully with a



"The boxes contained nothing but bricks."

match, and then taking a button-hook from his pocket, after a little careful "humouring" work, turned both the locks, one after another, and lifted the lids.

Mrs. Beckle uttered an exclamation of dismay, and the inspector looked at her rather quizzically. The boxes contained nothing but bricks.

"Ah," said the inspector, "I've seen that sort of suits o' clothes before. People have 'em who don't pay hotel bills and such-like.

You're a very good pick-lock, by the way, Mr. Hewitt. I never saw anything quicker and neater."

"But I know he had a lot of clothes," Mrs. Beckle protested. "I've seen them."

"Very likely—very likely indeed," the inspector answered. "But they're gone now, and Mr. Foster's gone with 'em."

"But—but the girl didn't say he had any

bundles with him when he went out?"

"No, she didn't; and she didn't say he hadn't, did she? She won't say anything about him, and she says she won't, plump. Even supposing he hadn't got them with him this morning that signifies nothing. The clothes are gone, and anybody intending a job of that sort"—the inspector jerked his thumb significantly towards the skipper's room—"would get his things away quietly first so as to have no difficulty about getting away himself afterwards. No; the thing's pretty plain now, I think; and I'm afraid Mr. Foster's a pretty bad lot. Anyway I shouldn't like to be in his shoes."

"Nor I," Hewitt assented. "Evidence of

that sort isn't easy to get over."

"Come, Mrs. Beckle," the inspector said, "do you mind coming into the front room with us? The body's covered over with a rug."

The landlady disliked going, it was plain to see, but presently she pulled herself together and followed the men. She peeped once distrustfully round the door to where the body lay and then resolutely turned her

back on it.

"His watch and chain are gone and whatever else he had in his pockets," the inspector said. "I think you said he had a ring?"

"Yes, one—a thick gold one."

"Then that's gone too. Everything's turned upside down, and probably other things are stolen too. Do you miss any?"

"Yes," Mrs. Beckle replied, looking round, but avoiding with her eyes the rug-covered heap near the fireplace. "There was a sextant on the mantelpiece; it was his; and he kept one or two other instruments in that drawer"—pointing to one which had been turned out—"but they seem to be gone now. And there was a small ship, carved in ivory, and worth money, I believe—that's gone. I don't know about his clothes; some of them may be stolen or they may not." She stepped to the bed and turned back the coverlet. "Oh," she added, "the sheets are gone from the bed too!"

"Usual thing," the inspector remarked;

"wrap up the swag in a sheet, you know—makes a convenient bundle. Nothing else

missing?"

The landlady took one more look round and said doubtfully, "No, no, I don't think so. Oh, but yes," she suddenly added, "uncle's hook."

"Oh," remarked the inspector with dismal jocularity, "he's took uncle's hook as well as his own, has he? What was uncle's hook

like?"

"It wasn't of much value," Mrs. Beckle explained; "but I kept it as a memorial. My great uncle, who died many years ago, was a sea-captain too, and had lost his left hand by accident. He wore a hook in its place—a hook made for him on board his vessel. It was an iron hook screwed into a wooden stock. He had it taken off in his last illness and gave it to me to mind against his recovery. But he never got well, so I've kept it ever since. It used to hang on a nail at the side of the chimney-breast."

"No wounds about the body that might have been made with a hook like that, doctor, were there?" the inspector asked.

"No, no wounds at all but the one."

"Well, well," the inspector said, moving toward the door, "we've got to find Foster now, that's plain. I'll see about it. You've sent to the mortuary you say, doctor? All right. You've no particular reason for sending the girl out of doors to-day, I suppose, Mrs. Beckle?"

"I can keep her in, of course," the landlady answered. "It will be inconvenient.

though."

"Ah, then keep her in, will you? We mustn't lose sight of her. I'll leave a couple of men here, of course, and I'll tell them she mustn't be allowed out."

Hewitt and the surgeon went downstairs and parted at the door. "I shall be over again to-morrow morning," Hewitt said, "about that other matter I was speaking of. Shall I find you in?"

"Well," the doctor answered, "at any rate they will tell you where I am. Good morning."

"Good morning," Hewitt answered, and then stopped. "I'm obliged for being allowed to look about upstairs here," he said. "I'm not sure what the inspector has in his mind, by the way; but I should think whatever I noticed would be pretty plain to him, though naturally he would be cautious about talking of it before others, as I was myself. That being the case it might seem rather presumptuous in me to make suggestions, especially as he seems fairly con-

fident. But if you have a chance presently of giving him a quiet hint you might draw his special attention to two things—the charred paper that I took from the fireplace and the missing hook. There is a good deal in that, I fancy. I shall have an hour or two to myself, I expect, this afternoon, and I'll make a small inquiry or two on my own account in town. If anything comes of them I'll let you know to-morrow when I see you."

"Very well, I shall expect you. Good-

bve."

Hewitt did not go straight away from the house to the railway station. He took a turn or two about the row of houses, and looked up each of the paths leading from them across the surrounding marshy fields. Then he took the path for the station. About a hundred yards along, the path reached a deep muddy ditch with a high hedge behind it, and then lay by the side of the ditch for some little distance before crossing it. Hewitt stopped and looked thoughtfully at the ditch for a few moments before proceeding, and then went briskly on his way.

That evening's papers were all agog with the mysterious murder of a ship's captain at West Ham, and in next morning's papers it was announced that Henry Foster, a seafaring man, and lately mate of a trading ship, had been arrested in connection with the

crime.

H.

That morning Hewitt was at the surgeon's house early. The surgeon was in, and saw him at once. His own immediate business being transacted, Hewitt learned particulars of the arrest of Foster. "The man actually came back of his own accord in the afternoon," the surgeon said. "Certainly he was drunk, but that seems a very reckless sort of thing, even for a drunken man. One rather curious thing was that he asked for Pullin as soon as he arrived, and insisted on going to him to borrow half-a-sovereign. Of course he was taken into custody at once, and charged, and that seemed to sober him very quickly. He seemed dazed for a bit, and then, when he realised the position he was in, refused to say a word. I saw him at the He had certainly been drinking a good deal; but a curious thing was that he hadn't a cent of money on him. He'd soon got rid of it all, anyhow."

"Did you say anything to the inspector as

to the things I mentioned to you?

"Yes, but he didn't seem to think a great deal of them. He took a look at the charred paper and saw that one piece had evidently been a cheque on the Eastern Consolidated Bank, but the other he couldn't see any sort of sign upon. As to the hook, he seemed to take it that that was used to fasten in the knot of the bundle, to carry it the more easily."

"Well," Hewitt said, "I think I told you yesterday that I should make an inquiry or two myself? Yes, I did. I've made those

will be a constable, and he can tell you where to find Truscott."

Hewitt accordingly made for the house, and had the good fortune to overtake Truscott on his way there. "Good morning, inspector," he called cheerily. "I've got some information for you, I think."

"Oh, good morning. What is it?"

"It's in regard to that business," Hewitt replied, indicating by a nod the row of houses a hundred yards ahead. "But it will be clearer if we go over the whole thing



"It was a muddy mass, and they had to swill it to and fro a few times in the clearer upper water before it was seen to be a linen bundle."

inquiries, and now I think I can give the inspector some help. What is his name, by the way?"

"Truscott. He's a very good sort of fellow, really."

"Very well. Shall I find him at the station?"

"Probably, unless he's off duty; that I don't know about. But I should call at the house first, I think, if I were you. That is much nearer than the station, and he might possibly be there. Even if he isn't, there

together and take what I have found out in its proper place. You're not altogether satisfied with your capture of Foster, are you?"

"Well, I mustn't say, of course. Perhaps not. We've traced his doings yesterday after he left the house, and *perhaps* it doesn't help us much. But what do you know?"

"I'll tell you. But first can you get hold of such a thing as a boat-hook? Any long pole with a hook on the end will do."

"I don't know that there's one handy.

Perhaps they'll have a garden rake at the house, if that'll do?"

"Excellently, I should think, if it's fairly

long. We will ask."

The garden rake was forthcoming at once, and with it Hewitt and the inspector made their way along the path that led towards the railway station and stopped where it came by the ditch.

"I've brought you here purely on a matter of conjecture," Hewitt said, "and there may be nothing in it; but if there is it will help us. This is a very muddy ditch, with a soft bottom many feet deep probably, judging from the wet nature of the soil hereabout."

He took the rake and plunged it deep into the ditch, dragging it slowly back up the side. It brought up a tangle of duckweed and rushes and slimy mud, with a stick or two among it.

"Do you think the knife's been thrown

here?" asked the inspector.

"Possibly, and possibly something else. We'll see." And Hewitt made another dive. They went along thus very thoroughly and laboriously, dragging every part of the ditch as they went, it being frequently necessary for both to pull together to get the rake through the tangle of weed and rubbish. They had worked through seven or eight yards from the angle of the path where it approached the ditch, when Hewitt stopped, with the rake at the bottom.

"Here is something that feels a little different," he said. "I'll get as good a hold as I can and then we'll drag it up slowly and

steadily together."

He gave the rake a slight twist and then the two pulled steadily. Presently the sunken object came away suddenly, as though mud-suction had kept it under, and rose easily to the surface. It was a muddy mass, and they had to swill it to and fro a few times in the clearer upper water before it was seen to be a linen bundle. They drew it ashore and untied the thick knot at the Inside was an Indian shawl, also knotted, and this they opened also. within, wet and dirty, lay a sextant, a chronometer in a case, a gold watch and chain, a handful of coins, a thick gold ring, a ship carved in ivory, with much of the delicate work broken, a sealskin waistcoat, a door key, a seamen's knife, and an iron hook screwed into a wooden stock.

"Lord!" exclaimed Inspector Truscott, "what's this? It's a queer place to hide swag of this sort. Why, that watch and those instruments must be ruined."

"Yes, I'm afraid so," Hewitt answered. "You see the things are wrapped in the sheets, just as you expected. But those sheets mean something more. There are two, you notice."

"Yes, of course; but I don't see what it points to. The whole thing's most odd. Foster certainly would have been a fool to hide the things here; he's a sailor himself, and knows better than to put away chrono-

meters and sextants in a wet ditch—unless he got frightened, and put the things there out of sight because the murder was discovered."

"But you say you have traced his movements after he left. If he had come near here while the police were about would been have seen from the house. No, you've gotthe wrong pris-The oner. person who put those things there didn't want themagain."





"He stood there for some half an hour or so smoking his pipe before he went to bed."

wasn't the motive after all?"

"Yes, it was; but not this robbery. Come, we'll talk it over in the house. Let us take

these things with us."

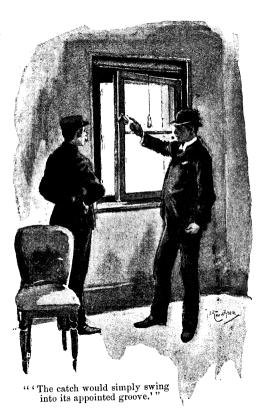
Arrived at the house Hewitt immediately locked, bolted and barred the front door. Then he very carefully and gently unfastened each lock, bolt and bar in order, pressing the door with his hand and taking every precaution to avoid noise. Nevertheless the noise was considerable. There was a sad lack of oil everywhere, and all the bolts creaked;

the lock in particular made a deal of noise, and when the key was half turned its bolt

shot back with a loud thump.

"Anybody who had once heard that door fastened or unfastened," said Hewitt, "would hesitate about opening it in the dead of night after committing murder. He would remember the noise. Do you mind taking the things up to the room—the room—upstairs? I will go and ask Mrs Beckle a question."

Truscott went upstairs, and presently Hewitt followed. "I have just asked Mrs. Beckle," he said, "whether or not the



captain went to the front door for any purpose on the evening before his death. She says he stood there for some half an hour or so smoking his pipe before he went to bed. We shall see what that means presently, I think. Now we will go into the thing in the light of what I have found out."

"Yes, tell me that."

"Very well. I think it will make the thing plainer if I summarise separately all my conclusions from the evidence as a whole from the beginning. Perhaps the same ideas

struck you, but I'm sure you'll excuse my going over them. Now here was a man undoubtedly murdered, and the murderer was gone from the room. There were two ways by which he could have gone—the door and the window. If he went by the window, then he was somebody who did not live in the place, since nobody seemed to have been missing when the girl came down, though, mind you, it was necessary to avoid relying on all she said, in view of her manner, and her almost acknowledged determination not to incriminate Foster. It seemed at first sight probable that the murderer had gone out by the door, because the key was gone entirely, and if he had left by the window he would probably have left the key in the lock to hinder anybody who attempted to get in with another key, or to peep. But then the blind was up, and was found so in the morning. It would probably be pulled down at dark, and the murderer would be unlikely to raise it except to go out that way. But then the casement was shut and fastened. Just so; but can't it be as easily shut and fastened from the outside as from the in? The catch is very loose, and swings by itself. this prevents the casement shutting when it is just carelessly banged to, but see here." He rose and went to the window. "Anvbody from outside who cared to hold the catch back with his finger till the casement was shut as far as the frame could then shut the window completely, and the catch would simply swing into its appointed groove.

"And now see something more. You and I both looked at the sill outside. It is a smooth new sill—the house itself is almost new; but probably you saw in one place a sharply marked pit or depression. Look, it seems to have been drilled with a sharp steel point. It was absolutely new, for there was the powder of the stone about the mark. The wind has since blown the powder away. Now if a man had descended from that sill by means of a rope with a hook at the end that was just the sort of mark I should expect him to leave behind. So that at any rate the balance of probability was that the murderer had left by the window. But there is another thing which confirms this. will remember that when Mrs. Beckle mentioned that the sheets were gone from the bed you concluded that they had been taken

to carry the swag."

"Yes, and so they were, as we have seen

here in the bundle."

"Just so; but why both sheets? One would be ample. And since you allude to

the bundle, why both sheets as well as the Indian shawl? This last, by the way, is a thing Mrs. Beckle seems not to have missed in the confusion, or perhaps she didn't know that Pullin possessed it. Why all these wrappings, and moreover, why the hook? The presumption is clear. The bundle was already made up in the Indian shawl and required no more wrapping. The two sheets were wanted to tie together to enable the criminal to descend from the window, and the hook was the very thing to hold this rope with at the top. It was not necessary to fie it to anything, and it would not prevent the shutting of the window behind. Moreover. when the descent had been made, a mere shake of the rope of sheets would dislodge the hook and bring it down, thus leaving no evidence of the escape—except the mark on the sill, which was very small.

"Then again, there was no noise or struggle Pullin, as you could see, was a powerful, hard-set man, not likely to allow his throat to be cut without a lot of trouble. therefore the murderer must either have entered the room unknown to him—an unlikely thing, for he had not gone to bed or else must have been there with his permission, and must have taken him by sudden surprise. And now we come to the heart of the thing. Of the two papers burnt in the grate—vou have kept them under the shade I see—one bore no trace of the writing that had been on it (many inks and papers do not after having been burnt), but the other bore plain signs of having been a cheque. Now just let us look at it. The main body of the paper has burnt to a deep gray ash, nearly black, but the printed parts of the cheque—those printed in coloured inks, that is—are of a much paler gray, quite a light ash colour. That is the colour to which most of the pink ink used in printing cheques burns, as you may easily test for yourself with an old cheque of the sort that is printed from a fine plate with water-solution pink ink. The black ink, on the other hand, such as the number of the cheque is printed in, has charred black, and by sharp eyes is quite distinguishable against the general dark gray of the paper. The cinder is unfortunately broken rather badly, and the part containing the signature is missing altogether. But one can plainly see in large script letters part of the boldest line of print, the name of the The letters are $e \ r \ n \ C \ o \ n \ s \ o$. and this must mean the Eastern Consolidated Bank. Of course you saw that for yourself." "Yes, of course I did."

"Fortunately the whole of the cheque number is unbroken. It is \$63777. course I took a note of that, as well as of the other particulars distinguishable. It is payable to Pullin, clearly, for here is the latter half of his Christian name, Abel, and the first few letters of Pullin. Then on the line where the amount is written at length there are the letters $u \circ a \circ n \circ d$ and $u \circ n \circ d \circ n$. Plainly it was a large cheque, for thousands. At the bottom, where the amount is placed in figures, there is a bad break, but the first figure is a 2. The cheque, then, was one for £2000 at least. And there is one more thing. The cinder is perfect and unbroken nearly all along the top edge, and there is no sign of crossing, so that here is an open cheque which any thief might cash with a little care. That is all we can see. but it is enough, I think. Now would a thief, committing murder for the sake of plunder, burn this cheque? Would Pullin. to whom the money was to be paid, burn it? I think not. Then who in the whole world would have any interest in burning it? Not a soul, with one single exception—the man who drew it."

"Yes, yes. What! do you mean that the man who drew that cheque must have murdered Pullin in order to get it back and

destroy it?"

"That is my opinion. Now who would draw Pullin a cheque for £2000? Anybody in this house? Is it at all likely? Of course not. Again, we are pointed to a stranger. And now remember Pullin's antecedents. On his last voyage but one his ship the *Eyret*, from Valparaiso for Wellington, New Zealand, was cast away on the Paumotu Islands, far out of her proper course. There was but a small crew, and, as it happened, all were lost except Pullin and one Kanaka boy. The Egret was heavily insured, and there were nasty rumours at Lloyd's that Captain Pullin had made sure of his whereabouts, taken care of himself, and destroyed the ship in collusion with the owners, and that the Kanaka boy had only escaped because he happened to be well acquainted with the islands. But there was nothing positive in the way of proof, and the underwriters paid, with no more than covert grumblings. And, as you remember, Mrs. Beckle told us yesterday Pullin on his return had no money. Now suppose the story of the intentional wreck were true, and for some reason Pullin's payment was put off till after his next voyage. Would the people who sent their men to death in

the Pacific hesitate at a single murder to save £2000? I think not.

"After I left you vesterday I made some particular inquiries at Lloyd's through a friend of mine, an underwriter himself. find that the sole owner of the Egret was one Herbert Roofe, trading as Herbert Roofe & Co. The firm is a very small one, as shipping concerns go, and has had the reputation for a long time of being very 'rocky' financially; indeed it was the common talk at Lloyd's that nothing but the wreck of the Egret saved Roofe from the Bankruptcy Court, and he is supposed now to be 'hanging on by his evelashes,' as my friend expresses it, with very little margin to keep him going, and in a continual state of touch-and-go between his debit and credit As to the rumours of the wilful casting away of the *Egret*, my friend assured me that the thing was as certain as anything could be, short of legal proof. There was something tricky about the cargo, and altogether it was a black sort of business. to complete things he told me that the bankers of Herbert Roofe & Co. were the Eastern Consolidated."

"Phew! This is getting pretty warm, I

must say, Mr. Hewitt."

"Wait a minute; my friend aided me a little further still. I told him the whole story—in confidence, of course—and he agreed to help. At my suggestion he went to the manager of the Eastern Consolidated Bank, whom he knew personally, and represented that among a heap of cheques one had got torn, and the missing piece destroyed. This was true entirely, except in regard to the heap—a little fiction which I trust my friend may be forgiven. The cheque, he said, was on the Eastern Consolidated, and its number was \$\frac{B}{K}63777\$. Would the manager mind telling him which of his customers had the cheque book from which that had been Trace of where the cheque had come from had been quite lost, and it would save a lot of trouble if the Bank could let him know. 'Certainly,' said the manager; 'I'll inquire.' He did, and presently a clerk entered the room with the information that cheque No. & 63777 was from a book in the possession of Messrs. Herbert Roofe & Co."

The inspector rose excitedly from his chair. "Come," he said, "this must be followed up. We mustn't waste time; there's no knowing where Roofe may have got to by this."

"Just a little more patience," Hewitt said. "I don't think there will be much difficulty in finding him. He believes him-

self safe. As soon as my friend told me what the Bank manager had said I went round to Roofe's office to ascertain his whereabouts, prepared with an excuse for the interview in case I should find him in It was a small office, rather, over a shop in Leadenhall Street. When I asked for Mr. Roofe the clerk informed me that he was at home confined to his room by a bad cold. and had not been at the office since Tuesday —the next day but one before the body was discovered. I appeared to be disappointed. and asked if I could send him a message. Yes, I could, the clerk told me. All letters were being sent to him, and he was sending business instructions daily to the office from Chadwell Heath. I saw that the address had slipped inadvertently from the clerk's mouth. for it is a general rule, I know, in city offices, to keep the principals' addresses from casual callers. So I said no more, but contented myself with the information I had got. I took the first opportunity of looking at a suburban directory, and then I found the name of Mr. Roofe's house at Chadwell Heath. It is Scarby Lodge."

"I must be off, then, at once," Truscott said, "and make careful inquiries as to his movements. And those cinders—bless my soul, they're as precious as diamonds now! How shall we keep them from damage?"

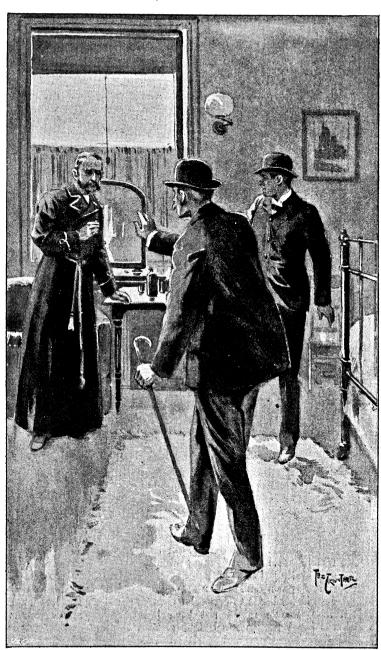
"Oh, the glass shade will do, I fancy. But wait a moment; let us review things thoroughly. I will run rapidly over what I suggest has happened between Roofe and Pullin, and you shall stop me if you see any flaw in the argument. It's best to make our impressions clear and definite. Now we will suppose that the Egret has been lost, and Pullin has come home to claim the reward of his infamy. We will suppose it is He goes to Roofe and demands £2000. Roofe says he can't possibly pay just then; he is very hard up, and the insurance money of the Egret has only just saved him from bankruptcy. Pullin insists on having his money. But, says Roofe, that is impossible, because he hasn't got it. A cheque for the amount would be dishonoured. The plunder of the underwriters has all been used to keep things going. Roofe says plainly that Pullin must wait for the money. Pullin can't reveal the conspiracy without implicating himself, and Roofe knows it. He promises to pay in a certain time, and gives Pullin an acknowledgment of the debt, an I O U, perhaps, or something of that kind, and with that Pullin has to be contented, and, having no money, he has to go away on another voyage, this time in a ship belonging to somebody else, because it would look worse than ever if Roofe gave

him another berth at once. He makes his vovage and he returns, and asks for his money again. But Roofe is as hard un as ever. He cannot pay, and he cannot refuse to pay. It is ruin either way. He knows that Pullin will stand no more delay, and may do something desperate. so Roofe does something desperate himself. He tells Pullin that he must not call at his office, nor must anybody see them together anywhere for fear of suspicion. He suggests that he. Roofe, should call at Pullin's lodgings late one night, and bring the money. Pullin is to let him in himself, so that nobody may see him. Pullin consents, and thus assists in the concealment of his own murder. He waits at the front door smoking his pipe (you remember that Mrs. Beckle told me so). waiting for Roofe. When Roofe comes Pullin takes him very quietly up to his room without attracting attention. Roofe, on his part, has prepared things by feigning a bad cold and going to bed early, going out perhaps through the window-when all

his household is quiet.
There are plenty of late trains from Chadwell
Heath that would bring him to Stratford.

"Well, when they are safely in Pullin's room Roofe hears the front door shut and

bolted, with all its squeaks and thumps, and decides that it won't be safe to go out that way after he has committed his crime. The



"'Stop, sir! Let me see that!"

men sit and talk, and Pullin drinks. Roofe doesn't. You will remember the bottle on the table, with only one glass. Roofe produces and writes a cheque for the £2000,



and Pullin hands back the I O U, which Roofe burns. *That* would be the lower of the two charred pieces of paper, which we have there with the other, but can't read.

"Then the crime takes place. Perhaps Pullin drinks a little too much. At any rate Roofe gets behind him, uses the sharp seaman's knife he has brought for the purpose, and straightway the skipper is dead at his feet. Then Roofe gets back the cheque and After that he ransacks the burns that. whole room. He fears there may be some documentary evidence, which, being examined, may throw some light on the Earet affair. Then he sets about his escape. To make the thing look like a murder for ordinary plunder, and at the same time account for the upset room, he takes away all the dead man's valuables tied in that shawl. He sees the hook—just the thing he wants—and of course the sheets are an obvious substitute for a rope. He takes away the door-key, to make it seem likely that somebody inside the house had been the criminal, and then he simply goes away through the window, as I have already explained. At 5.45 there would be a train to Chadwell Heath, and that would land him home early enough to enable him to regain his bedroom unobserved. After that he wisely maintains the pretence of illness for a day or two.

"I guessed that the things carried off would be in that ditch, for very simple reasons. I looked about the house, and the ditch seemed the only available hiding-place More, it was on the way to the station, the direction Roofe would naturally He would seize the very first opportunity of getting rid of his burden, for every possible reason. It was a nuisance to carry; he could not account for it if he were asked: and the further he carried it before getting rid of it the more distinct the clue to the direction he had taken, supposing it ever were found. The behaviour of some of the people in the house might have been suspicious, if I hadn't had so strong a clue in my hand, leading in another direction. Foster probably pawned all his clothes, and put those bricks in his boxes to conceal the fact, so that Mrs. Beckle might not turn him away. He owed her so much that at last he hadn't the face to go and eat her breakfast when he had no money to pay for it. He went out early, met friends, got 'stood' drinks and came back drunk. Probably he had been kind to the girl Taffs at some time or another, so that when she found he was suspected she refused to give any information."

"Yes," the inspector said, "it certainly seems to fit together. There's a future before you, Mr. Hewitt. But now I must go to Chadwell Heath. Are you coming?"

At Chadwell Heath it was found that a first-class return ticket to Stratford had been taken just before the 10.54 train left on the last night Abel Pullin was seen alive, and that the return half had been given up by a passenger who arrived by the first train soon after six in the morning. The porter who took the ticket remembered the circumstance, because first-class tickets were rare at that time in the morning, but he did not recognise the passenger, who was muffled up.

"But I think there's enough for an arrest without a warrant, at any rate," Truscott said. "I am off to Scarby Lodge. Can't

afford to waste any more time."

Scarby Lodge was a rather pretentious house. It was arranged that Truscott should wait aside till Hewitt had sent in a message asking to see Mr. Roofe on a matter of urgent business, and that then both should follow the servant to his room. This was done, and as the parlourmaid was knocking at the bedroom door she was astonished to find Hewitt and the police inspector behind her. Truscott at once pushed open the door and the two walked in.

It was a large room, and at the end a man sat in his dressing-gown near a table on which stood several medicine bottles. He frowned as Truscott and Hewitt entered, but betrayed no sign of emotion, carelessly taking one of the small bottles from the table. "What do you want here?" he said.

But it was too late. Before Truscott could reach him Roofe had swallowed the contents of the small bottle and, swaying once, dropped to the floor as though shot.

Hewitt stooped over the man. "Dead," he said, "dead as Abel Pullin. It is prussic acid. He had arranged for instant action if by any chance the game went against him."

But Inspector Truscott was troubled. "This is a nice thing," he said, "to have a prisoner commit suicide in front of my eyes. But you can testify that I hadn't time to get near him, can't you? Indeed he wasn't a prisoner at the time, for I hadn't arrested him, in fact."





OMMON objects of the London concert-room in fact.

What concert-goer does not know the sort of thing referred to?

There is that famous bust

of Beethoven, for instance, which figures so

bravely in front of the platform at all of the Philharmonic Society's concerts. This bust—or its original rather, for it is only a cast which is used at the concerts—has interesting history. Modelled by the famous Viennese sculptor, Schaller, in 1826, for one Carl Holz, an intimate friend of the master, it was purchased on his death by Frau Linzbauer, by whom, in turn, it was presented to the Philharmonic Society of London, who had assisted Beethoven so generously during his last illness. The likeness of the bust—to carry which to England Sir (then Mr.) William Cusins made a special

journey to Buda-Pesth—was pronounced by all acquainted with its great original to be extraordinarily good. Is it necessary to say how carefully it is treasured by its present possessors?

Another bust which does duty in this way is that of Richard Wagner, which is always displayed by Mr. Schulz-Curtius on the occasion of his excellent orchestral concerts

at the Queen's Hall. And here again the likeness of the departed master is said to be one of the best in existence. This bust, which is in bronze, is from the chisel of Professor Schafer of Berlin.

At the "Pops," no less famous than the Philharmonics, there are no busts. But year

after year one sees there countenances which seem to change hardly more.

There is Mr. Saunders for instance. "Who is Mr. Saunders?" What a question to ask! Compendiously speaking, Mr. Saunders is the "Pops" and the "Pops" are Mr. Saunders. All our eminent instrumentalists take part in the proceedings from time to time, and their services are welcomed. But at a pinch they can be dispensed with. Not so with those of Mr. Saunders. These are indispensable. In the case of the "Pops" there is a necessary man and his name is Saunders.

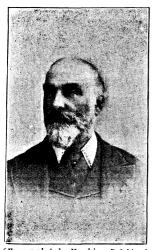
The "Pops" without Mr. Saunders—imagina-

Mr. Saunders—imagination staggers at the thought! It is dismal to think of the fate which must befall these famous concerts when Mr. Saunders retires. "He turned over music for thirty years without making one mistake!" What nobler testimony to human skill could man desire than this? Yet it is, or might be, Mr. Saunders' boast. What music this man has heard! What players he has listened to!



PROFESSOR SCHAFER'S BUST OF WAGNER.
(/rawn by Ernest Stomp.)

What comical little slips and blunders on the part of these great ones he has witnessed from time to time in the thirty years and



(From a photo by Hawkins, Brighton.)

MR. SAUNDERS.

more that he has been connected with the "Pops."

There was that notable occasion, for instance—and it must have been very long ago, for Sir Julius Benedict was playing the pian of ortewhen Dr. Joachim forgot his part and could not for the life of him recollect how to continue his solo. It was in a

Handel sonata. Joachim was playing without music, and without the least difficulty, until this particular passage was reached, when his memory for the moment completely failed him. Twice he tried to go on but twice in vain; then at the third attempt he got on the rails again and proceeded without further mishap. What cheering there must have been at the close! There is nothing like an accident of this sort to arouse the enthusiasm of your British audience.

Then there was that amusing episode in which Piatti, Janotha, and a gentleman unknown were the principal actors. Mendelssohn's "Tema con Variazioni" for 'cello and pianoforte was the piece on this occasion. Miss Janotha had brought the music with her. S-s-sh! The music has begun. Yes! No!—They have stopped. What is the matter? Cannot Piatti manage his part? Seemingly not. He has returned it to Miss Janotha. Then the reason became apparent. It was the violin instead of the 'cello arrangement which had been brought by mistake. There was nothing for it. The sonata must be abandoned, and Piatti accordingly was conducting his colleague down the steps again. When lo! A miracle! From on high, precipitated as by unseen hands, there descended the very score which was wanted.

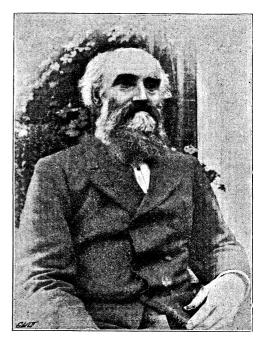
Of course the gentleman in the balcony was warmly thanked, and the performance completed by the aid of his music. But you

should hear Mr. Saunders tell the story to appreciate it.

To watch Mr. Saunders turning over—sometimes attending to the needs of two or more performers at one and the same time—is a priceless lesson in a delicate art, which is deserving of much more recognition than it usually receives. An iron nerve, unerring judgment, the deftest of fingers, and a complete grasp of the intricacies of musical form—with these attributes you may perchance become in time a successful practitioner of the craft; but it is more probable you never will. The great turner-over is born, not made. Mr. Saunders was born.

Then there is Mr. Newton. Monday after Monday during each recurring season sees Mr. Newton—whose face is as familiar to every "Poppite" as Joachim's or Piatti's—in his accustomed place on the right-hand side of the orchestra, as you face the platform; and there he has sat for more than twenty years.

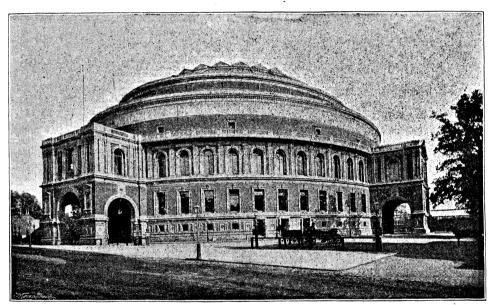
"There is an impression," writes this most inveterate of "Pop."-goers, "that I was cradled in St. James's Hall, and that I have never left its precincts; that I am in



MR. GEORGE E. NEWTON.

some way a sort of fixture, removed only for dusting and then replaced again; and that the days of my dwelling there stretch back to some apocryphal period, say the wanderings of the Israelites in the desert. In reality I am only a thing of yesterday, my attendances not yet having reached a quarter of a century. I first became a resident in London in 1873, and during the intervening twenty-three seasons—i.e., up to Christmas 1895—471 Monday "Pops" have been given, of which I have attended all save some five or six, when my absence was enforced by illness or some other cause."

Like Mr. Saunders, Mr. Newton recalls his "incidents." There was that time, for example, when Zerbini, accompanying Lady Hallé, overlooked a "repeat" and blundered delighted his rapt listeners by his wondrous powers? I have heard all the great players of the last twenty-five years but I have never realised the grandeur, the pathos, the poetry of certain compositions as I have when listening to his interpretation of them. No; as there is only one Lady Hallé, so also is there only one Joachim, and they are both peerless. Still the Olympian triumvirate is incomplete and lacks the name of Piatti—Piatti the inimitable! Vain effort to describe the undescribable, for he and his instrument speak a language whose surpassing sweetness is known to no other, and were I in such a strait, his would be the



From a copyright photo by]

THE ALBERT HALL, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

[F. Frith, Reigate.

gaily on for several bars till pulled up by an imperious tap from Lady Hallé's bow—or such at least is Mr. Newton's account of the episode. Another version, be it said in justice to the memory of Zerbini, ascribes the fault to Lady Hallé.

And what an enthusiast he is. "Is there room," he writes, "for two opinions as to the unapproachable merits of our quartet party, whether under the leadership of Joachim or Lady Hallé? The grace, the modesty, the dignity of the woman, the ineffable charm of her playing, her perfect sympathy with the composers she interprets, giving every smallest nuance with a grace and conscientiousness beautiful beyond words! And Joachim! How shall one speak adequately of one who for so many years has

strains I would choose to charm back my lost Eurydice."

And Mr. Newton is only one of many such devoted attendants time after time to be witnessed at the "Pops." As he himself puts it, "It is surprising how few of the familiar countenances of twenty-three years ago are absent to-day. Earl Dudley, Sir Alexander Cockburn—the little cloaked figure so familiar to all—Robert Browning, G. H. Lewes, George Eliot, Lady Revelstoke, Mr. Freer, and other once regular listeners at these concerts have passed away, but the blanks which time has made are so few that the audiences still are almost as they then were."

From the "Pop." habitues and players to some of the instruments used by the latter is an easy transition. It is a striking fact that

all of the string instruments in regular use at the "Pops" are Strads.

Lady Hallé's fiddle, dated 1709, is an



From a photo by]

MR. LOUIS RIES.

 $\Gamma Russell.$

instrument which formerly belonged to Ernst, the famous virtuoso. Ernst's widow sold it for £500. It came into Lady Hallé's hands as a gift from the Duke of Edinburgh, the late Earl of Dudley, and the late Lord Hardwicke, who, charmed by her playing on it, clubbed together to make her a present of the instrument.

Joachim, as becomes the king of violinists, has no less than four of these precious creations. One he lends to Señor Arbos; one, dated 1715, was presented to him by his English admirers on the occasion of his jubilee; and the remaining two, his favourites—one of which came from Buda-Pesth and the other from the well-known connoisseur, Mr. Daniel Mayer—he carries about in a double case of special construction and plays on regularly.

Piatti's 'cello—which has been dubbed by some the "red 'cello," by reason of its ruddy varnish—dates from the year 1720. Here again, as in Lady Halle's case, the instrument was received by the great player as a gift from an admirer, General Oliver, who gave £350 for it. To-day it is said it

would fetch nearer £1050 if it came into the market. Not that this fate is likely to befall it for some time, for Piatti has not the least intention of selling an instrument for which he possesses an affection and displays a solicitude only to be described as parental.

Of the other regular "Pop." players, Mr. Gibson some time ago became the possessor of an exceedingly fine viola, dated 1728, which he obtained from Mr. Hart; while Mr. Louis Ries (whose position as the actual doyen of Mr. Chappell's artists is sometimes overlooked) also plays on an instrument (186 years old) from the workshop of the greatest of all the old Cremona masters. It may be mentioned here, by the way, that Mr. Ries has only been absent on two occasions—on Monday, November 27, 1893, and on the following Saturday—when influenza claimed him for its own—since the founding of the Popular Concerts. A truly remarkable record.

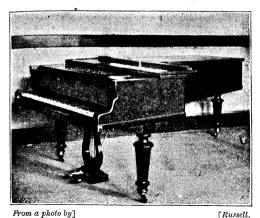
Paderewski's piano is another famous instrument which may be mentioned here. It may not be generally known that this great player always uses the same piano—in England at least. This is an Erard, the case and decorations of which, in the style of Louis XVI, would alone swallow up the cost of half a dozen ordinary pianos. The instrument is said to be by a long way the most expensive ever used for concert purposes. Internally, of course, it is no different from the best of Messrs. Erard's other grands.

Paderewski, it may be added, not only has his own piano but his own special tuner, in the person of Mr. Honey, who enjoys moreover the further distinction of being the



M. PADEREWSKI'S GRAND PIANOFORTE.

tuner who is always despatched by Messrs. Erard to attend to the Queen's pianos. Every time he plays, Paderewski has his piano tuned beforehand, and Mr. Honey always does it. The seat Paderewski uses is hardly less remarkable than his piano. Its

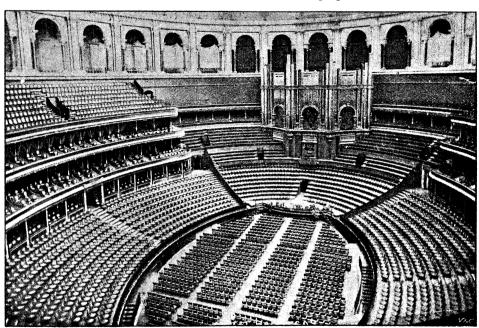


THE LATE ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S PIANOFORTE.

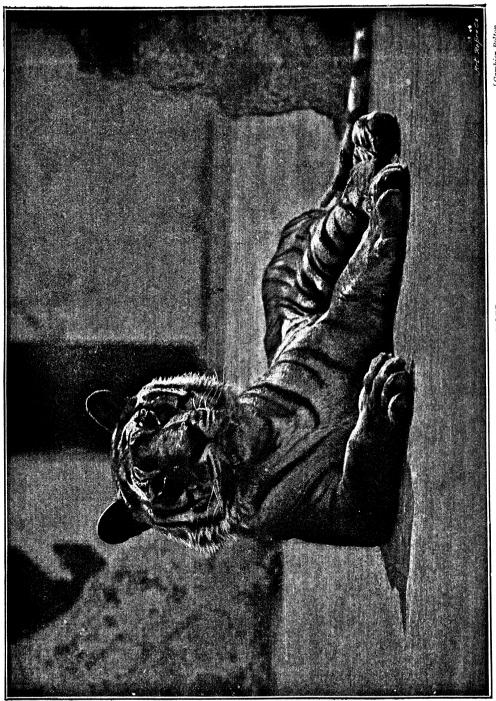
chief characteristics are its extraordinary weight, solidity, and lowness. Paderewski sits lower at the piano than any other well-known player, the exact height of his seat from the ground being 16½ inches. Further, unlike many of his rivals, Paderewski never shifts his seat a fraction of an inch after he has once begun playing. The piano on which Rubinstein played during his appearance in London in 1857 is also in Messrs. Erard's possession.

At the Albert Hall there is one feature which is safe to attract the attention of every visitor—the gigantic velarium or canvas canopy which hangs from the roof.

Were it absent the acoustic properties of the hall would be very different from what they are, though, as it happens, it had no place in the original design of the building. When the hall was first tested after its completion, but before the scaffolding had been removed from the interior, its acoustic properties were generally agreed to be perfect. Afterwards, however, when the scaffolding had been taken down, the result was very different. The reverberations were terrible. while when any percussive instruments were used the rattling of the glass roofs overhead -there are two of them—made matters still So the architect—the late Gen H. D. Scott, R.E.—the late Sir Henry Cole. Mr. R. Wentworth Cole, and others put their heads together and the present velarium was constructed. The wires which have been stretched across the interior of the hall from side to side were the suggestion of Mr. E. Power, who put them up at his own expense, the same idea having been previously applied in the case of Gloucester Cathedral, where the stretching of some stout worsted across the nave from wir dow to window effected similar improvements in the acoustic properties.



THE INTERIOR OF THE ALBERT HALL.



A WAR-BALLOON TRIP.

BY CAPTAIN HERBERT C. PRICHARD.

Illustrated from photographs taken by the Author.



N the autumn of 1894 it fell to my lot to make the longest and perhaps best run of the season in one of the Aldershot war-balloons. The date was October 3, and anyone

who happened to note down the weather on that day will see that it was a gray day with a fair amount of wind of a rather gusty and threatening type.

Before starting we sent up a couple of pilot balloons, or ballons d'essai, as the French call them. These are small balloons, about

2 feet high, which rise rapidly, and show the exact direction of the upper wind and currents, and enable one to make a good forecast of the probable line of country.

Having carefully "set" a large

THAMES FLOODED NEAR COOKHAM.
(Taken at a height of 1350 feet, when balloon was going at thirty miles an hour.)

map on the ground, I quickly laid off the exact direction, and committed myself to the opinion that we should go in the direction of Maidenhead, Leighton Buzzard and Bedford. "Never prophesy unless you know" is a sound rule of life, but practically I knew, and the risk of proving a false prophet was not great, as the reader will see.

A few words to describe the balloon before we start. Its capacity was 10,000 cubic feet, which, from a civilian aeronaut's point of view, is small; but then the gas used was hydrogen, the lightest known and consequently the most buoyant. The balloon itself was not of silk—of which material everyone tells one that all balloons are made—but of ox-bladders laid on from five to seven thicknesses. An ingenious system of strapping serves to localise the effects of tears or rents and so minimise the risk of splitting. The whole is covered by a net which ends in

a loop. To this loop is attached by wooden toggles the six short stout ropes which carry the car—a stout basket about 5 feet long, 3 feet wide and 3 feet deep, in which two men can just sit comfortably facing one another. At the top of the balloon is the gas-valve, opened by means of a valve-line, which, running straight through the centre of the balloon, comes out at the bottom or petticoat. The flying end of this line is made fast to one of the car ropes in a position handy for use.

The principal gear carried consists of

grapnel and grapnel rope. knife in sheath, fieldglass, aneroid to read 10,000 feet, thermometer,' compass, maps and ballast (sand). Shortly after eleven o'clock we had all ready. As I said before. the wind was

So much gusty and rather threatening. was this the case that both Captain H. B. Jones, R.E. (who was in charge), and I, his sole companion, had fears lest Colonel Templer, the father of the Balloon School, might think discretion the better part of valour, and bid us "wait on the morrow." Whether or no he had any doubts we never knew, as the sergeant-major, finding that we had exactly the right "lift," quietly let the balloon glide off, as imperceptibly as the lamented Mr. Bardell glided out of this world to seek that repose which a custom-house could never afford—and then a Divisional Order itself could not have stopped us.

Steadily and quickly we rose, making due north, and leaving (time 11.25) the camp, which soon looked like a town, made on a large scale with children's bricks, and laid out with faultless precision, exactly as Mrs. Ewing describes it in her "Story of a Short Life." Passing over Farnborough, with its

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easily recognised network of railways, we cross, ten minutes after starting, a quite extensive looking town. which for the minute, at a height of 1670 feet, I failed to One look however reveals the recognise. Staff College exactly below us, and no second look is needed to identify the place where I did "two years' hard "as we used to say. Directly after this we run into dense gray cloud, and can distinguish nothing clearly till we pass over Bracknell at 11.45. Twenty minutes later we see the Thames ahead, all the more distinct from being in flood, and at 12.10 cross it, about one mile east of Cookham. The photograph on the preceding page gives a good idea of the river, and more particularly of the extent of the floods.

So far we have been at an average height



LEIGHTON BUZZARD, ONE-AND-A-HALF MILES FROM THE SOUTH.

(Taken at a height of 2450 feet.)

of about 1400 feet, and it is astonishing how plainly one can see and hear at that height—see people abandoning their work, apparently without a pang, and hear them shouting up, "Who are you?" "Where have you come from? Where are you going?" "Come down and have a drink," etc. The number of friends one has when in a balloon is a revelation. One seems to have no enemies, and in fact to be beyond and above all the little trumpery trials of life, and to feel with Jackanapes' grandfather that "we needn't be so bitter after all."

At 12.15 we passed over High Wycombe, and shortly afterwards suspect we are falling as the air is becoming cooler. Our suspicions are confirmed by throwing a scrap of newspaper overboard. As it appears to

fly up we know we are falling, and that fast. so sprinkle out seven handfuls of sand as a sort of propitiatory offering to the demon of gravity below. At first no result: but touching 670 feet we find, again by a friendly scrap of paper, that we are rising. The aneroid now races round, and in ten minutes registers 2200 feet. As there is no object in going too high, and every reason for wishing to be able to see the country below, we give a tug at the valveline, but continue to rise till the aneroid shows 2550 feet. Determined not be beaten we give several short tugs at the valve-line. and part with enough gas to cause us to drop to 1000 feet by 12.50; but the expansion of gas, caused by the sun having come out, is again too much for us, and as we pass over Leighton Buzzard, at 12.55, we

notice we are once more

steadily rising.

A little south of the town I get a second snap-shot with my Eclipse camera, but find afterwards that I have hardly selected wisely, as the result shows a very ordinary picture,

hardly worth taking.

Another ten minutes and we are up again at 2450 feet, and now I get a shot at a very beautiful shadow of our balloon on the clouds below. The scene is fine in the extreme. Far as the eye can reach a vast billowy sea of snow-white cumulus clouds, absolutely glittering in the bright sunshine, the only relief the dark shadow of our balloon, relieved itself in its

turn by a curious silver halo.

Here and there we sail across a great rent in the clouds through which we see the neat English fields (a Canadian girl once asked me whether they weren't all dusted very early by a housemaid) shining bright green in the rays of brilliant sunshine. Still slightly rising, we sail at a rate of forty-one miles an hour, heading north by east. I may here pause to mention that the motion in a balloon running free is so perfect as to almost defy detection. Writing on one's knee is as easy as it would be in a drawing-room, and of draughts there

At the moment that I am asking Captain Jones whether we are not becalmed, we are really going thirty-eight miles an hour, as

we tell by subsequent observations. At. 1.10 we pass a church, about three miles south of Bedford, whose tower stands fifty vards from its west wall, and ten minutes later cross, at a height of 2850 feet, directly over Bedford, a town built on more or less mathematically correct lines. Again the box of bricks idea comes irresistibly to one's mind. It is now that Captain Jones shows the old soldier, or rather the old sailor. as he savs we are easting too much, for unluckily the higher wind (in which we are) is S.S.W., and visions of having to eventually shorten our trip to prevent drifting into the Wash seem likely to be realised. Captain Jones had noticed however that the lower wind, some 1000 feet below, was south, with only a little west

in it - a direction which promised far better for the prolongation of our trip. Accordingly we give the valve-line several short steady pulls, enough to counteract the bright sunshine, the warmth of which is expanding the gas and driving us ever upwards. This is at 1.25 p.m., when the aneroid readsnearly 3000 Steadily we fall, and by 2 p.m. are only 300 feet from the ground, and as a large town is visible some three miles ahead we throw out a little ballast, but with niggardly hand.

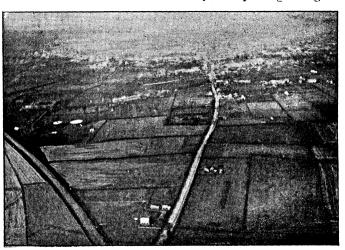
At 2.10 we pass rather more than a mile east of Peterborough, at a height of

only 900 feet, and the air being clear, have a splendid view—roads, railways, houses, gardens, all are laid out like a map—and further off, where the houses seem to jostle each other, we see well and clearly the famous cathedral. A scene like this must be seen from a balloon to be realised, the extraordinary distinctness of the details of the landscape, which glides so steadily from under one, being striking to a degree.

My fourth and last plate I dedicate to this view, and I think my reader will agree that the result is good. Nothing particular happens for the next hour, except that we run off our ordnance map, and are reduced to using a Bradshaw map, which is all too small for the purpose, and that we creep up again to over 2000 feet, down again to 1000, and up again to 2650 feet. A little before

three o'clock we pass two miles west of Boston. This is a great relief, as we had much feared passing over, or even east of it, which would have meant a speedy descent to avoid the sea. Seeing how well our drop into the lower current had answered our expectations, this would have been very disappointing.

The sun still brightly shining, continues to expand the gas, and makes us rise more rapidly than we wish, seeing that the matter of a final descent will soon be the allabsorbing question of the moment. At ten minutes past three we are at an elevation of 2600 feet, and the sea is now within reasonable distance, although not in sight, owing to the haze so common towards the end of a fine October day. A prolonged tug at



PETERBOROUGH, FROM THE EAST. (Taken at a height of 900 feet, when balloon was going at thirty-eight miles an hour.)

the friendly valve-rope eases the strain of the expanding gas, and in ten minutes we drop some 2000 feet. It is exactly half past three when we pass a large town to our left, which from our Bradshaw map we take to be Louth. Inquiry from our numerous unknown friends below confirms this view, as it also confirms our suspicions that we have been, so to speak, "going the pace." In fact we have come from Boston, twenty-six miles off, in thirty-five minutes—a rate of forty-five miles an hour.

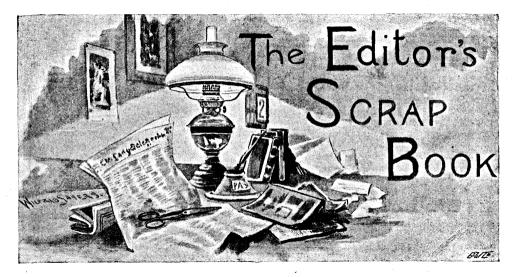
It is high time now to look out for a good place to land, and this is not difficult (although we happen to be again at nearly 2000 feet), as the country is very open, and rises gently to our front. Selecting a large ploughed field, and letting the grapnel run down the grapnel rope, we take our first

bump, and although still going nearly thirty miles an hour, feel but little shock, as we lift our feet off the bottom of the car. hanging for the moment by our arms to the ropes above, and so letting the car itself take the shock. With ever decreasing speedthanks to the grapnel which is trailing along the plough, jumping and hopping the furrows, and tugging lustily at the balloon-we skim along and take a high hedge in first-class racing style. In this hedge the grapnel decides to stay, a decision which is communicated to us by a jerk, which leaves no doubt in our minds that we have run our For a minute or so the balloon recourse. sists, and then accepting its fate with a good grace, alights quietly enough on the ground.

For the moment one's temptation is to jump triumphantly out, but luckily one knows too well what it means to the "other fellow." The sudden loss of eleven stone would of course make the balloon rise with a rush, tear the grapnel out of the hedge, and the abandoned comrade would find himself in a very few minutes 10,000, 12,000. perhaps 20,000 feet up, and in this case, to make matters worse, well out to sea, with little or no chance of making land. temptation however is not yielded to, and friendly help arrives in the shape of a farm labourer. At first he declines to touch the uncanny thing, but others coming up, we persuade them to hold the car down whilst one of us jumps out, drags down the top of the balloon, so that it lies on its side, unscrews the crown, and so lets the gas escape freely. Then we roll up the whole, neatly pack everything, except the metal crown of the gas valve, into the car, and, thanks to the friendly offices of Mr. Motley, of Covenham, St. Bartholomew, start in a country cart for a seven miles drive into Louth, to catch the 5.20 for London.

The fare for so unexpectedly long a journey takes all our available cash, except a solitary florin, which we unluckily have to expend in a tip. It is now that the fact that we do not happen to have lunched intrudes itself on our minds, and as the train steams off we hold a council of war as to how best to victual ourselves. The next stop is at Boston, and here I dash out, and in a few pathetic words melt the stationmaster's heart, and get a small cheque cashed. All now is peace and content, and between and 10 p.m. we steam into King's Cross, lodging the balloon in the cloak room, to the manifest astonishment of the usually imperturbable clerk. We leave the station with no other sign of our aerial trip than the metal crown of the balloon, which, being of rather delicate make, we prefer to carry. Probably not one in a thousand guesses what it is. So feeling like a belated plumber and his mate, we push on, thanking our stars that plumbers are not here, as in America, regarded as public enemies to be shot at sight. At least that is the conclusion I have always drawn from the tale of the American householder, who, hearing someone in his house at night, rushed to the top of the stairs with his six-shooter, but on hearing a scared voice say, "Don't shoot; I'm only a burglar!" rejoined, "Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought you were the plumber," and went back to bed and slept soundly. And this last was exactly what we did, sleeping none the less soundly for our free run of 152 miles in four hours and twenty minutes.





MAY 1, 1896.

HIS is the month of the muse of poetry. If you compare the number of poems inspired by May with those dedicated to chill December or windy March you will find that "the merry, merry month" has as large a majority in its favour as the Government.

When April steps aside for May, Like diamonds all the raindrops glisten; Fresh violets open every day; To some new bird each hour we listen.

Of course May does not always live up to this reputation, for sometimes "Winter lingering chills the lap of May." But be the weather good or bad the doors of Burlington House and Exeter Hall are kept swinging while tens of thousands cross each threshold with a regularity that defies even a snowstorm. The two crowds resemble each other in more than one characteristic. At Burlington House there are pictures "on the line"; at Exeter Hall there are men. To be conspicuous does not always imply merit at either establishment. From all parts of the country there come daily streams of visitors to town. In every restaurant you may witness the suspicious old lady who never takes soup unless she knows what is in it. The wit of the 'bus conductor has ample play, and the wisdom of the policeman equal opportunity. The cabman, paid in threepenny-pieces, can once again retort: "Scuse me, ma'am, but whose missionary-box have you been robbing?" Once again we shall hear those interesting and gratuitous comments on art at the Royal Academy, and the conscientious marking of catalogues will go on as before with the serious air of creating State documents. I remember a story of two ladies gazing long at a picture of a boy in bed eating an orange while his mother repaired his only trousers. The canvas was entitled "His only Pair." One lady said indignantly to the other: "I don't call that a pear at all; it's an orange!" And most of us have heard as curious remarks at Burlington House.

A CHILD on being shown the picture of "Daniel in the Lion's Den" burst into tears.

"Don't grieve, pet," said the mother; "he was not devoured."

"I'm not crying for that," was the reply; "but do you see that little lion in the corner, mamma? Well I'm afraid he won't get any, for Daniel is so small, he won't go round."



A Bishop's little granddaughter was a guest at a tea-party where the rector's children were boasting of their possessions. Said Dorothea: "I have a hen which lays an egg every day."

"That's nothing," exclaimed the bishop's grand-daughter. "My grandpa laid a foundation-stone yesterday!"



AUNT CLARA: How many commandments are there, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE (glibly): Ten.

AUNT CLARA: And now, suppose you were to break one of them?

JOHNNIE (tentatively): Then there'd be nine.



Now the timid, doubting suitor, By Professor Röntgen's art, May, before he speaks, discover If she has a marble heart.



DEAN STANLEY used to relate that a gentleman once called to tell him that he had been into the Abbey and had knelt down to pray, when the verger had come up to him and told him he must not kneel there. On asking why not, the verger had said: "Why sir, if I was once to allow it we should have them praying all over the place." This recalls the gentleman visiting a church and asking the sexton whether people ever used it for private prayer, to which he replied: "I ketch'd two of 'em at it once."

A DAY-DREAM OF DICKENS. By G. B. M. Port.

"A MERE series of adventures in which the scenes are ever changing, and the characters come and go, like the men and women we encounter in the real world."

I threw the book upon the table, and closing my eyes, leaned back in my easy-chair, while once again, through the field of my imagination, swept a long train of characters created by the

great master.

I was aroused from my reverie by a knock at the door, and a servant entered, bearing a note, which she handed to me. To my surprise I seemed to have seen the self-same note before, in some previous stage of my existence—which was hardly possible; still, I recognised it. It was sealed in bronze wax with the top of a door-key.

"Of course, from Mr. John Smauker," I ejaculated, tearing it open; but it wasn't, for to my intense surprise and gratification I read

as follows :--

"Queen Square, Wednesday night.

"Dear Sir,—Hearing by chance that you have just arrived, I hasten to give you welcome. You are indeed an acquisition. Bath is honoured. It being one of our hebdomadal reunion nights, I have ventured to enclose a ticket of admission to the Assembly Rooms, and as (should you favour us with your distinguished presence) you will have no time to spare I have ordered a chair to wait upon you in half an hour's time.—I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

"ANGELO CYRUS BANTAM, M.C."

"Good gracious!" I cried. "Why, the chair must be at the door now!" and rushing out I discovered it. It was an old-fashioned sedan chair, borne by one short fat chairman and one long thin one.

"Come, look sharp, timber eyelids!" was their somewhat rude remark as I appeared, and without exactly knowing how I found myself in the chair on my way to the Rooms. They were the same old Rooms which we all remember, notwithstanding the fact that the ball-room, the long card-room, and the octagonal card-room had been thrown into one, forming an immense saloon in which twenty dining tables were placed, each having covers laid for four, and at the time of my entrance most of them were taken by people whose faces seemed familiar to me. I had hardly entered the room when, amid a puff of subtle perfume, a well-known figure approached—it was the Master of the Ceremonies.

"Welcome to Ba-ath, sir," said he bowing.
"When you last drank the waters you will remember that our reunions were rendered peculiarly bewitching by their exclusiveness—the tradespeople having an amalgamation of themselves at the Guildhall every fortnight. But we have had to march with the times, sir, and at present

all that is changed.

"High and low, rich and poor, you will find all orders represented here. Still, I do my best to classify them, and the result is, as I think you will admit, re-markable. Deign to walk this way and you will observe the different tables.

"No. 1," continued my affable companion— "'Charity': the Brothers Cheeryble, Mr. Pickwick, Mr. John Jarndyce."

Dear old boys! I felt inclined to hug them, but refrained, and drawing nearer was just in time to hear Mr. Pickwick concluding a description of some of the scenes in the Fleet. He seemed much affected by his story, for I noticed that four large tears were running down his waistcoat, while Mr. Jarndyce muttered that the wind had again gone round to the east. As for the Brothers Cheeryble, they were quite overcome, and as I passed on I heard them order a magnum of the double diamond as a restorative.

"Table No. 2—'Joviality': We have here," said Mr. Bantam, "a somewhat different group, of less intrinsic merit perhaps, but still good in its way." He took a pinch of "Prince's Mixture" and continued: "Mr. Alfred Jingle, Mr. Bob Sawyer, and the Bagman's uncle, presided over by the watchful eye appertaining to Wilkins Micawber."

What a table! With great reluctance I tore myself away from contemplation of these old friends and followed the Master of the Ceremonies

to the third group.

"'Vivacity," said Angelo Cyrus, indicating a quartette consisting of Mr. Dick, Mr. Toots, Miss

Flite and Mr. F.'s aunt.

At this table alone did I see any sign of discord. At the moment of our approach poor Mr. Dick was in an exceedingly agitated state, for Mr. F.'s aunt had just informed him, with reference to Mr. Toots, that she hated a fool. While Miss Flite, catching my eye, placed her finger to her lip and archly murmured, in an explanatory manner, "A little m——, you know."

"'Hilarity," said Mr. Bantam, passing to the next table. "Here we have a group of familiar faces—the Wellers, father and son, Dick Swiveller

and Mark Tapley.'

"Between you and me," added the M.C., "the others rather object to Mr. Tapley's presence at their table. They say that he is not sufficiently good company, and I sometimes think that they are right. Table No. 5," he continued—"'Puerility': Mr. Turveydrop, Mr. Skimpole, Mr. Jack Malden, Mr. Mantalini." The four celebrities were, in a languid manner, discussing the pleasures of the table.

"For my part," said Mr. Turveydrop, "I usually make a habit of taking my frugal meal at the

French house in the Opera Colonnade."

"All I ask," broke in Mr. Skimpole, "is to be allowed to live. Some people want legs of beef or mutton for their breakfasts; I do not."

"I hardly ever take breakfast," said Mr. Jack

Malden; "I find it bores me."

"Especially if one is eating a demnition egg," said Mr. Mantalini.

"No. 6—'Servility,'" said my conductor: "Mr. Pecksniff, Mr. Stiggins, Mr. Chadband and Uriah Heep—re-markable!"

The last-named gentleman was seated on the extreme edge of his chair furtively drying his hands on the tablecloth, while Mr. Pecksniff was beginning: "My friends, as we unfold the festive napkin, let us consider ——," when he was interrupted by Mr. Chadband, who rose with smoking

head and stretched out his hand; but ere I could catch any of the pearls of wisdom which doubtless fell from his lips my guide seized me by the arm

and hurried me on to the next table.
"'Inscrutability," said he. "Lady Dedlock, the second Mrs. Dombey, Miss Rosa Dartle and

Mr. Tulkinghorn."

There they sat, each wrapped in a mantle of secrecy, each still playing a part, and seemingly careless that the others were aware of the fact. The chilly atmosphere surrounding this table became if possible intensified as we passed on to the next, Mr. Bantam whispering-

"'Frigidity': Sir Leicester Dedlock and Mr. Dombey. I am sorry to say," continued the M.C., "that I have so far been unable to find a couple worthy of filling up this table. Can you make any suggestion?"

I was deep in thought when a loud titter from

the next table attracted my attention.

"What do you call that table?" I inquired. "I seem to know one face, but the others are strangers to me."

"It's been took off-at the Salwanners-over in America, where the war is."

"We now," said Mr. Bantam, "turn to the left-hand side. You will observe at these four tables 'Simplicity,' as represented by Captain Cuttle, Tom Pinch, Tim Linkinwater and Thomas Traddles of the Inner Temple; 'Fidelity,' by Peggotty, Wickens, Susan Nipper and Job Trotter; and two other groups which, unimportant as they may seem, are not without interest. They are typical of neglected childhood, and, as you will perceive, consist of Florence Dombey, David Copperfield. Little Nell and Caddy Jellyby on the one part, and Charley, the Marchioness, Joe, and the Dolls' dressmaker on the other.

"Farther on, four other tables constitute what would be termed a chamber of horrors, were such a thing possible in Ba-ath: 'Pugnacity,' represented by Sairey Gamp, Betsey Prig, Mrs, Pipchin and Sally Brass. 'Rapacity': Sir Mulberry Hawk, Mr. Montague Tigg, M. Rigaud and Mr. Ralph Nickleby. 'Brutality': Fagin, Quilp, Squeers and Jonas Chuzzlewit; and 'Felinity'



"'Risibility," said my guide. "The gentleman you know is Mr. Peter Magnus, and the others are friends of his. I fear I shall be compelled to change their table, for their unrestrained mirth annoys Sir Leicester. You see, Mr. Magnus' friends are so very easily amused. Next," continued my cicerone, "you will observe the last table of the side-'Vacuity': Mr. Bumble, Mr. Silas Wegg, Old Joe Willet and Captain Jack Bunsby."

This quartette seemed absolutely heedless of my

presence, and continued stolidly eating.

"Can it be possible," said I, waiting until, during a pause, the immortal revolving eye came in my direction—"can it be possible that I at length behold the commander of the Cautious Clara?

"Ay, ay, shipmet," replied a hoarse voice.
"Which? Whereby? If so? Why not? Can a man say more? No. Awast then!"

Gratified at having obtained speech with the sage, I was passing on my way when my arm was touched by Mr. Willet, who, directing my attention to Silas Wegg's wooden limb, observedSir John Chester and Mr. Carker. Here again," continued Mr. Bantam, "I have been unable to

fill the two remaining seats."

"But whose are those four shadowy forms over there?" I inquired, to change the subject, while M. Rigaud's moustache went up under his nose, and his nose came down over his moustache. "They seem more like ghosts than substantial beings," I added,

"They are ghosts," said Angelo Cyrus; "phantoms of the imagination. They are Miss Elizabeth, Master George, Aunt Jane and Uncle Parker."

"And one table appears to be vacant," said I,

pointing to the twentieth.

"Yes," said Mr. Bantam, gravely bowing towards it, "that is placed in honour of the giver of the feast, and at the head you will perceive the empty chair.

"And now," he added after a short pause, " what do you think of my arrangement of the guests?"

"My dear sir," I replied, and I seized his hand and shook it with such vigour that I awoke shivering in my room at home.

A CERTAIN duke, on meeting a labourer of his. said-

"I regret to have to dispense with your services, as there is not, I believe, sufficient work for all."

Upon hearing this the man innocently remarked-

"Faith, your grace, there is no necessity to dismiss me on account of scarcity of work, as very little would keep me busy." His ready reply amused the duke, who gave instructions for his retention.



KINGLAKE, the author of "Eothen," was afflicted with gout, and he had a fancy to try a lady doctor. He wrote to one to ask if gout was beyond her scope. She replied: "Dear sir, gout is not beyond my scope, but men are."



IT was Kinglake who uttered one of the neatest of mots on the peculiar character of the Times. He had little fondness for that journal, in spite of personal friendships, which might have been expected to soften his view of the question. The paper was still to him a sort of Juggernaut, irresistible and fateful. On seeing an announcement of the new editor's marriage, he exclaimed: "Heavens! that brings the Times into relations with humanity."

Some time ago I read a little anecdote of Longfellow which illustrated his love for children It seems that one little fellow in particular was fond of spending his time in the great poet's library. One day, after a long and patient perusal of the titles (to him great, cumbersome works) that lined the shelves, the little chap walked up to Longfellow and asked, in a grieved sort of way-

"Haven't you got a 'Jack the Giant-Killer'?" Longfellow regretted to say that in all his immense library he had not a copy.

The little chap looked at him in a pitving way

and silently left the room.

The next morning he walked in with a couple of pennies tightly clasped in his chubby fist, and laying them down told the poet that he could now buv a "Jack the Giant-Killer" of his own.



An optimist is a man who is happy when he's miserable, and a pessimist is a man who is miserable when he's happy.

An old man and his wife were last summer on a steamer between Blackpool and the Isle of Man. As the sea was rather rough and the old woman unaccustomed to sailing, she said to her husband:

"O John, this ship is going down!"
"Well, never mind," said her husband, "it isn't ours!"



LADY BELVERTON'S SECRET.

By Guy Boothry.*

Illustrated by Jessie Caudwell.

"Auspicium melioris aevi." (Motto of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.)



dear," said pretty Mrs. Belverton, the third cleverest woman in Australia, as she lowered the window-blind of her brougham on the way

home from the Bishop's Court garden party, "I've been thinking."

"And how does the result affect me?" asked her husband, who understood his wife's "Do we give the Otway-Belton couple



"She laid her hand on his arm."

silver entrée dishes and our best wishes, or apostle spoons and serviette rings?"

"Don't be silly! I've been thinking that a man of your ability is utterly wasted in a little pettifogging colony like this."

"My dear, isn't that a trifle severe? You have evidently forgotten our Premier, our Parliament, our policy, and our public debt."

"The engines of the Great Eastern in a sardine box, my love. Only listen to me and you shall have something better than all four."

* Copyright, 1895, by Guy Boothby.

"I am all attention, Mrs. Belverton, What

do you propose?"

"I propose," said she, ticking off the items with her card-case on the handle of her parasol, "four things. Three passages in the Austral for London, a house and etceteras. say, Prince's Gate or thereabouts: Eton for Charlie when he's old enough, and a really good club for a man who is silly enough not to appreciate the value of his wife's society."

"Very pretty and nice, given one thing."

"And pray what is that?"

"The one essential to all the rest—

monev."

"I have included that in my cal-I propose adding £3000 culations. a year to your present income. On £4000 we might do anything."

"Admirable woman! And what am I to do to bring about this desirable

result?"

"Obey me in everything; do nothing until I tell you, and then work with your whole heart and soul. Above all, learn to speak well on the spur of the moment, and at other times to hold vour tongue."

"Is that all?"

"At present; if I think of anything further I will tell you. Is it to be a bargain?"

"Most decidedly, I am both your husband and your humble servant.

"Then, my dear, as we are going straight home you may seal it with a kiss, but don't crumple my bonnet."

Mrs. Belverton was in no sense a woman's woman, otherwise she was almost equal to that adorable creature

Mrs. Thomas Wyndham Guilfoy, for she possessed all the other's wonderful knack of summing up character and nearly all her talent of understanding and making the most of her opportunities; but she lacked tact with her own sex and through that she came once very near making a serious mistake. That, however, does not concern us.

Official life in Australia, you must understand, presents boundless chances of advancement if only one is capable of appropriating them. As there flows under the dry sand of Queensland river beds a continuous stream of crystal water only waiting to be tapped, so



"'Did I act as you wished-what do you think?"

under the surface of our officialdom runs an unending supply of choicest pickings for men gifted with the power of seizing them.

Mrs. Belverton came of a family famous for its clear-headedness, and diplomacy of any kind was as the breath of her nostrils. She married William Belverton because she could see beneath his surface a decided though undirected ambition which by careful manipulation might be made to take active shape. She it was who first suggested his entering the House of Assembly, where he had proved himself a useful member.

Faithful to his promise he waited for his wife's instructions before attempting anything on his own account.

She was lying low for a fitting opportunity that came even sooner than she expected.

Driving home from a dinner party one night she laid her hand on her husband's arm and said solemnly—

"Will, the time has come; to-morrow you must set to work."

"Very well, my dear," he answered; but what am I to work at?"

It would take too long to give her exact reply, but summed up it was to this effect—

She began by pointing out the terrible financial condition of the colony at that

time, both regarding its credit abroad and the effect at home. She spoke of the gambling mania that was overwhelming it. She portrayed in vivid colours the miseries of a thousand families through ill-judged speculation, and finally she wound up with a sketch of the horrors that would inevitably come with the bursting of the land bubble, to be met by a bankrupt treasury and a disorganised community.

Apart from all other considerations it was a clever little piece of rhetoric and it affected William Belverton very much, as she intended it should

Next morning she kept him discussing the situation with herself instead of mixing with his fellow men and at lunch time his enthusiasm was barely controllable.

Point was given to her remarks by an announcement in the *Morning Press* of the failure of another large mercantile house, the third within the week. He went down to the House with his speech thoroughly prepared and his wife accompanied him.

The question before Parliament was some tiddly-winking little measure involving the expenditure of between five and six thousand



"'So you really do think my husband has proved a success?"

Small as it was, however, it was

sufficient to give him his chance.

He began with the subject at issue. He questioned the wisdom of the Government in expending money on unnecessary public works during such a time of serious de-He had a real knack of commanding attention, and the still greater advantage of carrying personal weight with the House.

Branching off to the real matter, he recapitulated in brief the events of the past two years, caustically commenting on the example afforded to the colony by the Government's prodigal waste of money. As he progressed he roused himself to still greater efforts, and his voice took a fuller note.

With an air of prophecy he pointed out what must inevitably follow, nay, what was even now upon them. He showed the results of false legislation in all their naked truth, he pictured in lurid colours the overthrow of the Government with its bankrupt Treasury, the total destruction of their good name as a people, and the lasting derision of their neighbours and the world in general.

Working up to a final appeal, he called upon them to rise as men and meet the wave of ruin, and by unitedly opposing,

end it ere the harm was done.

When he sat down it was amid prolonged

cheering from the House.

After the ad journment he hastened into the vestibule where he found his wife awaiting him. Approaching her he said rather anxiously-

" Did act as vou wishedwhat do you

"I think," she answered with a smile, think that if you go on as

you've begun I shall be Lady Belverton within six months."

As prophesied, the bubble burst, the crash came, and its effects will not be forgotten while an Australian city stands to tell the tale.

The terror of the time overpowered everyone, and to add to the general consternation

the Ministry resigned.

Then the Governor called upon The-Manof-the-Great-Idea to form another, and he set about his work instantly. It was a dangerous task, but he was one who knew not the word fear.

In a week he had filled every portfolio save that of Treasurer, and there he was

completely blocked.

Now you must know that The-Man-of-the-Great-Idea was perhaps the most devoted of all Mrs. Belverton's devoted admirers. He was shrewd enough to appreciate her talents, and he made a point of consulting her whenever he was in a more than usually unpleasant fix.

On this occasion she said quietly—

"It is very simple—take my husband. He should make an admirable Treasurer."

"But my dear madam," the astonished Premier cried, "he has no knowledge of finance."

"And is the possession of that knowledge so necessary to a Treasurer?" asked Mrs. Belverton with a little smile.

"Surely you would not tempt me to betray

mν colleagues, madam," the man replied with a. twinkle in his eve. "But perhaps he has other qualifications?"

"He is my husband, said Mrs.

think?"

""William, sometimes I feel tempted to believe that it is possible for a woman to control fate."

Belverton.

"That is the strongest argu ment you have advanced vet. Well I think I may safely say that we will try him."

Two days



later William Belverton was gazetted Colonial Treasurer.

A' few months later Mrs. Belverton met the Premier at the "Lotos Club" ball. She gave him the eighth dance, and they sat it out together in a corner near the card room.

believe that it is possible for a woman to control fate."

"I don't doubt it for a moment," said her husband. "Am I to assist you in any way?" "I think so; I am not quite sure. What

are your opinions regarding the representative

of this colony in London?"

"I think we are represented by a thoroughly capable and hardworking man."

"Then I order vou to change your views instantly, and henceforth insinuate every fault you can against him in the House."

That afternoon Belverton did as directed, and by some strange chance a leading article in next morning's paper backed him up in all he said.

When Parliament was thoroughly agog about the right and wrong of the

matter Lady Belverton made her husband quietly withdraw from the discussion.

Her London correspondent had told her that the Agent-General's health was failing, and she knew this further news would not improve it.

A month later a cablegram was handed her.

"He has resigned," she said. "Now I have done all I can for you. Rise up and demand the vacant post from Parliament as a public recognition of your arduous services."

He demanded, and even his warmest friends gasped at his colossal impudence. But he was early in the field, and he used just the right sort of bounce to gain his ends.

When he had booked three passages in the Austral, and cabled about the London house, Lady Belverton spoke—

"William, what have you to say now?" "I can only say," he answered, "that I am supremely fortunate in being my Lady Belverton's busband."



"'He has resigned,' she said."

"So you really do think my husband has proved a success?" she said.

"What does your Bible say?—And these twain shall be one flesh. Could he help being successful?"

"Thanks. Then what is my reward tobe?"

"I will leave you to name it. I trust we shall not be ungrateful." "In that case let us hope your gratitude

will prove 'a pledge of better times."

"Ah! I see the allusion. You may depend on my influence."

"You are more than good."

"Yes, I am grateful. May I take you

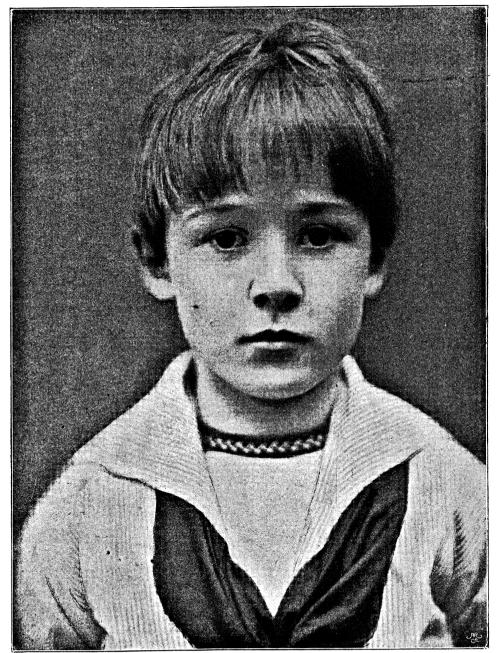
into supper?"

The birthday list contained the name of the Hon. William Belverton as receiving the honour of knighthood.

One morning when Lady Belverton had perused her English mail she sat buried in deepest thought. At length she turned from the fire.

"William, sometimes I feel tempted to

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From a photo by]

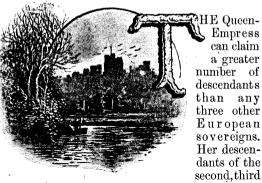
[H. II. Hay Cameron.

O to be young again!
O to have dreams and dreams,
And to talk in the gardens of Wonderland
With stars and flowers and streams!

O to be young again!
Like thee to be young and fair.
And to walk in the gardens of Wonderland,
With beauty everywhere!
W. A. MACKENZIE.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

By Marie A. Belloc.



and fourth generations are to be found in most of the royal houses in Europe, and of them there are none in whom she takes a keener interest than in her twenty-two British, German, Roumanian, Greek and

Russian great-grandchildren.

Keen observers of her Majesty have noticed that she always wears two bracelets. The one on her right wrist contains a miniature of the late Prince Consort, in the other is inserted a portrait of the royal baby who for the time being occupies the proud position of her Majesty's youngest

great-grandchild.

Frequently informed as to each child's mental and physical progress, her Majesty is also often consulted as to the best way of ensuring his or her well-being. With but few exceptions the Queen of England's great-grandchildren are given, in addition to their other names, that of Victor or Victoria, and at least a portion of each child's christening costume is always given by his or her British great-grandmother. Her Majesty never forgets a birthday, and scarcely a day passes but she gives some proof of the affectionate remembrance in which she holds the youngest of her descendants.

THE HOUSE OF YORK.

Although he is among the youngest of her Majesty's great-grandchildren there is no doubt that by far the most important little personage among them all is Prince Edward of York. Till the birth of his brother he was the only one of the Queen's great-grandsons who could claim British nationality, and probably no royal baby was ever more heartily welcomed. Congratulations were received from the most

unlikely quarters, and the following excellent parody of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's well-known lines expressed admirably the feeling with which was hailed the birth of the future King-Emperor:—

And the wind of the North will hear us where our ice-bound flag flaunts free;
And the wind of the South will echo the song of an

And the wind of the South will echo the song of an empire's glee.

By the East wind and the West wind will the tidings

glad be skirled,

Till every son of Britain will be shouting through
the world—

He's a first-class sort of infant, And his equal we shan't see, Though we search from Deal to Delhi, Or from Kew to Kurrachee.

From the day of his birth everything has been done to make England's future king a national possession. He was christened Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick and David, and thus every section of the United Kingdom may be said to have stood sponsor to the little prince.

The most important ceremony in which his Royal Highness has up to the present taken part has undoubtedly been his own christening. The Queen came specially from Windsor to Richmond in order to assist at the ceremony, and herself handed the royal infant to the Archbishop of Canterbury. By her Majesty's wish all the royal personages then in England, including the present Czar of Russia and his fiancée, were present at the christening. The robe worn by Prince Edward had served the same purpose at the baptism of all the Queen's children and all of her British Composed of the finest grandchildren. and softest white satin covered with Honiton lace, it is among her Majesty's greatest treasures, and only sees the light of day on very important occasions.

Prince Edward's carrying cloak may also be said to have been a garment of unique interest, for it was made of Queen Victoria's marriage veil, mounted on thick white silk and edged with baby ribbon. By way of font the golden bowl, now forming part of the regalia, in which Edward VI was baptised was used in the christening of that king's youngest royal namesake. This priceless piece of royal plate was brought to the White Lodge by the keeper of the regalia and was taken back to the Tower

2 U 2

immediately after the conclusion of the

ceremony.

Needless to say gifts of every kind were showered on the little prince. One of the first to arrive at White Lodge was a lucky sixpence tied with narrow ribbon composed of the national colours of England, Ireland, Alice lay sleeping when sketched by Sir Edwin Landseer, and on the writing-table of the Duchess of York is a beautiful miniature of Prince Edward in this same cradle.

Probably no child in the world has been so often photographed and painted as has little Prince Edward. One of the most



From a photo by

PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

[W. & D. Downey.

Scotland and Wales. The Queen presented him with the quaint wooden cradle originally made for the Princess Royal, which became in turn the possession of each of her brothers and sisters. This historic bassinet would now be considered quite old fashioned; the cradle itself is raised on rockers and made of richly carved wood gilded. In it Princess

popular photographs ever taken in England was that entitled "Four Generations," which showed the Queen seated and nursing the few days' old baby while behind her stood the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Among the most successful delineators of his Royal Highness has been the Marchioness of Granby, who has made some beautiful

studies of him at various periods of his short existence.

The second son of the Duke and Duchess of York was born on December 14 of last year—a day hitherto saddened by the most mournful associations for the royal family. it being the anniversary, not only of the death of the Prince Consort, but also of the Princess Alice. It was doubtless owing

in a certain measure to this fact that the voungest of the Queen's great-grandsons was given Albert as his first name. He was christened on February 17, 1896, at the Church Saint Marv. Sandringham, being named Albert Frede-Arthur rick George. Among sponsors were the Queen. the Princess of Wales and the Empress Frederick, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Adolphus of Teck. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Sheepshanks, Bish-op of Nor-

wich; the font used was a golden bowl given to the Duke and Duchess of York on their marriage by the City of Edinburgh.

BERTHA DUFF.

LADY ALEXANDRA AND LADY MAUD DUFF.

Till the birth of Prince Edward of York, Lady Alexandra Duff was heiress presumptive to her great-grandmother. Indeed for nearly four years the Duke of Fife's eldest daughter was fifth in the succession, and the probability of her ultimately becoming Queen of England and Empress of India was much discussed.

Born in London on May 17, 1891, it was decided after much deliberation that the Prince of Wales's first grandchild was only to bear the rank and title of a duke's daughter, and in this connection it is interesting to note that a child who might

possibly have become Queen of England is not considered a princess of the blood royal.

There was at one time a suggestion that a special title should be bestowed Duchess the of Fife's little daughter; but both the duke duchess and expressed wish that she should not be given the title Royal o f Highness.

Lady Alexandra Duff was christened at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Queen was her chief sponsor, her other godmother being the Queen of Denmark, for whom the Princess of Wales acted

as proxy. Her godfathers were the Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Clarence, and she was given the names of Alexandra Victoria Alberta The water used on this Edwina Louise. occasion was brought from the Jordan by Lord Rowton, and the baby's christening robe was trimmed with a piece of rich Irish lace which was an heirloom in the Fife family. The Duchess of Fife's second child, Lady Maud Duff, is growing very like her



W. & D. Downey. From a photo by] THE DUCHESS OF FIFE'S CHILDREN: ALEXANDRA VICTORIA ALBERTA EDWINA LOUISE DUFF, AND MAUD ALEXANDRA VICTORIA GEORGIA

mother's favourite sister and her own namesake. Both little girls are thoroughly Scotch and spend a certain portion of each year in their father's native land, either at New Mar Lodge on Deeside or at Duff House. The duchess, who strongly resembles the Princess of Wales, is a most affectionate and

Victoria of Hesse, spent much of her youth with the Queen, and her eldest Princess Victoria Alice Elizabeth Julia Mary, was born at Windsor on February 25. 1885. Princess Louis' second child, also a daughter, was born at Schloss Heiligenberg on July 13, 1889. Her youngest child and

only son, Prince Louis Victor George Henry Sergius, was born at Darmstadt on November 6. 1892. Unlike their cousins, Princess Beatrice's children. the Louis Battenbergs rarely stay very long in one place. They lead the life of so many naval officers' children, for Princess Louis has always preferred to accompany her husband whenever it is possible.

THE GERMAN EM-PEROR'S FAMILY.

William II is the first king of Prussia to whom six sons have been born in uninterrupted line. Large families however have always been the rule and not the exception among the Hohenzollerns, the Elector Albert Achilles having had twenty-one children and King Frederick William seven sons and seven daughters.



From a photo by] Princess Louise.

Prince George.

Princess Alice.

THE CHILDREN OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

devoted mother, and spends much of her leisure with her children.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG'S CHILDREN.

Owing to the fact that Prince Louis of Battenberg has entered the English navy and so become to all intents and purposes an Englishman, his three children have a right to consider themselves as forming part of the group of her Majesty's British greatgrandchildren. Their mother, née Princess

As most people know, the present German Emperor is the proud father of seven children—six sons and a daughter. these the most important from every point of view is the Crown Prince, now a fine-looking lad of fourteen. He was born at the Marble Palace, Potsdam, at a time when his father was only heir-presumptive to the then German Emperor. Still the birth of William the First's great-grandson was celebrated with much pomp throughout the German Empire, and his young mother, even then known far and wide for her kind heart and womanly tact, sent to all the maternity wards of Berlin in order to find out how many boys had been born on the same day as her son. To each of these lucky little mortals was sent a complete layette, and thus the birth of their future emperor became a personal matter for congratulation in all the poorer quarters of the town.

The prince, who was given the names of Frederick William Victor Augustus Ernest, was christened, as have been his five succeeding brothers and his little sister, in a

marvellous medimval font of Silesian beaten gold enriched with long rows of names —for all the Hohenzollerns have a right to be baptized in this historic baptismal bowl. Prince William, for so he was known till his father became emperor, was also cradled in the bassinet which once contained the infant form of Frederick the Great. This quaint wooden cradle is kept in the Berlin museum, but is occasionally taken out in order to accommodate

modate for a short period some royal baby considered worthy of the honour. When this occurs the name of the eradle's latest occupant is embroidered across the tiny quilt.

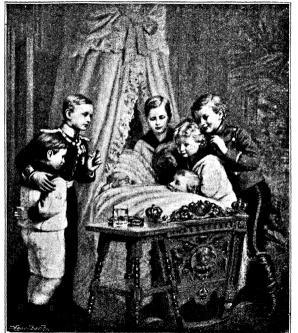
On July 7, 1883, was born Prince William Eitel Frederick Christian Charles. He has up to the present time shared the education of his elder brother. He was followed in quick succession by Prince Adalbert Ferdinand Beringer Victor, born July 14, 1884; Prince Augustus William Henry Gunther Victor, born January 26, 1887; Prince Oscar Charles Gustavus Adolphus, who was born July 27, 1888, and Prince Joachim Francis Humbert, the

first of the Kaiser's children born after his accession, and the only prince in the direct line who can boast of being a Berliner by birth, for he was born in the capital on December 17, 1890.

The German Emperor's only daughter, born in the autumn of 1892, two years after Prince Joachim, was hailed with great rejoicings, and the fact that her birth took place in her father and mother's early married home, the Marble Palace, gave them both great pleasure. She was christened Victoria, after her great-grandmother, grandmother and her mother, and Louise after the good

Queen of Prussia—whose personality is so closely entwined with that of the history of her country—and Adelaide Matilda Charlotte, in memory of divers relations.

Even those who sympathise but little with the Emperor as a statesman and ruler must admit that he has proved himself to be a model husband and father. Notwithstanding his many duties and the all-absorbing cares of state with which he is surrounded. Imperial Majesty always finds time



From a photo by]

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S SEVEN CHILDREN.

[Fünger, Berlin

to occupy himself actively with the education and well-being of his children. Not a week goes by but he has long conversations with their tutors, during which the princes' various mental peculiarities and aptitudes William are thoroughly discussed. unlike most modern fathers, has a great horror of all that savours of over-work and brain fatigue. He early made it a principle that his children should never have their minds cultivated at the expense of their bodies, and it is evident to all those who are brought into contact with the imperial family that the young princes are to be made, above all, soldiers and men of action.

The Crown Prince is very musical—a talent which he inherits from many of his forbears. notably his great-grandfather the late Prince He began learning the violin Consort. when he was only five years old, and is now a fine performer. This is fortunate, for as the years go on he will find it difficult to devote much time to purely civilian accomplishments. Already he is being thoroughly grounded in the art of military tactics, and whenever it is possible he is present when his father receives the army chiefs in conference or reviews a portion of his immense Indeed the three eldest sons of the German Emperor all hold the rank of lieutenant in the First Regiment of the

Guards, and all possess the Order of the Black

Eagle.

The Crown Prince and Prince Eitel have now passed out of their private tutor's hands; they are being educated at Ploen, in Holstein, where they are among the most diligent pupils of the Military School, a famous institution established in the fine old fortress. A number of professors belonging to the Kiel University also give them special lessons. The two princes will remain at Ploen four years, that is, till 1900. They will then proceed to Bonn, where both their father and their grandfather lived happy student lives for

It is not improbable that Prince Eitel will spend a couple of years at Oxford, for William II has a great belief in English education, and he has on more than one occasion showed his marked admiration for The Crown Prince British university life. will become an active member of the German army as soon as he is considered strong enough to do so, but he is at present It is said that the extremely delicate. Emperor intends closely to associate his son with the Imperial Government, and that it was with this object in view that he lately purchased Count von Tugenheim's villa in Potsdam. This beautiful house will become the official residence of the Crown Prince as

soon as his father considers him of an age to undertake the responsibilities of a separate establishment.

Prince Adalbert is to follow his uncle Prince Henry's naval career, and appropriately enough he showed even in his infancy a marked predilection for all that concerns the sea and maritime affairs.

Everything is done to encourage this taste, and among his most cherished personal possessions is a beautiful miniature model of the yacht *Hohenzollern*, presented to him as a Christmas gift by his father and mother.

Following the excellent traditions of the British royal family, the German Emperor and Empress have always done everything

in their power to preserve among their children a simplicity of life rarely to be found in the nurseries and schoolrooms of those born to great wealth. The young princes are always encouraged to speak their minds freely--except of course when strangers present—and the Emperor has directed that any questions asked by the Crown Prince and his brothers should be answered as simply and truthfully as possible, and never shirked or explained in an inadequate manner.

Each Christmas, and on many other occasions, such as a birthday or festival, after the young princes and

the young princes and their little sister have been shown the many splendid gifts sent to them from their relations and friends, a selection is made, and all that are not wanted are sent off to the Berlin hospitals to be distributed to the sick children.

The Empress spends a great deal of her time with her younger children. All their clothes are made under her direct supervision, and every matter concerning their welfare is to her of the deepest moment.

Although German is of course habitually spoken in the royal nurseries and school-rooms, the Emperor's children regard English in almost the same light as they do their mother tongue. They always speak that



From a photo by] [Kegel, Cassel.

PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE.

(Only daughter of the German Emperor.)

language to their governess—a young English lady—and they are familiar with all the story-books dear to English children.

Princess Victoria Louise is adored by her brothers, especially by her chosen friend and companion, little Prince Joachim. The two children are often photographed together. and the most prominent object in the Empress's boudoir is a pretty group showing the brother and sister nestling up to one another. This was executed to the order of the Emperor by a well-known Prussian sculptor, and presented by his Majesty to his wife on her birthday.

The youngest child of William II strongly resembles her mother, being plump, fair, and blue-eyed, in fact an

ideal German baby.

A GREAT HEIRESS.

The Queen's eldest great-grandchild is the daughter and only child of the hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. has always been an important personage in the German royal family, especially as her mother, née Princess Charlotte of Prussia, is by far the most accomplished of the Empress Frederick's daughters.

The young princess, who was born on May 12, 1879, was christened Victoria Feodora Marian She spent her childhood in the beautiful Schloss Heilingenberg, in the Thuringian mountains; but since the marriage of the present Duke of Saxe-Meiningen to an actress, now bearing the title of Freifrau von Heldburg, the hereditary Duke and Duchess have preferred to spend the greater portion of each year in Berlin, where they possess a very fine town house, which in more than one respect recalls an English rather than a German From a photo by] mansion.

Princess Feedora is a distinguished-looking girl, and is said to be the only one of the younger members of the royal family who bears the slightest resemblance to the late Empress Augusta. She is exceedingly musical, and under the tuition of Fraulein Marie Wurm has become an accomplished pianist. She also devotes a certain portion of her time to painting.

Owing to the relative position of Meiningen and Coburg, Princess Feodora, when living in the country, spends much of her leisure with the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg's vounger children; and when her father and mother are travelling she is always confided to the care of her grandmother. the Empress Frederick, who bestows on her the same affection and personal attention that she formerly gave to her own daughters.

Princess Feodora will in time become one of the greatest—if not the greatest—



TRussell.

PRINCESS VICTORIA FEODORA OF SAXE-MEININGEN.

heiresses in Europe, and her marriage is already the subject of anxious consideration, the more so that, in addition to her vast wealth, her position as eldest niece of the German Emperor makes her a very desirable parti.

THE PRINCES OF HESSE-CASSEL.

Among the youngest of her Majesty's German great-grandchildren are the two little sons of the Prince and Princess Frederick

Charles of Hesse-Cassel. Prince Frederick William Sigismond Victor will not be three years old till November 23 next, and his brother, Prince Maximilian Frederick William George Edward, is a year younger. Their mother, who is the youngest sister of the German Emperor, is very fond of England, and her children are being brought up with great simplicity in their beautiful country home, Schloss Rumpenheim.

PRINCE WALDEMAR OF PRUSSIA.

Prince Waldemar of Prussia may be said to be doubly connected with Queen Victoria,

for both of parents his arehergrandchildren, his father being the second son of the Empress Frederick and his mother the daughter of Princess Alice.

Prince ·Waldemar. who was named after his father's brother, the little prince whose death in 1879 was so deeply mourned by his mother. then Crown Princess Germany, was born o n March 20. 1889, at the royal schloss

PRINCE WALDEMAR. at Kiel. Destined for a naval career, the prince from infancy has been accustomed to the sea. His mother, Princess Irene, is devoted to vachting, and her son also shares her love of horses and animals.

Prince Waldemar leads a far simpler existence than that of his little imperial cousins. He is especially fortunate in his home. royal schloss at Kiel is one of the most interesting and picturesque of royal residences, having been built in the thirteenth

century and enlarged by Catherine II of Russia, and is, as may be imagined, full of historical associations. Owing to his being an only child, the prince is the constant companion of his father and mother, and accompanies them on all their travels. He is a great favourite with our Queen, and can speak English as well as German.

A PRINCE WITH ONLY ONE NAME.

Prince Charles, or Carol, of Roumania possesses among royal babies the unique distinction of having only one name. He was born on October 3, 1893, before his

pretty young mother (nee Princess Marie of Edinburgh) had completed her eigh te ent h vear. Both he and his little sister christened Elizabeth. after the poet-queen of Roumania—. were born at Pelesch, which is one of the most beautiful royal residences in the world, and is situated the heart of the Carpathian mountains.

Prince Carol was Queen Victoria's seventeenth great-

[Selle, Potsdam.

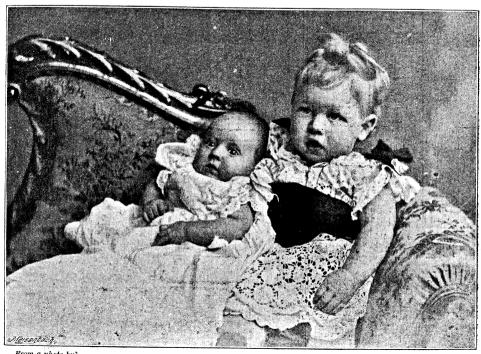
AN IMPERIAL GROUP, INCLUDING THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AND FAMILY, PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA, AND

grandchild, and she takes a special interest in his welfare, the more so because his mother, Princess Ferdinand of Roumania, is known to be very fond of England. owing to her express desire that her eldest son was provided soon after his birth with an English nurse. This important person, whose position is a very agreeable one, is a young widow whose husband, an engineer, died shortly before the birth of her child. The Crown Princess heard of her through an East-End clergyman's wife, and an attaché was sent to London in order to escort her to Roumania, where she has proved herself in every way worthy of the trust reposed in her.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF HESSE.

Princess Elizabeth Marie Alice Victoria of Hesse is, like her cousin Prince Waldemar of Prussia, doubly descended from the Queen of England. She was born on March 11, 1895, and is thought to resemble already her not least Queen Victoria; and two grandmothers, the Empress Frederick and the Queen of Greece. He can boast of the imposing number of forty-five aunts and uncles belonging to three generations, and to four of the greatest nations in the world

Both Prince George and his brother Alexander, who will be three years old on December 1 next, were baptised and are being brought up in the Greek Orthodox



From a photo by]

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCE CAROL. (The two children of the Crown Princess of Roumania.)

[Maudy, Bucharest.

maternal grandmother the Grand Duchess of Coburg.

THE GREEK PRINCES.

Not the least attractive of her Majesty's great-grandchildren is Prince George Dekelia of Greece, now a beautiful child of six years old. Few children in any rank of life possess so many relations. Although only boasting one grandfather—the King of Greece, of whom the little prince is of course the heir-presumptive—he still counts among his living forbears two great-grandfathers, the King of Denmark and the Grand Duke Constantine; three great-grandmothers, the Queen of Denmark, the Grand Duchess Constantine, and last but

Church. With the exception of these two princes, and their sister born last month, the children of the Crown Prince of Roumania, and the Empress of Russia's tiny daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, all her Majesty's great-grandchildren belong either to the Lutheran Church or to the Church of England.

THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA OF RUSSIA.

The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia is the youngest of her Majesty's great-grand-daughters. She was born on November 15 of last year, a few weeks before her cousin, Prince Albert of York; and probably no royal child has ever been looked for more eagerly or welcomed more tenderly than Czar Nicholas the Second's first-born.



From a photo by]

Uhlenhuth, Coburg

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.
(Daughter of the Grand Duchess of Hesse.)

Shortly after the happy event the Czarina wrote to one of her sisters: "Everyone except ourselves seems disappointed that the baby was not a boy; but for us there is no question of sex; our child is simply a gift from God." And already the Russian people seem to share the young mother's feeling, for the baby princess is very popular, and her portrait hangs in many a peasant home in the country districts of Holy Russia. She has developed into an exceedingly pretty infant, strongly resembling her mother, who is, as most people know, one of the handsomest of Victoria's granddaughters.

The layette prepared for the little Grand Duchess was far more elaborate than that used by Prince Never was a Edward of York. baby better provided for. matter of fact Her Imperial Highness will not require any new clothes for two or three years, for, in addition to a set of thirty-six dozen of each little garment required during infancy - all embroidered with washing silk, and whenever possible trimmed with the finest lace were an immense number of little frocks and short coats composed of quilted silks and velvets

and trimmed with the richest furs, every outdoor garment having a hood or cap to match. Tiny shoes, made of different coloured leathers and lined with lamb's wool, were also a feature of this miniature trousseau, and on every article was embroidered a crown.

The imperial christening took place at Tzarskoe Selo on the birthday of the Dowager Empress, and on the anniversary of the Czar and Czarina's wedding day. The Grand Duchess, lying on a crimson satin cushion, was carried to the chapel by Princess Galitzin. Her godmothers were Queen Victoria, the Empress Frederick, the Queen of Greece and the Empress Dagmar; and almost immediately after her birth the Grand Duchess received from her sponsors, notably from the Queen-Empress of England, a number of beautiful and useful gifts.



From a photo by]

[Merlin, Athens.

CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GREECE AND THEIR CHIL-DREN, PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCE ALEXANDER.

In the next issue there will commence a new serial, specially written for the Windson Magazine by Coulson Kernahan, entitled "CAPTAIN SHANNON." story is intended to direct attention to the social undercurrents in this country. and the author has carefully studied the various phases of the revolutionary movement.

SOCIALIST LEADERS OF TO-DAY.

By ALICE STRONACH.

Illustrated by special portraits drawn from life by BERTHA NEWCOMBE.



E have freedom here because it is not worth while to muzzle sheep." This remark—Bernard Shaw traces it to Hvndman-has a trick of

recurring if one passes through Trafalgar Square on a Sunday afternoon when the socialists are demonstrating. Red flags of liberty floating in the breeze, brass bands braying the "Marseillaise," men in red ties tendering Justice to everyone with a penny to spare, on the edge of the crowd a meek and mild anarchist timidly offering flame-red Torches, and on the base of the Nelson column speakers of both sexes lavishly besprinkling their oratory with misplaced aspirates—it all makes a picturesque bit of London outdoor life.

Only a bewildered foreigner would dream of asking why the stalwart policemen breasting the mob at the foot of the column look stolid rather than threatening. The faces of the mob should answer him. Dull, apathetic, unawakened, they convince him that London need never fear the terrors of a Paris Com-The speeches, too, are little likely to inflame even a more excitable audience. Even the anarchist Hyndman was right. may safely be allowed to distribute his Torches to the few who care to buy them.

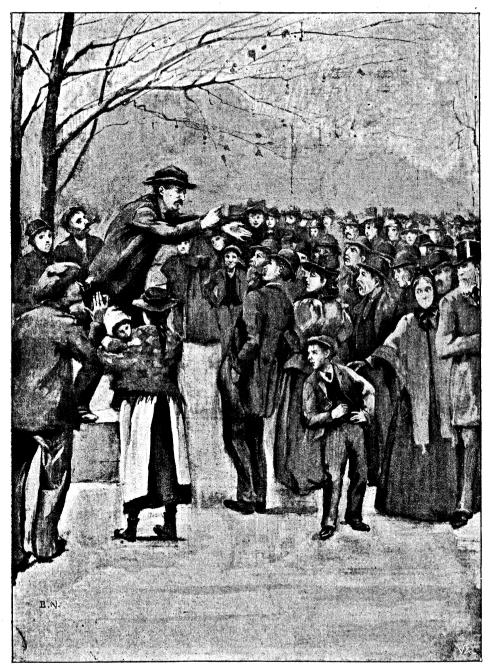
The word anarchy loses half its terrors when one remembers that the English anarchists—a small flock, by the way—are but seceders from the law-and-order-abiding Fabian Society, led forth, not by a fierce muscular shepherd, but by the gentlest of shepherdesses, a quiet little lady who was one of the Newnham College pioneers. English anarchist may safely go unmuzzled. It is not worth while to muzzle lambs!

Possibly one day, when we have a recurrence of the unemployed agitations, when there is breaking of heads, or at least of windows in Pall Mall, the word socialism may once more hold terrors for non-socialists. At present it means at best a peaceful policy of permeation: at worst the harmless fluttering of red flags, and the airing of red ties and rant in public places. Germany, it is true, muzzles its socialists; but then Germany has socialism, while England has socialisms, for each of the bewildering number of sects into which English socialists are divided has its own particular creed. While this is so, English socialists may well be allowed to go to and fro unmuzzled.

Of these many sects, the oldest and the one that makes the most noise—the Salvation Army of socialism—is the Social Democratic Federation. A vigorous, strong-lunged body, using to the full the liberty of speech for which it fought in Dodd Street and in Trafalgar Square, it appeals to the fustian-clad, the horny-handed, the industrial workers. With its ceremonial of banners and brass bands, it goes forth into the parks and squares, preaches to the loafers at street corners, and enlists not a few recruits of the kind that welcome socialism as a means of securing the maximum of wealth with the minimum of work. Mr. Hyndman-the "General" Booth of the Federation—likes to remind one of its 126 branches and 10,000 paying members, who he declares represent "a disciplined organised force, animated by one idea, ready to move as one man, their motto that of the 10th Legion, Utrique parati—ready for either fate."

They are a sanguine folk these social democrats. For all his fifty and odd years Mr. Hyndman, speaking of the outlook of social democracy in England, grows enthusiastic as a boy. "Of course we shall arrive," he declares, and he admits that he has a programme ready for the day when democracy shall have triumphed, though he declines to submit it to possibly captious critics.

To one who knew him only from his extreme utterances, as published in books and



SOCIALISM IN HYDE PARK.

newspapers, and from his early escapades in Trafalgar Square, he was a surprise, this leader of the Social Democratic Federation. Prosperous, calm, and placidly cheerful, he looks more like a City man, insured against all possible risks from "slumps," than a socialist agitator whose zeal for the unemployed once led to the Old Bailey. Though thirty years have come and gone since

then, there is still a twinkle of boyish dare-devilry in his eves as the agitator tells of those stirring times when he stood in the dock of the Old Bailey side by side with John Burns, John Williams, and H. H. Champion. Champion, by the way, he describes as one "who wanted to make twelve o'clock at eleven." Possibly the antipodes, where he is now agitating with great success, Mr. Champion finds the feat easier to accomplish than he did here in England.

Hyndman had the double disadvantage of a wealthy father—a barrister, who bequeathed £150,000 to endow chapels in East London—and of a Trinity College education. The second disadvantage he turned to account as a training for socialism by devoting himself to athletics. By cricket,

football, racket-playing, and riding he developed his muscles for a career that at one time promised to be a series of muscular encounters with the London police. He has also done his share of controversial fighting, both in print and on the platform, with Henry George, Bradlaugh and Labouchere. Some of these he recalled as he sat for his portrait in his comfortable quarters at Queen Anne's Gate, where, of all unlikely

places, the "firebrand" socialist has chosen to locate himself and his household gods. These include a wife; also a parrot, which persisted in contributing irrelevant remarks to the interview. His reputation as a firebrand Hyndman ascribes to English prejudice, and laughingly tells how, as the only English member of the Land League Executive Council, the firebrand Englishman was



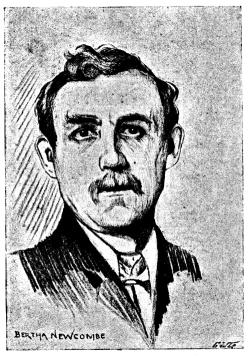
MR. H. M. HYNDMAN.

regarded by his Irish colleagues as a hopelessly pacific person. Ireland was avenged however, for a few years later, when Hyndman, representing the Social Democratic Federation, William Morris, the Socialist League, and Bernard Shaw, the Fabian Society, met in committee to resolve on a joint plan of campaign for these three bodies, it was the Irishman who was the hopelessly pacific person. He withdrew,

and the one attempt of these three socialist

parties to pull together failed.

Lecturing, debating, writing—he is an authority on Indian finance as well as on socialism, and his articles on these subjects have appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette, under Mr. John Morley's editorship, in the Nineteenth Century, the New Review, and even in the Times, as well as in book form—Hyndman has worked hard to hasten the advent of the social millennium. To lecturing especially he attaches the greatest importance as a means of spreading Social Democratic Federation principles in days when



MR. HERBERT BURROWS.

most people, especially industrial workers, have lost the power of reading continuously. A lecture, he considers, is a more effective means than a tract of combating that apathy which he declares to be the greatest hope of Conservatism. To make an impression is everything. Hence the noise, the brass bands, the banners, the perfervid oratory of the Social Democratic Federation, all are part of its plan for rousing an apathetic audience. Speaking of the outlook of social Democracy in Germany, Mr. Hyndman quotes the strength of the social democrats in Germany, in Belgium, and in France, where, but for the French social democrats, bour-

geoisie would have been gone long ago. The English navy is also, he declares, as a whole, more revolutionary than conservative.

With all its sectarianism English socialism shows a praiseworthy tolerance, which makes it possible for a man like Herbert Burrows. for instance, to fight indiscriminately for and with no fewer than three socialist bodies Like some of his comrades. Burrows lectures for the Fabian Society, the Independent Labour party, and the Social Democratic Federation. But it is with the Social Democratic Federation that Burrows is identified. He was one of its original members, and in its ranks some of his most memorable fights have been accomplished. For instance, in the expulsion of Champion from the Federation Burrows led the fray. and glories in having done so. William Morris and other of his comrades. Burrows loves a fight. He is one of the stormy petrels of a socialist meeting. The sight of his stalwart figure in the audience or on the platform is an almost unfailing signal that there will be a hurricane, or at least a gale, before the evening is over. One of his friends declares that he has never been at a meeting where Burrows was present that did not end with the aggressive socialist being carried off the platform by two strong men, loudly protesting that liberty of speech was the right of every individual. One historic fight which Burrows led was at a meeting in St. James's Hall, to discuss Sir Albert Rollit's Women's Suffrage Bill. The platform and the hall were crowded with women suffragists and their friends. Bernard Shaw was speaking. All the evening there had been an under-growl of discontent, and at Shaw's words, "Even my friend Burrows would admit "-the thrice repeated warning, "Be fair, Shaw," rang through the hall, and a moment later Burrows, darting from his seat in the audience, made for the platform. A turbulent crowd followed his lead. The reporters' table was overturned, and women reporters and women orators began to realise that life was more than copy, and personal safety than the suffrage.

Some of Burrows' most memorable fights have been in the cause of women, for whom he claims equality in every respect with men. At Bow he is gratefully remembered as Mrs. Besant's lieutenant in that lady's splendid fight for the match girls. His appearance in the rôle of Perseus to the Andromeda of his comrade, Miss Edith Lanchester, is still fresh in the public mind. The religious evolution of Burrows from methodism to orthodoxy,

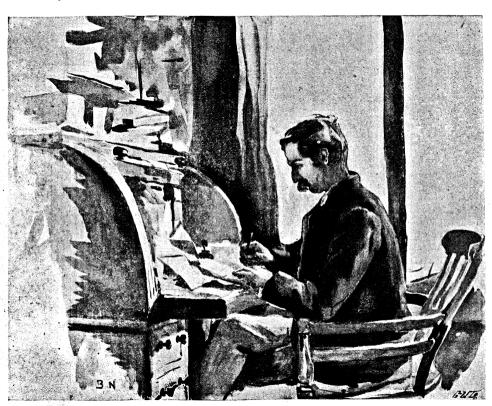
thence viá agnosticism and materialism to theosophy, which he quitted in all the éclat of a row royal, also represents a fair amount Yet with all this pugnacity—an of fighting. inheritance perhaps from his father, a Chartist and Methodist preacher, who reared his young son on stories of Chartist riots—there is a strong strain of Torvism in the character of Burrows, so much so indeed that Bernard Shaw is said to have foretold that before long he and Burrows would be the only Tories left in England. Meanwhile, Tory or Radical, Burrows considers that his work lies outside rather than inside St. Stephen's: but though he declines to add to the number of rejected Social Democratic Federation candidates for Parliament, he is quite willing to enliven the School Board meetings with a new element of combativeness, and he stood, though without success, for Tower Hamlets. Once a schoolmaster. Burrows is now an Inland Revenue officer: but a Government, which supports many socialist leaders, leaves him ample leisure to organise plots for overthrowing it.

While the Social Democratic Federation represents the socialism of the industrial classes, and caters for the unaspirated and horny-handed sons of toil, the Fabian Society represents the socialism—if indeed Fabianism can be called socialism—of the middle class, of the brain-worker. the professional man. Parsons and poets and playwrights, novelists, journalists, teachers and government officials, and a few members of the wealthy unemployed who are interested in social problems, these constitute the Fabian Society. Many university-trained men and women have drifted to Fabianism, though of late the Independent Labour party has succeeded in attracting many socialists The Fabian Society—once of this class. young and brilliantly foolish, and given to daring but amusing generalisations—has grown middle-aged and respectable, and, as the inevitable result, it has ceased to be amusing. As one of its members remarks, it "has gorged itself with statistics and gone Remembering recent meetings at Clifford's Inn, their heavy seriousness, the irreproachably respectable air of the audience, it is difficult to believe Bernard Shaw's assurance that the society, in its early days, was quite as anarchist as the Socialist League, as insurrectionary as the Social Democratic Federation. Yet even in these early days fustian and anarchy did not flourish in the society's ranks. The society once captured a working-man and paraded him until he drooped and died. Nor did the anarchists thrive in Fabian drawingrooms, and soon these arose and followed their leader, Mrs. Charlotte Wilson, leaving the Fabians to wax middle-aged and respectable and dull. The palmy days of the society were those when it held its meetings in Willis's Rooms. Then chaff was considered necessary to keep off wild enthusiasm, and to this belief Bernard Shaw traces the irreverence which has become one of the society's traditions, a tradition observed by all true Fabians not only in their public but also in their private life. Those were the days when the meetings were really Fabian plays. plays as brilliant as "Arms and the Man." though they never got beyond the Fabian footlights. Now the brilliance has disappeared, or at least there are only rare flashes of it when some of the "old gang"—Shaw, Sidney Webb, Graham Wallas, Sydney Olivier or Hubert Bland—interchange courtesies with one another, or when some stranger within their gates is being butchered to make a Fabian holiday. Then indeed one sees that the traditional irreverence is in no danger of being forgotten. Experts in the art of "heckling," the Fabians love nothing better than to rake a lecturer fore and aft. to riddle his lecture with irreverent comments, and to send him forth a limp and intellectually-mangled corpse.

But except on such occasions, the meetings are no longer amusing. They have ceased to be a popular after-dinner entertainment—even with Fabians themselves.

Since amiability is the first requisite in a stage manager—especially in a manager of a company of strong individualists—the Fabian Society did well to secure that most amiable of men, Mr. Edward Pease, a member of the well-known Quaker family, and carry him off from stockbroking and, later, from cabinetmaking, to conduct Fabian business. It was worth while climbing many flights of stairs to the Fabian office, 276 Strand, to hear Mr. Pease's humorous account of the early days of the Fabian Society. He declares that the society really originated in a personal likeness between Frank Podmore, investigator of "spooks," and Randolph Caldecott, the book illustrator—at least somebody's mistaking the one for the other at an evening party led to an acquaintance with a fellowhunter of "spooks," also to New Life, for Podmore was one of the disciples of Professor Davidson, who had come from America to England to preach a new gospel—that of plain living and high thinking. The vision of a new life, free from sordid struggles for wealth, must have appealed strongly to one weary of a life on the Stock Exchange. The partnership in the investigation of "spooks" involved all-night sittings in empty houses, supposed to be haunted, and much discussion of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," a book that has made many converts to socialism. The New Life was discussed in an upper chamber harmoniously enough until the inevitable split came. Then the minority arose and went forth to new

Fabius when warring against Hannibal, however their delays might be censured, to wait for the right moment and when it came to strike hard. The objects of the "waiters"—a band of young men who employed the time of waiting in journalising, teaching, or as clerks in government offices—were "to put down the mighty from their seats and to exalt the humble and weak"; in other words, "to make land and capital the property of the State, to abolish all idlers, whether peers or paupers, and to make all



MR. EDWARD PEASE.
(Secretary of the Fabian Society.)

fellowship, determined to lead a perfect life, to pay only a half-crown subscription, and to live in a community, or at least in adjacent houses—resolves which the society and the Fellowship of the New Life still faithfully endeavour to carry out. The renegade majority—among them Podmore and Pease—remained behind, strong in the possession of the minute book and in the resolve to make for politics rather than a perfect life, and to pay a five-shilling subscription. The five-shilling socialists called themselves Fabians because they were prepared, like

work for their living, whether as musical critics, or miners, or market gardeners, or anything else." Their methods of accomplishing these objects have been the publication of tracts (the Fabian Society sells more tracts than any other socialist body), by a leaflet called the *Fabian News*, by lectures, and by permeating with Fabian doctrine the press, the School Board, County Council, Vestries, parish and other councils by being directly represented on such bodies. By a cunningly devised postcard policy the society "collared" the *Star*, and

before a year was out had the assistant-editor writing articles as extreme as Hyndman had ever published in Justice. The Chronicle followed the Star's lead, and nowadays many other papers have adopted the Labour column as an essential part of their daily programme. On the London School Board Fabians are represented by Graham Wallas, the Rev. Stewart Headlam, the Rev. A. W. Oxford, and other Progressives; on the London County Council by Sidney Webb, Steadman and Crooks. Sydney Olivier is a member of the parish council in the lovely district on the borders of Surrey where the Fabians have planted a colony. In a recent tract the society's secretary, Mr. Pease, has proved himself an authority on parish and district councils. Even Parliament has been permeated. When the Liberal party wanted a programme the Fabians provided it. Newcastle Programme, though fathered on the Liberal party, was possibly the result of a masterly piece of stratagem on the part of the Fabians in general and Sidney Webb in particular.

Though the society considers its publications an even more effectual means of propagating its doctrines than its lectures, it does much permeating by means of these, sending forth lecturers of both sexes to speak at Radical clubs, co-operative societies, trade unions, and even mother's meetings and This mode of campaign it considers more effectual than that of other socialist societies, who lecture chiefly for their own branches or to loafers at street corners. arranging of these lectures makes plenty of work for the Fabian secretary, Mr. Pease. He also conducts the society's correspondence. supervises the sending out of boxes of books on economics to provincial societies and labour clubs who use the society's lending library, and corrects the papers which Mr. Webb sets for the correspondence classes All this Mr. Pease contrives to do in such intervals of leisure as he can snatch from carpentry work in the pretty cottage which he has built himself in the midst of the Fabian colony. is aided and abetted in his Fabianism by his wife, the daughter of a Scotch minister.

It may be an article in the Fabian creed that women and donkeys must wait for their rights until they get to heaven (as someone has said), perhaps it is because they are so small a minority—only 148 in a society of 739—but whatever be the reason it is a fact that women's interests are almost entirely ignored at present in the society's debates and publications. Yet women are eligible as

Fabian executive councillors. At present there are three such councillors. One of these, who has been connected with the society from its early days, is Miss Emma Brooke, whose authorship of "A Superfluous Woman" and "Transition" is now an open secret. Another Fabian councillor is Miss Honnor Morten, a lecturer as well as a writer, and the third, Miss Priestley, is a journalist. Mrs. Bland, known in literature as E. Nesbit, poet and story writer, and Mrs. Constance Garnett, translator of Turgenief, are other literary Fabian women. Since the days of Mrs. Annie Besant, one of the lost leaders of



MRS. STANTON BLATCH.

Fabianism, few women have come to the front as lecturers at the society's own meetings. Two of the exceptions are Mrs. Sidney Webb and Mrs. Stanton Blatch.

One of the Fabian meetings of the past winter was the occasion of a drawn battle between these two women Fabians on the subject of factory legislation for women. Both Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Stanton Blatch are truly Fabian in their love of statistics. Both have aided Charles Booth in his statistical investigations, Mrs. Webb having used her experience as rent-collector in the East-End as a means of gleaning statistics for Booth's "Life and Labour in East London,"

while Mrs. Stanton Blatch, having chosen as her subject of a thesis for her M.A. degree, "Village Life in England," pressed some 3000 people through her "squeezer," and gave the resulting statistics to Charles Booth. Both ladies add to their fondness for statistics two natural qualities for success as lecturers—personal comeliness and the art of speaking

agreeably and convincingly. Mrs. Stanton Blatch, an American recruit to Fabianism, is the daughter of a New York senator and of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. one of America's most noted pioneer workers in the cause of women. Harriot Stanton grew up in an atmosphere of liberal views. She anticipated her zeal for co-education by making herself a practical experiment. only daughter, she ran wild with five brothers round her country home near New York, ran away from every school she was sent to, and knew no greater delight than to tramp the country or go out shooting with her brothers and their college friends. She imbibed a taste for mathematics from some source or other, and read voraciously in her father's fine library. A two years' course at Vassar College was devoted to the study of mathematics, also of astronomy, under Professor Mitchell, and resulted in a B.A. degree. Then came more study at Boston, where Wendell Phillips recommended the young graduate to study political and labour subjects. usual visit to Europe was used for the study of economics in Germany of mathematics at the Sorbonne, where the authorities, by refusing her application to join the economics classes, rudely reminded her that she was a woman. England and more economics, and the study of English village life followed, and Mrs. Stanton Blatch added her M.A. to the B.A. which she had already taken at Vassar. From her English country home Mrs. Stanton Blatch makes occasional pilgrimages to London to lecture. She also continues to collect statistics, and recently visited Leeds to glean facts and figures about the home life of married women factory workers.

Long before she became a Fabian Mrs. Blatch had been converted to socialism by personal knowledge of the industrial conditions in America, also by a belief that, as Ibsen says, the cause of the workers is the cause of women. This idea she has quite abandoned, and believes that at present women will gain more by refraining from joining socialist bodies. The socialist idea tends, she believes, to develop what Mill called "woman's pet virtue"—her self-sacrifice—whereas "What we most need," Mrs.

Blatch insists, "is three generations of selfish women. The average woman has really nothing worth sacrificing, and perhaps needs individualism to make her more vertebrate." The persistent demand of socialism, that women should sink their own interests in those of the community, Mrs. Blatch considers just as dangerous as the idea of the transcendental socialists, that the labouring class should soar above class him

Mrs. Sidney Webb owes her eminence among Fabian women mainly to the excellent work which, as Beatrice Potter, she did in the cause of trade unionism, but also in some measure to a marriage with one of the foremost of Fabian leaders, Mr. Sidney Webb, an alliance described by some of Mr. Webb's fellow Fabians as a "heaven-sent union." Mrs. Webb is a curious outcome of the wealth-acquiring middle class, the pushing, capable, Manchester school. Heredity and the influence of Herbert Spencer, who directed her philosophical studies for a time, have not failed to leave their mark. and Mrs. Webb's socialist views are strongly tinged with individualism. Miss Potter's romantic adventures when she masqueraded as a tailoress in the East-End sweating dens are matters of history. Mrs. Webb is an authority on many labour subjects, chiefly on the history of the co-operative and trade union movements. Her study of the history and philosophy of the trade union movement was helped rather than hindered by the felicitous marriage with her collaborator in "The History of Trade Unionism." Popular with her husband's Fabian colleagues, Mrs. Webb is practically a member of the small inner cabinet that, meeting at her pleasant home in Grosvenor Road, inspires, if it does not actually direct, Fabian policy. The joint work on Trade Unionism, by the way, leaves the collaborators ample time for hospitality, and their home is a well-known meeting ground of all who are interested in social problems.

While his future collaborator was converging from individualism and Herbert Spencerism to Fabianism, Mr. Sidney Webb was going through much the same evolutionary process. A Cockrey by birth, and the son of parents who could not send him to Eton and Oxford, Webb climbed by a chain of scholarships to an LL.B. degree with honours of London University, the Birkbeck Institute being his only college. Possibly the memory of these early struggles may be a reason why the chairman of the London County Council's Technical Education

Board has done so much to make the ladder to a university degree easier for the sons of London working folk of to-day than it was for those of a past generation. A post in the Colonial Office was resigned when Mr. Webb began to be absorbed in public work on the County Council and by authorship. Some of the most successful Fabian tracts and one of the Fabian essays form part of Webb's literary output. Economist, journalist, lecturer, pamphleteer,

Some of the most brilliant performances of the Fabians, both in literature and on the platform, have been connected with the name of George Bernard Shaw, wittiest of Irishmen, and one of the kindliest and most courteous of men ever victimised by the timid interviewer. Indeed in certain quarters—and women novelists are mainly responsible for it—socialism, or at least Fabianism, and Shaw have come to be regarded as almost synonymous terms. Shaw himself



MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.

politician, barrister, civil servant, and a walking cyclopædia of sociology, Webb has been everything in turns and everything well, to quote a Fabian's description, yet he has contrived to steer clear of pedantry and to keep something of the boyish enjoyment of fun that is characteristic of Fabians even in middle age. Like other Fabian leaders, Webb has been immortalised in a very generally recognised portrait by Miss Brooke, in her novel, "Transition."

is partly to blame, for in his writings, whether in book reviews, in musical criticism for the *Star*, in art criticism for the *World*, in dramatic critiques for the *Saturday Review*, socialism and Shaw have been invariably his topic, and they have been inseparable. With his unique personality, his paradoxical oratory, his plays that baffle ordinary, and delight extraordinary, playgoers, his novels, his critiques, Shaw has been a magnificent advertisement for socialism in general and

Fabianism in particular. Hence, to readers of novels and newspapers, Fabianism has come to connote a lanky personage, with pale, cynical, yet kindly face, naïve self-conceit, brilliant wit, a weakness for snuff-coloured woollen garments and for vegetarianism, and a trick of writing brilliant plays. Shaw was quite willing to be interviewed, and this complacence resulted in an hour or two's agreeable conversation in a restful upper room at 29 Fitzroy Square, where Shaw lives with his mother. But so far as Shaw himself was concerned, the interview was disappointing. It produced no new information, other than that indoors Shaw adds sandals to his sartorial eccentricities, that he has a grievance, likewise an ambition. ambition—and recent utterances in the Saturday Review on theatre hats and feathered women prove that he is qualifying to fulfil it—is to write a fashion article in a lady's paper. An early grievance against editors for having made the future Saturday Reviewer taste the bitterness of life in New Grub Street was merely alluded to. It is a mere nothing to Shaw's pet grievance that all along his earnestness has been mistaken for fun. Even when charged with the whimsicalities in some of the society's earlier tracts, published before the society began to gorge on statistics, Shaw stood to his guns. He had been quite serious. And indeed many a truth worth searching for may be unearthed from these jeux d'esprit, with their description of society as "two hostile classes, with large appetites and no dinners at the one extreme, and large dinners and no appetites at the other"; their suggestion "that the State should compete with private individuals, especially with parents, in providing happy homes for children, so that every child may have a refuge from the tyranny and neglect of its natural custodians"; the declaration "that men no longer need special privileges to protect them against women," and "that the established Government has no more right to call itself the State than the smoke of London has to call itself the weather." Many similar Shawisms might be re-culled from tracts now out of print.

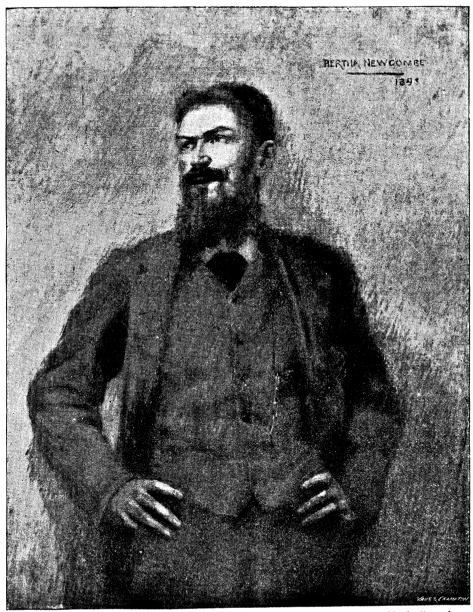
In more serious moods the society has evolved tracts that illustrate its weakness for statistics—exhaustive and exhausting collections of facts and figures which the average reader votes dull, though the student of economics finds them invaluable—"Facts for Londoners," "Facts for Bristol," "Figures for Londoners," and so on. Most of the

tracts, by the way, are collective utterances of the society, the method of drafting being an interesting but somewhat complex process. Sidney Webb and Bernard Shaw have each contributed several one-man tracts.

Provokingly reticent about his own share in the work of a society which is sometimes described as "a body of young men who understudy Shaw and of young women who worship him," Shaw was guilty of delightful indiscretions about his fellow-Fabians, on the ground that he could tell what they would out of modesty conceal. He told, for instance, how his friend, Graham Wallas, a "terribly erudite person" from Oxford University, proved his zeal for socialism by speaking at street corners and keeping beer accounts at workmen's clubs, by giving up the chance of wealth and fame as a University Extension lecturer—to whose lectures women flocked-for unpaid work on the London School Board. That popularity with lady Extension students Shaw explained by remarking that "Wallas, like myself, was meant by nature for a High Church parson." Of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb and of Sydney Olivier-who, like Shaw himself, has lately abandoned acting in Fabian plays in order to write them—Mr. Shaw had much to say that it were perhaps indiscreet to publish. "But we are the old gang," he concluded. "We have had our day, and are only waiting to be deposed by the younger generation." As his probable successors Shaw mentioned three young men, two of them Scotchmen, whose seriousness is too obvious ever to be mistaken for fun, though perhaps that comes from the fear, very common in Fabian ranks, that any tendency to levity may be regarded as imitation of Shaw.

One of Mr. Shaw's delightful anecdotes concerned William Morris and a memorable appearance of that sturdy Socialist leader in the days of the now defunct Socialist League. It was at an amateur performance by the League of a play called "Nupkins Awakened," in which such personages as Lord Tennyson, Tyndall, and the Archbishop of Canterbury were introduced. The performance has been described in detail somewhere by William Archer. William Morris appeared as the Archbishop of Canterbury, and never, on any first night, Mr. Shaw declares, has he heard such a storm of applause and laughter as burst forth when Morris appeared in all the glory of lawn sleeves.

Since then "the idle singer of an empty day" has made many notable appearances in



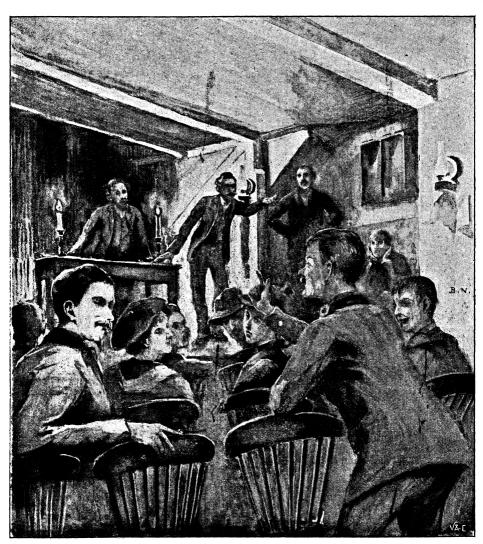
From a picture by] [Bertha Newcombe.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS AN AUDIENCE.

connection with his socialist work; one was before a magistrate in the trial of the Social Democratic Federation members who fought for freedom of speech in Dodd Street. While listening to the trial in court Morris was laid hands on by a policeman. As a matter of course Morris promptly

loyalest of chums, he yet could not bear to be out of any socialist row that was going; even his more pacific appearances at lectures were generally characterised by a vigour of Saxon invective greater than is customary.

The sturdy seamanlike figure, usually attired in rough navy serge and coloured



SOCIALISM AT KELMSCOTT HOUSE.

(The residence of Mr. William Morris.)

knocked the policeman down, hence the admonition from the bench. The Trafalgar Square riots were a glorious opportunity for a fighter like Morris, who on several occasions was discovered laying on vigorously all around him on behalf of his comrades. A man of the kindliest instincts and the

shirt, and the fine head with its mass of curly gray hair are less familiar to audiences of to-day than they were some years ago when Morris lectured several times every week in London and the provinces—once, as he relates gleefully, to an audience of seven all told, including the chairman, and that after a long

journey from west to east. In Scotland, where he used to lecture once or twice a year to audiences in Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, Morris was a great favourite, and he loved his Scotch audiences. To-day if he were to go a-lecturing over the Border he would have a welcome from thousands of

the Independent Labour party, many of whom, unregenerate in the old days. have never heard him. It is strange to think of the author of "The Earthly Paradise" selling pamphlets and papers at an open-air meeting or taking round the hat, yet Morris, a democrat of democrats, used to be seen anv Sunday morning doing this as readily as any of his socialist comrades at the meeting on Hammersmith Bridge.

The Commonweal, like the Socialist League of which it was the organ, has died, and its early numbers, edited by Morris, are scarce and valuable. Not only did Mor-

ris edit the paper and support it (it cost him some three or four pounds a week all the time), but he contributed to it some of his best work. The first number contained his "March of the Workers," much sung by socialists, the second "The Message of the March Wind," one of his finest poems, while

his "Dream of John Ball" and his "News from Nowhere" appeared in the Commonweal as serials. In no sense a sectarian socialist, Morris has shown himself quite ready to work with whatever body will push on the propaganda in which he believes. A member of the Executive of the Social Demogratic

Federation, he seceded from that body because of its zeal for electioneeringits endeavour to attain socialist ends by parliamentar v means. Нe founded the Socialist League, but in 1891 that body dismembered, and Morris, with others of the League, cast in his lot with anarchist-communists. Two years ago, having apparently realised that John Bull would have none of a socialism that did not disguise itself as politics, Morris returned to the fold of social democracy, The Kelmscott House meetings are a sequel to those held by the society on Sunday morn-



From a copyright photo by]

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

[Frederick Hollyer.

ings at Hammersmith Bridge. Fabians, Independent Labour men, and members of the Social Democratic Federation lend a hand at both. The Independent Labour party, with its young and enthusiastic leaders, its thousands of workers eager to be led, is still too young for its work to be criticised.



From a photo by]

RIVER VIEW IN PERAK.

[R. K. Jowett, Aylesbury.

PERAK VIEWED FROM A GHARI.

BY H. K. JOWETT.



IRST catch your ghari. Not always an easy matter this, for the ghari-wallah is a wily rascal, and, being generally an ex-policeman, displays much of the policeman's

faculty of being invisible when wanted. Gharis are, as the local phrase has it, "of sorts"—good, bad, indifferent—though the good ones cannot be said to preponderate. Now a Perak ghari is among the most curious of the wheeled things that creep upon the earth. It has ways peculiar to itself, and goes through life with a disregard of consequences that would delight

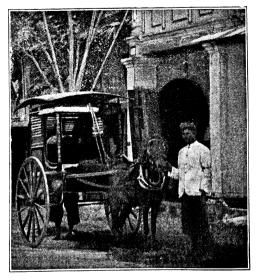
the heart of an English butcher-boy. To mention only a few of its vagaries: it takes a pride in becoming wheelless at inconvenient moments, it shows a marked affinity for the roadside ditch, and it will turn a speedy somersault on very slight provocation.

Nevertheless there was no option but to use this means of transit, and the two Europeans whose doings are here briefly chronicled, confronted with Hobson's choice, duly

hailed a ghari. On examination the conveyance proved to be a kind of crude sedan-chair on wheels, with the passenger accommodation uncomfortably curtailed so as to give the horse freedom of action. The motive power in this instance consisted of a small Sumatran pony, while the driver, who squatted on one of the shafts of the vehicle, was a dark-skinned native of doubtful nationality.

It should be mentioned that Perak (pronounced *Peyrah*) is a wealthy state under British protection in the north of the Malay Peninsula. The nearest bit of civilisation—if the track of a mail-steamer

may be regarded as the limit of the "civilising sea "-is the town of Penang, the capital of the island of that name, at the entrance of the Straits of Malacca. Situated in the heart of the tropics, and favoured with an equable climate, Perak has been called the land of eternal summer. On the morning of our journey we were not disposed to quarrel with that appellation. The cloudless sky was of the deepest blue, and hill and dale were bathed in the brilliant tropic sunshine. The



A PERAK GHARI.

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graceful branches of the betel-nut palms swayed gently in the faintest of breezes, and the early dew still glistened on every leaf and blade. Behind us lay Taiping, the capital of the country, while in front, crowned with a coronal of snow-white mist, the gigantic Mount Bûbû rose head and shoulders above his brethren.

We were making for the heart of the great semicircle of hills which fences in this district, the cart-road on which we were travelling being one of the military roads made by the British troops in the war twenty years ago. The Perak Expedi-

flowing with milk and honey, well watered and fruitful, and beautiful for situation even amid the many beauties of this favoured region. The Malay makes no attempt to live up to his ancient reputation of cutthroat and thief, on the contrary, he is law-abiding and courteous, and he is essentially a tiller of the soil. A man of primitive ideas and habits, he sees no necessity to improve on the patriarchal practice of making the earth yield him daily sustenance—a matter of no great difficulty in the perennial vegetation of the tropics.

Pursuing our journey (which, by the way,



From a photo by]

A MINING VILLAGE IN KINTA.

[R. K. Jowett, Aylesbury.

tion of 1875-6 was not a very lengthy or important affair and is almost forgotten now. Its immediate object was to punish the murderers of Mr. J. W. W. Birch, the first British Resident, and its outcome has been the conversion of Perak into one of the most prosperous of the outlying dependencies of the empire.

Before noon we had crossed the mountain range by the picturesque pass at Gapis, and it was not long before Kuala Kangsar, the residence of the Sultan and the old capital of the state, was reached. Kuala Kangsar is the Malay's earthly paradise; it is his land

was enlivened by some of the usual incidents of ghari waywardness) we crossed the palmfringed Perak River, and after a further five hours of steady travelling through forest scenery found ourselves, towards evening, in sight of the town of Ipoh. The township of Ipoh, in the Kinta district, is the centre of the largest tin-producing area in Perak, and it is to tin that Perak owes its wealth and importance. Nothing could be more striking than the difference between the desolate expanse of worked-out mines in the neighbourhood of Ipoh and the stretches of agricultural and sylvan scenery through

which we had just passed. In place of the Malay hamlet, with its sprinkling of sturdy men and lustrous-eyed women, we had come upon crowds of Chinese in a noisy Chinese settlement. There are in reality two Peraks—the Perak of the field and the Perak of the tin-mine, the Perak of the Malay and the Perak of the Chinaman. The Celestial—wiry, active, industrious, the embodiment of energy and commercialism—

is a complete contrast to the indolent, jungle-loving Malay. If the Chinaman is a striking figure from the business point of view, there is an atmosphere of romance and mystery surrounding the Malay which makes him by far the more attractive personality.

While it may be reasonably doubted whether the thrusting of Western ideas upon Orientals is always a beneficent proceeding, there can be no question about the material advantages which Perak enjoys as the result of British protection. Twenty-five years ago the chief means of communication, apart from the rivers, were

native paths and elephant tracks; piracy was not unknown along the coast, and civil war on a small scale was a common condition of things. To-day one can travel throughout Perak on metalled roads, or can journey by rail in certain districts. The Perak River has been bridged, telegraphs have been extended in all directions, and cables connect the state with Penang,

Singapore and the outer world. Moreover life and property are safe, justice is administered, vernacular schools abound, and the poorer Malays (formerly subject to slave bondage and the *corvée*) are now free to work out their destiny in their own way.

In a country where hotels are unknown, the rest-house and the European club are necessary institutions. The club is the common meeting-ground of the English

community, and unbounded hospitality is there showered upon the traveller. in the regions east of Suez, "where a man can raise a thirst." the club is a goal towards which the wayfarer trends with a good deal of interest. The Ipoh Club is pleasantly situated. cool and compact, and well sustains its reputation as a centre of social intercourse and festivity.

We had come nearly sixty miles in our jolting ghari, and, with the train running into I poh station, there was obviously no need to employ that erratic vehicle farther. The railway to Teluk Anson, the southern port of



From a photo by]

[R. K. Jowett, Aylesbury.
A MALAY MAIDEN.

Perak, had recently been completed, and the next morning we were quickly conveyed by the iron horse to our destination. Passing through magnificent scenery, this ride by rail was as interesting as, and far less fatiguing than, the road journey of the previous day; but we were nevertheless not altogether sorry to have surveyed a large expanse of Perak from the vantage-ground of a common ghari.

DOCTOR NIKOLA.

Ву Сиу Воотнву.*

Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD.

CHAPTER X.

AN EXCITING NIGHT IN THE LLAMASERAL.



HERE are two points to be held in constant remembrance," said Nikola, "one is that you are not a Chinaman, and the other is that if you go before the chief

priest to-morrow morning and pose as one he'll certainly find you out, and then we shall be done for completely. If you run away I had better run too, for all the good I can get by stopping, but that I am resolved not to do. It has cost me many years' labour, to say nothing of some thousands of pounds, to get as far as I have in this business, and come what may I am determined not to turn back."

"But what way is there out of the difficulty?" I asked dejectedly. "If I can't come before them and brazen the matter out, and I can't remain away for fear of confirming what they already suspect, and I can't leave the monastery without drawing down suspicion on you, I must confess I don't see . what is to be done. I suppose we couldn't bribe the man to withdraw his charge?"

"Not to be thought of," said Nikola with "Our lives would then be conviction. simply dependent on his reading of the word You ought to know what sort 'honestv.' of faith we could place in that."

"Could we not force him to clear out then, and thus let it be supposed that he had brought a false accusation against me. and was afraid to stay and face the

consequences?" "That is not possible either," said Nikola. "He would only begin to bargain with us, and to be revenged on us, turn traitor when we refused his demand. In that case it would be a case of pull devil pull baker, and the one who could pull the longest would No, you had better leave gain the day. the situation to me and let me tackle it."

I did as he wished, and for nearly half an hour could hear him pacing his room, deep in thought. Throughout the time I did not intrude myself upon him or interrupt

him in any way. At the end of the time stated he abandoned his sentry-go and came

"I see my way," he cried. "But when all is said and done it is almost as desperate as either of the other remedies we thought You will have to carry it out, and if you fail-well, heaven have mercy upon both of us. You have saved my life before, I am going to trust it to you now; but remember this, if you do not carry my plan exactly as I wish you will never see me alive again. Give me your best attention, and recollect everything I say. It is now close on midnight; the gong for early service will sound at half-past five, but it will be daylight an hour before that. I must get you out of this place within a quarter of an hour, by hook or crook, and even if you have to steal a horse to do it you must be in Pekin before half-past one. Once there you will find the house of Yoo Laoyeh, which is situated in the street at the rear of Legation Street, near the chief gate of the Tartar

"But how am I going to get into the city at all?" I asked, amazed that he should have forgotten what struck me as such a "The gates are hopeless barrier—the wall. closed at sundown and not opened again till

sunrise.'

"You'll have to climb the wall," he answered.

"But, as you know very well, that's alto-

gether impossible," I said.

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "I will tell you of a place where it is quite practicable. Do you remember the spot where you proposed to Miss Medwin?"

"Perfectly," I answered with a smile.
"But how do you know it?"

"My dear fellow, I was within a hundred yards of you the whole time. No, you need not look at me like that. I was not spying upon you. I had my own reasons for being there, and you see how useful that chance visit has proved. Well, two bastions from where you were seated that day the stones are larger and more uneven than anywhere else along the whole of that side of the city. To my certain knowledge three men have been in the habit of climbing that portion of

^{*} Copyright, 1895, by Guy Boothby.

the ramparts for the last three years, between midnight and sunrise, smuggling in goods to the city in order to avoid paying the octroi duty, which, as you know, is levied during daylight. When you have got over you will find a sentry posted on the other side; to him you will pay three taels, telling him at the same time that you intend returning in an hour, and that you will pay him the same amount for the privilege of getting out. Having passed the sentry you will proceed into the town, find Yoo Laoyeh, and let him know the fix we are in. You may promise him the sum of £100 cash down if he falls in with your suggestions, and you must bring him back with you, willy nilly, as fast as you can travel. I will meet you at the southern gate. Knock four times, and as you knock, cough, that shall be the signal. and as soon as I hear it I will open the gate. All that must be guarded against inside this place shall be my care. Everything outside must be yours. Now let us come along, and see how I can get you out."

Together we left the room, descended the stairs, and crossing the little ante-chamber entered the big hall. The wind came in through the narrow windows and rustled amid the long silk hangings till the place seemed to be peopled with a thousand silk-Nikola crossed it swiftly and clad ghosts. left by the southern door. I followed close at his heels, and together we passed unobserved through the great courtyard, keeping well in the shadow of the building until we reached the first gate. Fortunately for us this also was unguarded, but we could hear the monk who was supposed to be watching it placidly snoring in the room beside it. Slipping the enormous bar aside we opened it quietly, passed through it, and crossed a little open strip of green towards the outer wall; just however as we were about to turn the corner towards it a sudden sound of voices caused us to hesitate.

"This way," whispered Nikola seizing my wrist and dragging me to the left. "I can find you another exit. I noticed yesterday a big tree growing by the side of the wall."

Leaving the great centre gate we turned to our left hand, as I have said, and followed the wall we desired to surmount until we arrived at a large tree whose branches more than overspread it.

"This is the very place for our purpose," said Nikola coming to a halt. "You will have to climb the tree and crawl along the branches till you get on to the wall, then you must let yourself down on the other side and

be off to the city as hard as you can go. Goodbye, and may good luck go with you."

I shook him by the hand and sprang into the branches. Hitherto it had seemed as if I had been acting all this in a wonderfully vivid dream. Now however the rough bark of the tree roused me to a sense of the reality of my position. I climbed until I came to the level of the wall, then choosing



"I let myself drop."

a thick branch made my way along it until I stood upon the solid masonry. Once on it there only remained a drop of about twelve feet between me and freedom. Bidding Nikola, who was watching me, good-bye in a whisper, I leant over the wall as far as I was able, grasped the coping with both hands and then let myself drop.

Once on the ground on the right side I ran across the open space towards a cluster

of small Chinese habitations. In a paddock adjoining one I could dimly make out a number of ponies running loose. Knowing that if I could only secure one of these and find a saddle and bridle in the residence of its owner, I might be in Pekin in under an hour, I resolved to make the attempt.

Creeping up to the nearest of the houses I approached the back door. Inside I could hear the stertorous breathing of the occupants. A joss stick burnt before an image near the door, and though it was well-nigh exhausted by the time I secured it, it still gave me sufficient light to look about me. A moment later I had a saddle and bridle down from a peg and was out among the ponies again.

Securing one animal I saddled him, and as soon as I had done so mounted and set off towards Pekin as fast as the pony could take me. The night was dark, but the track was plain; the little beast was more than willing, and as I did not spare him, something less than three-quarters of an hour after the time I had bid Nikola good-bye found me under the great wall of the city.

Arriving there I searched for a convenient spot, and having found it tied up my pony. When he was made secure I set to work and hunted along the wall until I came to the scaling place of which Nikola had told me

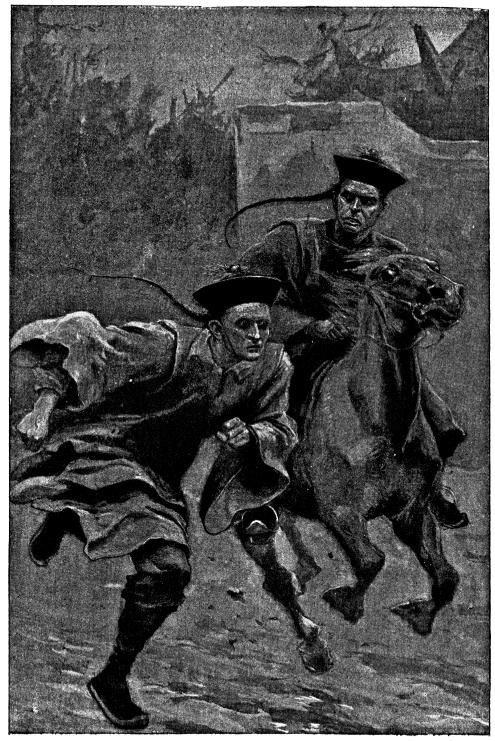
As I reached it a little light wind came up and sent the dust eddying about me. Hardly a sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Then, after making sure that I was un-observed, and that I had chosen the right spot, I began to climb. It was no easy task. The bricks were large and uneven. Sometimes I got a good hold, but in many cases I had veritably to cling by my nails. The strain was enormous, and when I had been climbing for five minutes there was still so much of the wall ahead that I began to despair of ever getting to the top. But I was not to be beaten; and remembering how much depended upon my getting into the city, I dragged myself wearily on and at last crawled on to the summit. When I reached it I could see the city lying spread out in the half darkness below me. A little to the left of where I stood was the place, to be for ever sacred in my eyes, where I had proposed to, and been accepted by, my sweetheart, while away to the right again was that quarter of the town where at that moment she was in all probability asleep, and I hoped dreaming of me. As soon as I recovered my breath I crossed the wall and descended by the steps on the other side.

As I reached the bottom a man suddenly

rose from a dark corner and confronted me. In the half light I could see that he was a Chinese soldier armed with a long spear. Telling him in a whisper, in answer to his inquiry, that I was a friend, I pressed the money that Nikola had given me for that purpose into his not unwilling hand, and as soon as he drew back, astonished by my munificence, sped passed him and darted down the nearest street.

From the place where I had descended from the wall to the thoroughfare where Yoo Laoveh resided was a distance of about half a mile, and to reach it in the quickest way it was necessary that I should pass the Benfleets' abode. You may imagine what thoughts occupied my brain as I stood opposite it in the silent street and regarded it. Under that roof was sleeping the one woman who was all the world for me. I would have given anything I possessed for five minutes' conversation with her. But it was of course not to be thought of, so I turned on my heel and made my way as quickly as possible through a by-lane into the street where the house was situated that I had been sent to find. It was not a big place, and at first glance it did not strike me in a favourable manner. But the style of building did not matter if I found there the man I wanted. I knocked upon the door-which I discovered was heavily barred—but for some minutes got no response; then, just as I was beginning to wonder in what way I could best manage to attract the attention of those inside. I heard a patter of bare feet on the stone passage within. After much fumbling about, the door was opened and a man appeared before me, but the very first glance told me that it was not I inquired if Yoo the person I wanted. Laoyeh were at home, and if so whether I could see him, but from the answer I received I gathered that he had gone out earlier in the evening, and that he was probably at a neighbouring house playing fan-tan.

Asking the man who had opened the door if he could take me to him, and at the same time offering him a bribe to do so, I was immediately conducted into the street again, down a by-lane, up another, and lastly brought to a halt before one of the biggest houses in that quarter. My guide was evidently well known, for when the door had been opened the keeper did not attempt to bar our passage but permitted us to pass through until we reached a fair-sized room at the back. Here quite thirty Chinamen were busily engaged upon their favourite pastime, but though we scanned the rows of faces



"We set off, I running beside him,"

the man for whom we were searching was not among the number. Having made quite certain of this we left that room and proceeded to another, where fan-tan was also being carried on. Once more however we were doomed to disappointment; Laoyeh was not among those present.

Being anxious to obtain some news of him my guide interrogated one of the players, who informed him that he had seen our man about an hour before. He imagined he had then gone into the room we had first visited. We returned there and made further inquiries, only to elicit the fact that he had been seen to leave the house about half an hour before our arrival.

"Have no fear. I will find him for you," said my companion, and we thereupon proceeded down the passage past the doorkeeper and into the street again. Once more we took up the chase, passing up one street and down another, to bring up eventually in an opium-house a little behind the English Legation. The outer room, or that nearest the street was filled with customers, but our man was not among them. The inner room was not quite so crowded, and there we found the man we wanted. But there was this drawback, he had smoked his usual number of postprandial pipes and was fast asleep.

It was now hard upon two o'clock, and at most I dared not remain in the city more than another hour. At the same time it would be a most foolish, if not dangerous, proceeding to attempt to travel with my man in his present condition. If he did nothing else he would probably fall down the wall and break his neck, and then I should either have to leave him or remain to answer inconvenient questions; but whatever happened I knew I must carry him out of this house as quickly as possible to some place where I could try to get him round a bit. I said as much to the man who had found him for me, and then between us we got him up, and taking him by either arm, led him off to his By the time we got him there he had in a small measure recovered from the effects of his smoke. Then we set to work, using every means known to us, to bring him round, and by half-past two had so far succeeded as to warrant me in thinking I might set off on our return journey.

"But what do you want me for?" asked Laoyeh, who was still a bit mystified, though fortunately not so far gone as to be unable to recognise me.

"You are to come along with me," I answered, taking good care that the other

man was well out of hearing, "out to the Llamaserai, where Nikola wants you. I will tell you the rest as we go."

As soon as he heard this and had collected a few little necessaries, we left the house and set off together for that part of the wall where I had made my descent into the city. The same soldier was still on guard, and when I had placed the money in his hand he immediately allowed us to pass. Within twenty minutes of leaving Yoo's house we were ready to descend the other side of the wall.

If I had found it difficult to ascend, it was doubly difficult to descend. The night was now very dark, and it was impossible to see what we were doing. The cracks and crannies which were to serve as resting-places for our feet seemed almost impossible to find, and right glad I was when we stood on terra firma at the bottom.

So far my visit to the city had proved most successful. But time was going on and there was still the long distance out to the Serai to be overcome before daylight. I went over to where the pony stood hitched to the tree, exactly as I had left him, and placed my companion upon his back. He was very nearly himself again now, so urging the little animal into a hand canter we set off, I running beside him. In this fashion, running and walking, we stood before the southern gate of the great monastery. I had carried out my share of the business, and when once I had got Laoyeh inside, the direction of the remainder would lie with Nikola.

Having turned the pony loose, his bridle and saddle upon his back, I approached and knocked upon the door, coughing softly as I did so. I had scarcely finished before it opened, and we found Nikola standing upon the threshold. He beckoned to us to enter, and without losing a moment we did as we were ordered. Daylight was now near at hand and the unmistakable chill of dawn was in the air. It was very certain that I had returned none too soon.

Having passed through the gate we left it behind us and made for the second archway on our left. The sentry box—if one might call it by that name—was still deserted, and the guard was snoring as placidly in his little room at the side as when we had crept through that way nearly four hours before. This courtyard, like its predecessor, was empty; but to show what a narrow escape we had had, I may say that as we crossed it we could distinctly hear the jabbering of priests in the dormitories on either hand.

At last we reached the door of the big hall,

Opening it carefully we sped across the floor and then up the stairs to our own apartments. Once inside the door was quickly shut, and we were safe. Then Nikola turned to me and putting his hand upon my shoulder said—

"Bruce you have saved me a second time, and I can only say as I said before, you will not find me ungrateful. But there is no time to lose. Yoo Laoyeh, come with us."

We passed into the inner room, and as soon as we were there Nikola opened a small box he had brought with his other impedimenta, and having bade the man seat himself upon the floor set to work with wonderful dexterity to change his appearance. The operation lasted about a quarter of an hour, and as soon as it was completed Nikola said—

"Now change clothes with him, Bruce, as

quickly as possible."

When this was done I could hardly believe my own eyes, the likeness was so wonderful. There, standing before me, was an exact reproduction of myself. In height, build, dress, and even in feature, the resemblance was most striking. But Nikola was not satisfied.

"You must be changed, too," he said.
"We must do the thing thoroughly or not at all. Sit down!"

I sat down, and he once more set to work. When I left his hands I was a different sort of Chinaman altogether. No one would have known me, and in that case it was most unlikely that our secret would be detected.

On the way from Pekin I had clearly explained to Laoyeh the part he would be called upon to play. Now Nikola gave the final touches to his education, and all was ready.

"But look here," I cried, as a thought struck me; "we have forgotten one thing—

the scar upon my arm."

"Of course," said Nikola. "It is just those little bits of forgetfulness that hang people."

Then turning to my second self he said—
"Give me your left wrist. The Chinaman lifted it up and Nikola forthwith proceeded to paint in upon it an exact imitation of the scar I bore upon mine. Then taking a long strip of native cloth from a chair he constructed a sling, which he placed round my neck. My left arm was placed in rough splints, all of which he had procured from his invaluable medicine chest, and when it had been bandaged I felt I might also defy detection, as far as my wrist was concerned.

Half an hour later the great gong sounded

for morning worship, and in a few moments the courtyards and halls were literally alive with men. On Nikola's instructions I descended to the hall alone and mixed with the throng. I was not the only cripple amongst them, for there were dozens of others with their arms in slings. Nor was the fact that I was a stranger likely to attract any undue attention, inasmuch as there were mendicants and people of all sorts and descriptions passing into the Serai directly the gates were opened at daylight.

I had not been in the hall very long before I saw Nikola enter and take up his place beside the chief priest. When the service was at an end it was evident that something unusual was going to take place for the monks and their guests remained where they were, instead of leaving the hall as usual. Then the chief priest mounted the small platform at the further end and seated himself in the large chair of Nikola followed and took a smaller one beside him, and presently two tall monks appeared, bringing with them the man who had brought the accusation against me the previous evening. He seemed pretty certain of being able to prove his case, and I could not help smiling as I watched his confident air. First the old chief priest, who it must be remembered was almost blind with age. addressed him. He said something in reply. and then Nikola spoke. Though the voice he used was not above the ordinary every word rang across the hall.

"Liar and traitor!" he said. "You have brought this charge against my faithful servant for some devilish reason of your own. But old as I am I will meet it, and woe be upon you if it be proved that what you say is false."

He then turned to a monk standing beside him and said something in a low voice; the man bowed, and leaving the platform disappeared in the direction of our staircase. Presently he returned with Laoyeh; the latter's head was bent and his hands were folded across his chest. He climbed the steps, and when he had done so accuser and accused confronted each other from either end of the platform.

Then it was that I saw the cleverness of Nikola's plan. He had arranged that the trial should take place after the morning service for the reason that, at that time, the big hall would not be thoroughly lighted. As it proved it was still wrapped in more than semi-darkness, and by the promptness with which he commenced business it was

evident that he was resolved to have the matter disposed of before it would be possible

for anyone to see things too clearly.

First the man who brought the accusation was ordered to tell all he knew. In reply he gave a detailed description of his meeting with me in Canton and led up, with a few unimportant reservations, to the stab he had given me on my wrist. He then unhesitatingly asserted the fact that I was a kueidzu, or foreign devil, and dared the man who was taking my place to disprove it. When he had finished Nikola turned to the chief priest and said-

"My father, you have heard all that this wicked man hath said. He accuses my servant yonder-he himself you will remember being a thief and a would-be murderer by his own confession-of being one of those barbarians whom we all despise. found my man faithful and true in all his dealings, but if he is not what he pretends to be then he shall die. On the other hand. if this rogue shall be proved to be in the wrong, and to have lied for the sake of gain. then it shall be my request to you that I be allowed to deal with him. I have no fear: judge therefore between us."

When he had finished the old man rose and hobbled forward on his stick; he looked steadfastly from one to the other of the two men, and then, addressing Laoyeh, said-

"Come you with me," and led him into a

small room out of the big hall.

For nearly half an hour we sat in silence wondering what the upshot of it all would I watched Nikola, who sat during the whole of the time with his chin resting on his hand, staring straight before him. could not help wondering what schemes the brain behind those extraordinary eyes was working out.

At last our period of waiting was at an end. We heard the tapping of the chief priest's stick upon the flagged floor, and presently he ascended the platform again. Laoyeh followed behind him. Reaching his chair the old man signed for silence, and when

he had obtained it said-

"I have examined this man, and the conclusion I have come to is that the charge this fellow has brought against him is absolutely without truth in every particular. That man is no more a foreign devil than I am."

Then facing Nikola he continued—

"The rogue yonder is now your property to do with as you will."

Nikola rose slowly from his chair and faced the unhappy man.

"Now, dog!" he cried, "I have to deal with you. Is it for this that you came into the world? Is it you who dares to malign this man, my servant? Draw closer to me."

The man approached a few paces, and it was easily seen that he was afraid. Then for nearly a minute Nikola gazed fixedly at him. and I cannot remember ever to have seen those terrible eyes look so fierce and cruel. If you can imagine a rabbit gazing into the eves of a serpent vou will have some idea of how the man faced his persecutor. Slowly, inch by inch, Nikola raised his right hand until it pointed to the wall a little above the Then it began to descend other's head. again, and as it did so the poor wretch's head went down also until he stood almost in a stooping posture.

"You see," said Nikola, "you are in my You cannot move unless I bid you power.

do so."

"I cannot move," echoed the man almost unconsciously.

"Try how you will, you cannot stand

upright," said Nikola.

"I cannot stand upright," repeated the man in the same monotonous voice, and as he spoke I saw large drops of perspiration fall from his face upon the floor. You may be sure every eye in that large hall was riveted upon them, and even the chief priest was craning forward in his chair in order that he might not lose a word.

"Look into my face," said Nikola, and

his words cut like a sharp knife.

The man lifted his eyes and did as he was

ordered, but without raising his head.

"Now leave this place," said Nikola, "and remember that until this time to-morrow you cannot stand upright like your fellow-Let that be a warning to you to men. remember that for the future my servants must be sacred. Go!"

He pointed with his right hand to the doors at the end of the hall, and, bent double, the man went down the aisle between the rows of gaping monks out into the courtyard and the streaming sunshine of the newborn day. The chief priest had risen to his feet, and calling up a monk who stood near him said-

"Follow him and see that he leaves the Serai.'

Then approaching Nikola he said—

"My master, I see that thou art he who we were told to expect. In what way can thy servant help thee?"

"Give me an interview and I will tell you,"

said Nikola.

"Follow me then," said the old man, and they disappeared into the room where the chief priest had conducted the examination of Laoveh. After that the meeting dispersed.

As soon as the hall was empty I seized my opportunity and went upstairs to our own apartment. There I discovered Laoveh. According to Nikola's instructions we changed clothes again, and then I set to work to divest him of his disguise. When he was himself again I gave him the peddler's dress which Nikola had prepared for this occasion, and also the reward which had been promised him. Then bidding him good-bye I bade him get out of the monastery as quickly as he possibly could.

It was nearly an hour later before Nikola ioined me. When he did he could hardly

conceal his exultation.

"Bruce," he said in a low whisper, almost forgetting his usual caution in the excitement of the moment, "I have discovered every-I have got the chart and I have got the password. I know where the monastery is, and at daybreak to-morrow morning we'll set out to find it."

CHAPTER XI.

EN ROUTE TO THIBET.

NEXT morning daylight was scarcely born in the sky before Nikola roused me from

my slumbers.

"Wake up," he said; "in half an hour we must be starting. I have already given orders that the ponies should be saddled. and as we have a long stage before us we

must not keep them waiting."

So within a quarter of an hour of his calling me I was dressed and ready. meagre breakfast of rice was immediately served to us by one of the monks, and when we had eaten it we descended to the great The chief priest was there waiting for us. After a few preliminary words with Nikola he led us down the steps into the courtyard, where, beneath the shadow of the great statue of Buddha, we took an impressive farewell of him.

Having received the assurance of his consideration we made our way towards the outer gate, where our ponies and servants were standing ready for us. The gate was thrown open, and in single file we proceeded through Then it clanged to once more behind us, and when it had done so we had said

good-bye to the Llamaserai.

During the first day's ride nothing occurred worth chronicling. We reached a small village at midday, camped there, and after a brief rest continued our journey. arriving at the fortified town of Ho-Yang-Lo just as dusk was falling. ascertained the principal inn, we rode up to it and engaged rooms for the night. first day's stage had been one of thirty-six miles, and we felt we had well earned a rest.

It was not until the evening meal was eaten and Nikola and I had retired to our own private room that I found the first real opportunity of questioning him as to what he thought of the success which had

attended our efforts so far.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I must confess that I am surprised that we have been as successful as we have."

"Well that man's recognising me was

unfortunate, I admit; but still-

"Oh, I don't mean that at all," said "I look upon that as quite an outside chance. And it proved a golden opportunity in the end. What I must confess does surprise me is that I should have been accepted so blindly for the Priest of Hankow."

"But there is one thing I can't make out," I answered, "and that is how it comes about that, as that stick was being searched for by the Chinese in Australia, it should fail to be evident to the society in China that

you are the man who stole it?"

"My dear fellow," said Nikola, laying his hand upon my arm, "you don't surely imagine that in such a business as the present, in which I have sunk, well, if nothing else, your £20,000, I should have left anything to chance. No, sir. Chance and Dr. Nikola do not often act in concert. When I obtained that stick from Wetherell I took care that it should not be known outside the circle of a few men whom I was certain I could trust. As soon as it was in my possession I offered a large reward for it in Sydney, and I took care that the news of this reward should reach the ears of the Chinamen was were on the look out for it. Then, on the plea that I was still in search of it, I returned to China, with what result you know. What does puzzle me, however, is how it comes about that the society has not yet found out that it has been deceived. It must eventually be discovered, and it can't be very long before it is. Let us hope by that time we shall be back in civilisation again."

I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and rolling over on my blanket looked Nikola

straight in the face.

"By the time you have got to the end of this business," I said, "your information, presuming all the time that you do get it. will have cost you close on £50,000—very possibly more; you will have endangered vour own life, to say nothing of mine, and those of many others, and have run the risk of being subjected to torture and all other sorts of horrors. Do you think it is worth it?"

"My dear Bruce I would risk twice as much to attain my ends. If I did not think it worth it I should not have embarked upon it at all. You have evidently not grasped my character yet. If it became necessary for me to kill a fly I would follow that fly into the utmost parts of Asia, and spend all I possessed in the world over the chase; but one thing is very certain, I would kill that fly." How much more then in a matter which is as important as life itself to me?"

As I looked at him I had to confess to myself that I had not the least doubt but that he would do all he said. I was very thankful to feel that I was not the fly.

"There is a proverb," continued Nikola, "to the effect that whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.' That has been my motto through life, and I try to live up to it. But time is getting on; let us turn in; we have a long day's ride before us to-morrow."

We blew out the light and composed ourselves for the night, but it was hours before sleep visited my eyelids. Thoughts on almost every conceivable subject passed in and out of my brain. One moment I was in the playing-fields of my old familiar English school; the next I was ratching round the Horn in an ice-bound clipper, shipmate with a scurvy-ridden crew and with a trio of drunken miscreants upon the quarterdeck: the next I was in the Southern seas, some tropic island abeam, the thunder of the surf upon the reef, and palm-clad hill on palm-clad hill rearing their lovely heads up to the azure sky. Then my thoughts came back to China, and as a natural sequence, to Pekin. I enacted again that half hour on the wall, and as the memory of it came back to me I seemed once more to feel the pressure of that tiny hand in mine, and to see those frank sweet eyes gazing into my face with all the love and trust imaginable. Gladys was my promised wife, and here I lay on the road to Thibet in the company of a man who was feared by everybody who knew him, and in as desperate a position as any

man would care to be in. It was long past midnight before I fell asleep, and then it seemed as if I had not closed my eves five minutes before Nikola, who appeared to require no sleep at all, was up and ready to go on; indeed the sun was hardly risen above the horizon before our breakfast was despatched and we were in the saddle.

Nikola had remained behind to speak to the man who kept the inn. While he was there I amused myself by riding round to look at the other side of the house. It was of the ordinary Chinese inn stamp, not much dirtier and not much cleaner. veranda surrounded it on two sides, and at the rear was a sort of narrow terrace, on which, as I turned the corner, two men were When they saw me they were for standing. retreating into the house, but before they were able to accomplish this manœuvre I had had a good look at them.

The taller of the pair I had never seen before, but his companion's face was somehow painfully familiar to me. While I was wondering where I had encountered it, a messenger came round the building to inform me that Nikola was ready to start, so catching my pony by the head I returned to the front as quickly as I could to find the cavalcade in the act of starting.

As usual Nikola took the lead, I followed him at a respectful distance, and the servants were behind me again. In this fashion we made our way down the track and across a stream towards the range of low-lying hills that could just be discerned away towards the north. All round us the country was bare and uncultivated, with here and there a few mud-huts, in colour not unlike the plain upon which they stood.

By midday we had entered the range of hills, and following a well-made track through rugged scenery, continued our journey in an upward direction. With the exception of a few camel teams laden with coal passing down to Pekin, and here and there a travelling hawker, we met but few people. In this region the villages are far apart, and what there are do not bear any too good a reputation.

That night we camped at an inn high up on the hillside and next morning made our descent into the valley on the other side. By the time darkness fell we had proceeded some thirty odd miles along the valley. The country was quickly changing, becoming more and more rocky, and the ascents and descents more precipitous. For this reason, at the next halting place we were compelled to part with our ponies and to purchase in their stead half a dozen tiny but exceedingly muscular donkeys.

On the third night after our entry into the hills and the fourth from Pekin, we halted at a small monastery standing on an exposed position on the hill top. As we rode up to it the sun was just declining behind the mountains to the westward. There was no need for any password, as we were invited to enter almost before we had knocked upon the gate. The place was occupied by an abbot and six priests, all of whom were devotees of The building itself was but a Shamanism. poor one, consisting of an outer court, a draughty central hall, and four small rooms adjoining it. At the entrance to the central hall we were received by the abbot, a villainously dirty little fellow of middle age. who conducted us to the rooms we were to They were small and mean, very much out of repair, and, as a result, exceedingly draughty. But if a view, such as would be met with but in few parts of the world, could compensate for physical discomfort, we should have been able to consider ourselves domiciled in luxury. From one window we could look across the range of mountains, over valley and peak, right away into the golden West. From another we could gaze down, nearly three hundred feet sheer drop, into the valley and perceive . the track we had followed that morning, while, through a narrow gully to our left we could make out the stretch of plain, nearly fifty miles distant, where we had camped two nights before.

As the sun dropped a chilly wind sprang up and tore round the building, whistling through all the cracks and crevices with the shrillness of a thousand souls in torment. The flame of the peculiar lamp with which our room was furnished rose and fell in unison with the blasts, throwing the strangest shadows upon the walls and raftered ceiling. This eccentric light, combined with stealthy movements of the coarse-robed. shaven monks, was not, as may be expected, the sort of thing to conduce to cheerfulness of mind, so that it may not be wondered that I sat down with Nikola to our evening meal with a greater feeling of loneliness, and a greater amount of home-sickness in my heart, than I had felt at all since the journey commenced.

When it was finished we lit our pipes and sat smoking for half an hour. Then, being unable to stand the silence of the room any longer—for Nikola had a fit of the blues

upon him—I left our side of the house and went out into the courtyard before the central hall. Just as I reached it a loud knocking sounded upon the outer gate. Two of the monks went down to open it, and when they had swung the heavy doors back a small party of men mounted on donkeys rode into the square. The arrival of a party of travellers would at least afford me a little excitement, I thought, so I went down to watch them unload.

As I approached them I discovered that they were five in number, and that the principals were three, the remaining two being coolies. What their profession was I was unable to guess; they were all armed, and, as far as I could tell, had no merchandise with them. When they had dismounted the old abbot came down to receive them, and after a little talk conducted them to the guest chambers on the other side of

the hall, opposite to our quarters.

For some time after the leaders had retired to their rooms I remained where I was watching the coolies unharness: then just as the last pack-saddle was placed upon the ground one of the owners came out of the house and approached the group. had got within a few paces of where I stood when he became aware of my presence; then he stooped, and, as if to excuse his visit. opened the pack-saddle nearest to him. noticed that he did not take anything from it, and that all the time he was examining it he did not once turn his face in my direction; therefore, when he wheeled quickly round and hurried back to the house without speaking to either of his men, I felt that I had every right to suppose he did not wish me to become aware of his identity.

This set me thinking, and the more I thought the more desirous I became of finding out who my gentleman might be. waited in the courtyard for nearly a quarter of an hour after the animals had been picketed, and the pack-saddles and harness carried away, but without his putting in another appearance. Then seeing that he did not come I went back to the buildings and set my brain to try and find some plan for discovering what I wanted to know, but for a long time I could hit on nothing; then an idea came to me and I left the room again and went round to the back of the buildings, hoping, if possible, to be able to discover a window through which I could look in upon them as they sat at supper; but it was easier, I discovered, to talk of finding such a window than actually to do it.

The back of the monastery ran flush with the edge of the cliff, the rampart wall joining the building at the angle of our room. If only I could manage to pass along the wall and thus reach a small window which I guessed must look out on to a tiny court. situated between the rearmost wall of the central hall and that on the left of our room, I thought I might discover what I wanted to know. But to do this would mean a long and difficult climb in the dark. which I was not at all anxious to attempt until I had satisfied myself that there was no other way of obtaining the information I sought.

It might be very well asked here why I was so anxious to convince myself as to the man's identity. But one instant's reflection will show that in such a situation as ours we could not afford to run a single risk. The man had plainly let me see that he did not wish me to become aware of his presence. That in itself was sufficient to excite my suspicion and to warrant my taking any steps to satisfy myself that he was not likely to prove an enemy. As I have said before, we were carrying our lives in our hands, and one little precaution neglected might serve to ruin all.

Before venturing on the climb mentioned above, I determined to go round to the other side of the house and endeavour to look in by one of the windows there. I accordingly did so, and was relieved to find that by putting my hands on the rough stone window-sills and bracing m_J feet against a stone buttress in the angle of the wall, I could raise myself sufficiently to catch a glimpse of the room.

I pulled myself up and looked in, but to my astonishment and chagrin there were only two people present, and neither of them was the man I wanted.

I lowered myself to the ground again and listened for the sound of a third person entering the room, but though I remained there nearly twenty minutes I could not distinguish what I wanted. That the man was of the same party I was perfectly convinced, but why was he not with them now? This absence on his part only increased my suspicion and made me the more anxious to catch a glimpse of him.

Seating myself on the stone steps of the central hall, I roughly traced in my own mind a ground plan of the building, as far as I was familiar with it. The central hall was of course empty; we occupied the rooms on the right of it, the second party those on the

left; of these their coolies had the front room, while the two men upon whom I had just looked in held possession of the rearmost one. There was also a third, which did not look out on the open courtyard, and must therefore have its window in the small court formed by the angles of the wall at the rear. If I wanted therefore to look into it I must undertake the climb I had first projected and, what was more, must set about it immediately, for if I did not do so his lamp would in all probability be extinguished, and in that case I might as well spare myself the trouble and the danger.

I returned to my own side of the house and, having convinced myself that there was no one about, mounted the wall a little to the right of where I had been standing when I heard the men knock upon the gate.

If you would estimate the difficulty of what I was about to attempt you must remember that the wall at the top was scarcely more than eighteen inches wide. On one side it had the buildings to support it, the wall of which rose above my head for more than a dozen feet, and permitted me no sort of hold on its smooth surface, while, on the other hand, I had a sheer drop down into the valley below of fully three hundred feet.

At the summit of the mountain the wind was now blowing a perfect hurricane, but so long as I was behind the building I was not subjected to its full pressure; when however I arrived at the courtyard, where I could see the light of the window I was so anxious to reach, it was as much as I could do to keep my footing. Clinging to everything that could uphold me, and never venturing a step till I was certain that it was safe, I descended from the wall, approached the window and looked in. This time I was not destined to be disappointed. The man I wanted was lying upon a sort of bed-place in the corner smoking a long pipe.

His face was turned towards me and directly I looked at it I remembered where I had seen him before. He was one of the principal, and, at the same time, one of the most interested members of the society who had visited the house to which we had been conducted by Laohwan, in Shanghai.

As I realised this a most horrible and creepy feeling passed over me. This was the same man whom we had seen at the rest-house two nights before. Was he following us? That he had recognised me, in spite of my disguise, I felt certain. If so, in whose employ was he, and what would he do? I remained watching him for nearly

two minutes, trying to compose myself sufficiently to know how to act. Then, just as I was about to turn away, I saw the man raise himself, and as he did so the taller of the pair I had seen in the other room entered and sat down.

"So far we have succeeded admirably," said the new-comer; "they do not suspect, and by to-morrow evening we shall meet Quong Yan Miun at the ford, tell him all, and then our part of the work will be at an

"But we must have the stick, come what may," said the man upon the bed. would never do for us to go back to Pekin without it."

"We shall receive much honour if we do," chuckled the other. "And then these foreign devils will suffer torture till they die."

"A lesson to them not to meddle with our affairs," returned his friend. that we could be there to see it."

"It is said that they have many new ways of torture, of which we cannot even dream, up there in the mountains," continued the first man. "Why may we not go forward to see it?"

"Because we could not enter even if we did press on," returned the man I had recognised; "nor for myself do I want to. But these foreign devils have stolen the password and imitated the priest of Hankow, and if it had not been for Laohwan. who liked Chinese gold better than foreign secrets, and so betraved them, we should never have found them out at all."

Then with significant emphasis he continued-

"But they will die for it, and their fate will be a warning to any who shall come after them. And now tell me, where do we meet Quon Yan Miun?"

"At the crossing of the river in the mountains, at sundown to-morrow evening."

"And how shall we know him—for there

may be many crossing?"

"He will be riding a camel and sitting upon a red saddle embroidered with silver. Moreover it is said that he has but one eve, and that his left hand, which was cut off by the mandarin Li, is still nailed to the gateway at I-chang."

"Does he expect our coming?"

"By no means. Once in every month he is sent down by the Great Ones of the mountains to receive messages and alms from the outside world. Our instructions are not to tarry until this letter be in his hands."

As he spoke he took from his pocket a small roll of paper carefully tied up. Having replaced it he turned again to his companion. and said—

"Now leave me; I am tired and would sleep. See that all is ready for proceeding

on our way in the morning.

The second man left the room without another remark, and next moment the lamp was extinguished.

As soon as all was dark I crept softly across the yard, mounted the wall-not without a tremor, as I thought of what my fate would be if I should overbalance and slip, and retraced my steps round the house. Once in the courtyard I made all the haste I could back to my room.

I fully expected to find Nikola asleep; my surprise therefore may be imagined when I discovered him calmly seated working out Euclid's forty-third problem with a piece of charcoal upon the floor. He looked up as I entered and, without moving a muscle of his face, said quietly-

"What have you discovered?"

I sat myself down beside him and furnished him with a complete résumé of what I had undertaken and all that I had heard that evening.

When I had finished he sat looking at the wall. I could see, however, that he was thinking deeply. Then he changed his position, and with his piece of charcoal began to draw figure eights inside each other upon the floor. By the time the smallest was the size of a pin's head he had arrived at a conclusion.

"We are in a tight place," he said coolly, "and if I could sacrifice you here I could probably save myself and go forward with nothing to fear. It's a funny thing that I should think so much of a man as to be willing to save his life at the expense of my own, but in this case I intend doing so. You have no desire to be tortured suppose?"

"I have a well-founded objection to it,"

"In that case we must make out some scheme which will enable us to do without If these fellows arrive at the ford before us they will have the first chance of doing business with the messenger. Our endeavour must be to get there before they do, and yet to send them back to Pekin satisfied that they have fulfilled their mission. How to do this is the problem we have to work out."

"But how are we to do it?" I inquired.

"Let me think for a few minutes," he answered, "and I'll see if I can't find out."

I waited for fully five minutes. Then

Nikola said-

"The problem resolves itself into this. By hook or crook we must delay this man and his party on the road for at least three Then one of us must go on to the ford and meet the man from the monastery. To him must be handed the letter I received from the chief priest at the Llamaserai, and when he has been sent back with it to the monastery there must be another man. accoutred exactly like himself, to take his place. This man, who will have to be myself, will receive our friends, take their letters and despatch them back to Pekin with a message from the monastery. that it will be touch and go with go. But I'm not afraid to go forward, and I pay you the compliment of saying that I don't believe you are."

"By Jove, Dr. Nikola!" I answered candidly, quite carried away by the boldness of his scheme, "you're what I call a really good-plucked one, and since you take it in this way I will go on with you and carry it

through if it costs me my life."

"I thank you," said Nikola quietly. "I thought I wasn't deceived in you. Now we must think out how these different schemes are to be worked. To begin with we must leave here at least an hour before our friends in the other rooms. Once on the way we must push forward as fast as we possibly can and secure a camel and saddle of the kind described before they can suspect. Then we have got to discover some means of delaying them upon the road. Now how can that be accomplished?"

"Couldn't we get some villagers to rise

against them?"

"It would cost too much; and then there is always the chance of their turning traitor, like our friend Laohwan. No, we must think of something else."

He re-commenced drawing eights upon the floor. By the time he had perfected the thirtieth—for I counted them myself—he had worked it out to his evident satisfaction.

"By twelve o'clock to-morrow at the very latest," he said, "if my information be correct, we ought to be at an inn in the mountains fifteen miles ahead. It is the only dwelling between this place and the ford, and they will be certain to call at it. I shall instruct one of my men, whom I will leave behind for that purpose, and he will see that their animals are watered from a

certain trough. If they drink what I give him to pour in, they will go about five miles and then drop. If they don't drink I shall see that he brings about another result."

"If you can depend on him, that should do the trick. But what about Laohwan?"

"I shall deal with Laohwan myself," said Nikola with grim earnestness; "and when I've done I think he will regret having been so imprudent as to break faith with me."

He said no more, but I could not help a feeling of satisfaction in knowing that I was not the man in question. From what I had so far seen of Nikola's character I can say that I would rather quarrel with any other half dozen people in the world, whoever they might be, than risk the displeasure of the man Dr. Nikola.

"Now," I said, when he had finished, "as they've turned in we shouldn't be long in

following their example."

"But before we do so I think you had better find the coolies and see that they thoroughly understand that we start at three o'clock. Moreover bid them hold their tongues."

I complied with his request, and half an hour later was wrapped in my blankets and

fast asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

AT ten minutes to three I was out of bed, fully dressed and prepared for the start. Nikola had roused the coolies some time before this, and they were already busy with their preparations. At three precisely a bowl of rice was brought to us by one of the monks, and by a quarter past we were on our donkeys in the courtyard ready for our start.

So far the only person aroused, in addition to our own party, was the monk who cooked our breakfast. Him Nikola largely rewarded, and, in return for his generosity, the gates were opened without disturbing the household. We filed out and then picked our way down the rocky path into the valley. Arriving at the bottom we continued our journey, ascending and descending according to the nature of the path. Every hour the country was growing more and more mountainous, and by midday we could plainly discern snow upon the highest peaks.

At half-past twelve we reached the inn where it had been decided that one of our retinue should be left behind to hocus the animals of our pursuers. For this work we had chosen a man whom we had the best of reasons for being able to trust. A sufficient excuse was invented to satisfy his scruples. and when we left him behind it was with instructions to follow us as soon as he had done the work and could discover a convenient opportunity. That the man would do his best to accomplish his mission, we had not the slightest doubt, for the reward promised him was large enough to obviate the necessity of his doing any more work as long as he should live. Therefore when we left the inn, after baiting our animals for a short time, it was to feel comparatively certain that the success of our scheme was assured.

As soon as the caravansary was hidden by the corner of the mountain Nikola called

me up to him and said—

"In a few moments I am going to push forward as fast as I can to a village lying off the track a few miles to the northward. I hear that four days out of the week they have camels for sale there, and it will be hard if I cannot purchase one, and with it a silverplated red saddle, before dusk. You must continue your journey on to the ford, where you will in all probability arrive to find the messenger awaiting you. Give him this letter from the chief priest of Llamaserai, warning the Great Ones of the mountains of my coming, and bestow upon him this largess. Here he handed me a number of gold pieces. "Then besure to hasten his departure as much as you can, for we must run no risk of his meeting those who are behind us. I turn off here, with one man, so press forward yourself with all speed, and good luck go with you."

"But when I have despatched the messenger back to the monastery, what am I to

"Wait till he is out of sight and then follow in his track for about half a mile. Having done so, find a convenient spot, camp and wait for me. Do you comprehend?"

I answered that I understood perfectly. And then ordering one coolie to follow him. with a wave of his hand he turned off the track and in less than five minutes was lost to my sight. For nearly three hours I rode on, turning over and over in my mind the plan I had arranged for conducting the interview that lay before me. The chief point I had to remember was that I was a courier from the society, sent from Pekin to warn the monastery that one of the Great Three was approaching. Upon my success in carrying out this mission would very much depend the reception accorded to Nikola, so that the story I was about to tell the messenger at the

ford must necessarily be plausible in every particular.

By five o'clock, and just as the sun was sinking behind the highest peaks, the road began to widen out, the valley became larger and the track more plain. I followed it along at a medium pace, and then, having turned a corner, saw the smooth waters of the river before me.

As I did so a sort of cold chill passed over me; the whole success of our expedition seemed to rest upon my shoulders, to depend upon my presence of mind and the plausibility of my tale. If by any chance the man should suspect that I was not all I pretended to be, he might decide to wait, and then, with the help of any men he might have with him, detain me a prisoner. case those behind us would catch us up, and I should be proved to be an impostor. Then, if nothing worse befell me. I should find myself carried on to the monastery, to be a subject for the experiments in torture of which I had heard mention the previous night.

When I reached it I discovered that the river at this particular ford was about eighty yards in width and scarcely more than two feet in depth. On either bank rose precipitous cliffs reaching even in the lowest places to certainly more than two hundred feet. To the right, that is facing north, the channel flowed between solid granite walls. but where I stood it had evenly sloping I rode down to the water's edge, and seeing no one on the other side dismounted from my donkey and seated myself upon the sand. I was relieved to find that I was alone on my side; but I became more anxious when I saw that the man whom I had come to meet had not yet put in an appearance. There was this to be remembered, if he delayed his arrival for very long I should be placed in a nasty position, for in that case our pursuers would come up, discover me, and then I should be hopelessly done for.

But I need not have worried myself for I had not long to wait. Within half an hour of my arriving at the ford somebody mounted on a camel rode out of the defile on the other side and approached the water's He was a big man, dressed in some light brown material; he rode a well-bred camel, and when he turned round I could detect the fact that his saddle was red and ornamented with silver. Calling my men together I bade them wait for me where they were, and then taking my donkey by the head rode him into the stream.

So small was the animal that the water was well above the saddle flaps when I reached the deepest part. But in spite of much snorting and endeavouring to turn back I persuaded him to go on, and we finally reached the other side in safety. The messenger from the monastery had dismounted from his camel by this time and was pacing up and down the shore. As I got nearer to him I saw that he had but one arm, and

that one of his eyes was missing.

Dismounting from my donkey on the bank, I approached him, at the same time bowing low.

"I was to find a messenger from the Great Ones of the mountains," I said. "Are you he whom I seek?"

"From whom come you?" he asked, answering my question in the proverbial Irish fashion by asking another.

"I come from the chief priest of the Llamaserai at

Pekin," I answered, "and I am the bearer of important news. I was told that I should find here a man who would carry forward the letter I bring without a moment's delay."

"Let me see it," said the man. "If it is sealed with the right seal I will do what you ask, not otherwise."

I gave him the letter and he turned it over and over, scrutinising it carefully.

"This is the chief priest's seal," he said at last, "and I am satisfied; but I cannot carry it forward at once as it is my duty to remain here until dusk has fallen." "Of that I am quite aware," I answered.

"But you will see that this is a special case, and to meet it I am to pay you this gold, that is provided you will go forward and warn those from whom you come of my master's approach."

When I had given him the bribe he counted it carefully and deposited it in his

pocket.

"I will wait half an hour," he said, "and

if no pilgrims have arrived by that time I will set off."

Having arranged it in this satisfactory fashion we seated ourselves on the sandy beach, and when we had lit our pipes, smoked stolidly for half an hour. During that time my feelings were not to be envied. I did not enjoy my smoke, for I was being tortured on the rack of suspense. For aught I knew our man might have failed in drugging the ponies of the pursuing



"The water was well above the saddle flaps."

party. In that case they would probably be within a few miles of us and might put in an appearance at any moment.

The sun sank lower and lower behind the hill till finally he disappeared altogether. Long shadows fell from the cliffs across the water, the evening wind sprang up and whistled among the rocks, but still no sign came of any cavalcade upon the opposite bank. If only our rivals did not put in an appearance for another quarter of an hour we should be saved.

In addition to this suspense I had

another anxiety. Supposing Nikola had not succeeded in obtaining an animal and saddle of the kind he wanted, and should be prevented from reaching the ford in time to receive the men he was expecting, what would happen then? But I would not let my mind dwell upon it. And yet for most positive reasons I dared not attempt to hurry the messenger, who was still sitting stolidly smoking. To let him think that I was anxious to get rid of him would only be

"I made out a small party coming down the slope."

to excite his suspicions, and those once aroused he would in all probability determine to remain at the ford. In that case I might as well walk into the river and drown myself at once.

One by one the stars came out and began to twinkle in the cloudless heavens, such stars as one never sees but in the East. The wind was rising, and in another half hour it would be too dark to see.

At last my companion rose and shook himself.

"There be no pilgrims here," he said, "and it is cold by the water. I shall be going. Is it your pleasure to come with me, or will you remain?"

"I have no will," I answered. "I must perforce remain till the caravan bringing my master shall arrive. Then I shall come on. Do not you wait for me."

He did not need to be twice bidden, but approaching his camel mounted, and then with a curt nod to me set off up the path.

As soon as he disappeared I walked down to the water's edge and called to my men to come over, which they did. When they had landed I bade them follow me, and forsaking the ford we set off at a brisk pace up the track.

A hundred yards from the river the path turned abruptly to the right hand and wound through a narrow This however we did not enter, as I deemed it wisest to settle in a sheltered spot on the left. I rode ahead and reconnoitred, and having ascertained that it would not be discernible from the path, bade them pitch our camp there. Within ten minutes of our arrival the donkeys were picketed, the tents erected. and the camp fires lighted. Then leaving the men to the preparation of the evening meal I returned to the track and hurried along it in the direction of the ford.

When I was within fifty yards of the turning which would bring me within full sight of the river I heard a soft whistle. Next moment a man mounted on a camel

came into view and pulled up alongside me. In the half dark I could see that the rider was dressed exactly like the man to whom I had talked at the ford; he had also one arm, and his right eye was closed.

"Bear to your left hand," he said, leaning down from his camel to speak to me; "you'll find some big rocks, and behind them you must hide yourself. Have your revolver ready to your hand, and if anything should happen, and I should call to you for assistance, come to me at once."

"Did you have much difficulty in procuring your camel?" I asked, hardly able to believe that the man was Nikola.

"None whatever," he answered; "but the clothes and saddle were a little more difficult to obtain. However I got them at last, and now do you think I look at all like the man I am here to represent?"

"One or two little things are different," I said; "but you need have no fear; they'll not

suspect."

"Let us hope not," said Nikola. "Where

are the others?"

"Camped back yonder," I answered, "in a little gully to the left of the gorge."

"That's well; now creep down to the rocks and take your place. Be sure not to

forget what I've told you."

I made my way down as he ordered, and little by little crept along to where three big boulders stood out upon the sand. Between these I settled myself, and to my delight found I had an almost uninterrupted view of the ford. As I looked across the water I made out a small party coming down the slope on to the sand on the other side. Without losing time they plunged in, and so quiet was the night I could even hear the splashing made by their animals and distinguish between the first noise and the more sullen thud as they advanced into deeper water. Then I heard a hoarse call, and a moment later Nikola rode down to the water on his camel.

In two or three minutes the fording party had reached the bank, scarcely more than ten paces from where I lay. So close were they indeed that I could hear the breathing of the tired animals quite distinctly and the sigh of relief with which they hailed the dismounting of their masters. The man who was in command approached Nikola and after a little preamble said—

"We were delayed on the road by the sickness of our animals or we should have been here earlier. Tell us, we pray, if any

other travellers passed this way.

"But one party," said the spurious messenger with a chuckle; "and by this time they are lost among the mountains. They grudged me alms and so I did not tell them the true path. Ere this to-morrow the vultures will have torn the flesh from their bones."

"How many in number were they?"

asked the man who had first spoken.

"Five," answered Nikola; "and may the devils of the mountains take possession of them! And now who be ye?"

"We have come from Pekin," answered the spokesman of the party, "and we bring letters from the chief priest of the Llamaserai to the Great Ones of the mountains. There be two barbarians who have stolen their way into our society, abducted him who is to be one of the Three, and substituted themselves in his place. The symbol of the Three, which was stolen by a foreign devil many years ago, is in their possession; and that was the party who passed this ford on their way to the mountains, and whom thou sawest."

"They will go no farther," said Nikola, when they had finished, with another grim laugh; "and the hearts that would know our secrets will be tit-bits for the young eagles.

What is it that ye want of me?"

"There is this letter of warning to be carried forward," said the man; and as he spoke he produced from his pocket the roll of paper I had seen in his possession the previous night. He handed it to Nikola, who placed it inside his wadded coat, and then proceeded towards his camel, which he mounted. When he was up he turned to the small party who were watching him and said—

"Turn back on your path. Camp not near the ford, for the spirits of the lost pass up and down in the still hours of the night,

and it is death to hear them."

His warning was not without effect, for as soon as he had ridden off I noticed with considerable satisfaction that the party lost no time in retracing their steps across the river. I watched them for some time, and only when they were dimly outlined against the stars on the brow of the hill did I move. Then knowing that they must be making haste, and having given them a quarter of an hour's grace, I slipped out of hiding and made my way up the path towards the gully where we had fixed our camp.

When I reached the firelight I saw that Nikola had dismounted from his camel and entered his own tent. I found him removing his disguise and preparing to change back

into his own garments.

"We have come out of that scrape very neatly," he said; "and I can only add, Bruce, that it is owing to your foresight and intelligence that we have done so. Had you not had the wit to obtain a view of that man we should in all probability have been caught in a trap from which there would have been no escaping. As it is we have not only got rid of our enemy but have improved our position into the bargain. If we make as good progress as we have hitherto done we should be inside the monastery by to-morrow evening,"

"I hope we shall," I answered; "but from what we have gone through of late I am induced to think that it would be wiser not to stock our poultry-yard before we have seen that our incubator is in good working order."

"You are quite right, we won't."

Half an hour later our evening meal was served, and when it was eaten we sat round the camp fire smoking and talking, the dancing flames lighting up the rocks around us and the great stars winking grimly down at us from overhead. The night was very still; save the grunting of the picketed donkeys, the spluttering of the flames of the fire, the occasional cry of some night bird, and once the howl of a jackal among the rocks, nothing was to be heard. It cannot be considered extraordinary, therefore, if my thoughts turned to the girl I loved. wondered if she were thinking of me, and if so, what she imagined I was doing. journey to the monastery was nearly at an How long we should remain there when we had once got in I had not the very vaguest notion; but if the luck which had followed us so far still held good we ought soon to be able to complete our errand and return with all speed to the coast. Then I told myself I would seek out my darling and, with her brother's permission, make her my What I would do after that was for the Fates to decide. But of one thing I was convinced, as long as I lived I would never willingly set foot in China again.

Next morning, a little after daylight, we broke camp, packed the animals, mounted and set off. For the first five miles the track was a comparatively plain one, leading along a, valley, the entrance to which was the gorge I had seen on the previous night. circling round the side of the mountain by a precipitous path we came out on to a long tableland, whence a lovely view could be obtained. The camel we had turned loose earlier in the day to roam the country, or to find its way back to its former owner, as might seem to him best. It was well that we did so for at the elevation to which we had now arrived travelling with him would have proved most difficult if not impossible. Not once but several times we had to dismount and clamber our way from rock to rock into ravines and across chasms as best we could. On many occasions it looked as if it would be necessary for us to abandon even the sure-footed animals we did bring with us, but in each case patience and perseverance triumphed over difficulties and

we were enabled to push on again.

By midday we had lost sight of the track altogether; the air was become bitterly cold, and it looked as if snow might fall at any minute. At half-past three a few flakes descended, and by the time we found a camping place under an overhanging cliff the ground was white.

Being provided with plenty of warm clothing ourselves this did not so much matter, but for our poor coolies, whom nothing we had been able to say or do before we set out would induce to provide themselves with anything different to their ordinary attire, it was a matter of serious concern. Something had to be done for them. So choosing a hollow spot in the cliff into which we could all huddle we collected a large supply of brushwood and lit a bonfire at the mouth. Into the circle of warmth we led and picketed our donkeys, hoping to be able to keep them snug so that they should have strength left to

continue their journey next day.

Every moment the snow was falling faster. and by the time we turned into our blankets it was nearly four inches deep around the When we woke in the morning the whole contour of the country was changed. Where it had been bare and sterile the day before we now had before us a plain of dazzling white. Unfortunately the intense cold had proved too much for one of our donkeys, for when we went to inspect them he lay dead upon the ground. One of the smaller coolies was not in a much better state. Seeing this, Nikola immediately gave him a few drops of some liquid from that marvellous medicine-chest, without which he never travelled. Whatever its constituents may have been it certainly revived the man for a time, and when we began our march again he was able to hobble along beside us. Within an hour of setting out, however, he was down again, and in half an hour he was dead, and buried beneath the snow.

Our road now, by reason of the snow, was purely a matter of conjecture, for no track of any sort could be seen. For this reason, as we could not turn back, and it was a dangerous matter to proceed without knowing in what direction we should steer, our position might have been reckoned a fairly dangerous one. By the middle of the afternoon another of our coolies dropped, and seeing this Nikola decided to camp.

Choosing the most sheltered spot we could discover we cleared away the snow and erected our tents, and when this was done lit a fire and picketed the remaining donkeys.

The sick coolie we made as comfortable as possible with all the clothing we could spare, but we need not have given ourselves the trouble for at nightfall he too reached the end of his journey.

By this time I must confess my own heart had sunk down to the lowest depths.

Nikola however was still undismayed.

"The death of these men," he said, "is a misfortune, I will admit, but we must not let it break us down altogether. What do you say if we take that fellow out and bury him in the snow at once? There is still light enough if we are quick about it."

Having no more desire than he to spend the night in the company of the poor fellow's dead body, we lifted it up and carried it out to where a great drift of snow showed up some fifty paces from our tent door. we deposited it and went back to the camp, leaving the softly falling flakes to cover him. But that evening two more unpleasant facts were destined to reveal themselves to us. Our two remaining donkeys were unable to stand the rigour of the climate any longer and were on the verge of dying. Seeing this Nikola left the tent again, and taking his revolver with him put an immediate end to their sufferings. When they dropped he cut their throats and then returned to the tent.

"What did you do that for?" I asked, at

a loss to understand his last action.

"If you want an answer," he said quietly, "examine the state of our larder, and then review our position. We are here on the tops of these mountains; one track is like another; where the monastery is I cannot tell you; and now, to add to our sorrows, our provisions are running short. Donkeys are not venison, but they are better than cold snow. And now you know why I shot them."

Accordingly, next morning before we began our journey, we cut up all that was worth carrying with us from the two poor beasts. It was well that we did so for our search for the monastery was no more successful on this occasion than it had been on the previous day. To add to the hopelessness of it all I was beginning to feel ill, while the one remaining coolie staggered on after us more like an animated corpse than a living man.

Sometimes in my dreams I live that dreadful time over again. I see the snow-covered country with its yawning precipices, gently sloping valley and towering heights; I picture our weary, heart-sick little band struggling on and on, sinking into the white shroud at every step, Nikola always in advance, myself toiling behind him, and the last coolie lagging in the rear. Round us the snow whirls and eddies, and overhead some great bird is soaring, his pinions casting a black shadow on the otherwise speckless white. Then the dream invariably changes and I find myself waking up with a certain nameless but haunting terror, for which I cannot account. But to return to my narrative.

An hour before sundown the coolie dropped, and once more we had to camp. If I live to be a hundred I shall not forget one particular connected with that ghastly night. We were all so weak by this time that it was a matter of impossibility for us to erect a tent. A drowsiness that there seemed no withstanding had laid its finger upon us. Only the coolie could keep awake, and he chattered incoherently to himself in his delirium.

"Bruce," said Nikola about eight o'clock, coming round to where I sat, "this will never do, that poor fellow over there will be dead in half an hour, and if you don't mind what you're about you will soon follow suit. I'm going to set to work to keep you awake."

So saying this extraordinary individual produced his medicine chest and opened it by the fire. From inside the cover he took out a tiny draught-board and a small box of men.

"May I have the pleasure of giving you a game?" he asked as politely as if we were comparative strangers meeting in a London club. Half awake and half asleep, I nodded, and began to arrange my men. Then when all was ready we commenced to play, and before three moves had been executed I had caught Nikola's enthusiasm and was wide awake.

Whether I played it well or ill I cannot say, I only know that Nikola worked out his plans, prepared strategies and traps for me, and not only that, but executed them as if he had not a thought of anything else on his mind. Only stopping to throw wood upon the fire, and once to soothe the coolie just before he died, we played on till daylight. Then after a hasty breakfast we abandoned everything we had, save our few remaining provisions and such small articles as we could stow about our persons, and started off on what we both believed must certainly prove our last march.

How strange are the workings of Fate. As we left the brow of that hill and prepared to descend into the valley we discerned before us, on the loftiest pinnacle of the range, a great stone building. It was the monastery, in search of which we had come

so far and braved so much.

FAMOUS RECITER AND HIS ART:

A CONVERSATION WITH MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON

BY ARCHIBALD CROMWELL.



ERY spring, when the primroses are appearing in the carpet of our woodlands, and every autumn, when fogs make Londoners forget the sunshine of the summer, the

"Steinway Saturdays" commence. You may

ask what are the "Steinwav Saturdays," to which question the answer will be long. Primarily they are the recitals given by Mr. Clifford Harrison on successive Saturday afternoons in Steinway Hall, near Portman Square. But they are much more than this; they are occasions when the greatest elocutionary art is allied with exquisite musical accompaniment, to the delight of as select an audience as vou will find anywhere in London. Before three o'clock has struck the little hall will be filled with "the faithful," who come year after year to listen to Mr. Harrison. you will see the most influential dramatic critic of the day, and near him one of the most eloquent of London preachers. Here a notable authoress, there a leading Q.C., and while the moments fly a hum of subdued conversation shows how many acquaintances have discovered each other in the

audience.

There is the

atmosphere

of a private

party rather than of a

public enter-

tainment.

and the

beautiful de-

coration of

the platform

with flowers

and books

and draperies

suggests the

drawing-

room rather

than the hall.

Every seat is

filled when,

punctual to

the moment.

Mr. Harrison

makes his

appearance

carrying two

or three vol-

umes in his

hand. After

the applause

has died

away the

programme

commences.

Perhaps the

first piece

may be a stir-

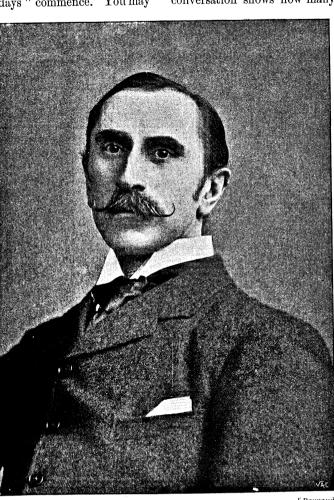
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From a photo by]

[Barrauds.

Zows faith Filly Clopord Harwon

power of an actor who knows how to gain his effects without noisy declamation. Then, seated at the grand piano, Mr. Harrison may give Browning's "Abt Vogler," elucidating its meaning with the ripple of music which accompanies his voice. And succeeding this he will cause constant irrepressible laughter by a selection from Dickens, afterwards carrying everyone's thoughts into a region of seriousness by some solemn prose poem.

The position held by Clifford Harrison is so unique that it is difficult to analyse it. And although ill-health has precluded his going through the length and breadth of the land, his fame is widespread enough, I think, to give an interest to the following conversation which he permits me to publish in the

WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

"When did you give your first recital, Mr. Harrison?"

"Ah! that is a question. It is not very pleasant looking through such a distant vista at the end of which lies my first appearance as a reciter. I used to give recitations when I was an actor, and my debut on the stage was made at the age of seventeen, so you will guess how long ago is the date you require. But it was in St. George's Hall—so linked with the memory of the German Reeds and that wonderful man Corney Grain—that I gave, on February 14, 1877, my first real recital, urged thereto by Lady Combernere and a few other intimate friends. One of my father's friends, an old playgoer, had years before written me a letter, which I read now with peculiar satisfaction, urging me to be a reciter. And it was by such advice that I made my earliest venture. During the week that followed my recital I was inundated with invitations to go to private houses, and while I was in good health I went to numberless parties. No, I did not much enjoy such functions, although none of the petty discourtesies of which one reads ever befell me. The only unfortunate mishap that occurred was at a house where the hostess asked me, instead of a band, to entertain her seven hundred friends! Most of them had no chairs, and altogether my attempt to recite to such a crowd was a fiasco. So I went up to my hostess and said, 'To recite under these conditions is obviously impossible. Your guests cannot hear me, and very few can even see me. Let me cancel the engagement and allow me to remain as a guest.' And to this she agreed. What used to surprise me was the peculiar choice that would be made of a programme. Such a piece as

'Billy's Rose,' or 'Curfew must not ring to-night' would be a success, while to listen to 'The Faithful Soul' would be thought just too too intellectual. I am glad to say that my choice of serious pieces—mostly culled from great literature—never scares the Steinway audiences. Yes, you are right in supposing that I particularly enjoy reciting prose. I give, you may recollect, selections from Carlyle, 'John Inglesant,' 'George Eliot,' in whose humour I particularly delight, Thackeray, Kingsley, Ruskin (by the way I have just prepared a piece on 'Flowers, Grass and Moss' by him) Rudyard Kipling, and others."

"How do you set your pieces to music?"
"I really can hardly say, for you see I don't understand the composition of music, having no knowledge of thorough bass. It would be impossible to write down my accompaniments, which now number about one hundred. When I take up a new selection I simply drift into what I consider the fitting pianoforte comment, as one might call it, not so much on the poem itself as on my conception of it. And the recitation is always my chief interest; never do I allow the accompaniment to be more than subordinate to my voice. I have often doubted whether such a style of reciting can rightly be considered an art. What do you think?"

be considered an art. What do you think?"

"In my opinion, after hearing all the reciters of the day, I have come to the conclusion that your ability to combine the reciter with the accompanist is the only successful and artistic method. When a man can thus express vocally and musically his own version of a poem, then I believe he

practises an art."

"Well, perhaps so; but I have a lingering feeling that one's personality dominates such work too much for it to be quite an art. have a separate accompanist is to me frankly impossible, and yet that has been tried again You are sure to have a duel and again. between two personalities—the reciter and the pianist—each desirous of achieving his own success. A clever young man was introduced to me the other day as a composer of accompaniments. Well I offered to try and recite to his music. No use, for before I had said three verses he was far behind me. Take a piece like Kingsley's 'Lorraine.' Well there is a part where I must have a pause. No amount of prior arrangement could ensure my getting that perfect silence just at the proper moment. I want my reciting to music to be the expression of my idea of what was in the poet's mind, and

wherever the music threatens to be too prominent it has to be ruthlessly cut out. Just lately I have been setting Keats' exquisite 'Ode to a Nightingale.' It has been simply delightful to myself, but full of difficulty. No mere imitation of bird-notes could be artistic, so I have tried to suggest a background of woodland emotion from which the poem will emerge."

"Have you been imitated, Mr. Harrison?" "A few have tried musical accompaniments, not, however, playing them them-Sir Henry Irving heard me and recited to music, but, I was told, the result was not satisfactory to his good taste. Madame Schumann told me that her distinguished husband had composed accompaniments for recitations by some famous German actress, but the lady wanted to alter them to suit her style, and Madame Schumann would not allow this, so they have practically fallen to the ground. The perfect accompanist is he who uses his own talent to enhance the value of the performance. Listen, for instance, to Mr. Henry Bird at the Popular Concerts and you will see the beautiful manner in which he subordinates his art to that of the vocalist. But how rare is such a fine pianist."

"Can you give me any idea how you learn

your recitations?"

"I am afraid I am rather unmethodical. Though my memory is good, no actor would call me 'a quick study.' One is always conscious of roughnesses that need smoothing. delicate nuances that require indication, glances, gestures, that some of my pieces have taken me three months to learn. then, before giving them in public, they have to be rehearsed afresh. For instance, I shall go over each of the pieces which are in the programme for next Saturday, though they are all old favourites. The music for each piece is not altered, but every now and then some improvement suggests itself which has to be incorporated. It is all known and learnt to a note and the accentuation of a syllable. I do not in the least believe in anything haphazard in art."

"You must have had some curious in-

cidents at recitals?"

"Well, not many lately, for my health since my illness seven years ago only allows me to do a strictly limited amount of work, and I usually am abroad for the winter, when otherwise one might extend one's public in the provinces. As it is I never recite in Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, and such centres, for in the summer when I

am in England they don't have recitals in the provinces. In fact I wonder always how on Saturday afternoons, when society has so many engagements, I manage to get good audiences at Steinway Hall. But my friends are very faithful. I get to expect certain faces and very rarely are they missing. sometimes one cannot help wishing that when better health would have permitted one had gone further afield. More than once there have been tempting offers to go to America, and Mr. Smythe, 'the muchtravelled,' was most pressing and generous in wanting me to give a tour through Australia. But it was not to be. I have to be content with doing what I can, not what I would like, and so little Steinway Hall has to be my chief platform."

"You like that hall, I suppose, because it

is so quiet?"

"Yes: I have tried all the halls in London, and Steinway is the least affected by the sound of outside traffic. Never shall I forget reciting Alfred Austin's 'In the Month when Sings the Cuckoo' at Prince's Hall one hot summer afternoon. It is in my opinion one of the Poet Laureate's finest poems, and you will perhaps know my accompaniment to it is particularly quiet and restrained. Well, hardly had I started reciting it than through the open windows came a strident voice calling, 'Straw — berrees — six — pence — a baskate!' You know that terrible pronunciation, and every verse had this cry as its pendant. It reminded me of an incident at one of Rubinstein's recitals in St. James's No: it was not the muffin-man this time. The great pianist was playing a dreamy Chopin most exquisitely when a harsh cornet sounded on his ears. He stopped suddenly, as if brought back out of his heaven of music back to the earth and St. James's Hall, and he could not resume till the cornet solo had been finished. Speaking of the 'Cuckoo,' don't you think it is Austin's best, although it begins with comedy and ends with tragedy plunging you without warning as it were into cold water? But it is a piece that offers admirable opportunities for the reciter to exercise his art. Have you ever heard me recite Rossetti's 'Sister Helen'? I think that is the most difficult piece both for the recitation and for the accompaniment that I give."

"You must be aware, Mr. Harrison, how many preachers and thinkers attend your

'Steinway Saturdays?'"

"Indeed I am. Only the other day there was a row of clergy right in the front. That programme contained 'Abt Vogler,' and one

of them complimented me afterwards in the kind way that people have. I could not help telling him that it was singular he should admire a Rosicrucian like Abt Vogler. But he did not see the point. One lady told me she used to say she attended the Steinway Mission when she came to hear me. Well, if it stimulates any higher aspirations I am satisfied. I preach no creed save that which you find expressed in my little poem, 'The Song that has no Sound.' No sound. You see I do not desire to teach any theory or creed, or to give my work any definite voice save one—'Excelsior!'"

I cannot find any conclusion more suitable as expressive of the man and his thoughts than these words. If I wanted a phrase to portray Clifford Harrison truly it would be found in one of his own lines. He has "the greatness that this great world values not." Loving his work and caring little for notoriety, he is satisfied with the affectionate admiration of his friends, to whom as the years roll on he remains unique as poet, musician, reciter, combined in one charming personality.

His father, Mr. William Harrison, will go down to posterity as the creator of the tenor parts in "The Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana." and one of the most famous actors of the period. His mother, née Ellen Clifford, was an actress before her marriage with Mr. Harrison, and could look back with pride on the days when she played with Macready. What wonder then that Clifford, one of three sons, should develop early a decided taste and ability for the stage. He fulfilled a six months' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, before he was nineteen, appearing in ten different rôles in one week. But a certain delicacy, shyness, a fear of over-doing a part, ultimately deprived the stage of an actor and enriched the ranks of elocutionists. After the glare of the footlights at Sheffield came a happy rest at lovely Eversley Rectory, the home of Charles Kingsley, whose daughter subsequently married his brother, the Rev. Wm. Harrison, vicar of Clovelly. She has, under the pseudonym of "Lucas Malet," followed with brilliant success in the steps of her father as a story writer of uncommon power. From peaceful Eversley, where he became the hero-worshipper of Kingsley, Clifford Harrison went to Cambridge. After that period his career

as a reciter is public property.

He has a right to be considered as a poet and author. Rarely does he delight his friends by placing his own poems in his pro-

grammes, and the remark that used to be made to the late Rev. Henry White, of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, might legitimately be put to Mr. Harrison, "Why don't you give us more of yourself?" If you take up his volume entitled "In Hours of Leisure," you are speedily impressed with the graceful poetry it contains. Here are to be found such favourites as "The Bells of Is" (which, by the way, supplied the Bev. F. B. Meyer, an ardent admirer of Mr. Harrison, with the title of a popular book) and the pathetic "Carcassonne," beside other poems less familiar. Or in the recently published book, "On the Common Chords," you may enjoy the charming "Song that has no Sound," "The Silver Bell," and the dramatic story of "Orpheus" beset by wolves.

In an age of "reminiscences," one rarely finds so choice a volume written in such excellent taste as Mr. Harrison's "Stray Records," in the four hundred pages of which one sees the influence of his mother; for whose eyes its pages, culled from thirty notebooks, were first and solely intended. I extract a story told by Mr. Harrison anent Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Dead Pan." He was about to recite it when a lady was heard asking, "What is the next piece? Something funny, I hope. Oh yes, I see, 'The Dead Pan.' Dear me, how odd! Of course it's funny; something about bad cooking I suppose!"

The handsome volume, "Lines in Pleasant Places," reveals Mr. Harrison's skill as an artist—a talent which has drawn several commendations from John Ruskin. The great critic wrote a few years ago: "The drawings of Alpine wooded mountains are a pleasure to me such as no man ever gave me before, and the light and shade is a lesson to me in the management of half-tints such as I never got before, and which I haven't got to the bottom of yet." The poems on the ample pages are all reflective of the author's spirit. I must limit myself to one specimen:—

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT AT MENTONE.

It shines for all—that moonbeam on the sea. I at Mentone, you at Nice, behold Each his own path of rippling molten gold. But yours is all your own, and mine to me Is wholly mine. Could our thoughts flee Over that luminous track they would not fold Their wings to meeting till the waves had rolled To you horizon. Fact or fantasy,

It shines for all!

The beam is where you see it;—radiates From one spot truly; but the vision waits Upon our eyes—goes with us as we go. There is a symbol written on its gle v. But few, I think, accept the lesson, though It shines for all!

ADVENTURES OF MARTIN HEWITT.*

THIRD SERIES.

By Arthur Morrison.

Illustrated by T. S. C. CROWTHER.

VI.—THE CASE OF THE WARD LANE TABERNACLE.

I.
MONG the few personal friendships that Martin Hewitt has allowed himself to make there is one for an eccentric but very excellent old lady named Mrs.

Mallett. She must be more than seventy now, but she is of robust and

self, it was long ere I could find any resource but instant retreat before her gaze, though we are on terms of moderate toleration now.

After her first glare she sits in the chair by the window and directs her glance at Hewitt's small gas grill and kettle in the fireplace—a glance which Hewitt, with all expedition, translates into tea. Slightly mollified

by the tea.

Mrs. Mallett

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passing

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attend at her

house and

drink tea on

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at a time

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command

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com-

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half

stern

mand

to remark, in tones of

"Slightly mollified by the tea."

a shake of the hand and a savage glare of the eye which would appal a stranger, but which is quite amiably meant. As for my-

active, not to say masculine, habits,

and her re-

lations with Hewitt are

irregularand

curious. He

may not see

her for many

weeks. per-

months, un-

she will ap-

pear in the office, push directly past

Kerrett

(who knows

better than

to stop her)

into the

inner room.

Hewitt with

and

attempt

salute

for

haps

^{*} Copyright, 1896, by Arthur Morrison,

which Hewitt obediently fulfils, when he passes through a similarly exhibarating experience in Mrs. Mallett's back drawing-room at her little freehold house in Fulham. Altogether Mrs. Mallett, to a stranger, is a singularly uninviting personality, and indeed. except Hewitt, who has learnt to appreciate her hidden good qualities. I doubt if she has a friend in the world. Her studiously concealed charities are a matter of as much amusement as gratification to Hewitt, who naturally, in the course of his peculiar profession, comes across many sad examples of poverty and suffering, commonly among the decent sort. who hide their troubles from strangers' eyes and suffer in secret. When such a case is in his mind, it is Hewitt's practice to inform Mrs. Mallett of it at one of the tea ceremonies. Mrs. Mallett receives the story with snorts of incredulity and scorn, but takes care, while expressing the most callous disregard and contempt of the troubles of the sufferers, to ascertain casually their names and addresses; twenty-four hours after which Hewitt need only make a visit to find their difficulties in some mysterious wav alleviated.

Mrs. Mallett never had any children, and was early left a widow Her appearance, for some reason or another, commonly leads strangers to believe her an old maid. lives in her little detached house with its square piece of ground, attended by a housekeeper older than herself and one maid-She lost her only sister by death soon after the events I am about to set down. and now has, I believe, no relations in the world. It was also soon after these events that her present housekeeper first came to her in place of an older and very deaf woman, quite useless, who had been with her before. believe she is moderately rich, and that one or two charities will benefit considerably at her death; also I should be far from astonished to find Hewitt's own name in her will, though this is no more than idle conjecture. The one possession to which she clings with all her soul--her one pride and treasure—is her great-uncle Joseph's snuffbox, the lid of which she steadfastly believes to be made of a piece of Noah's original ark, discovered on the top of Mount Ararat by some intrepid explorer of vague identity about a hundred years ago. This is her one weakness, and woe to the unhappy creature who dares hint a suggestion that possibly the wood of the ark rotted away to nothing a few thousand years before her great-uncle Joseph ever took snuff. I believe he would

be bodily assaulted. The box is brought out for Hewitt's admiration at every tea ceremony at Fulham, when Hewitt handles it reverently and expresses as much astonishment and interest as if he had never seen or heard of it before. It is on these occasions only that Mrs. Mallett's customary stiffness relaxes. The sides of the box are of cedar of Lebanon. she explains (which very possibly they are), and the gold mountings were worked up from spade guineas (which one can believe without undue strain on the reason). usually these times, when the old lady softens under the combined influence of tea and uncle Joseph's snuff-box, that Hewitt seizes to lead up to his hint of some starving governess or distressed clerk, with the full confidence that the more savagely the story is received the better will the poor people be treated as soon as he turns his back.

It was her jealous care of uncle Joseph's snuff-box that first brought Mrs. Mallett into contact with Martin Hewitt, and the occasion, though not perhaps testing his acuteness to the extent that some did, was nevertheless one of the most curious and fantastic on which he has ever been engaged. She was then some ten or twelve years younger than she is now, but Hewitt assures me she looked exactly the same; that is to say, she was harsh, angular, and seemed little more than fifty years of age. It was before the time of Kerrett, and another youth occupied the outer office. Hewitt sat late one afternoon with his door ajar when he heard a stranger enter the outer office, and a voice, which he afterwards knew well as Mrs. Mallett's, ask "Is Mr. Martin Hewitt in?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think so. If you will

write your name and -

"Is he in there?" And with three strides Mrs. Mallett was at the inner door and stood before Hewitt himself, while the routed office-lad stared helplessly in the rear.

"Mr. Hewitt," Mrs. Mallet said, "I have come to put an affair into your hands, which I shall require to be attended to at

once.'

Hewitt was surprised, but he bowed politely, and said, with some suspicion of a hint in his tone, "Yes—I rather supposed

you were in a hurry."

She glanced quickly in Hewitt's face and went on: "I am not accustomed to needless ceremony, Mr. Hewitt. My name is Mallett -Mrs. Mallett—and here is my card. have come to consult you on a matter of great annoyance and some danger to myself.

The fact is I am being watched and followed

by a number of persons."

Hewitt's gaze was steadfast, but he reflected that possibly this curious woman was a lunatic, the delusion of being watched and followed by unknown people being perhaps the most common of all; also it was no unusual thing to have a lunatic visit the office with just such a complaint. So he only said soothingly, "Indeed? That must be very annoying.

"Yes, yes; the annoyance is bad enough perhaps," she answered shortly, "but I am chiefly concerned about my great-uncle

Joseph's snuff-box."

This utterance sounded a trifle more insane than the other, so Hewitt answered, a little more soothingly still: "Ah, of course. A very important thing, the snuff-box, no doubt.

"It is, Mr. Hewitt—it is important, as I think you will admit when you have seen Here it is," and she produced from a small handbag the article that Hewitt was destined so often again to see and affect an interest in. "You may be incredulous, Mr. Hewitt, but it is nevertheless a fact that the lid of this snuff-box is made of the wood of the original ark that rested on Mount Ararat."

She handed the box to Hewitt, who murmured, "Indeed! Very interestingvery wonderful, really," and returned it to

the lady immediately.

"That, Mr. Hewitt, was the property of my great-uncle, Joseph Simpson, who once had the honour of shaking hands with his late Majesty King George the Fourth. The box was presented to my uncle by ——," and then Mrs. Mallett plunged into the whole history and adventures of the box, in the formula wherewith Hewitt subsequently became so well acquainted, and which need not be here set out in detail. When the box had been properly honoured Mrs. Mallett proceeded with her business.

"I am convinced, Mr. Hewitt," she said, "that systematic attempts are being made to rob me of this snuff-box. I am not a nervous or weak-minded woman, or perhaps I might have sought your assistance before. The watching and following of myself I might have disregarded, but when it comes to burglary I think it is time to do

something.

"Certainly," Hewitt agreed.

"Well, I have been pestered with demands for the box for some time past. I have here some of the letters which I have received, and I am sure I know at whose instigation they were sent." She placed on the table a handful of papers of various sizes, which Hewitt examined one after another. They were mostly in the same handwriting, and all were unsigned. Every one was couched in a fanatically toned imitation of scriptural diction, and all sorts of threats were expressed with many emphatic underlinings. spelling was not of the best, the writing was mostly uncouth, and the grammar was in ill shape in many places, the "thous" and "thees" and their accompanying verbs falling over each other disastrously. purport of the messages was rather vaguely expressed, but all seemed to make a demand for the restoration of some article held in extreme veneration. This was alluded to in many figurative ways as the "token of life," the "seal of the woman," and so forth, and sometimes Mrs. Mallett was requested to restore it to the "ark of the covenant." One of the least vague of these singular documents ran thus :--

"Thou of no faith put the bond of the woman clothed with the sun on the stoan sete in thy back garden this night or thy blood beest on your own hed. Give it back to us the five righteous only in this citty, give us that what saves the faithful when the

erth is swalloed up."

Hewitt read over these fantastic missives one by one till he began to suspect that his client, mad or not, certainly corresponded with mad Quakers. Then he said, "Yes, Mrs. Mallett, these are most extraordinary letters. Are there any more of them?"

"Bless the man, yes, there were a lot that I burnt. All the same crack-brained sort of thing."

"They are mostly in one handwriting," Hewitt said, "though some are in another. But I confess I don't see any very direct reference to the snuff-box."

"Oh, but it's the only thing they can mean," Mrs. Mallett replied with great positiveness. "Why, he wanted me to sell it him; and last night my house was broken into in my absence and everything ransacked and turned over, but not a thing was taken. Why? Because I had the box with me at my sister's; and this is the only sacred relic in my possession. And what saved the faithful when the world was swallowed up? Why, the ark of course."

The old lady's manner was odd, but notwithstanding the bizarre and disjointed character of her complaint Hewitt had now had time to observe that she had none of

the unmistakable signs of the lunatic. Her eye was steady and clear, and she had none of the restless habits of the mentally deranged. Even at that time Hewitt had met with curious adventures enough to teach him not to be astonished at a new one, and now he set himself seriously to get at his client's case

in full order and completeness.

"Come, Mrs. Mallett," he said, "I am a stranger, and I can never understand your case till I have it, not as it presents itself to your mind, in the order of importance of events, but in the exact order in which they happened. You had a great-uncle, I understand, living in the early part of the century, who left you at his death the snuffbox which you value so highly. Now you suspect that somebody is attempting to extort or steal it from you. Tell me as clearly and simply as you can whom you suspect and the whole story of the attempts."

"That's just what I'm coming to," the old lady answered, rather pettishly. uncle Joseph had an old housekeeper, who of course knew all about the snuff-box, and it is her son Reuben Penner who is trying to get it from me. The old woman was half crazy with one extraordinary religious superstition and another, and her son seems to be just the same. My great-uncle was a man of strong common-sense and a churchman (though he did think he could write plays), and if it hadn't been for his restraint I believe—that is I have been told—Mrs. Penner would have gone clean demented with religious mania. Well, she died in course of time, and my great-uncle died some time after, leaving me the most important thing in his possession (I allude to the snuffbox of course), a good bit of property, and a tin box full of his worthless manuscript. became a widow at twenty-six, and since then I have lived very quietly in markesent house in Fulham.

"A couple of years ago I received a visit from Reuben Penner. I didn't recognise him, which wasn't wonderful, since I hadn't seen him for thirty years or more. He is well over fifty now, a large heavy-faced man with uncommonly wild eyes for a greengrocer—which is what he is, though he dresses very well, considering. He was quite respectful at first, and very awkward in his manner. He took a little time to get his courage, and then he began questioning me about my religious feelings. Well, Mr. Hewitt, I am not the sort of person to stand a lecture from a junior and an inferior, whatever my religious opinions may be, and I pretty soon made

him realise it. But somehow he persevered. He wanted to know if I would go to some place of worship that he called his 'Taber-I asked him who was the pastor. He said himself. I asked him how many members of the congregation there were. and (the man was as solemn as an owl, I assure vou. Mr. Hewitt) he actually said five! I kept my countenance and asked why such a small number couldn't attend church, or at any rate attach itself to some decent Dissenting chapel. And then the man burst out: mad—mad as a hatter. He was as incoherent as such people usually are, but as far as I could make out he talked, among a lot of other things, of some imaginary woman—a woman standing on the moon and driven into a wilderness on the wings of an The man was so madly possessed of his fancies that I assure you for a while he almost ceased to look ridiculous. He was so earnest in his rant. But I soon cut him It's best to be severe with these people—it's the only chance of bringing them to their senses. 'Reuben Penner,' I said, 'shut up! Your mother was a very decent person in her way. I believe, but she was half a lunatic with her superstitious notions, and you're a bigger fool than she was. Imagine a grown man, and of your age, coming and asking me, of all people in the world, to leave my church and make another fool in a congregation of five, with you to rave at me about women in the moon! away and look after your greengrocery, and go to church or chapel like a sensible man. Go away and don't play the fool any longer; I won't hear another word!'

"When I talk like this I am usually attended to, and in this case Penner went away with scarcely another word. I saw nothing of him for about a month or six weeks, and then he came and spoke to me as I was cutting roses in my front garden. This time he talked—to begin with, at least—more sensibly. 'Mrs. Mallett,' he said, 'you have in your keeping a very sacred relic.'

"'I have,' I said, 'left me by my great-

uncle Joseph. And what then?'

"'Well'—he hummed and hawed a little
—'I wanted to ask if you might be disposed
to part with it.'

"'What?' I said, dropping my scissors—

'sell it?'

"'Well, yes,' he answered, putting on as bold a face as he could.

"The notion of selling my uncle Joseph's snuff-box in any possible circumstances almost made me speechless. 'What!' I

repeated. 'Sell it?—sell it? It would be a

sinful sacrilege!'

"His face quite brightened when I said this, and he replied, 'Yes, of course it would; I think so myself, ma'am; but I fancied you thought otherwise. In that case, ma'am, not being a believer yourself, I'm sure you would consider it a graceful and a pious act to present it to my little should actually give it to his 'Tabernacle' was infinitely worse. But to claim that it had belonged to his mother—well I don't know how it strikes you, Mr. Hewitt, but to me it seemed the last insult possible."

"Shocking, shocking, of course," Hewitt said, since she seemed to expect a reply. "And he called you an unbeliever, too. But

what happened after that?"



" 'Reuben Penner,' I said, 'shut up!""

Tabernacle, where it would be properly valued. And it having been my mother's

property -

"He got no further. I am not a woman to be trifled with, Mr. Hewitt, and I believe I beat him out of the garden with my basket. I was so infuriated I can scarcely remember what I did. The suggestion that I should sell my uncle Joseph's snuff-box to a greengrocer was bad enough; the request that I

"After that he took care not to bother me personally again; but these wretched anonymous demands came in, with all sorts of darkly hinted threats as to the sin I was committing in keeping my own property. They didn't trouble me much. I put 'em in the fire as fast as they came, until I began to find I was being watched and followed, and then I kept them."
"Very sensible," Hewitt observed, "very

sensible indeed to do that. But tell me as to these papers. Those you have here are nearly all in one handwriting, but some, as I have already said, are in another

letters he is not alone, because of the second Also we must not bind ourhandwriting. selves past other conviction that he wrote any one of them. By the way, I am assum-

ing that they all arrived by post?"

"Yes, they did."

"But the envelopes are not here. Have you kept any of them?"

"I hardly know; there may be some at home. Is

it important?"

"It may be; but those I can see at another time.

Please go on."

"These things continued to arrive, as I have said. and I continued to burn them till I began to find myself watched and followed, and then I kept them. That was two or three months ago. It is a most unpleasant sensation, that of feeling that some unknown person is dogging your footsteps from corner to corner and observing all your movements for a purpose you are doubtful of.
Once or twice I turned suddenly back, but I never could catch the creatures. of whom I am sure Penner was one."

"You saw these people,

of course?

"Well, yes, in a waywith the corner of my eye, you know. But it was mostly in the evening. was a woman once, but several times I feel certain it was Penner. And once I saw a man come into my garden at the back in the night, and I feel quite sure that was Penner.'

"Was that after you had this request to put the article demanded on

the stone seat in the garden?"

"The same night. I sat up and watched from the bath-room window, expecting someone would come. It was a dark night, and the trees made it darker, but I could plainly see someone come quietly over the wall and go up to the seat."

"Could you distinguish his face?"



before all this business, did you ever see Reuben Penner's handwriting?"

"No, never."

"Then you are not by any means sure that he has written any of these things?"

"But then who else could?"

"That of course is a thing to be found out. At present, at any rate, we know this: that if Penner has anything to do with these

"No, it was too dark. But I feel sure it was Penner"

"Has Penner any decided peculiarity of

. form or gait?"

"No, he's just a big common sort of man. But I tell you I feel certain it was Penner."

"For any particular reason?"

"No, perhaps not. But who else could it have been? No, I'm very sure it must have been Penner."

Hewitt repressed a smile and went on.

"Just so," he said. "And what happened then?"

"He went up to the seat, as I said, and looked at it, passing his hand over the top. Then I called out to him. I said if I found him on my premises again by day or night I'd give him in charge of the I assure police. vou he got over the wall the second time a good deal quicker tan the first. And then I went to bed, though I got a shocking cold in the head sitting at that open bath-room window. Noboly came about the place after that till last night. A few days ago my only sister was

taken ill. I saw her each day, and she got worse. Yesterday she was so bad that I wouldn't leave her. I sent home for some things and stopped in her house for the night. To-day I got an urgent message to come home, and when I went I found that an entrance Lad been made by a kitchen window and the whole house had been ransacked, but not a thing was missing."

"Were drawers and boxes opened?"

"Everywhere. Most seemed to have been opened with keys, but some were broken. The place was turned upside down, but, as I said before, not a thing was missing. A very

old woman, very deaf, who used to be my housekeeper, but who does nothing now, was in the house, and so was my general servant. They slept in rooms at the top and were not disturbed. Of course the old woman is too deaf to have heard anything, and the maid is a very heavy sleeper. The girl was very frightened, but I pacified her before I came away. As it happened, I took the snuff-box with me. I had got very suspicious of late, of course, and something seemed to suggest

that I had better make sure of it, so I took it. It's pretty strong evidence that they have been watching me closely, isn't it, that they should break in the very first night I left the place?"

"And are you quite sure that nothing has been taken?"

"Quite certain. I have spent a long time in a very careful search."

"And you want me, I presume, to find out definitely who these people are, and get such evidence as may ensure their being punished?"

"That is the case. Of course I know Reuben Penner is the moving spirit—

I'm quite certain of that. But still I can see plainly enough that as yet there's no legal evidence of it. Mind, I'm not afraid of him—not a bit. That is not my character. I'm not afraid of all the madmen in England; but I'm not going to have them steal my property—this snuff-box especially."

"Precisely. I hope you have left the disturbance in your house exactly as you

found it?"

"Oh, of course, and I have given strict orders that nothing is to be touched. Tomorrow morning I should like you to come and look at it."



Cab, mum?"

"I must look at it, certainly," Hewitt said,

"but I would rather go at once."

"Pooh—nonsense!" Mrs. Mallett answered. with the airy obstinacy that Hewitt afterwards knew so well. "I'm not going home again now to spend an hour or two more. My sister will want to know what has become of me, and she mustn't suspect that anything is wrong, or it may do all sorts of harm. The place will keep till the morning, and I have the snuff-box safe with me. You have my card, Mr. Hewitt, haven't you? Very well. Can you be at my house to-morrow morning at half-past ten? I will be there, and you can see all you want by daylight. We'll consider that settled. Good-day."

Hewitt saw her to his office door and waited till she had half descended the stairs. Then he made for a staircase window which gave a view of the street. The evening was coming on murky and foggy, and the street Outside a lights were blotchy and vague. four-wheeled cab stood, and the driver eagerly watched the front door. When Mrs. Mallett emerged he instantly began to descend from the box with the quick invitation, "Cab, mum, cab?" He seemed very eager for his fare, and though Mrs. Mallett hesitated a second she eventually entered the cab. drove off, and Hewitt tried in vain to catch a glimpse of the number of the cab behind. It was always a habit of his to note all such identifying marks throughout a case, whether they seemed important at the time or not, and he has often had occasion to be pleased with the outcome. Now, however, the light was too No sooner had the cab started than a man emerged from a narrow passage opposite, and followed. He was a large, rather awkward, heavy-faced man of middle age, and had the appearance of a respectable artisan or small tradesman in his best clothes. Hewitt hurried downstairs and followed the direction the cab and the man had taken, toward the But the cab by this time was swallowed up in the Strand traffic, and the heavy-faced man had also disappeared. Hewitt returned to his office a little disappointed, for the man seemed rather closely to answer Mrs. Mallett's description of Reuben Penner.

II.

Punctually at half-past ten the next morning Hewitt was at Mrs. Mallett's house at Fulham. It was a pretty little house, standing back from the road in a generous patch of garden, and had evidently stood there when Fulham was an outlying village. Hewitt entered the gate, and made his way to the front door, where two young females. evidently servants, stood. They were in a very disturbed state, and when he asked for Mrs. Mallett, assured him that nobody knew where she was, and that she had not been seen since the previous afternoon.

"But," said Hewitt, "she was to stay at her sister's last night, I believe."

"Yes, sir," answered the more distressed of the two girls-she in a cap-"but she hasn't been seen there. This is her sister's servant, and she's been sent over to know where she is, and why she hasn't been there."

This the other girl—in bonnet and shawl Nothing had been seen of ---corroborated. Mrs. Mallett at her sister's since she had received the message the day before to the effect that the house had been broken into.

"And I'm so frightened," the other girl said, whimperingly. "They've been in the

place again last night."

"Who have?"

When I came in this "The robbers. morning ---"

"But didn't you sleep here?"

"I-I ought to ha' done sir, but-but after Mrs. Mallett went yesterday I got so frightened I went home at ten." And the girl showed signs of tears, which she had apparently been already indulging in.

"And what about the old woman—the

deaf woman; where was she?"

"She was in the house, sir. There was nowhere else for her to go, and she was deaf and didn't know anything about what happened the night before, and confined to her room, and—and so I didn't tell her."

"I see," Hewitt said with a slight smile. "You left her here. She didn't see or hear

anything, did she?"

"No sir; she can't hear, and she didn't see nothing."

"And how do you know thieves have been in the house?"

"Everythink's tumbled about worse than ever, sir, and all different from what it was yesterday; and there's a box o' papers in the attic broke open, and all sorts o' things."

"Have you spoken to the police?"

"No, sir; I'm that frightened I don't know what to do. And missis was going to see a gentleman about it yesterday, and-

"Very well, I am that gentleman-Mr. Martin Hewitt. I have come down now to meet her by appointment. Did she say she was going anywhere else as well as to my office and to her sister's?"

"No, sir. And she—she's got the snuff-box with her and all." This latter circumstance seemed largely to augment the girl's terrors for her mistress's safety.

"Very well," Hewitt said, "I think I'd better just look over the house now, and then consider what has become of Mrs. Mallett—if she isn't heard of in the meantime."

The girl found a great relief in Hewitt's presence in the house, the deaf old house-keeper, who seldom spoke and never heard, being, as she said, "worse than nobody."

"Have you been in all the rooms?" Hewitt asked.

"No, sir; I was afraid. When I came in I went straight upstairs to my room, and as I was coming away I see the things upset in the other attic. I went into Mrs. Perks' room, next to mine (she's the deaf old woman), and she was there all right, but couldn't hear anything. Then I came down and only just peeped into two of the rooms and saw the state they were in, and then I came out into the garden, and presently this young woman came with the message from Mrs. Rudd."

"Very well, we'll look at the rooms now," Hewitt said, and they proceeded to do so. All were in a state of intense confusion. Drawers, taken from chests and bureaux, littered about the floor, with their contents scattered about them. Carpets and rugs had been turned up and flung into corners, even pictures on the walls had been disturbed, and while some hung awry others rested on the floor and on chairs. things, however, appeared to have been fairly carefully handled, for nothing was damaged except one or two framed engravings, the brown paper on the backs of which had been cut round with a knife and the wooden slats shifted so as to leave the backs of the engravings bare. This, the girl told Hewitt, had not been done on the night of the first burglary; the other articles also had not on that occasion been so much disturbed as they

Mrs. Mallett's bedroom was the first floor front. Here the confusion was, if possible, greater than in the other rooms. The bed had been completely unmade and the clothes thrown separately on the floor, and everything else was displaced. It was here indeed that the most noticeable features of the disturbance were observed, for on the side of the looking-glass hung a very long old-fashioned gold chain untouched, and on the dressing-table lay a purse with the money still in it. And on the looking-

glass, stuck into the crack of the frame, was a half sheet of notepaper with this inscription scrawled in pencil:—

To Mr. Martin Hewitt.

Mrs. Mallett is alright and in frends hands. She will return soon alright, if you keep quiet. But if you folloe her or take any steps the consequences will be very serious.

This paper was not only curious in itself. and curious as being addressed to Hewitt, but it was plainly in the same handwriting as were the most of the anonymous letters which Mrs. Mallett had produced the day before in Hewitt's office. Hewitt studied it attentively for a few moments and then thrust it in his pocket and proceeded to inspect the rest of the rooms. All were the same—simply well-furnished rooms turned upside down. The top floor consisted of three comfortable attics, one used as a lumber-room and the others used respectively as bedrooms for the servant and the deaf old woman. None of these rooms appeared to have been entered, the girl said, on the first night, but now the lumber-room was almost as confused as the rooms downstairs. or three boxes were opened and their contents turned out. One of these was what is called a steel trunk—a small one—which had held old papers, the others were filled chiefly with old clothes.

The servant's room next this was quite undisturbed and untouched; and then Hewitt was admitted to the room of Mrs. Mallett's deaf old pensioner. The old woman sat propped up in her bed and looked with half-blind eyes at the peak in the bedclothes made by her bent knees. The servant screamed in her ear, but she neither moved nor spoke.

Hewitt laid his hand on her shoulder and said, in the slow and distinct tones he had found best for reaching the senses of deaf people, "I hope you are well. Did anything disturb you in the night?"

But she only turned her head half toward him and mumbled peevishly, "I wish you'd bring my tea. You're late enough this morning."

Nothing seemed likely to be got from her, and Hewitt asked the servant, "Is she alto-

gether bedridden?"

"No," the girl answered; "leastways she needn't be. She stops in bed most of the time, but she can get up when she likes—I've seen her. But missis humours her and lets her do as she likes—and she gives plenty of trouble. I don't believe she's as deaf as she makes out."

"Indeed!" Hewitt answered. "Deafness is convenient sometimes, I know. Now I want you to stay here while I make some inquiries. Perhaps you'd better keep Mrs. Rudd's servant with you if you want company. I don't expect to be very long gone, and in any case it wouldn't do for her to go to her mistress and say that Mrs. Mallett is missing, or it might upset her seriously."

Hewitt left the house and walked till he found a public-house where a post-office directory was kept. He took a glass of whisky and water, most of which he left on the counter, and borrowed the directory. He found "Greengrocers" in the "Trade" section and ran his finger down the column

till he came on this address:-

"Penner, Reuben, 8, Little Marsh Row,

Hammersmith, W."

Then he returned the directory and found the best cab he could to take him to Ham-

mersmith.

Little Marsh Row was not a vastly prosperous sort of place, and the only shops were three—all small. Two were chandlers', and the third was a sort of semi-shed of the greengrocery and coal persuasion, with the name "Penner" on a board over the door.

The shutters were all up, though the door was open, and the only person visible was a very smudgy boy who was in the act of wheeling out a sack of coals. To the smudgy boy Hewitt applied himself. "I don't see Mr. Penner about," he said; "will he be back soon?"

The boy stared hard at Hewitt. "No," he said, "he won't. 'E's guv' up the shop. 'E paid 'is next week's rent this mornin' and

retired."

"Oh!" Hewitt answered sharply. "Retired, has he? And what's become of the stock, eh! Where are the cabbages and potatoes?"

"'E told me to give 'em to the pore, an' I did. There's lots o' pore lives round 'ere. My mother's one; an' these 'ere coals is for 'er, an' I'm goin' to 'ave the trolley for myself."

"Dear me!" Hewitt answered, regarding the boy with amused interest. "You're a very business-like almoner. And what will the Tabernacle do without Mr. Penner?"

"I dunno," the boy answered, closing the door behind him. "I dunno nothin, about the Tabernacle—only where it is."

"Ah, and where is it? I might find him

there, perhaps."

"Ward Lane—fust on left, second on right. It's a shop wot's bin shut up; next door to a stable-yard." And the smudgy boy started off with his trolley. The Tabernacle was soon found. At some very remote period it had been an unlucky small shop, but now it was permanently shuttered, and the interior was lighted by holes cut in the upper panels of the shutters. Hewitt took a good look at the shuttered window and the door beside it and then entered the stable-yard at the side. To the left of the passage giving entrance to the yard there was a door, which plainly was another entrance to the house, and a still



"The boy stared hard at Hewitt."

damp mud-mark on the step proved it to have been lately used. Hewitt rapped sharply at the door with his knuckles.

Presently a female voice from within could be heard speaking through the keyhole in a very loud whisper. "Who is it?" asked the voice.

Hewitt stooped to the keyhole and whispered back, "Is Mr. Penner here now?"

" No.'

"Then I must come in and wait for him.

Open the door."

A bolt was pulled back and the door cautiously opened a few inches. Hewitt's foot was instantly in the jamb, and he forced the door back and entered. "Come," he

said in a loud voice, "I've come to find out where Mr. Penner is, and to see whoever is in here."

Immediately there was an assault of fists on the inside of a door at the end of the passage, and a loud voice said, "Do you hear? Whoever you are I'll give you five pounds if you'll bring Mr. Martin Hewitt here. His office is 25 Portsmouth Street, Strand. Or the same if you'll bring the police." And the voice was that of Mrs. Mallett.

Hewitt turned to the woman who had opened the door, and who now stood, much frightened, in the corner beside him. "Come," he said, "your keys, quick, and don't offer to stir, or I'll have you brought back and taken to the station."

The woman gave him a bunch of kevs without a word. Hewitt opened the door at the end of the passage, and once more Mrs. Mallett stood before him, prim and rigid as ever, except that her bonnet was sadly out of shape and her mantle was torn. "Thank you, Mr. Hewitt," she said. "I thought you'd come, though where I am I know no more than Adam. Somebody shall smart severely for this. Why, and that woman that woman," she pointed contemptuously at the woman in the corner, who was about two-thirds her height, "was going to search me—me! Why ——" Mrs. Mallett, blazing with suddenly revived indignation, took a step forward and the woman vanished through the outer door.

"Come," Hewitt said, "no doubt you've been shamefully treated; but we must be quiet for a little. First I will make quite sure that nobody else is here, and then we'll

get to your house."

Nobody was there. The rooms were dreary and mostly empty. The front room, which was lighted by the holes in the shutters, had a rough reading-desk and a table, with half a dozen wooden chairs. "This," said Hewitt, "is no doubt the Tabernacle proper, and there is very little to see in it. Come back now, Mrs. Mallett, to your house, and we'll see if some explanation of these things is not possible. I hope your snuff-box is quite safe?"

Mrs. Mallett drew it from her pocket and exhibited it triumphantly. "I told them they should never get it," she said, "and they saw I meant it, and left off trying."

As they emerged in the street she said: "The first thing, of course, is to bring the police into this place."

"No, I think we won't do that yet," Hewitt

said. "In the first place the case is one of assault and detention, and your remedy is by summons or action; and then there are other things to speak of. We shall get a cab in the High Street, and you shall tell me what has happened to you."

Mrs. Mallett's story was simple. The cab in which she left Hewitt's office had travelled west, and was apparently making for the locality of her sister's house; but the evening was dark, the fog increased greatly, and she shut the windows and took no particular notice of the streets through which she was passing. Indeed with such a fog that would have been impossible. She had a sort of undefined notion that some of the streets were rather narrow and dirty, but she thought nothing of it, since all cabmen are given to selecting unexpected routes. After a time, however, the cab slowed, made a sharp turn. and pulled up. The door was opened, and "Here you are mum," said the cabby. She did not understand the sharp turn, and had a general feeling that the place could not be her sister's, but as she alighted she found she had stepped directly upon the threshold of a narrow door into which she was immediately pulled by two persons inside. This, she was sure, must have been the side-door in the stable-vard, through which Hewitt himself had lately obtained entrance to the Tabernacle. Before she had recovered from her surprise the door was shut behind her. She struggled stoutly and screamed, but the place she was in was absolutely dark; she was taken by surprise, and she found resistance useless. They were men who held her, and the voice of the only one who spoke she did not know. demanded in firm and distinct tones that the "sacred thing" should be given up, and that Mrs. Mallett should sign a paper agreeing to prosecute nobody before she was allowed to She however, as she asserted with her customary emphasis, was not the sort of woman to give in to that. She resolutely declined to do anything of the sort, and promised her captors, whoever they were, a full and legal return for their behaviour. Then she became conscious that a woman was somewhere present, and the threatened that this woman should search This threat Mrs. Mallett met as boldly as the others. She should like to meet the woman who would dare attempt to search her, she said. She defied anybody to attempt As for her uncle Joseph's snuff-box, no matter where it was, it was where they would not be able to get it. That they should never have, but sooner or later they should have something very unpleasant for their attempts to steal it. This declaration had an immediate effect. They importuned her no more, and she was left in an inner room and the key was turned on her. There she sat. dozing occasionally, the whole night, her indomitable spirit remaining proof through all those doubtful hours of darkness. Once or twice she heard people enter and move about. and each time she called aloud to offer, as Hewitt had heard, a reward to anybody who should bring the police or communicate her situation to Hewitt. Day broke and still she waited, sleepless and unfed, till Hewitt at last arrived and released her.

On Mrs. Mallett's arrival at her house Mrs. Rudd's servant was at once despatched with reassuring news, and Hewitt once more addressed himself to the question of the burglary. "First, Mrs. Mallett," he said, "did you ever conceal anything — anything at all mind—in the frame of an engraving?"

"No, never."

"Were any of your engravings framed

before you had them?"

"Not one that I can remember. They were mostly uncle Joseph's, and he kept them with a lot of others in drawers. He was rather a collector, you know."

"Very well. Now come up to the attic. Something has been opened there that was

not touched at the first attempt."

"See now," said Hewitt, when the attic was reached, "here is a box full of papers. Do you know everything that was in it?"

"No, I don't," Mrs. Mallett replied. "There were a lot of my uncle's manuscript plays. Here you see 'The Dead Bridegroom, or the Drum of Fortune,' and so on; and there were a lot of autographs. I took no interest in them, although some were rather valuable, I believe."

"Now bring your recollection to bear as strongly as you can," Hewitt said. "Do you ever remember seeing in this box a paper bearing nothing whatever upon it but a wax

seal?

"Oh yes, I remember that well enough. I've noticed it each time I've turned the box over—which is very seldom. It was a plain slip of vellum paper with a red seal, cracked and rather worn—some celebrated person's seal, I suppose. What about it?"

Hewitt was turning the papers over one at a time. "It doesn't seem to be here now,"

he said. "Do you see it?"

"No," Mrs. Mallett returned, examining the papers herself, "it isn't. It appears to be the only thing missing. But why should

thev take it?"

"I think we are at the bottom of all this mystery now," Hewitt answered quietly. "It is the Seal of the Woman."

"The what? I don't understand."

"The fact is, Mrs. Mallett, that these people have never wanted your uncle Joseph's snuff-box at all, but that seal."

"Not wanted the snuff-box? Nonsense! Why, didn't I tell you Penner asked for it

—wanted to buy it?"

"Yes, you did, but so far as I can remember you never spoke of a single instance of Penner mentioning the snuff-box by name. He spoke of a sacred relic, and you, of course, very naturally assumed he spoke of the box. None of the anonymous letters mentioned the box, you know, and once or twice they actually did mention a seal, though usually the thing was spoken of in a roundabout and figurative way. All along, these people—Reuben Penner and the others—have been after the seal, and you have been defending the snuff-box."

"But why the seal?"

"Did you never hear of Joanna Southcott?"

"Oh yes, of course; she was an ignorant visionary who set up as prophetess eighty

or ninety years ago or more."

"Joanna Southcott gave herself out as a prophetess in 1790. She was to be the mother of the Messiah, she said, and she was the woman driven into the wilderness, as foretold in the twelfth chapter of the Book of Revelation. She died at the end of 1814. when her followers numbered more than 100,000, all fanatic believers. She had made rather a good thing in her lifetime by the sale of seals, each of which was to secure the eternal salvation of the holder. At her death, of course, many of the believers fell away, but others held on as faithfully as ever, asserting that 'the holy Joanna' would rise again and fulfil all the prophecies. These poor people dwindled in numbers gradually, and although they attempted to bring up their children in their own faith, the whole belief has been practically extinct for years now. You will remember that you told me of Penner's mother being a superstitious fanatic of some sort, and that your uncle Joseph had checked her extravagances. The thing seems pretty plain now. Your uncle Joseph possessed himself of Joanna Southcott's seal by way of removing from poor old Mrs. Penner an object of a sort of idolatry, and kept it as a

Reuben Penner grew up strong in his mother's delusions, and to him and the few believers he had gathered round him at his Tabernacle, the seal was an object worth risking anything to get. First he tried to convert you to his belief. Then he tried to buy it; after that, he and his friends tried anonymous letters, and at last, grown desperate, they resorted to watching you, burglary and kidnapping. Their first night's raid was unsuccessful, so last night they tried kidnapping you by the aid of a When they had got you, and you had at last given them to understand that it was your uncle Joseph's snuff-box you were defending, they tried the house again. and this time were successful. I guessed they had succeeded then, from a simple circum-They had begun to cut out the backs of framed engravings for purposes of search, but only some of the engravings were so treated. That meant either that the article wanted was found behind one of them, or that the intruders broke off in their picture-examination to search somewhere else, and were then successful, and so under no necessity of opening the other engravings. You assured me that nothing could have been concealed in any of the engravings, so I at once assumed that they had found what they were after in the only place wherein they had not searched the night before — the attic — and probably among the papers in the trunk."

"But then if they found it there why

didn't they return and let me go?"

"Because you would have found where tney had brought you. They probably intended to keep you there till the dark of the next evening, and then take you away in a cab again and leave you some distance off. To prevent my following and possibly finding you they left here on your looking-glass this note" (Hewitt produced it) "threatening all sorts of vague consequences if you were not left to They knew you had come to me, of course, having followed you to my office. And now Penner feels himself anything but He has relinquished his greengrocery and dispensed his stock in charity, and probably, having got the seal he has taken himself off. Not so much pahaps from fear of punishment as for fear the seal may be taken from him, and with it the salvation his odd belief teaches him it will confer."

Mrs. Mallett sat silently for a little while and then said in a rather softened voice, "Mr. Hewitt, I am not what is called a woman of sentiment, as you may have observed, and

I have been most shamefully treated over this wretched seal. But if all you tell me has been actually what has happened I have a sort of perverse inclination to forgive the man in spite of myself. The thing probably had been his mother's-or at any rate he believed so—and his giving up his little all to attain the object of his ridiculous faith, and distributing his goods among the poor people and all that—really it's worthy of an old martyr, if only it were done in the cause of a faith a little less stupid—though of course he thinks his is the only religion. as others do of theirs. But then "-Mrs. Mallett stiffened again—"there's not much to prove your theories, is there?"

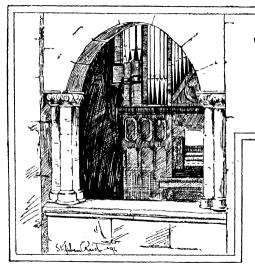
Hewitt smiled. "Perhaps not," he said, "except that, to my mind at any rate, everything points to my explanation being the only possible one. The thing presented itself to you, from the beginning, as an attempt on the snuff-box you value so highly, and the possibility of the seal being the object aimedat never entered your mind. I saw it whole from the outside, and on thinking the thing over after our first interview I remembered Joanna

Southcott. I think I am right."

"Well, if you are, as I said, I half believe I shall forgive the man. We will advertise if you like, telling him he has nothing to fear if he can give an explanation of his conduct consistent with what he calls his religious

belief, absurd as it may be."

That night fell darker and foggier than The advertisement went into the daily papers, but Reuben Penner never saw Late the next day a bargeman passing Old Swan Pier struck some large object with his boat-hook and brought it to the surface. It was the body of a drowned man, and it was afterwards identified as that of Reuben Penner, late greengrocer, of Hammersmith. How he came into the water there was nothing to show. There was no money nor any valuables found on the body, and there was a story of a large, heavy-faced man who had given a poor woman—a perfect stranger—a watch and chain and a handful of money down near Tower Hill on that But this again was only a story, evening. not definitely authenticated. What certain was that, tied securely round the dead man's neck with a cord, and gripped and crumpled tightly in his right hand, was a soddened piece of vellum paper, blank, but carrying an old red seal, of which the device was almost entirely rubbed and cracked away. Nobody at the inquest quite understood this,



MOMENTS WITH MODERN MUSICIANS:

FANOUS

BY ORGANISTS

F, Klick tyann.

"Some to church repair

Not for the doctrine, but the music there,"

POPE.



OU would like me to tell you some of my reminiscences," said Dr. Hopkins; "but where shall I begin?"

"As far back as you can remember."

"Well," he said, after a moment's consideration, "I was born in the reign of George III, but I am afraid I do not remem-

ber much about him. The first really important affair in which I took any part, musically, was the coronation of William IV. Will it do if I start there?"

I said I thought it would, and the kind-faced old gentleman smiled.

"I was only a boy at the time, and was in the choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. Being one of the appendages of the Court, it was our duty to take part in any state ceremonial necessitating the services of a choir.

"The coronation took place in Westminster Abbey, and we had to attend there for a final rehearsal at seven o'clock in the morning, after which we had nothing to do but to kill our time as best we could until the hour of the ceremony. The choir were assigned seats in a gallery that had been temporarily erected for the occasion, and after the rehearsal they wandered about in other parts of the building, leaving their hats, etc., under their seats. We boys got desperately hungry as time went on—

we were not over well

 $\lceil Russell.$

From a photo by]

DR. E. J. HOPKINS.
(Organist of the Temple Church.)

fed in those days and looking up at the sloping gallery where the hats were in full view, one brilliant mind suggested the vague possibility of there being eatables up there likewise. We immediately sent one of our number, who was more of a monkey than a boy, to climb up the scaffolding that supported the erection and generally investigate those hats. The enterprise met with due reward. We stood in the aisle down below holding out our surplices to receive the packets he threw down. First came a rather hard dumpling, then a packet of sandwiches, and so on. We ate everything (being boys), till by

3 A

the time we came to sing we had no room inside us for a voice. When the owners of the various packages returned, consoling themselves with the prospect of a little lunch before the service, a great hue and cry was raised. The blame was never really fixed on us, though many seemed to have strong suspicions as to our guilt."

"Where did the Chapel Royal choristers

live in those days?"

"We lived in Adelphi Terrace, and at that time Hawes had charge of us. also responsible for the St. Paul's Cathedral choristers, and as I happened to have a good voice he made the most of it. My Sundays were very hard days, and usually ran something like this: By 9.45 I was at St. Paul's and sang the solos in the first part of the service, then I had to get back to Adelphi Terrace and change my plain clothes for the scarlet and gold state dress that is worn to this day by the 'children of the chapel,' as the choristers of St. James's Chapel Royal are called. After this transformation I hurried to St. James's Palace and got there in time to sing at the twelve o'clock service; back to Adelphi Terrace to dinner and plain clothes, after which came 3.15 service at St. Paul's. Yet again had my poor unfortunate garments to be changed in order that I could attend the half-past five service at the Palace. see the boys are not allowed to appear in the Chapel Royal unless they are in their state dress, and that dress must not be worn anywhere but in the royal service, hence it could not be worn at the cathedral.

"But wasn't such a life a great strain on

a child?"

"Yes; and in the end I broke down altogether and had to go home for a rest. They said it was nettlerash!"

"And after you finally left the Chapel

Royal?"

"I studied under Walmesley. My voice broke when I was fifteen, that was in 1833, and then I worked hard at the organ. I used to be in Westminster Abbey a great deal. Turle was the organist then, and I often played portions of the service. I was applying for an organ appointment at Mitcham, and a few days before the trial I was in the organ loft at the abbey, and Turle said, 'I wish you would play the psalms; I want to go downstairs to hear the effect.' He did not return however, so when I heard 'Here endeth the first lesson' there was nothing left but for me to play the Magnificat. I always enjoyed playing

there, and I hoped he would not come back to play the Nunc Dimittis. He did not. neither did he turn up for the anthem, so I had it all my own way, and eventually finished the service. When I came down I saw him speaking to a gentleman, who I afterwards discovered was one of the most influential of the committee before whom I had to play at Mitcham. Ultimately I was the successful candidate at Mitcham, and I heard that Turle had said, 'If the committee object that Hopkins is too young to have charge of a musical service, tell them that I am not afraid to leave a service at Westminster Abbey entirely in his hands.' a testimonial naturally did me no end of good."

"I suppose Mitcham was considered quite

out of town at that time?"

"Yes; and the only way to get there from my home in Westminster was to walk to Stockwell and meet the coach that ran from the City; but as this coach could only run when the driver was not drunk (a rare occurrence) it was useless to think of relying on it, consequently I walked the eight miles in all weathers and reached Mitcham on Sunday mornings in time to take the ten o'clock choir practice. It used to be very dark walking home on winter nights; the first lamp one encountered was on the City side of Clapham Common.

"Later on I got an organist's appointment at Islington, only four miles from home, and I hailed it with delight, but as I came home in the middle of the day, and thus made the journey twice on a Sunday,

I did not save much in the end."

"My father did a great deal of walking when he was a boy," said Mrs. Marris—Dr. Hopkins' daughter, who had joined us while we were talking—"and I think he owes his present excellent health to this fact." The Doctor protested however that he owed his good health to the care bestowed

upon him by his daughters.

His activity now is surprising. He is usually up and writing busily soon after six in the morning. His study is emphatically a working room. The pedal-piano proclaims the organist at once. In his younger days, before pedals were added to pianos (I refer to notes for the feet, not to the ordinary loud and soft pedals), he had to content himself with practising the pedal part on the floor, and one irate landlady charged him for the worn-out carpet as an "extra."

Three large and unique portraits hang on the study walls—Joachim, Piatti, and S. S. Wesley; these led us on to the subject of musicians, and I inquired whether the Doctor had seen Mendelssohn. "Yes, and heard him too," he replied with enthusiasm. "I shall never forget his playing one night at Crosby Hall. Madame Sainton Dolby sang Schubert's Ave Maria and his Serenade. There was also a quartet performed, and then Mendelssohn played one of the Songs without Words. The applause after this was deafening, and he had to come back and play again. He sat

down and began to extemporisethat was just what we wanted him to do. He worked in the themes of the quartet and the two Schubert songs and his own solo in a most marvellous manner. Never have I heard anything to equal it. And he had such a remarkably winning personality too.

One of the Doctor's constant visitors, a pet dog, and an old family friend, scratched at the door for admittance while we were speaking. "'Vie' has a grievance," said his master stroking his head. "He only possesses one tooth,

and that a loose one, yet the County Council insist on his wearing a muzzle."

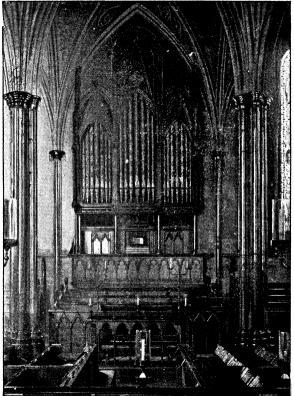
For over fifty years Dr. Hopkins has been the organist of one of the most celebrated of London's historic buildings—the Temple Church—and he has made the music there as famous as the church itself. The organ has a history. It was built in 1684 by the renowned "Father Smith," organ maker in ordinary to King Charles II. At the time of its proposed erection there was considerable dissension among the Benchers of the Inner and Middle Temple as to whether

Smith should receive the commission, or whether it should be given to his rival, Renatus Harris. It was at length agreed that each man should build an organ in the church and play upon it before any final decision could be made. This was done, but it did not further matters to any great extent, as the Benchers of the Inner Temple decided in favour of Renatus Harris, while the Benchers of the Middle Temple determined to retain Smith's organ. After several years' disagreement Smith's organ

was victorious.
But this was before Dr. Hopkins'
time.

After he was appointed organist the organ was rebuilt, though a large number of Smith's pipes are retained, and are in excellent condition now. The view of the organ as seen from the church conveys no idea as to its actual size, it goes so far back. It possesses four manuals, as the rows of kevs on an organ are called.

The interiors of organs are curious affairs and distinctly inviting if one be not afraid of dust. The Temple organ is much more accessible than many; flights of firm



From a photo by]

om a proto by The Organ in the temple church.

steps take one up to the tops of the highest pipes. And what immense tubes some of them are when one is close to them; so different from the gilded "pipes of Pan" that they appear to be from below. It was on a week-day that I explored the organ

W. H. Stocks.

with Dr. Hopkins.

"I wish we had a blower," I said, looking at the keys and then at the Doctor's long white fingers.

"That can easily be arranged," he replied, touching a small handle that I had not noticed on the organ. "I am my own

blower. The bellows are worked by a hydraulic engine which I can turn on or off. The wind is on now." I will not attempt to describe the music that then filled the church and even brought in one or two outsiders. Dr. Hopkins' playing must be heard to be appreciated, and most people are able to make a journey to the Temple at least once before they die.

By the time the Doctor had finished his impromptu recital the afternoon was nearly over, and the very small audience, consisting of the verger and two others, emerged from the shadows of the granite columns and

silently went their way.

One naturally tries to find our modern musicians in their most characteristic light. but it is rather difficult to decide what background is the happiest for Dr. Turpin, he looks to such advantage whenever one sees him. As the Warden of Trinity College, London, he comes to my mind sitting in a room furnitured with the severest of academical solidity, giving advice or help to perplexed students; while as the honorary secretary of the Royal College of Organists. one recalls a tall figure, with an intellectual face, standing on the platform at the Royal College of Organists making a most graceful speech, and assisting at the presentation of diplomas to successful candidates. also recognised as a composer of church and organ music, and as a writer on musical topics.

To the world at large Dr. Turpin is best known as a recitalist, and there are few now living who have given as many organ recitals as he has. Those who are fortunate enough to be in the organ loft with him on such occasions carry away with them some exceed-

ingly pleasant memories.

With a most preoccupied expression the Doctor will arrive at the organ, when he is to give a recital, usually only just in time. He looks around and at his music with an air of "Let me see, what did I come here for ?-Oh yes, I remember now," and forthwith he takes his seat and dives into his pocket trying to find a programme. guest who is in the organ loft has anticipated. this however, and, programme in hand, reads out the first item. "Oh, thank you very much," says the Doctor in the most courteous way. "I had a programme somewhere, I know; but things do disappear so." Then in an unconcerned manner a few stops are touched, his hands go on the keys, his feet seem to drop quite accidentally on to the pedals, and you find the recital has com-

menced; and the surprising part of it is, it all looks so easy. To play rapid scales with the feet appears to be the simplest thing in the world when one watches the Doctor doing it; and when one looks at his hands and observes the way he plays one manual with his left hand, a second manual with his right thumb, and a third manual with the remaining four fingers of his right hand, it seems the most natural proceeding imaginable.

The collection of music Dr. Turpin takes to a recital is curiously interesting. I remember on one occasion at the Crystal Palace he played a Beethoven movement



From a photo by]

OR. E. H. TURPIN.

(Hon. Sec Royal College of Organists; Warden of Trinity College, London.)

from a full score, something else from a pianoforte duet copy, a Handel concerto from an antique edition that consisted of little but a figured bass, and finally one item on the programme couldn't be found. "I know I had it somewhere," he said, turning out the contents of his coat pockets, where at last he unearthed a much doubled-up half sheet of manuscript music paper, on which a very indistinct bass part was written. "Ah, here it is. This is the only copy I have; but it is sufficient to refresh my memory," and the outcome of that crumpled scrap, that could not be persuaded to stay upon the desk till

we pinned it there, was a brilliant solo— Variations on a ground bass by Handel.

One of the greatest charms in Dr. Turpin's playing is the wonderful variety of tonecolour he will produce by means of phrasing as well as by original stop combinations. His aim is always to reproduce on the organ. as far as possible, exact orchestral effects. He seldom if ever uses the stops known as "mixtures," and it is a common practice of his to make one hand play two manuals at the same time, using the thumb for one manual and the fingers for the other: by this means he can play four manuals simul-It is not surprising that he taneously. is so successful in realising the idea of an orchestra, when one remembers that he can himself play every orchestral instrument.

Dr. Turpin's conversation is characterised by great breadth of thought and marked refinement. He never raises his voice, even when lecturing, but by a quiet incisive manner immediately arrests the attention of the listener, while he merely speaks with greater deliberation and calmness when he

wishes to emphasise a remark.

To hear the Doctor at his best however one must journey Hampstead-wards and hope to find him at home, where no officialism is allowed to enter. It is no longer the Warden of Trinity College whom one sees at the head of the table, neither is it the ruling power of the Royal College of Organists who escorts one around the garden; all such insignia of distinction are now hung up with the doctor's gown. Not that one ever gets far from the subject of music: the whole atmosphere is full of it, every little detail reminds one of it; the very serviette rings on the dinner-table have each two or three bars from Mendelssohn's organ sonatas engraved upon them.

Mrs. Turpin, knowing full well I suppose how fast the hands of the clocks always travel in her house, considerately places one with one's back to the timepiece, the consequence is that two hours seem but as ten minutes when one listens to the Doctor's witty stories and the general bubble of musical conversation that flows without a pause during dinner. Dr. Turpin is a courteous and delightful host, but one's pleasure is more than doubled by Mrs. Turpin's kind and sincere welcome and the bright way Miss Turpin enters into everythis.

thing that interests their guests.

Dr. Turpin holds various appointments in London. He has been connected with the Catholic Apostolic cathedral in Gordon

Square for over thirty years. He is also the organist of St. Bride's church, off Fleet Street. a church famous for many The present vicar, the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, is the father of Mr. Anthony Hope. whose pen has contributed so much to the enjoyment of the readers of this Magazine. In the aisle in the centre of the church Richardson the novelist is buried. Dr. Turpin told me that on one occasion a Frenchman came and spoke to him after playing at an afternoon service. "I determined that I would find out this church directly I came to London," he said. "I wanted to see where Richardson was buried. think English people read his works as much as foreigners do. He is my favourite English novelist," and the Frenchman grew most eloquent on the subject.

The organ in St. Bride's is almost contemporary with its near neighbour in the Temple. It was built by Renatus Harris, and is about two hundred years old. Of course it has been rebuilt and added to considerably in the time, but much of Harris's work remains, and the handsome carved oak case, now black with age, is as Harris left it.

Perhaps Dr. Turpin's most important work in the musical world has been that done in connection with the Royal College of Organists. He was one of the two or three musicians who founded that large and evergrowing institution, and he has worked indefatigably for it, in the capacity of honorary secretary, during the thirty two years of its existence. On the subject of musical examinations Dr. Turpin is likewise a specialist, and I should say that no man living—certainly no one in England—has to do with a larger number of musical examinations in the course of the year than he has. As the head of Trinity College, with its immense network of examinations, thousands upon thousands of papers pass through his hands each year, to say nothing of those at the Royal College of Organists. letters he receives from unknown correspondents are many and varied.

"I seldom have less than five hundred on my table," he told me, "and a large proportion are from strangers. Many come from America. People are always wanting advice as to entering the musical profession, and one's answer is ever the same, 'There is room for genius, but for nothing short of that.' Frequently compositions arrive with letters asking if I will correct them and then find them a publisher. Only recently I received such requests from Canada.

There are so many calls on one's time, I sometimes feel that I require several lives.

"In the summer, for instance, one can be kept hard at work all through the vacation giving lessons. Organists will come from America, from various parts of our own country and even from Germany, anxious to make the most of their time here. A well-known London organist is invariably beset with requests for lessons during the summer."

Dr. Turpin did not tell me one thing however, and that is that he himself has often and often given lessons to struggling organists, refusing to take any payment

whatever.

"Do the majority of the candidates who enter for examinations intend ultimately to make music their profession?" I asked when we were discussing the question of musical examinations.

"By no means. You would be surprised at the numbers of children even of titled people and those belonging to the wealthiest classes who enter for "locals," and what is perhaps more strange, men and women who have no necessity for, nor any intention of, earning money will enter for degree and diploma examinations supposed to be only for professionals. I handed a Trinity College diploma to a titled lady only a short time ago. There is the greatest desire among amateurs to be as proficient as professionals."

"But does not the proficiency of the amateur interfere in a degree with the

prospects of the professional?"

"Not so much as you would think. Take organists for example—as we are primarily discussing them to-day. The amateur organist is of immense assistance to the Think of the thousands of professional. places of worship that are scattered about all over England, and how many there are that cannot afford to pay an adequate salary to their minister even, much less to an organist. Here it is that the amateur steps in and undertakes the responsibility of the music in the church, but in no way interferes with the teaching in the district. Thus one professional organist in a small town can make a fair livelihood with his church and the teaching of the district; but what would that teaching be if professional organists were at all the other places of worship and it had to be divided amongst them?"

"How do you account for the large number of organists that are in England compared with other countries?"

"I think our peculiar religious tempera-

ment has much to do with it. As a nation we are intensely religious, yet we each insist on worshipping according to our special views. This necessitates fresh buildings of all denominations being continually erected, and as we rightly consider music one of the most important adjuncts to our services, more organists are required and they are naturally soon forthcoming."

"Is there any demand for English organists in other parts of the world?"

"Yes, both in America and in the Colonies. Quite a batch of organists leave England every year. Yet a certain amount of care is needed before taking such a step. For instance in America it is customary to annually re-elect all the church officers in May, consequently the organist is only certain of his post for one year, and under these circumstances he should make a special stipulation that he is to be engaged, say for three years certain, before he accepts the post of organist in America."

"Are good salaries paid to organists in

America and in the Colonies?"

"Yes, and also in England. It is an interesting fact that, despite the rapid increase in the number of clever organists in this country, they are on the whole paid better than they ever were, and certainly much better than continental organists are paid. The salary of the ordinary cathedral organist in England varies from £150 to £400 a year, while the organist of any large church with a good musical service would get form £80 to £150. But they do things differently abroad. For example, some of the most famous organists on the Continent receive, and appear to be contented with, comparatively small stipends."

A great contrast to Dr. Turpin is his friend Dr. Bridge, whom we shall find at Westminster. At the very outset of an afternoon at the Abbey organ one's vanity receives a certain amount of gratification. A notice on the entrance to the organ loft informs the world at large that under no circumstances can any but the elect permitted to enter. Now what human being could refrain from a secret elation on finding himself passing unchallenged through that doorway, knowing that even the awe-inspiring verger is powerless to detain him, because he is in the company of a magician who wears spectacles and carries a square hat and a roll of music as his wand.

The first thing Dr. Bridge does is to establish his visitor in a chair in a snug corner beside the organ seat, where a full

view can be had of the choir and altar. while at the same time the musically inclined can minutely inspect the Doctor's playing

and his instrument.

And what an organ it is! That earnestminded, though sadly mistaken provincial reporter who once eulogised the Doctor's performance on a local organ as being "full of diapasons and manuals," would not after all have been so wide of the mark had he been speaking of the Abbey organ. It has five manuals and seventy-four stops. In this country five-manual organs are very rare. believe the organ in Doncaster parish church can claim this distinction, but no other abbev

or cathedral organ in England has more than four manuals. And this is not all. The fifth manual at Westminster is an absolutely unique affair. A small plate fixed to the organ announces that this was added by A. D. Clarke, in memory of his wife, but the Doctor supplied more details.

"My friend Mr. Clarke (the yachtsman. vou know) takes a great interest in the organ here" (the Doctor was playing an elaborate Prelude while talking), "and one day he asked me what I would like to have added to it. I told him that the organ itself was as nearly perfect as an

organ could be, but that if he yearned to do something for me he could give an additional organ, to be placed in another part of the building, yet the manual to be under my control the same as the other four. drew up a nice little scheme, which was to cost about £250. Later on I found some 'extras' I wanted added to it that brought it up to £600. Ultimately I discovered ways and means of enabling him to spend about £1000 on this fifth manual, or 'celestial organ' as I have called it.

"I remember it all so well," the Doctor continued meditatively. "Mr. Clarke was sitting in that very chair where you are

sitting now. I only allow really distinguished people to sit there. It is strange, too, how munificent they always are. By the way. you know we are going to put up a case to the organ in commemoration of the Purcell celebration. I might mention that it is to cost over £2000, and at present we have only The Dean will be very glad to receive a donation of the other £1000, I am

I changed the subject and inquired where the 'celestial organ' had been placed.

"In the triforium above the Handel memorial in the Poets' Corner. It is 200 feet away from me, yet so perfect is the

action that it speaks instantaneously with my touch, and the whole of the connecting mechanism is contained in that little cable there," and the Doctor pointed out a small cable, about two inches in circumference, that ran up the wall above the organ pipes and disappeared through an opening

"Electricity?" I. asked.

"Yes, electricity. The wind supply is sent through two pipes, and that likewise has to travel 200

"Why did you have it placed so far away?"

"Because I wanted to get the effect of two distinct organs,

To the ordinary as far apart as possible. listener it sounds like two organs (which it is) and two organists (which it is not). like to use the organs antiphonally, making the one answer the other. I am going to Just watch the effect on the do so now. congregation."

So far as I could see, looking east, the Abbey was full of people, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the organist. Suddenly the grand chords ceased to roll from the pipes that are massed above the choir screen, and from the distant Poets' Corner music came floating down—celestial music one said involuntarily. Immediately



From a copyright photo by]

PROF. J. FREDERICK BRIDGE, MUS. DOC., OXON. (Organist of Westminster Abbey.)

the listeners crained their necks and tried to get a glimpse of the mysterious echo, but nothing could they see. Then they looked at one another with puzzled expressions, which disappeared however when the larger organ once more took up the strain.

In our Moments with Musicians I try to avoid technicalities as much as possible, but there is one little point I would like to mention, though it will probably be interesting to none but organists. By a clever arrangement of couplers it is possible to get a two-manual effect on the "celestial organ." Some of the stops are so arranged that although they are drawn they can be disconnected from the "celestial" manual and coupled to another one instead, thus enabling a solo with an accompaniment to be played entirely on the smaller organ, even though it possess but the one manual. is one of the Doctor's own ideas. evidence of his inventive genius is seen—or rather heard—in a set of small gongs which form part of the paraphernalia of the "celestial organ." These metal gongs, which run for two and a half octaves in the upper part of the organ, speak instantaneously, and sound exactly like a harp or a grand pianoforte.

And yet another of the Doctor's devices has been incorporated in the stop-mechanism the additional manual. There are seventeen stops on the "celestial organ," but instead of being in the form of handles, to be pulled out or pushed in, they are like small ivory buttons which move up or down, and so perfect is their action that the whole of them can be immediately shut off or put on by merely running one's finger along either above or below them. These can be seen in our illustration above the stops on

the left-hand side of the organ.

Dr. Bridge is proud of his instrument, and small wonder. He is also most anxious its health should never be allowed to get out "Listen," he said suddenly, after he had concluded his last voluntary and had just left the organ seat. "I believe that is a cipher' on the 'celestial organ."

We all listened for a moment but could hear nothing. "I feel convinced it was," he said as he went hurriedly back to the instru-

ment again.

"I don't think so," remarked the tuner, who happened to be in the loft, turning his head on one side to listen again.

"But I tell you —

"Can't be no 'cipher,' sir," said a grimyfaced man who appeared—as grimy-faced men often will-from some hidden recess of the organ. "Ain't no wind on now."

"Oh," replied the Doctor, picking up his hat, "that shows how little you know about it. An up-to-date organ like this ought to be able to 'cipher' without any Nevertheless he did not stay to investigate the matter any further, and the

grimy one grinned.

Personally the organist of Westminster Abbey is one of the most popular musicians in England. He is the very embodiment of enthusiasm, and always has some fresh scheme on hand, over which he lavishes time and interest. His vivacity reminds one of a school-boy home for the holidays (if I may be forgiven for speaking thus about one of our university examiners and the Gresham Professor of Music to the City of London). He has that rare gift the faculty of seeing humour under all sorts of circumstances; and those of our readers who are among the crowds who attend his Gresham lectures will bear me out that he makes others beside himself see the humorous side of life.

With his choir boys he is a great favourite, though he likes to take in outsiders by solemnly assuring them that he never spares His ingenious book, "Musical Gestures," is a fair sample of his method of training boys.

I once chanced to be present when he was interviewing one of his choristers on the subject of some misdemeanour. A tap was heard at the study door, and in response to the "come in" a very small boy entered.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Blank junior?" said the Doctor, looking at him from over his spectacles. "Now what am I to say to I have heard some very serious things about your conduct." Blank junior gave a pathetic sniff and stood with his hands behind him looking steadily at the carpet.

"I have heard," continued the Doctor, "that you have been fighting several of the other boys. Now that is a very grave charge, and against a boy of your years too.

How old are you?"

"Please sir, nine," chirped a small meek voice.

"Nine! A boy of nine, and not to know better than that! Now tell me all about it. How did it start?"

"Please sir—please sir"—then with an anxious look in my direction-"I hardly like to tell you now; Smith used such wicked words at me."

"Wicked words; dear me! Well you may speak out here; it doesn't matter what you say now. Tell me all; it shall be quite in confidence, you know; but I must get to the bottom of the matter"—this said encouragingly.

Blank junior braced his nerves for the task, and looking the Doctor in the face with an expression that seemed to say I hope you will be able to bear it, but you have brought it on yourself, explained—

"He called me a —red-herring!"

"Really!" said the Doctor with intense gravity. "I suppose he was referring to the colour of your hair. It was unpardonable. Was that all?"

"No, he said worse than that. He called me 'Lobster,' and 'Kipper,' and objectionable words like those. And the other boys asked me if I had been brought up on carrots."

The Doctor was much moved at this shocking revelation of the bad language used by choristers when off duty.

"But I do not see yet where the fighting came in?"

"Jones and Robinson pointed to my hair, and Smith laughed and then I said—I'd—fight them all."

"Blank junior, this is a bad business." The small

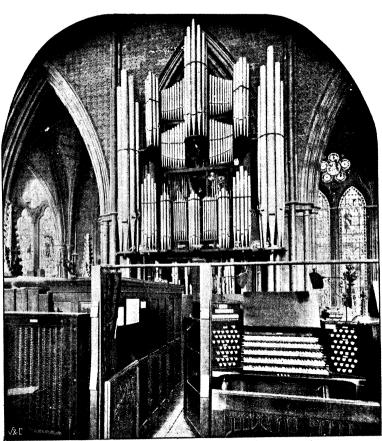
youth endorsed the statement by further vigorous sniffs and rubbed his eyes hard with his handkerchief. "A very bad business. I wonder what form your punishment had better take? Did you fight them all at once?"

"Yes, sir"—with renewed sobs.

"Well don't rain tears quite so heavily on the carpet or I shall get rheumatics from the damp. I suppose they were all of them bigger boys than yourself, and they hammered you, and you went on hammering them back until your master came on the scene?"

"Yes sir."

"Oh, then in that case I won't say anything more about it this time. If a boy who is bigger than you sets on to you, you may always go for him, especially if there is more than one. But don't let me have you starting any of these little affairs on your own account, mind, or ——! Now go back



From a photo by]

[T. J. Wright.

IN THE ORGAN LOFT, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

to your lessons, and be a good lad, and let me hear nothing but a cheerful report of you in future."

The small youth speedily recovered his equilibrium, and with a final polish to his

nose disappeared.

"That little chap has some pluck in him," the Doctor remarked to me when he had departed. "He has not been here long, and one or two of the older boys teased him, as boys will, but he went at them like a little

bantam. I'm going to reckon with the bigger boys in a different manner."

There is but one other building in London to be mentioned in the same breath with Westminster Abbey, and that is St. Paul's Cathedral. But before entering the cathedral we will turn down Ave Maria Lane - glad to get quit of the ceaseless traffic and turmoil of Ludgate Hill—and through two large gates bearing the legend "Amen Court." Outside those gates there are vans and horses, warehouses, noises of every description, men and boys shouting their hardest and the publishing houses of classic Paternoster Row. Within there is silence, broken only by the singing of birds and the rustle of trees; the roar of the outer world comes but as a distant hum. Flowers bloom and nod to one another in pretty beds among the grass, while ivy and all manner of creepers climb up the half-adozen dark red-brick houses that surround the open space. A portion of the wall that encloses this little oasis is actually a part of the old Roman wall that went round the city.

One looks about the still quadrangle and vainly tries to realise that it is in the centre of one of the busiest parts of London. There is only one link that unites Amen Court with the outside world, and that is the dome of the cathedral. There it is, far above the tallest of the red-brick chimneys, and the houses seem well content to go to sleep when watched over by such a mighty shadow.

Dr. Martin lives at No. 4, and no one revels in the quiet of the old-world court more than he. From his study window he can look across the grass and flowers to the window where Canon Liddon used to sit writing his sermons. Canon Scott Holland is another of his neighbours; indeed the whole Court, which is cathedral property, is sacred to the use of church officials.

The organist of St. Paul's Cathedral is peculiarly in keeping with his surroundings. Calm and courteous in his bearing, there is a marked restfulness about him, to which his refined speaking voice contributes in no small degree. He has been officially connected with the cathedral for twenty years, having started originally as choirmaster to the boys under Sir John Stainer.

"Have you ever been over the choir house?" he asked as we were making our way to the cathedral for afternoon service. I said no, and added that I should much like to do so; there is always a distinct fascination about choristers.

The St. Paul's choir-house is a model one—in fact there is no other choir school like it in Europe. Many will be familiar with the outside of the large block, with its Latin inscription running round it, in Dean's Court, to the right of the cathedral. building cost £20,000 to erect, apart from the purchase of the site. Until Sir John Stainer was the organist of the cathedral there was no resident choir school; but the Dean and Chapter were anxious to secure a better class of boys, and if possible to make the school of practical benefit to many of the clergy and upper middle classes, who sometimes find it a difficult matter to give their boys the good classical education that their station in life demands. The boys have an unusually large staff of masters; scholarships to the extent of £120 a year are open to them, and everything is done to fit them eventually to enter the universities.

As we approached the building we heard singing—singing that one might be forgiven for thinking the angels would have a difficulty in excelling. On walking into the music-room we found forty boys seated at desks practising a solo from Bach's Passion music, under the direction of Mr. Macpherson, Dr. Martin's assistant. They immediately rose as we entered, taking their books in their left hands, though this little disturbance in no way interrupted their work. With one eye on the music (and the other on the stranger) they sang a difficult solo, each boy beating time with his right hand.

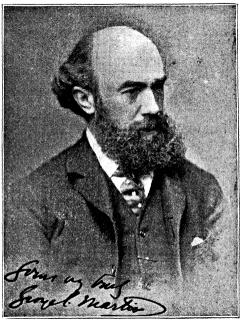
When it was ended they sat down again, two boys flying off into an adjoining room for chairs, and then one had an opportunity of observing that choristers are singularly human after all. Each of the two boys seized two chairs, and each struggled bravely to be the first to get his chairs through the door. Now if you have ever tried to get through a small door with a chair on each arm while someone else is endeavouring to do the same you will understand that there was a perceptible moment's delay before either boy made any noticeable progress; indeed it was not until the Doctor turned round and said in his quiet way, "One chair only, boys," that the difficult problem was solved.

In the upper regions of the choir-house the large airy dormitories give one the impression of being halls rather than rooms, while on the roof of the building the boys have a fine open-air playground that has been securely wired in on all sides and over the top, making it impossible for even a cricket ball to come to any harm. At one end some stout beams of wood have been fastened to the wall with great consideration for the wants of human nature, and upon these the youthful Briton carves his name when the national fever is upon him. These carvings are now becoming historically interesting.

We left the choir-house reluctantly, but service time was approaching. As we reached the steps in front of the cathedral Dr. Martin paused, and looking up at the

building, said—

"Isn't it a magnificent pile?"



From a photo by] [Done & Ball, Cheapside.

DR. GEORGE C. MARTIN.

(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)

"Then you have not become hardened to its beauty in twenty years?" I asked.

"Hardened to it? No; it simply grows or one. I feel now that I couldn't live without it. And think of the thousands of people that one sees inside it every day. Every day! Not merely on Sundays and festiva's, but morning and afternoon, winter and summer, all the year round, and never the same congregation at two services."

When we entered the cathedral Dr. Martin suggested that we should first of all look at the carving in the choir stalls, the most famous of all Grinling Gibbon's work. The Doctor has a positive affection for the beautiful details of the cathedral.

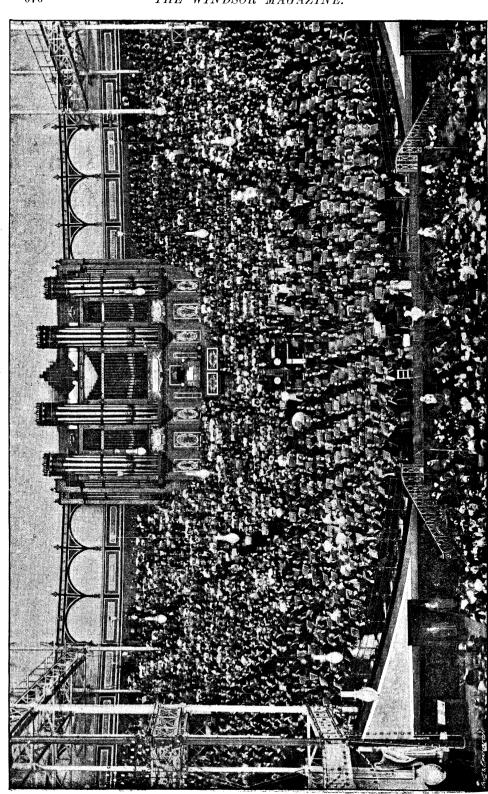
"We could practically replace anything else in the building if it chanced to be destroyed," he said, "but this carving could never be replaced; and the sad part of it is that so few people see it."

As our visit was ostensibly to the organ loft we at length left the carvings and ascended into the little box that plays such an important part in the service of the cathedral. The organ is divided, as can be clearly seen, half of the pipes being on either side of the chancel. The manuals and stops are on the left hand side as one faces the altar, and here the organist sits completely concealed from view. The organ is a fourmanual, and has about sixty stops. means of a perfect arrangement of compressed air, in tubes going under the floor of the chancel, the pipes on the opposite side speak instantaneously when the notes are touched.

The organ was built on its present lines for the public thanksgiving on the occasion of the recovery of the Prince of Wales. Mr. Willis, who was building it, was convinced that, scientifically, the system of compressed air should answer, but time was so short that there was no possibility of testing it beforehand by experiments; he could only make the requisite calculations and instruct the builders to work to them. The organ was only just ready in time, and the anxiety of the builder can be imagined. When it was completed and he sat in front of it he said he was afraid to touch it for fear his theories had failed him. Fortunately everything proved an unqualified success, and the instrument ranks as one of the curiosities of organ-building. Unlike Westminster the organ loft is very small and no view of the choir can be obtained from the organ seat. An admirable array of speaking tubes enables the organist, however, to communicate with the precentor, or with either side of the choir.

"Would you like to hear how the service sounds in the roof of the cathedral?" the Doctor asked. "I shall not be playing this afternoon, so if you do not mind a little climbing we can go up among the echoes." Forthwith we set out on a journey to the roof, and after walking round and round a circular staircase and eventually doubling ourselves up and creeping through a hole in the wall, we came upon a strange scene. Scaffolding everywhere, scores of workmen going noiselessly about over the wooden planks that had been covered with felt, the ceiling within touching distance. What





did it all mean? "We are now on the scaffolding that is erected over the choir," Dr. Martin explained in an undertone, "and these men are busy with the mosaics. They will be finished in a couple of days and then the scaffolding will all be taken down and you will not again have the chance of being so near the roof for a long while."

The view of the congregation was shut off by means of immense sheets of canvas, and, despite the ladders going up and down in all directions, the place seemed as firm and secure as though it were a permanent structure. It seemed impossible that one was actually suspended in mid-air, with the choir and the altar directly below. When the service began every word could be heard most distinctly, and even individual voices could be

recognised in the choir.

Of the mosaics themselves, lack of space forbids my speaking. Before we finally descended Dr. Martin led the way to a room on the same level. "This is where I hide myself when I want to be quite quiet and to work," he said, unlocking the door of a pleasant study. It was a splendidly lighted room, containing a pedal piano, a gas fire, and all the comfortable accessories that such a room should possess. "It is a most convenient spot for a worker's den," he "No one can ever find me." laughed. And as we retraced our steps along precarious planks, down steep ladders, through more narrow apertures in the wall, and finally reached the spiral staircase again, I agreed that the individual who would set out alone in search of him would be courageous indeed.

When once more on terra firma Dr. Martin suggested that as we were on the subject of organs it would be as well to see all of them, and I followed him to a recess at the back of the choir where a second organ, a two-manual, is stowed away. The peculiarity of this instrument is that it is on wheels and can therefore be easily placed in any part of the cathedral. It is not very often used, chiefly for celebration, or when the larger instrument is under repair.

And here my tour around St. Paul's ended

for that afternoon.

One more organ and then I fear our moments will have run out. No account of the famous organists of London could pass muster without mention of the great organ on the Handel orchestra at the Crystal Palace. It is built on what is known as the "ventil system," the result of which is that, when all the stops are drawn and the wind is full on, it will not speak until one touches certain

mechanisms with one's foot, each one of which admits wind into different sound-boards on which stand certain groups of pipes. This system has some advantages, but it has many drawbacks, and considerably hampers a player who is unaccustomed to its peculiarities. Another trap for the unwary performer is to be found in the fact that the player cannot hear to its full extent the sound he is producing, as much of it goes



From a photo by]

[Negretti & Zambra.

MR. ALFRED J. EYRE.
(Organist of the Crystal Palace from 1880 to 1894)

right over his head and is only heard in the auditorium.

No man understood the capabilities and peculiarities of this monster organ better than Mr. Alfred J. Eyre, who was unfortunately obliged to resign the organistship of the Crystal Palace in 1894 owing to ill health. He has a clever successor however in Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock. The present organist, though too young to have a record equal to either of the musicians already mentioned, is a player of exceptional ability. Very tall and well made, one would rather expect to hear that he was an ardent athlete, rowing for his college and so forth, than that he was a musician.

To thoroughly inspect the interior of the

Crystal Palace organ takes some time: the instrument is so much larger than one would It is dwarfed by the immense imagine. space in which it stands. The ground floor is occupied by the three hydraulic engines which supply the wind, and the lung power of the organ is stupendous. Bright machinery and an engineer are the principal occupants of this room. The first floor is on a level with the organ loft. This is an eerie place, dark and mysterious, and a wilderness of pipes and mechanisms. steep step-ladder brings one on to the second floor, and by this time one can look down on to the organist's head. The small projections on either side of the word "Handel," which look like wooden brackets supporting a few pipes, are in reality large enough to hold a chair, upon which one can comfortably sit and look between the pipes at the masses of people down below. Another long step-ladder lands one on to the third and top story. Here one begins to get dizzy. The promenade is naturally not so wide as one could wish, in fact it is only a plank or two, while below are yawning depths bristling with pipes of all shapes and sizes, from huge wooden ones like gigantic square chimneys down to little pipes like tin

During our journeyings Mr. Hedgcock chatted about the comments that are freely made by visitors to the Crystal Palace.

"People like to come and stand around the organ when one is playing," he said, "and the first idea that seems to strike them is that it must require superhuman muscular force to extract so much sound from the instrument. I have heard one man explain to another, 'It takes an awful amount of strength to play an organ like this!' To which his friend will reply, 'Ay, you're right there!' and then they look respectfully at me as though I were a second Samson. Very few people realise that the touch of this organ is as light as that of a pianoforte. Another exclamation that one frequently hears on a Bank Holiday is, 'I say, Bill, look at 'is feet. Why, 'e's playin' with 'em!' The work at this place is very interesting because one gets such a variety of audiences, and they are as opposite as the poles."

"Whose music do you find most acceptable

to the general public?"

"That is very difficult to say. The audiences vary so, and one has to arrange one's programme accordingly. For instance on Saturdays the recital I give before the

promenade concert will be far lighter than the one that follows the classical concert; by six o'clock quite a different class of people will have arrived. I never play anything but good music, but that does not mean that it is necessarily heavy. I should say that for an all-round popularity the 'Lost Chord' or a 'Carmen' selection pleases a mixed audience as much as any other solo."

"Do people ever speak to you personally?"

I inquired.

"Oh yes. They will often ask if I will allow them to try the organ, and seem quite surprised when I tell them that the management would not permit it. Quite recently a



Prom a photo by] [Negretti & Zambra.

MR. WALTER W. HEDGCOCK
(Present organist of the Crystal Palace.)

gentleman came and begged me to allow his little girl to give a recital. He said she had been learning music for some time and was beginning to play well.

"Last week a very interesting man came up and asked me all sorts of questions. He was a typical visitor from the country, and he regarded the instrument with undisguised wonder. At length he said, 'Begging your pardon, sir, but would you mind just letting me hear the full power of the organ for a minute?' I said 'Oh, certainly,' and told him to hold on. In a few moments I let him have a good blaze. He just gasped and said, 'Bless my soul!' I think he felt he had his money's worth that day."

CRICKETERS' AUTOGRAPHS.

Famous cricketers would not pretend that the pen is mightier than the bat, although in most of the examples of penmanship on this page there is a straightforwardness that is characteristic of the players. Mr. W. W. Read's handwriting is as stylish as his batting; Dr. Grace's signature with its flourish has a suggestion of a sudden hit to leg; Mr. A. N. Hornby, Lancashire's pride, is careful with his autograph, just as he was cautious as a captain. There is a dash about Arthur Shrewsbury's signature which recalls the brilliance of his early achievements for Notts. Mr. Stoddart's writing is steady and firm, as we expect his batting against the Australians will be. Surrey favourites like Lohmann and Abel need not be good writers so long as they are clever bowlers.

N. Sface

DR. W. G. GRACE.

Lours Louly Robot abel

ROBERT ABEL.

Yours very taly

MR. W. W. READ.

Townshilly Athan Threwsbory

ARTHUR SHREWSBURY.

Jours faithfully AlStodars

In Thuly

a.h. Storuly

MR. A. E. STODDART.

George Fohmann

GEORGE LOHMANN.

MR. A. N. HORNBY.

MR. ARCHDEACON.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Illustrated by JAMES GREIG.



EFORE all things Northtowers prided itself upon being a cathedral city. It was by no means unusual to hear the adjacent towns of Leeke and Northam, both busy manufac-

turing centres, spoken of as places which could not be named in the same century with the distinguished and aristocratic city of Northtowers. It is true that on more occasions than one Leeke and Northam had been known to point triumphantly to their subscription lists, and to express a certain amount of disparagement of our powers in such directions; and I have heard Northtowers people say, with an equal amount of disparagement in their tones, "Oh yes! Well of course they have money in manufacturing towns, poor things!" with an air as if to express that it would indeed be hard if they had not something to make life in such places worth living.

Occasionally a girl would marry a young man at Leeke, or a Northtowers young man would take him a wife from the daughters of Heth, otherwise Northam, and when either of these things took place, the girl who had married to Leeke invariably came home from time to time, after the manner in which a whale might be supposed to come to the surface of the water in order to get breath; while the young lady from Northam was invariably treated, for the first few years of her married life, as if she were a being who must be shown every consideration for any shortcomings, because, poor thing, she had having been born in Northam-never had the opportunity of knowing better.

I think however that what Northtowers prided itself on as much as, or more than, all others, was the fact that we had one great matrimonial prize attached to the cathedral; for the Archdeacon of Northtowers was a bachelor. He was, moreover, young for an Archdeacon, being not more than forty-four or five at the very outside. Rosey always said that Archdeacon Lister was not a day over forty.

"Not a single day over forty, Joe," she said to me most emphatically one day when he had just left our drawing-room. "You

know, dear, that type of man always looks older than he is."

"Well perhaps he is not so much as five



"'You don't require any living up to, you know, and I am afraid the Archdeacon would."

and forty," I admitted, "but you must own, Rosey, that he certainly looks it."

"Oh yes, Joe, he looks it. But I believe I am right for all that," she maintained.

Then she crossed her hands on her lap, looked reflectively at the toe of her little

pointed shoe, then as thoughtfully into the heart of the glowing fire. "I cannot think, Joe," she said in a puzzled tone, "how it is that Archdeacon Lister has never got married. Such an attractive man!"

"Is he?" was my comment.

"Yes, Joe, a most attractive man. I don't know that he would have suited me, dear, because you see I am a very frivolous person, and I don't think really anybody would have suited me but you. You don't require any living up to, you know, and I am afraid the Archdeacon would."

"That is a relief to my mind," I said

quietly.

Rosey changed her position, clasped her hands at the back of her fluffy sunshiny head, and surveyed me critically. "You don't require any living up to, you know, Joe," she said quizzically. "But then you are such a dear! I am awfully fond of you, Joe, but at the same time I can't shut my eyes to the fact that the Archdeacon is a most attractive person—a person with a personality. So many people have not. Fancy, now, being in love with the Archdeacon! It would be funny, wouldn't it? So tall, so slight, so courtly, with those wonderful penetrating eyes, whose colour I have never yet been able to decide, that gaunt eagle-like profile, and that steadfast, self-contained, half repressed manner. It would be lovely!" she said, sitting forward so as to rest her elbows on her knees and looking eagerly at me. "It would be lovely to see the Archdeacon in love!"

"I don't believe that you ever will; I don't believe that he is ever troubled that way; I don't believe that he has ever known the sensation at all. He is like a fish, my dear,

he is cold-blooded."

"I don't know," said Rosey, with a dubious air, "I don't know so much about that. But it is my frank opinion, Joe, that if ever the Archdeacon is caught he will have it

badly!"

However, as Rosey was out of the running, and certainly no other young woman then to be found in Northtowers was one quarter as attractive, we had no opportunity of testing the value of her opinion, and Archdeacon Lister went on his way as steadfastly and as serenely as if he had been brought up like the Chinese boy whose father told him that women were devils.

He lived in a large house in the Close, had a stately housekeeper—who wore black silk and a gold chain—got through a prodigious amount of church work, and did not dine out during Lent. He never shirked any of the life of the place, and was to be seen at all manner of functions and festivities, to which any clergyman could go-at bazaars, teafights, dinners, afternoon parties. To-day he might be heard lecturing to working men. to-morrow presiding over the opening of a cooking school for artisans' wives. One day he might be heard of in London attending some great meeting for benefiting brokendown clergymen, another day he would be speaking at some conference or congress on Sunday-schools, or rituals, or some question closely affecting the welfare of the Church. In short he was a man who got through a prodigious amount of work, but he seemed in no hurry to try his hand at the pleasant pastime of love-making.

"Joe," said my wife to me one day, "I

have got a piece of news for you."

"Yes, little woman, and what is that?" I replied.
"Well, the Tower House is let at last."

"You don't mean it!" I returned, in considerable surprise. "And do you know who has taken it?"

"Yes. It is most extraordinary. It has been taken by a clergyman."

"A clergyman?"

"Yes, dear, a clergyman with large private means, who has no cure—a Mr. Rolleston. He has taken it for seven years, and it is all to be beautifully done up, and he is going to entertain largely."

"And who told you that?"

"Mrs. Desmond told me. She had it from the Pages, who of course had the letting of the house."

"Oh, I see. What did you say the clergy-

man's name was?"

"The Rev. George Rolleston."

"And did you hear any more? Is he old or young? And where does he come from?"

"I don't know where he has come from. London, Mrs. Desmond thinks; but she said she had only gathered as much, so I do not think she really knew. As for his age, I think he is rather old."

"Dear me! Well that will by very nice. Fancy having the Tower House let at last,

after being empty all these years!"

The Tower House was one of the largest houses in the Cathedral Close, a quaint rambling old place, containing some unusually fine apartments. The property belonged to the Dean and Chapter, and had at one time been let for a boys' school, a circumstance which was so obnoxious to the Dean that, on the expiration of the existing lease, he had refused

to renew to that or a similar tenant. I remember saying to him once what a pity it was to leave such a fine house unoccupied.

"My dear Dallas," he replied, "if you lived next door to a boys' school you would feel that an empty house is frequently a wholly unmixed blessing. I was almost driven out of my mind by the noise that those terrible boys were in the regular habit of making. I am quite sure that in my day," the poor old man went on, "boys were not such demonstrative creatures as they are at the present time. Mr. Delgarno, who was the principal of the school, only paid £150 a year, and as I did not feel it would be right to deprive the Chapter of so considerable a sum, which, in the present state of agricultural depression, could ill be spared, I very cheerfully entered into an arrangement by which I could become the tenant for life of the Tower House at the same sum. If I get a suitable tenant—nice, quiet, neighbourly people, who will not make my life a burden to me—I shall be very pleased to let it at that, or even at a reduced rental. Peace of mind all the year round is worth paying £3 a week for—that is the way at which I look at it, at all events. Mrs. Boyne, too, suffers so much from her head that the relief to her is as great as it is to me. So, though I should be very pleased to let the Tower House, I am not particularly anxious about it."

It was indeed a piece of news to hear that the Tower House had found a tenant at last. It had been empty ever since we had been settled at Northtowers, and many a time Rosey had cast half envious glances at the long rows of windows directly facing our own. I was very glad to hear that a tenant had turned up at last. I have a great dislike to empty houses; to me there is always something decidedly uncanny about them; indeed they give me something of the same feeling that I invariably have on seeing a dead

person.

Within a few days the new tenant of the Tower House was the chief subject of conversation in the old city. It was Mrs. Boyne herself who told Rosey all that was to be known of the new-comers. The Rev. George Rolleston had come, through an agent, to see the house, had then brought his wife and daughter to look at it, and had taken it on a lease for seven years at a rental of £200 a year.

"The Dean rents it from the Chapter at £150," said Mrs. Boyne, "but they spend nothing on it, and the decorations and alterations which the Rollestons require will cost

a great deal more than the difference in the rent."

"Oh, they want alterations," Rosey remarked.

"Not very much, my dear. A new kitchen grate and a second bathroom, that is to say, one of the smaller bedrooms turned into a bathroom. They are very modest in their requirements. We are going of course to have everything papered and painted for them, and they are coming into possession as soon as ever the place can be got ready for them. It is a charming house," said Mrs. Boyne, with something like a sigh. "In some ways I like it ever so much better than the Deanery; but of course it would not do for us to let that. I don't suppose that they would allow it."

"But the Deanery is lovely!" said Rosey.

"Oh yes, it is lovely of course; but to tell you the truth, my dear Mrs. Dallas," the Dean's wife went on, "I have a perfect passion for moving house. I should like to move house every year. Nothing would give me greater pleasure. But situated as we are, of course I am a fixture, so I content myself by frequent internal changes."

"I notice," said Rosey looking round with a smile, "that you move your furniture

about a great deal."

"Simply, my dear, because I cannot endure stagnation; because by doing so I get somewhat of a change," Mrs. Boyne replied.

"It is to be hoped," said I at this point, "that you have not the same desire to change people as you have to change houses, Mrs.

Boyne."

"I never grow tired of people—I mean of the people that I like. It is of place, atmosphere, furniture, inanimate things that I get so weary. Whenever I have the china taken down and washed I always put it up again in a different arrangement, and so, I must admit, I would have given anything to turn out all my goods and chattels and carry them from the Deanery into the Tower House. However "—with another sigh—"that is not to be, so I must make myself contented where I am."

In due course of time the Tower House became as spick and span as formerly it had been dingy and neglected. The old red bricks of the outside were all re-pointed and all the woodwork was re-painted. Within the most charming wall-papers and delicate tints replaced the cobwebs and gloom of the past.

"It is a palace of a place, Joe," said Rosey

to me when we had been over it one day. "I only hope that the Rollestons will be as nice as the house."

And when the Rollestons came everybody agreed that they were, if possible, even nicer than the house itself. Mr. Rolleston was a man of between fifty and sixty years old, tall, erect, rather inclined to rotundity, with straight rather short features, an olive complexion, piercing gray eyes and a well-cropped head of thick perfectly white hair. In appearance he was more like a soldier than a parson, and he admitted to me, very soon after we became acquainted, that the whole desire of his younger days had been to enter the army.

"I always think, you know," he ended, "that it is such a pity to thwart young people in the direct desire of their hearts. I was given no choice as to a profession; I was simply made to go into the Church. I had no special aptitude for or leaning towards it. I hated prowling round a parish. I never knew what to say to the poor, and I always felt that it was an impertinence to preach their duty to the rich. I never was in any way suited to the Church; but there was a rich family living to think of, and I had no choice given to me; and long before the living was vacant my father had come in for his family estates—estates which he never had the smallest expectation of inheriting, indeed he had passed away from this world and left them to me. So when the living fell vacant I gave it to somebody else, and the result is that now I live at a loose end, with the terrible feeling of a man who has missed his true métier. I always determined," he ended, "that if ever I had a son he should follow his own bent, that I would not thwart his natural inclinations. And you see I have no son."

"That seems a great pity," said I; "for when you come to think of it, it is a cruel thing for a young fellow to be made to spend his life at an occupation which he has no love for. But you speak as if you had daughters."

"I have one daughter," said Mr. Rolleston, a smile breaking over his face. "She is not here yet; she is paying a visit in the south of England. I need hardly tell you," he added, "that she is the very joy of my life."

Naturally Northtowers looked forward to the advent of Miss Rolleston with no little curiosity and anxiety. True, she had been with her father and mother to look over the house in the first "instance, but beyond the dear old Dean himself not a soul in the town had seen them. The Tower House was completely settled and finished before that curiosity was gratified—indeed more than a month had gone by before Miss Rolleston made her appearance.

"I have seen her, Joe!" cried Rosey bursting into my study one morning.

I put down my pen and turned towards her. "You have seen who?"

"Why. Miss Rolleston of course."

"Oh, have you. Well, and what is she like?"

"She is lovely!" said Rosey with emphasis.

"Oh, she is so pretty. Not a bit like either father or mother. I met her with Mrs. Rolleston this morning, and I thought to myself, 'Well, how you, who are neither more nor less than a placid, ruminating cow, ever came to have anything so bright and beautiful and sparkling for your daughter passes my comprehension!"

"The old man is good looking enough,"

I put in

"Yes, he is good looking—yes, of a kind—but not her kind. Oh, so bright, so lovable! I should think she may be two or three and twenty at the very outside. Such eyes, Joe! Such a figure, such a sweet face, such a soft voice! O, my dear Joe, I am afraid she will make sad havoc with the girls' chances in Northtowers."

"The girls must look after their own

chances." I remarked drily.

When I did see Miss Rolleston I perceived in a moment that Rosey had not in the least exaggerated her charms. She was a pretty girl; she was one of the prettiest girls that it had been my good fortune to see for a very long time, and not only was she extremely pretty, but she was an elegant kind of girl too, with exceedingly taking manners, neither too pert nor too dull; not too loud nor yet too quiet. She had a certain amount of vivacity, but she was not, as is sometimes the case, irritatingly restless. She talked just enough, she laughed just enough—a rare thing with a young woman who must have known that she had a pretty smile.

Naturally the advent of a girl so extremely pretty and charming, and also known to be rich, did create considerable sensation in such a quiet place as Northtowers; and the fact that Mr. Rolleston was a clergyman served to at once put the family at the Tower House into what might be called the very cream of society. There had been instances of people coming to settle in Northtowers who had got into the wrong set, or had not been, so to speak, taken up by the place. There was an

instance on record of a gay little widow who had come and taken a pretty villa at the west-end of the town, coming nobody quite knew whence; and local history tells that at the end of a year this same little lady packed up her belongings and removed herself in intense disgust from a place which she characterised as "stuck-up and cliquey." She might have been everything that was right and proper, and probably was, but Northtowers society did not feel inclined to encourage gay little widows simply because they happened to be gay little widows. in the case of a wealthy clergyman the way was at once made quite easy both to himself and his women-folk, and it was not a matter of what circles of society the Rollestons could, but what they would go into; and before they had been in possession of the Tower House for a couple of months a general idea was afloat in the old city that our great prize, the Archdeacon matrimonial Northtowers, was done for at last.

Rosev and I happened to see the very beginning of the whole business. matter of fact it was in our drawing-room that they met. The Archdeacon was rather fond of that wife of mine. You see she was bright and go-ahead in all her ideas, and if ever he-who was a thorough man of the world—wanted some little plan carried out in an up-to-date kind of way, he generally came and talked it over with Rosey and took her advice before that of anyone else. Rosey was extremely judicious. She never flaunted her friendship with the Archdeacon, she never put on the airs of his being her "best man," or anything of that kind, but she liked and admired him, and always did her very best to help forward any plan of his which he happened to have on hand.

Well, he had called on one of her "at home" afternoons, and was discussing a wholly new way of raising money for a cripples' home, in which they were both keenly interested. The day was bright, and a fair sprinkling of visitors had put in an appearance, when the admirable Vincent opened the door and announced Miss Rolleston.

Miss Rolleston came in in the same bright and easy way which had characterised her entrance into her mother's drawing-room on the day that I had first seen her. In her hand she carried a book, one which she had promised to lend Rosey to read as soon as it should be unpacked from her belongings. "I have brought you that book you wanted so much, Mrs. Dallas," she said, as Rosey went forward to greet her.

Then she turned and spoke to me, and immediately my wife introduced the Archdeacon to her. I never before saw the Archdeacon look as he did then. He stood up and bowed in his usual courtly fashion, but he seemed to have little or nothing to say, and his penetrating eyes scarcely wandered at all from the young lady's face

Miss Rolleston and I chatted on indifferent subjects, while the Archdeacon as it were looked on. Then the worthy Vincent appeared with the tea-tray, and Rosey took the opportunity of whispering something to the Archdeacon. "Oh, certainly!" I heard him say. Evidently Rosey had asked his permission to do something. After that I quickly gathered that she had asked him if she should speak of the matter on which we had just been talking to the new-comer, for presently she began in an admirably casual kind of way to tell Miss Rolleston the new scheme which the Archdeacon had just unfolded to her concerning the cripples' home.

"Are you at all interested in children?"

she asked of Miss Rolleston.

"Oh, yes. I think children are too delightful," said Miss Rolleston. "Poor little things, when they are poor and suffering I am always so glad to be able to do anything for them."

"I wonder then whether you would like to

help us in this matter?"

"I should just love it!" said Miss Rolleston.
"You don't know how fond of children I am.
Really I adore them. I have always been so sorry that I have not a lot of brothers and sisters. Don't you like children too?" she asked, looking over at the Archdeacon.
"Oh, but you must do," she went on before he had time to reply, "or you would not trouble to think out such a scheme as this. I daresay that you have children of your own too?"

"No," said the Archdeacon, "I have no children. I have not the happiness of being

married."

"As yet," said Rosey, looking over at him and smiling.

"As yet, Mrs. Dallas," said the Archdeacon

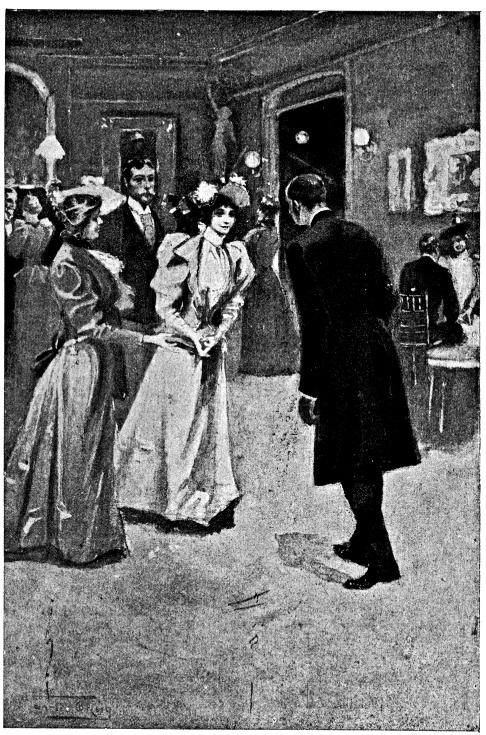
smiling also.

"Joe," said Rosey to me, when the two had gone away, together if you please, "if that girl is not Mrs. Archdeacon Lister before six months have gone by I will eat my head!"

"Oh, come now! That is rather jumping

to conclusions, isn't it?"

"No, Joe, it is not. Did you ever see a man so struck of a heap in your life? And the Archdeacon of all people! Well, on my



"She turned and spoke to me, and immediately my wife introduced the Archdeacon to her,"

word, if anybody had told me I would not have believed it!"

"My dear Rosey," said I, "you always did declare that if ever the Archdeacon was taken that way he would have the complaint badly."

"Yes, so I did. And yet it seems incredible, preposterous! The Archdeacon, you know! If it had been anybody else I should not have been a bit surprised. Of course she is so pretty, so taking. It is no wonder that he is—well, done for."

"I think he admired her," I said guardedly. The Archdeacon himself soon showed whether he admired her or not, for from that day wherever Miss Rolleston was to be seen there might the Archdeacon be found also. And yet the affair did not thrive as it ought to have done. I mean in this way. There was no doubt about his feelings, and there could be but little doubt about hers. If ever . a man passed through several months of his existence with his heart on his sleeve, his soul in his eyes, his desire upon his face, that man was the Venerable the Archdeacon of Northtowers: and if ever a girl was hopelessly. irretrievably, entirely and utterly in love, that girl was the daughter of the Rev. George Rolleston of the Tower House, North-They had nothing to wait for. was rich, she was an heiress. She was young, it was true, nearly twenty years younger than he was, but if the high contracting parties saw no obstacle in the difference of a few years in their ages, that surely could be no objection to anyone else.

That her father and mother would be well pleased at such a marriage for their daughter was obvious to the meanest capacity, and yet, for some reason or another, the affair hung fire and never seemed to get beyond the

preliminary stages.

Rosey almost fretted herself to fiddlestrings over it. "I cannot think what the man is waiting for, Joe," she exclaimed. It was for about the fiftieth time that she had made the same remark. We had just come in from a very select little party at the Deanery. Mrs. Boyne was fond of these entertainments. She detested a crowd, and prided herself on asking only a few people at a time, and in selecting her guests so that there should be no friction among them.

"What is the man waiting for?" Rosey

repeated impetuously.

"My dear, I am not in the Archdeacon's confidence. Perhaps — well, you see the Archdeacon has not been much in the way of that kind of thing, and he may think he is a good deal older than Miss Rolleston,"

"Oh, a year or two!" said Rosey. "He is much younger than he looks— much younger. I am quite convinced of it."

"Well, my dear, I cannot help it. If I were the Archdeacon, and I wanted to marry Miss Rolleston, I should have married her long since. You must let other people settle things for themselves. 'Hurry no man's cattle.' It is an excellent adage."

"Well, it may be an excellent adage, but there is that poor girl fretting herself to fiddle-strings."

" Nonsense!"

"Fretting herself to fiddle-strings, Joe," repeated my wife, with a certain accession of dignity which amused me enormously. "She looked quite worn to-day; my heart ached for the poor thing. Think of her, with her money and her beauty and everything. It really is a shame! Why cannot the man speak out?"

"Well, my dear girl, it is nothing to do with me. I am not making Miss Rolleston

look worn and miserable."

"Oh, of course! Always take the men's part. Horrid creatures!" cried Rosey indignantly. "Did you see her? Did you see his face when the Mayor came up and spoke to her in that pointed way? As if she would look at him!"

Rosey's contempt was really almost too great for words, and I laughed outright. "Yes, you may laugh, Joe. Poor girl! I think it is horrid of the Archdeacon to go and make the girl care for him and then not say a word. Of course other men do that kind of thing, but you don't expect it of an Archdeacon."

I don't see myself that a man must necessarily be more perfect because he happens to be an Archdeacon, I mean more perfect in matters of that kind. But it is no use arguing with Rosey when she gets into a certain frame of mind. So I judiciously held my

tongue and said nothing.

And the days went on, and still there was no news spread over the old city about any marriage being forthcoming, and the Archdeacon continued to look unutterable things at Miss Rolleston, and Miss Rolleston continued to look pale and haggard and worn and as if—well, as if everything was going grievously wrong with her. Rosey was quite right. The girl certainly did look both ill and unhappy, and then, just when everybody was expecting a very festive announcement, a kind of bomb-shell burst over Northtowers society, for we heard that Miss Rolleston was going away for an indefinite period.

She came one evening between Evensong

and dinner to say good-bye to Rosey. I was not at home, but Rosey told me afterwards everything that had taken place.

"Dear Mrs. Dallas," Miss Rolleston said, "I have come to say good-bye to you. I

am going away."

"Going away, Millicent! But why are

you going away?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" she exclaimed. "I am going away. I don't know when I shall come home again, and I have come to say good-bye. You have been so kind to me, and I have been so happy at Northtowers.

Miss Rolleston, choking down her emotion, "I can only tell you that I am going away. I have made everybody very angry with me—my people and the Archdeacon and everybody."

"What about the Archdeacon, my dear?"

Rosev cried: "he is so fond of you."

"Yes, I know. I suppose if I were a woman with a sense of honour I should pretend that he did not care for me at all. But I cannot lie to you. You have been good to me. It is no use pretending to you that there is nothing between the Arch-



"'I am a wretched, miserable, unhappy girl! I shall never know what it is to be happy again."

I don't believe that I shall ever be so happy again!"

"My dear, my dear! What is the meaning

of this?" cried my wife tenderly.

"Don't ask me. I am a wretched, miserable, unhappy girl! I shall never know what it is to be happy again; but, Mrs. Dallas, whatever you hear you will remember that I was so happy among you that I blessed you, and I shall still bless you every time that your name crosses my memory."

"But what does it mean?" cried my wife

in utter consternation.

"I cannot give you any explanation," said

deacon and me. Oh, Mrs. Dallas, Mrs. Dallas, you can never know how I love that man! My God! I never knew what love was before in all my strange, roving, adventurous life. What have I said? Don't remember it, don't think of it, it slipped out. I do not know what I am doing. I think I am going off my head. People do go off their heads for love sometimes, don't they? You have known such a thing, Mrs. Dallas, haven't you?"

"No," said Rosey, "I don't know that I ever have. But if you love the Archdeacon, and the Archdeacon loves you—and I don't

think there is much doubt about it. Millicent —why should you want to go away from Northtowers?"

"Don't ask me. I cannot tell you anything, only that I am a miserable, unhappy, wretched girl, and I wish I were dead! I wish I were dead! Yes, I do. Oh no, I am not speaking wildly: I am speaking the ghastly, sober, honest truth for once in my Ĭife."

"My dear, what do you mean? You are talking most wildly," said Rosey. "What has happened between you and the Arch-

"What has happened? Only that he means to have an answer definitely one way or the other."

"An answer? You mean that he has asked you to marry him?"

"Well, and why don't you say yes?"

asked my wife.

"I can't say yes," said the girl, with a wail. "Oh, don't you think I would if I could? Think of it! To be mistress of that house over there for the rest of one's life; to have no more care, anxiety, worry, Oh yes, Mrs. Dallas, you cannot understand such a life as mine. I wish I were dead! I am young, beautiful. Oh, yes, I have got a looking-glass. I know what it tells me. I am no fool. beautiful. Hundreds of men have told me so. I hated them all. I never cared about anyone till now; and now, when I am struck hard, hit hard right down here," putting her clenched hand upon her heart, "I have got to say no and to go away and begin it all over again. Can you wonder that I wish myself dead?"

"But, my dear, why cannot you marry the Archdeacon?" Rosey asked.

"Why cannot I. Because it is impossible. It would not do. I am not that kind of woman. I have lived a different kind of life. I should have to tell him—but there, it is no use explaining to you. I don't want to talk about it. I have come to say good-bye, and God bless you if you never see or hear of me again!"

"But, my dear, your father and mother?"

"My father and mother!" repeated the "H'm! you don't know my father and girl. mother."

"But what has happened to them? Do

they object to your marriage?"

"Object to it! No; they would like me to carry it through, and because I won't they have turned me out. Well I am going to London by the mail-8.40. They have cut me off with a shilling, turned me out. washed their hands of me. Put it which way you like, it all comes to the same in the end. I have done with Northtowers. I had a dream—the greater fool I—and it is over. all over. There is nothing more to be said now except good-bye and God bless you!"

She had risen as she spoke, and was standing looking down at my little wife with wild despairing eyes. When she came to the last "Good-bye and God bless you" she seized hold of her and kissed her passionately half a dozen times, then like a whirlwind she swept out of the room and was gone.

I found Rosev crying when I came home and went into the drawing-room. "My dear! my dear! What is the matter?" I cried.

She sobbed so much that for some time she could not tell me what had happened, and then, bit by bit, she laid the whole story "Joe," she ended, "what does before me. it mean?"

"My dear, I don't know. I suppose the girl got into some scrape when she was younger and she did not feel able to marry

him without telling him everything.

"What is that! And she is gone, goodness knows where, heaven knows where - out into the world! And those two old brutes have turned her out, washed their hands of her," Rosey cried frantically. "I'd like to bang their two stupid heads together! That comes of having a mother like a cow. always said the same thing, Joe. Now I shall just send for the Archdeacon. I shall go and send Vincent across to him."

And she was as good as her word. did send for the Archdeacon. At first he sent back word that he was very busy and could not come. Then Rosey wrote him a "It is a matter of life and death. For God's sake come!" she scrawled. I was looking over her shoulder at the time and I saw it.

In answer to that he came, looking—well, about one hundred and forty in age. Rosey, without any hesitation or circumlocution, simply blurted out straight away everything that was in her mind. Archdeacon was self-possessed, cold and dignified.

"Mrs. Dallas," he said, "ever since you have been in Northtowers you have been my good and my kind friend. It is no use your trying to help me now, because there are some matters that the best of friends cannot help one in. This is one. Miss Rolleston does not care for me. I think you must have mistaken her about her father and mother having turned her out. I saw Mr. Rolleston this morning, as a matter of fact, and put the question to him plainly, whether he would object to me as a possible husband for his daughter. He told me that both he and his wife would be most pleased if I ever became related to them in that way, always provided that Milli—Miss Rolleston, assured them that she cared for me. I saw her this afternoon and she told me distinctly, without any circumlocution, that she did not care for me as my wife should."

"Mr. Archdeacon," said Rosey, "you will forgive me for interfering in your affairs, but believe me, I have had a heartbroken woman here in this room within an hour. She does care for you. She loves you. She said so."

"You must have mistaken her."

"No, there is no mistake. When a woman loves a man she loves him with all her poor broken heart. There is some horrible misunderstanding. I may vex you, I may vex her, but even if I do, I would rather do that than have it in my power to save you both by a word and not speak that word."

The Archdeacon took both my wife's hands in his. "Mrs. Dallas," he said, smiling down upon her with a smile that was very pitiful to see, "I am in great trouble, but do you think a good friend could vex one by showing how clearly she has one's interests at heart? Oh no, neither she nor I. Yet what can I do? She told me herself this very day that she had no love for me."

"No," said Rosey, "I don't believe she told you that. Go back, think over what she did say. Something that was enigmatical, but not that she did not love you. Oh no, Millicent Rolleston is not the girl to tell

you a lie at such a time."

"She told me," said the Archdeacon, thoughtfully, "she told me that she was not fit to be my wife."

"Yes, she might have said that," said Rosey. "And what else did she say?"

"She told me that she had not such love for me as my wife should have."

"But that was not saying that she had no

love for you."

"That is true. I cannot, in the face of what she did say, go to her and open it all again; there are limits to what a man may and may not do."

"If I could only help you!" said Rosey.

"Oh, if you could help me!"

"Yes; well, I will go across to the Tower House: I will do my best. I would move heaven and earth to bring you together!" I had no desire to remain talking over this affair with the Archdeacon, so I went out and stood in the dusk on the doorstep, waiting until I should see Rosey issue from the Tower House.

At last she came, and I went across the Close to meet her.

Well, what have you done?" I asked. She burst out crying, and clutched hold of me convulsively.

"O Joe!" she exclaimed, "O Joe, I have made such a discovery! Something

dreadful is happening over there!"

Then she leant forward, still clutching hold of my arms, and peered up at me under the gaslight. "Joe," she said, "those people are not what they seem. Mr. Rolleston has not got white hair. It is a wig."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed.

"A wig, Joe. I knocked at the door and nobody came, and I rang and nobody came, and I was so vexed I gave it a push and it came open, and I went in and I made my way up to Millicent's bedroom. And what do you think I found? Millicent sitting crying in a chair, and her father—a dark young man about thirty years old—bullying her like a pickpocket. Yes. And what do you think he was saying to her? 'You silly idiot,' he said, 'to go and spoil a good chance like that for the sake of a squeamish objection! Why, I've not got the patience of a fly with you! Why couldn't you marry the fellow? I'd stand on one side—I'd never split on you! By-and-by, I'd get tired of Northtowers and doing the respectable here, and your mother and I would retire gracefully to fresh fields and pastures new.' Millicent gave one gasping shuddering cry. 'What was I ever doing to marry such a brute as you are!' she said in an agonised voice. O Joe, I was so sorry for her! 'I know that you have been tired of me long enough, she went on, Joe: 'any fool could see that: but do you think that I think so little of him that I would tie him up to a set of forgers like we are? You don't understand a woman's love, Dick. You judge all of us by yourself. No, you are tired of me, and I hate the very sight of you. I will go back to my old haunts, and I will leave you to play the outraged parents and to tell him that you have cut me off with a shilling because I would not fall in with your wishes; but take him in I never will. Oh, you may hit me-' Joe," said my wife, "I came away. I could not bear to see it. I was afraid of betraying myself and her, and I thought neither her life nor my own might

be safe if they knew that I was in the thick of their secrets. So I crept away and I came back. We cannot tell him. She is his wife. Don't you understand?"

For a moment I stood there staring down at Rosey, wondering what on earth I should do. "Rosey," I said, "our best plan is to say nothing—our best plan for ourselves. Our only honest plan is to communicate with Scotland Yard at once."

"Not that, not that, Joe!"

"My dear, I have my cloth to consider; I

have my profession to think of."

"You will give her time to get away? She is going to town by the 8.40."

"Well, I cannot stop her. As for the others, they must take their chance. It is likely that they are 'wanted.'"

"And about the Archdeacon?" said

Rosey with a gasp.

"Well, dear, you can only tell him that it is no good. You have done your best—nobody can do more to help a friend than their best. You cannot encourage him to keep on thinking about a married woman—and such a

married woman too! Your kindest way is to go in and tell him that she has convinced you that it is no use his thinking about her again. Apologise to him for having ventured to mix yourself up in his most sacredly private affairs."

She was able to convince the Archdeacon that there was but little hope for him. She told him none of the details. The next day I was not surprised to receive a visit from a sleepylooking gentleman hailing from Scotland Yard, who heard all that I had to say, told me with a smile that he thought he knew the gentleman, and the

next thing I heard was that the family at the Tower House had left somewhat suddenly, in fact, that the Rev. George Rolleston had departed from Northtowers not only under a cloud, but under restraint. And by-and-by it all came out; that he was a very celebrated forger of bank-notes, one John Bronson, who had been badly "wanted" by the police for some little time; that he had pitched upon Northtowers as an unlikely

spot in which the police would look for him, but that owing to private information—it was never divulged whose—he had been followed and seized with all his nefarious plant.

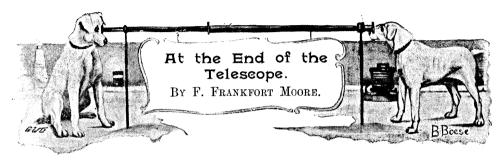
The papers rang with the case, and Northtowers talked of nothing else for many weeks. The Archdeacon went less and less into society. He grew more gaunt, more ascetic-looking, his manner became more reserved, and he gradually slipped from his position of eligible bachelordom to one



"'What was I ever doing to marry such a brute as you are!' she said in an agonised voice."

universally acknowledged as that of unchangeable loneliness.

And so far as Rosey and I know, neither Archdeacon Lister nor anyone in Northtowers ever found out that the girl, whom some spoke of as a bird of prey who had missed her quarry, the girl who had won his heart, was no girl at all, but a married woman, noble and self-sacrificing, with the soul of a heroine.





I is usually in the month of June that people begin to focus their telescopes upon certain regions of the earth's surface which seem to promise the amplest return for the time

and money which they mean to devote to their Indeed I have known some annual holiday. people who were accustomed to spend eleven months of the year talking about where they intended to spend the twelfth. When they returned early in September they began to discuss among themselves, not the joys of the month which had just passed, but the possibilities of pleasure which they felt awaited them during the corresponding month in the following year. They never returned to any place which they had once visited, no matter how delightful their stay at that place had been. They were too enterprising to seek to repeat their experiences. They felt that they should never see the world, in the thorough way in which they meant to see it. if they yielded to the weakness of visiting any place twice simply because they happened to spend a pleasant month These persons are gradually—very gradually—becoming acquainted with the world of holiday-seekers, though what the ultimate gain to themselves will be they would have considerable difficulty in saying.

* * *

Their holiday month is their month of hardest work during the year. They never allow themselves a moment's rest, and it usually takes them several months getting rid of the effects of their laborious holiday. Sometimes they don't get rid of them at all. There is none of an Englishman's pleasures that he takes more seriously than his annual holiday.

* * *

The sanest man whom I ever met came to me a year or two ago saying that he had heard so much from men who were in his office about the wonders of the Continent he had made up his mind to spend the August in the midst of these beauties, and he wondered if it would be too much trouble for me to sketch out an itinerary for him. Of course I assured him that it would afford me the greatest possible pleasure to do this or anything else for him, and I inquired if he had any liking for a particular type of scenery, or if he preferred walking through picture galleries or resting in quaint and stuffy inns situated in the slums of picturesque old towns with red-tiled houses and a general air of operatic He told me that he wasn't particular. He had seen some charming old red-tiled houses in a town on the stage of the Lyceum theatre, and he thought he would like something of that type, if not too expensive—something made up chiefly, I gathered, of curious old inn signs and church belfrys. At the same time he said he was fond of mountain and lake scenery of an imposing and wildly romantic pattern, where strangers would most likely quote Byron, though of course he should be disappointed if he did not see a gondola or two, as well as a chamois, and a cathedral with some interesting relics.

* * *

I had no difficulty perceiving that his imagination had been stimulated by a recent course of Savoy opera or Lyceum drama, but that did not matter. I said I would see what I could do for him if he allowed me a day or two. He thanked me and hoped I would be able to give him a week at Monte Carlo. He supposed that Athens and the Pyramids could scarcely be taken en route. Well, I took a considerable amount of trouble making out a regular grand tour for him, which included as much of the Alps as would enable him to say he had been over the Alps, a glimpse of the Italian lakes, a run to Naples, and a double to the Rhine as far as Cologne—I couldn't give him more of it for the money -and then a rush through Belgium and a

bird's-eye view of Holland from the window of a railway train. I even went so far as to write down the names of the hotels at which I knew he would be safe in sojourning, and the railway fares. He received my information with enthusiasm, and said he would buy a map the next day in order to make himself familiar with the relative position of the various places mentioned in my list, for of the majority he had, he said, never heard the names previously.

* * *

I did not see my friend until the early winter, and then I asked him how he had enioved the excursion which was to remove from him the reproach of never having been on the Continent of Europe. "What excursion?" said he. "Why, the one I planned out for you, to be sure," I replied. "Oh, that one?" said he, as if it had suddenly occurred to him that he had been taking a holiday on the Continent. "Oh, I didn't go there after all." "What do you mean by "I put a good many 'there'?" I said. names down on that list for you, didn't I? Which of the localities do you allude to as 'there'?" "Well the fact is," said he, "when my wife and I began to discuss the business we came to the conclusion that, as the baby had been suffering from insomnia for some weeks before, it would be wiser for us all to pack up and go off to Deal, where there are fine sea breezes and a magnificent view of the Channel on clear days, and we accordingly went to Deal, and had no trouble in finding very comfortable lodgings. you have never been to Deal I'd advise you strongly to try it. If you remind me I'll give you the address of our lodgings."

* * *

I sincerely congratulated that man and his wife and the baby upon the result of their combined consideration of a perplexing I knew perfectly well that they question. had all benefited much more largely by their month's sojourn at Deal than they could possibly have done had at least two of the family spent the time hurrying from one half-seen place to another. Of course Deal, though a delightful town and very accessible, forms by no means an inexhaustible topic of conversation even among persons who have been fortunate enough to reside there for a season; still it has its strong points, and I fancy that anyone who feels in need of recuperation, after eleven months of more or less hard work, will run a much better chance of obtaining

it at some such place than in a succession of railway trains connecting a number of picturesque and insanitary towns of strange people. Such a place as Deal is susceptible of being understood in all its phases by ordinary people, and it is my opinion that it is more profitable to acquire a thorough knowledge of such a place than it is to visit a hundred places on the Continent, getting "no forrarder" in understanding any one on the list of an exhaustive and exhausting itinerary.

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By way of contrast to the story of my wisely unenterprising friend I may recall a more recent experience. I was in a mixed company of men and women, most of whom had travelled a good deal—some of them a great deal — in various directions. matter of fact we soon found out that there was no quarter of the globe that had not been visited by some of us. Even Tibet, Corea, and the Arctic regions had been in some degree explored by members of our party. "What a capital chance for me," said a fascinating young woman who had been playing incidental music to the interchange of experiences going on in the room. "I have never been at any place worth speaking of, but papa has promised me a tour some of these days, and I want to get advice on the subject. Where should we go?" We didn't all speak at once; but when one man had said something about Madeira and the Canaries, and the delights of a run on to the Cape, another made a remark or two on the subject of the palms and temples of the From India and Ceylon to Australia and New Zealand did not seem a far cry. A hint or two regarding China and Japan followed, and then one South-Sea explorer became eloquent on the subject of those "sunny isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea." The tarpon fishing off the coast of Florida was dilated on by a youth, but he was severely set down by a man who had made the Canadian Pacific railway.

* * *

"Thank you very much," said the young lady. "I must try and remember all that you have told me. I had no idea there were so many interesting places in the world; but we shall certainly go to them all."

* * *

And she did. It seemed as if only a month or two had passed before I met the young

lady again: but when we were face to face I ventured to ask her if she had made up her mind to take the somewhat protracted excursion which we had planned out for her. "Oh. that's an old story now," said she. "We went to all the places, and have been at home for more than a month. We enjoved ourselves greatly, but we came to the conclusion that Christopher Columbus is a much overrated man." "That's the net result of your voyages?" said I. you haven't wasted your time, that's certain." We then went on to talk of other matters, for, in the true modern spirit of self-effacement, she made light of the circumstance that she had passed through almost every place of note in the world. Even so recently as twenty-five years ago a girl who had circumnavigated the globe would have been accounted a rarity, but now such girls may be numbered by the thousand.

* * *

Of course there is no adventurous spirit displayed nowadays in seeking to make a voyage round the world. I suppose there is more real danger involved in making a journey on foot from Hyde Park Corner to Aldgate on a day in the season than in going in a first-class steamer from England to China. I think some statistician recently made a calculation that a person was safer on the deck of an Atlantic liner than in anv other spot in the world; so that if one wishes to enjoy a life spent free from all risk, that person should take a season ticket between England and America. The percentage of deaths aboard an Atlantic liner is, the statistician showed by figurescarried out to four places of decimals, as a guarantee of good faith—very much less than the percentage of deaths in the streets of London from accidents and other causes.

* * *

Happily, however, there are still many voyages which may be undertaken with every chance of danger, and happily there are still thousands of Englishmen ready and anxious to undertake such voyages. It was understood for many years that Englishmen had a sort of vested interest in the North Pole. It is to be feared that their title-deeds in regard to this particular claim will not bear close examination. Representatives of other nations have succeeded in going further north than any Englishman. But the spirit which animated our countrymen, who were the pioneers of Arctic exploration, has certainly not yet departed, and it is quite possible that, in spite of the courage and the resources of Nansen and his companions, it will be left for an Englishman to mark the position of the North Pole by the pole bearing the Union Jack.

* * *

I referred just now to the "party in a parlour," the members of which included travellers, explorers and prospectors in all None of them had done their work in kid gloves. One man in his thirst for adventure had, he told us, been compelled at times to turn his hand to many odd jobs in some strange company. So far as we could gather, the most exacting of these tasks was the building up of certain logs of wood which had just been discharged from a ship at San Francisco. A day on the treadmill would certainly compare favourably with the work which it was my friend's privilege to accomplish previous to receiving his four dollars and throwing himself down on the softest of the logs and sleeping for twelve The man told his story in a graphic way and received sympathetic murmurs from all present, with the exception of one pale youth who was examining the tips of his fingers as he sat in an arm-chair. " Well," said he, "that was pretty hard work I daresay: but I saw labourers at Moulmain doing work compared with which yours was graceful exercise." "What was the work, I should like to know?" said the other man in the tone of a sceptic. "Pretty much the same as yours," was the reply, "only the logs were teak, and though each was twelve feet long and eighteen inches cube, only two labourers were allowed for every log."
"They weren't Orientals," remarked the other man; "and-let me see-yes, lend me a pencil." A pencil was forthcoming and he quickly set down a few figures. "Look here, my boy," he cried triumphantly, "I have you now. A teak log such as you mention would weigh half a ton, and if you tell me that two labourers were sufficient to pile such logs I'll take the liberty of saying that you—well, that your eyesight deceived you." "Nothing of the sort," persisted the youth. "I tell you I saw the thing done." "What's the good of talking such rubbish?" cried the other. "Everyone knows that the thing is impossible. No two men ever spent the day shifting logs of that weight."
"Men? Who said anything about men? I'm talking of elephants," said the youth, giving the most scrupulous attention to the tips of his fingers.

To return to the question of the spending of a holiday in the most satisfactory way. I may say that if one has a passion for exploration one may gratify it very fully without leaving London. I know two men who were fortunate enough to meet an American gentleman who succeeded in arousing their interest in some districts within the metropolitan area. He took them down strange streets and pointed out to them the various houses in which certain distinguished persons had lived and died. He imparted to them a very succinct history of each of these persons, and told them where their surviving relatives, if any, were to be found. He informed them of the various changes which had taken place in the different streets, and in short so interested them in London, where they had lived all their lives, that they resolved to spend their annual holiday exploring it. Their friend was compelled to return to the States, but they had no difficulty in finding another American who was capable of acting as their cicerone both in respect of the topography and history of various districts not four miles from Charing Cross. During the forthcoming autumn they intend, under his care, to organise an expedition to penetrate to the very heart of Chelsea

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It is really only Americans who have a thorough acquaintance with and reverence for the domestic history of England. They alone have the indomitable courage and perseverance which take the form of a house to house visitation in certain interesting locali-They do not mind any trouble they may have to give themselves in knocking at the doors of the present occupants of houses where they have good reason for believing some distinguished personage of a past period once resided, nor do they shrink from the task of mounting a double flight of stairs in order to take the exact dimensions of the This is the true spirit in which all antiquarian research should be conducted; and though it is not absolutely de riqueur to carve one's name on a wooden mantelpiece or on the oak of a panelled room which was once occupied by a personage whose memory all true Americans must revere, still it would manifestly be throwing away a great opportunity if one neglected to leave one's initials —if there is not sufficient time to execute the name in full—behind one on some suitable object in the bedroom or sitting-room or bed-sitting-room (vide the Guildford Street advertisements) for which a distinguished man once paid—or neglected to pay (as distinguished men have been known to do before now)—a weekly rental.

* * *

I have actually heard of the present occupier of a historic house—perhaps I may be permitted to term it a moderately historic house—in Chelsea who was reluctantly compelled to deny all access to it, except by such persons as bring letters of introduction to himself from a common friend, owing to the overcrowding of the panels with the names or the initials of casual visitors from the States. The panelling was getting too rapidly filled up, he thought, and only by a resort to the strictest system of economy could he hope to have sufficient space for the initials of future generations of enthusiasts. understand that several bitter things are said about him in various dialects from that of the New England States to that of the great Pacific slope.

* * *

It cannot be denied that the spirit manifested by our visitors is a very proper one. If the same interest were taken by Englishmen in the topography of their own country there would be no need for the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments, to say nothing of the Society for Providing Medallions. A few years ago I had the privilege of meeting a very charming and accomplished young American lady. One day I found her at her own house clad in deep mourning. I reduced my voice to the limits prescribed by experts in the art of expressing sympathy, and ventured to inquire of her regarding her bereavement. "What!" said she gravely, "is it possible that you forget that to-day is the anniversary of the murder of Lord Strafford?" "Lord Strafford? Lord Strafford murdered? I don't remember reading anything of it in the papers," said I. "But of course if he was a relation of yours — " "Lord Strafford was murdered-beheaded by the order of Charles I," she replied gravely. "I always go into mourning on this day and visit the Tower." I raised my voice half a tone.

THE PREACHING IN PARADISE COURT.

By Nellie K. Blissett.

Illustrated by Stephen Reid.



HAVE rarely seen anything less celestial, considering appearances, than this same Paradise. A block of high. dirty buildings, crammed together round a square of

unsavoury pavement, which frequently sent forth an odour capable of giving points, in the matter of nastiness, to any other on The ground floor of the houses was intersected by numerous dark passages leading from the central yard to the world without, and the inhabitants of this dismal block of brick bore an unenviable reputation in London police registers.

One stuffy summer evening, when there was a coppery glow in the shaded sky, and the warmth of thunder in the air as it struck your face, I found myself in the neighbourhood of Paradise Court on an embassy from the manager of the "Salamander" Music Hall to Stickers, the stage carpenter, who had been ill. This worthy I discovered at the door of his tenement—he inhabited a flat in a "model" block—with his pipe between his teeth chatting with his friend and assistant Sandy Macintosh. They were interchanging confidences with regard to the weather, and Sandy kept his eye carefully cocked towards the lurid rim of sky above the smoke. I delivered the manager's message, and we stood talking for some moments.

Whilst so occupied, a black figure came quickly along the opposite pavement, and Stickers took the pipe from his mouth and tapped it thoughtfully against the wall.

"There's a parson," he remarked. "Tain't often you see 'em 'ereabouts. W'ere's 'e goin'?"

We watched him. He was very young—hardly more than a boy. His face was round and rosy and his hair was light, whilst the eyes which glanced across at us were blue and pleasant. But what on earth was he doing here?

Sandy shook his head in grim disapproval.

"He's ower young to be a meenister o' the Word," he said slowly. "I'm thinkin' the bairn's strayed frae his way."

"If he ain't 'e soon will be," retorted

Stickers with sarcastic intent. "Dashed if 'e ain't a-goin' into Paradise Court!"

We stared at each other for a moment in silence. Then Stickers came off the door-

"I'm goin' to see the fun," he announced. "'Tain't that I like 'is cloth; but I'll see fair play, an' there's precious little o' that as a parson 'ull get in Paradise Court."

So we followed the curate down the street and into one of the dark passages. Here we

found him looking puzzled.

I went up to him.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I have been watching you for some minutes. looking for anything?"

"Is this Paradise Court?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. I'm looking for that," he

Stickers, behind me, chuckled audibly, and even Sandy smiled.

"I hope you ----," I stopped. "Might I ask what you are going to do here?"

He looked as if he doubted my right to question him-a thing not to be wondered at.

"I'm going to preach."

Stickers' chuckle stopped, and Sandy eved

the stranger doubtingly.

"Perhaps you don't know this part," I ventured to suggest. "It's pretty rough down here, and I don't fancy there's much preaching done. The Salvation people come sometimes, but even they get badly handled. I think, if you will pardon the advice, that you had much better not preach."

The boy's face coloured and a light of

battle came into the blue eyes.

"That's what my vicar told me," he replied; "but I said that where the Salvation Army folks could go I could go too. And I will."

There was silence for a moment, and then Sandy spoke.

"Are ye by yersel', sir?"

"Yes.

The old Scot glanced at the black figure, and a smile curled his lips.

"I'm thinkin' I've a mind to hear the preachin'. You're ower young to- but twa's better than ane in Paradise Court."

And four may safely be considered better than two, so Stickers and I followed them.

By this time the unusual apparition of a parson had excited no little interest. There was a fair audience assembled in the Court, and many heads, young and old, and all dirty, thrust from windows high in air. There was a murmur of astonishment when the preacher came out into the middle of the yard, and



"A deceased tabby . . . took him full in the face."

then a laugh. They had, as I said, routed the Salvation Army on more than one occasion—not without absolute violence. What had induced this smooth-faced boy to come to them, without drums, or banners, or the rousing accompaniment of brass? The entertainment of dislodging him promised to prove exceedingly tame.

He went straight to the middle of the yard, then stopped, took off his soft felt hat and held it in front of him in both hands like a schoolboy. For a second he said nothing, but stood there waiting, with the light shining on his fair hair.

Then he began his preaching, and such was the general astonishment at his audacity that for about three minutes he spoke without interruption of any kind. I was too interested in the attitude of his audience to listen much to what he said, but I retain a hazy memory of something strong and simple which an older, and perhaps eleverer, man need not have been ashamed of speaking.

He had not finished half a dozen sentences though before the storm burst. Someone at the back of the crowd inquired "if his ma knew as 'e was on the loose?" and then the tide of Paradise Court wit and humour rose and ran high. They laughed, they shouted, they baited him with delicately chosen taunts, and finally, failing to stop him, began to punctuate their pungent sentences by occasional applications of convenient refuse.

But he went on, holding his head very high and looking neither to the left nor to the right. An egg of respectable antiquity hit him neatly on the neck and dispersed its ungrateful contents down his waistcoat: a decayed cabbage stump or two hurtled through the air and rebounded from separate parts of his person; a deceased tabby, redolent of something more potent than even sanctity, took him full in the face, and very narrowly missed brushing me as well: but he went on. I saw him grow very red and his eyes flash, but he never so much as lifted his hand from the brim of his hat. And though I was much minded to interfere, I knew that interference could only bring about a climax, and so refrained. The boy's fate was in his own hands and his only. If I went for the police I might be gone some time, and I had a desire to see the end of the episode, so I contented myself by taking such a share of the Paradise Court rubbish-heap as I could not decently manage to avoid.

He spoke for about twenty minutes—they felt rather like hours—and cabbage stumps, and worse, fell thicker and faster as he proceeded. Then there was a sudden, ugly rush towards us, and Stickers and Sandy Macintosh drew up, and I gripped my stick with a sense that we were in for a bad time.

And when the rush came the preacher stopped at last and turned his eyes on his assailants for the first time. I don't think they liked it, for they stopped dead a few feet from him and obviously wavered. For an instant there was perfect silence in the Court, then a glare of appalling light and a crash of thunder which shook the surrounding buildings from chimney to basement.

When it ceased the crowd had considerably dwindled, and the heads at the windows above had disappeared. But the curate did not budge. He cast one quiet glance at the angry sky, finished his sermon in perfect peace, put on his hat and prepared to leave.

He took out his handkerchief and deliberately wiped his face, and dusted the marks of battle from his coat. Then he turned to his silent audience.

"My brethren," he said very simply, and as if nothing at all had happened, and he were concluding the most friendly meeting in the world, "I shall come again next

week. Good-bye."

He went from the Court just as quietly as he had come, and we followed him. The crowd gave way before him silently, and when we reached the street I heard a confused sound of talking behind us. It was a premature decision, but I concluded that Paradise Court was fairly ashamed of itself, and after events proved that I was not mistaken.

Meanwhile we stood in the street, and the

curate turned to us.

"Thank you," he said, with a shyness that was curious after his bout of obstinacy. "I'm glad you went with me. Of course it was a little lonely, and you made it seem more comfortable. Thank you very much. Good-bve."

He shook hands with me. and then with Stickers and Sandy. When he came to the old Scotchman, Sandy's face

was a sight to see.

"Ye maun just forgi'e me, sir," he said, as he took the boy's hand in his own big paw. "I said ye were ower young to be a meenister o' the Word, an' I'm sorry to ha'e said it. Ye've shamed monv an older man this day. An' if your vicar has a gude head on his shoulders he may weel

be prood o' ye, tho' ye're but a laddie for a' your preachin'."

We stood on the pavement and watched the black figure disappear into the traffic and

the smoke.

"Well," said Stickers at last, "they've 'ad a treat to-day in the Court. They're fond of a row and they've 'ad one; but they ain't come out of it fust-rate not by no means. There's grit in that lad—for a parson there's a deal o' grit. I never see no one be'ave just like that before. 'E warn't cheeky, an' 'e didn't do no snivelling, an' I think 'e'd 'ave liked to take off his coat to 'em all the time. That's honly 'uman natur', an' I'm a lot fonder of 'uman natur' than wot I be of cant. 'E stood it well, too. I don't pertic'lerly mind kebbidge storks," said Stickers reflectively. "but I've an awersion to dead cats—a strong awersion, I 'ave. Rotten heggs, again. is a thing as don't appeal to my 'ighest sentiments. They hisn't himprovin' to the mind, as you might say. An w'en a cove begins to chuck things at me, I 'ave generally a strong hinclination to 'eave 'em back. That's 'ow that parson-boy felt. I sor 'is heyes a-shinin' nasty like, an' I pitied 'im. A square stand-hup fight does a chap a deal of good now and then. It kind o' relieves 'is mind and gives 'im a clear sight o' things. wich 'e don't get by cavin' in and turnin' the hother cheek to the smiter."

Certainly Stickers' idea of relieving the - mind was original to say the least of it.

"They stopped dead a few feet from him.

Circumstances prevented my attendance at the curate's second preaching, but I had a detailed account of the event from Stickers. It was told me among the "Salamander" properties to the accompaniment of a hammer.

"E went in jest as 'e did afore," said Stickers: "an' there was a lot more to meet 'im. But 'e 'adn't no dead cats this time. An' 'e preached as quiet as tho' 'e were a-standin' in 'is hown pulpit with 'is 'ole congregashun a-snorin' their 'eads orf hunder 'im. Bless you, 'e were as peaceful as a hinnercent lamb. An' w'en 'e finished. Jack Buggles, wot was pretty hactive time before with the 'eavy guns, 'e comes out an' sez, as perlite as if the young un wor a dook, 'ow they believes they didn't show a right happreciation of 'is hefforts last time—Jack can spout fit to bu'st ye w'en 'e's took that way—an' will 'e be good enuf to hoverlook an unfort'nit ewent, an' haccept their 'umble hapologies? Lor', you might 'ave knocked me down with a stror, I was that took aback. An 'e answered 'em as solemn as a judge, an' said 'e 'ad supposed it wor a mistake, an' 'e didn't bear no malice; an' w'en he went they giv' 'im three cheers; an' 'e's goin' again soon. There ain't no limits to wot cheek 'ull do, that there ain't; but some'ow I 'opes they'll make that boy a bishop; we want a few of 'is sort about."

He is not a bishop yet, though. I went to stay with him the other day in the most charming of country rectories, and was introduced to his pretty wife. We were laughing one night over some of our

adventures together, and I asked the young lady if her husband had ever told her about the first of them. He had not, so I recounted it, much against his will. I did not make it too impressive, as I considered that her obvious admiration of him was enough to spoil even the boy who had walked down into a London slum in summer more than four years ago. But when I finished there was a retrospective twinkle in the rector's blue eves, and I half think that, as Stickers concisely put it, he would like to take off his coat to them still. Some men are born to peace, and some to war, and a man's nature is natural to him after all, and must be to the end of the chapter. The country rectory is delightful, and the rector's health obliges him to live out of London; but I do not believe he is a whit less martial in spirit now than he was that thundery afternoon at the time of his first preaching in Paradise Court.



"'Jack Buggles . . . sez . . . will 'e be good enuf to hoverlock an unfort'nit event?'"



The veteran Duke of Northumberland is one of the few remaining men who sat in the Unreformed Parliament. He represented Beeralston 1831-32, and North Northumberland from 1852 to 1865. 1858 he filled the office of a Lord of the Admiralty, was Vice-President of the Board of Trade in the following year, and Lord Privy Seal from 1878 to 1880. Lord Beaconsfield placed great reliance on the Duke's sound judgment. He has taken little part in social life, especially during the last ten years. The duke is president of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution and of the National Deposit Society. His eldest son and heir, Earl Percy, was summoned to the House of Lords in his own right as Lord Lovaine. The duke's grandson. Lord Warkworth, is M.P. for South Kensington.



From a photo by] [Lloyd, Albury.

THE OLDEST DUKE: ALGERNON GEORGE, SIXTH DUKE
OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.

(AGED 86.)

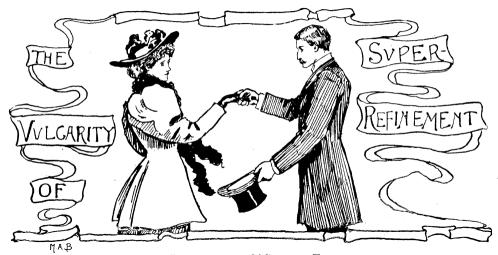


From a photo by]
OUR YOUN

[Lafayette, Dublin.

OUR YOUNGEST DUKE:
MORRIS, SIXTH DUKE OF LEINSTER.
(AGED 9.)

A PATHETIC interest attaches to our youngest duke beyond the fact of his age, for he has had the misfortune to lose both father and mother. Morris, sixth Duke of Leinster. who is premier duke, marguis, and earl of Ireland, carries a heavy titular burden though his years only number nine. His father died in 1893, and his mother, the lovely Duchess of Leinster, died a few months ago, leaving Morris and his brother, the little Lord Desmond. They spend their days at Carton, the Irish seat of the Fitz-Gerald family. When his minority is passed the title under which the duke would sit in the House of Lords would be Viscount Leinster. He is a very handsome boy with high spirits, and his face is a constant reminder of the beautiful Duchess of Leinster.



BY CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES

Illustrated by M. A. Boole.



UPER-REFINEMENT is to good manners what prudery is to modesty. Both imply a lurking doubt of oneself, both result in exaggeration. Happy are they whose morals and

manners alike are sound; to them refinement is an instinct, not a pose. To be genuine, refinement must be unstudied; conscious refinement is akin to vulgarity. The man—and more especially the woman—who pauses to assume a correct mental attitude is lost. Good manners should be an outward sign of inward grace—the result of a cultivated mind and heart.

The super-refined cultivate their manners not wisely but too well, and leave their hearts as they found them, mere organs for blood-pumping. Their aim is not to express but to conceal what they feel. Like Chinese artificers who reproduce a steam-engine with external fidelity, even to faults in the metal and shades in the paint, but omit the works, the over-refined are incapable of discriminating between accidents and essentials.

Vulgarity in its different forms argues a certain amount of civilisation. It is unknown among savages, wherein they are superior. Its subtlest and least eradicable manifestation is super-refinement. If the vulgar, like the poor, are always with us, let us, in heaven's name, have the man who slaps one on the back, wears his hat on the side of his head, and eats peas with his knife, the woman who murders the Queen's English and drinks tea from a saucer. About these there is at least

no pretence. They set up for nothing, and show their deficiencies with a simplicity that disarms criticism. Such people may have in them elements of greatness. To esteem, even to love them, is possible, but love and esteem enter not into the sentiments wherewith we regard the super-refined.

Aggressive to the weak, submissive to the strong, satisfied with themselves, assured that anyone who differs from them is benighted, contemptuous of the ignorance of those who know as much as they, expounders of the commonplace, explainers of the obvious, they are intolerable. Learned on points of etiquette, they have studied manuals or caught up axioms, and know exactly what is forbidden; they are never so sure as to what is allowed. They understand that to be well-bred is to be superior, but not that it is possible to be too superior to be well-bred.

To them man was made for manners, not manners for man, and primed at second hand with ill-digested information, they would rather die than infringe arbitrary laws that to them are sacred and immutable. "The Habits and Customs of Good Society" is their Bible, "vulgarity" the deadly sin. So great is their horror of it that they grow vulgar in avoiding it.

Having mastered the rules they have no mind for exceptions. To them circumstances never alter cases; their knowledge is, as it were, docketed and pigeon-holed, and all that is not white is black.

The Book they venerate says, for example,

that people are not supposed to know each other until they have been introduced, so the super-refined keep a stony, British stare in reserve to freeze simple, genial souls who make advances. The Book says that at linner no one should partake twice of soup. The super-refined would starve rather than ask for a second helping, even if soup were the only decent item on a hotel menu. They sacrifice daily to a deity contemptuous or oblivious of their homage, whereas well-bred people suit themselves and trust their own instincts, knowing that it is better to

their interest to suggest that he or she and they alone differ from the common herd.

They have raised to a fine art the faculty for making others feel small and uncomfortable, without saying anything that can be laid hold of. They have no depth of character or feeling, a lying tongue, a short memory, no geniality, no sense of humour, and an immense but ill-founded appreciation of themselves. They generally go in fear of those who know their relatives or early surroundings, as these rarely accord with their present pretensions.



"The Book says that at dinner no one should partake twice of soup."

do wrong with easy grace than to be tremulously correct.

The Book says it is wrong to boast, and this to the super-refined is a sore trial, since they have an irresistible impulse in that direction. Accordingly they make a compromise. They do not say straight out, "We are very grand people, accustomed to move in the highest circles, and think but meanly of you." They humiliate their hearers by less direct methods, and try to impress rather by insinuation than by overt bragging, wherein they are distinguished from the simple snob, whose blunter weapons they despise. They obliquely and indirectly assert their superiority to the person they are addressing, unless it be to

Simple country people, the young, the foolish, and the ignorant fall an easy prey to the super-refined. Such persons have been known to boast of being acquainted with them. Until seen through, indeed, they are imposing. They abash modest merit unused to their methods, and too polite or too timid to pay them back in their own coin.

At first they appear well-bred, even scrupulously well-bred, but a closer view shows they are not gentle, they are only genteel. Just as paste, when placed at a certain angle and discreetly illuminated, is, if anything, more brilliant than diamonds, the super-refined, under favourable conditions, succeed, to the unpractised eye, in outshining the really refined. As the jeweller,

however, can always tell the false from the real gem, the man or woman of the world speedily detects the super-refined. There is monotony in their methods, and to know one is to know all.

A certain set of people—a class peculiar to the British islands—are for ever questioning their own gentility and that of others, tearing up, as it were, their manners by the roots to see how they grow. "Is she quite a lady?" they ask. "Is he quite a gentleman?" "Is this what a lady should do?" "If I wear a green necktie will it be gentlemanly?" From their ranks are evolved the super-refined. Those to the manner born do not question; they take themselves and their friends for granted.

There is something, however, to be said for super-refinement. In a world mainly composed of fools it is not without its advantages. Its pretensions are so obvious that they impress the very dullest, and the good word of the dull is powerful. Should any of our readers, therefore, think it worth while to pass for persons of taste, culture, high birth and exquisite superiority amongst the large body of those who know no better, the following hints will enable them to enter with safety the ranks of the super-refined.

In the first place it is a good idea to tell people things they know, with an air of imparting information. The manner must imply, "You of course are unaware of this." Manner being intangible and undefinable is a useful weapon in abasing others, as in case of unpleasantness arising it may be denied. Simple remarks as to the Continent, high life, or the royal family may easily be framed so as to show conviction of the The tamest possible hearer's ignorance. sentence—for example, "We always have thin bread and butter at afternoon tea "may, by a lofty air and a judicious accentuation of "we" and "thin," be made to express conviction that the person addressed prefers a loaf cut in hunks at that cheerful This method has the advantage of admitting no reply; the fact is incontrovertible, while a mere "So do I" from the victim sounds like an effort to set him or herself right with a sceptical world.

An effective way of showing superiority is to assume ignorance of everyday affairs. An inquiry as to what this or that is used for—it should be some common article, for the super-refined must know or pretend to know all that is rare and extraordinary—will effectually embarrass a timid hostess, who sees at once that her style of living is not what

her guest has been accustomed to. Listeners will be immensely impressed, and this is naturally what the super-refined desire.

If one's relatives have been something in the City, it is advisable to affect a horror of business and an incapacity for mastering its details. The more effectually to throw people off the scent, admiration may be expressed for those who have some knowledge of such matters, and if they have made some obvious remark, they should be told "how clever" they are, and "how much they know about that sort of thing." Naturally this childlike ignorance must not interfere with keeping a sharp eye to one's own interests.

Formerly it was necessary that all the acquaintances of the super-refined should be "ladies" and "gentlemen," but, as this is no longer fashionable, they may now admit that they know mere men and women, if they make it plain that they do not mean it.

In literature they will find few recent writers to suit them. Their favourites will be Ouida and Bulwer Lytton. Dickens should be termed "vulgar" and Thackeray "so very satirical." It is an excellent rule for them, if any book or play be praised, to say they find it "poor," but they should not be entrapped into giving reasons for their opinion.

Everything outspoken and unconventional should be avoided by the super-refined. That persons of title can do no wrong may be taken as a safe rule. To introduce their names is the mere A B C of super-refinement; but it is well, if possible, to have some more intimate acquaintance with royalty and the aristocracy than may be gleaned from buying a doll from a duchess at a bazaar. knowledge is usually acquired by living with or meeting them in a subordinate capacity, or having relatives thus fortunately placed. One will then be justified in saying that "The princess is a sweet girl," or that "the kindness shown by the dear countess" to the speaker "can never be forgotten." Finally, they should apologise for everything, especially for employing any familiar but inoffensive locution. If it be desired to use a common proverb, such as "A cat has nine lives," or "The pot called the kettle black," it should be prefaced by saying, "Pray do not think it coarse of me."

In conclusion, those who wish to be superrefined must never be natural, must never let themselves go, and though popularity need not be expected, most people will consider them very superior, and manifest a desire to stand well with them. As to the others—they may say they are vulgar.

VANITY FAIR:

A Weekly Show of Political, Social, and Literary Wares.

"That which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares."

A VISIT TO "VANITY FAIR."

By J. D. Symon.

Illustrated by "Vanity Fair" Artists; James Greig; and from photographs.



T was with a very pardonable misgiving that the interviewer drew nigh to Vanity Fair, for he remembered the misadventure of Bunyan's pilgrims in that place. Moreover,

in that place. Moreover, he ran a double risk, for his profession

requires him to be at once Christian and Faithful. But, as the event showed. apprehension was needless; the visitor enjoyed his sojourn, and departed marvelling greatly at those who imagine they have been jostled by the showmen. True, there may be several ways of getting into Vanity Fair, but on this point it is impossible to speak. The interviewer experiencedbut one way, and that was a way of pleasantness. Ashe knows, therefore, so must he speak.

To leave parables alone, the other day it was my good fortune to meet Mr. Oliver A. Fry, the famous



From a photo by]

[Passingham, South Audley Street, W. O. A. FRY.

MR. O. A. FRY.
(Editor of "Vanity Fair.")
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"Ruffler," editor and manager of Vanity Fair, and to hear from him the history of that journal, the pioneer of Society papers. At first, when I asked for history, Mr. Fry declared that none existed, but on a hint that such a defect could readily be made good, he spoke.

"As you are probably aware," said Mr. Fry,

"Vanity Fair was

founded by Mr. Thomas Ğibson Bowles, M.P. Mr. Bowles was the leading spirit of a coterie of smart voung men about town who, in the sixties, conducted and privately circulated the little paper known as The Owl, which had, in its way, a brilliant career. At that time Mr. Bowles was on the staff of the Morning Post, and it was through a little difference with the editor of that paper that he was led to independent enterprise. Sir Algernon Borthwick declined to print one or two of Mr. Bowles's articles as being outspoken, whereupon ${
m Mr}.$



(April 27, 1889.)

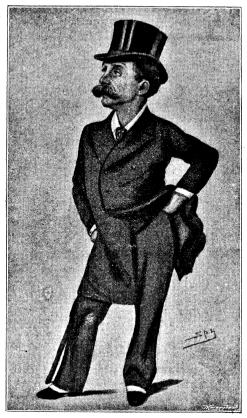
"APE." The late Signor Carlo Pellegrini. (A cartoon by Mr. A. J. Marks.)

Bowles swore that he would have a paper of his own. He had three hundred pounds —his 'Owls' (two of whom are now Ambassadors) stood by him to a man—so he went to work, and in three weeks' time the new paper was launched under the title of Vanity Fair. It had an immediate success, and became the model-perhaps I should say the despair—of all subsequent Society papers."

"Did your series of cartoons begin with

the paper, Mr. Fry?"

The first number appeared on November 7, 1868; but it was not until January 30 of the following year that the first cartoon was published. Our earliest artist was that extraordinary genius, 'Ape,' the late Carlo Pellegrini, an Italian refugee, who fell into the service of Vanity Fair quite accidentally. Mr. Bowles happened to meet Pellegrini at dinner at the house of a friend, who asked Mr. Bowles why he didn't have Pellegrini to do some caricatures for his paper. The idea was taken up, and shortly afterwards Pellegrini's picture of Beaconsfield electrified the town and sent the price of Vanity Fair up to a shilling. This cartoon was closely followed by one of Gladstone, which I consider a better picture than the Beaconsfield. Here it is," continued Mr. Fry, placing the first volume before me: "and, by the way, there is one thing I should like you to note about it. Mr. Harry Furniss is said to have invented the Gladstone collar, but if you look at Pellegrini's work vou will see that the collar had been revealed to the public before Mr. Harry Furniss's The cartoons then became an institution, appearing with wonderful regularity. considering how erratic the great 'Pilgrim' was. He would flatly refuse to tackle any subject he didn't like, or he would insist on doing something that had caught his fancy. 'Ape' had to be allowed plenty of rope; indeed I may say that he was a sort of chartered libertine in art. He used to surprise his



(July 13, 1889.)

"TOMMY." (Mr. Thomas G. Bowles, M.P., who founded "Vanity Fair" in 1868.)

sitters by his methods. When he wanted to catch a likeness he would get the subject into his rooms and entertain him with contes drôlatiques, never lifting a pencil all the time. Then suddenly he would exclaim, 'There, that will do. I have gote you!' If the sitter expressed surprise, Pellegrini, tapping his forehead, would say, 'Yes, ves, I have gote you here in my head; and so the sitting ended. Of course sometimes his scheme did not permit of his meeting

the victim, so 'Ape' would shadow the subject for days until he had fairly caught

him.

"Pellegrini's portrait, by Marks, appeared in Vanity Fair. but the cartoon is not wholly successful, for it lacks the distinctive humour of 'Ape's' outward man. Pellegrini's work is now most ably carried on by 'Spy'—Mr. Leslie Ward—who will tell you his own story, for I expect him here immediately with some new drawings. One thing however Mr. Ward will not tell you, so I must do it myself. It is quite a mistake to say, as some people do, that Mr. Ward's work falls short of Pellegrini's. That is not the case; it is in many respects better. His caricature is more refined. more subtle; he has the gift of faithfully catching a person's peculiarities and of

giving them just the right degree of accentu-His caricature does not consist in attributing to his subjects features that they do not possess. It is equally a mistake to say that Mr. Ward is a mere imitator of Pellegrini. A comparison of their works will sufficiently prove the individuality of the two artists.

"Then the reception of the cartoons," I suggested; "is it lawful to inquire how the subject views himself?"

"In all cases of course the honour is beyond dispute, but some subjects are more delighted than others. A few curious mortals, indeed, have not been delighted at all. The 'friends' of the subject are invariably gratified; they always acknowledge the fidelity of the drawing which an occasional subject has been known to call in question."

"Did you ever receive a visit from a 'person represented' who desired to talk

the matter over with

von?"

"Very seldom. I'll tell you of one remarkable case. cartoon was undeniably severe, so I was not altogether surprised when the subject was announced. 'Show him in,' I said. A baronet entered. 'I felt I must call.' he said, 'to thank you for the really admirable cartoon of me you published last 'It's really week.' very kind of you to say so,' I replied. 'Oh,' he returned jocosely, 'if a man can't laugh at himself he has no right to laugh at anybody.' It was an unusual incident. I can't recall another like it in all my experience of Vanity Fair."

"Your connection with the paper is not of yesterday I know,

Mr. Fry."

"It dates almost from the time I came down from Oxford.

In 1879 I became a contributor. I thought Vanity Fair a great paper, and sent some paragraphs to Mr. Bowles. The paragraphs were accepted. I became a regular contributor, and finally I joined the staff as Mr. Tiller's assistant. Then I became editor; and when Mr. Bowles sold the paper he sold me with it. I now have an interest in Vanity Fair, the balance belonging to my old college friend Mr. A. G. Witherby, who years back contributed to the paper, and has



(January 30, 1869.)

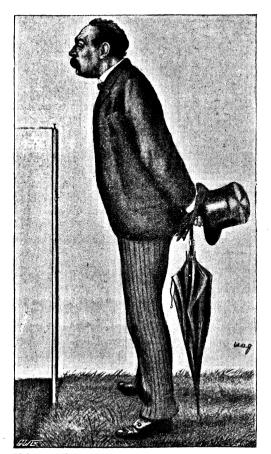
MR. DISRAELI.

"He educated the Tories and dished the Whigs to pass Reform, but to have become what he is from what he was is the greatest Reform of all."

("Ape's" first cartoon in "Vanity Fair.")

also supplied occasional—too occasional—drawings. The cartoon of Mr. Montague Shearman, which you reproduce, is by him, signed, you will notice, 'Wag'—a transposition of his initials. He is the best of proprietors, full of ideas, and the truest of friends—a man you would do anything for. For the last seven years I have been constantly on duty, and have brought out every number but one. The first time since 1888 that I have been out of town for more than five days was when I went to New York just lately, when I left Mr. Oakley Williams, my assistant-editor, in charge. During my editorship we have never had a libel action, which means, in a paper like Vanity Fair, that we have been wonderfully accurate in our facts."

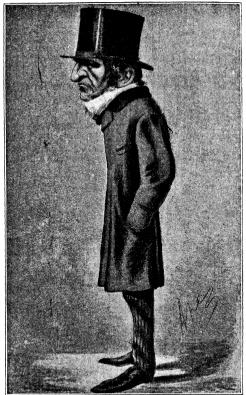
The robust front that *Vanity Fair* presents to the world reminded me that Mr. Fry was in his day a great athlete, so I asked him for some account of his prowess.



(July 4, 1895.)

MR. MONTAGUE SHEARMAN.

(Cartoon by "Wag.")



(February 6, 1869.) MR. GLADSTONE.

"Were he a worse man, he would be a better statesman."

("Ape's" second cartoon.)

(" Ape's " second cartoon.)

"That old fiction again!" he exclaimed, turning to his assistant-editor, Mr. Oakley Williams, who had joined us a moment earlier. "I don't know how the report of my being an athlete arose, unless it be that I'm a namesake of Fry of Wadham. I know of no grounds for the accusation."

In my extremity I also turned to Mr. Oakley Williams, and suggested that he should help me to bring the charge home. "The only foundation for the story," said the assistant-editor, "is that Mr. Fry was a big sprinter at the 'Varsity, where he helped to found a football club that was never beaten—the—what was the name of the club, Fry?"

"The Etceteras," said the chief unwarily; "and oddly enough Mr. Witherby was another of the founders." Then seeing that the game was up, he made a clean breast of it and confessed that at Oxford, besides organising "The Etceteras," he had rowed for his college (St. John's), and had belonged to a crack college football team which had

done big things; "but the credit of that," he said, "belonged to fifteen men, quorum pars quindecima fui." Under pressure, Mr. Fry owned to yet another athletic taste. "If he remembered rightly, he thought he was able to swim a little."

Having thus successfully convicted Mr. Fry of being an all-round man, I led the conversation back to *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Fry took me round his room, where many interesting pictures by the *Vanity Fair*

artists are preserved, and showed me the beautiful series portraits of eminent ladies by M. Chartran which appeared good many years ago. One of the finest is that of Gladys, Lady Lonsdale—now Lady de Grev. These cartoons, of course, are serious portraiture: courtesy forbade caricature. Once or twice however something different was permissible, and of this variation Pellegrini's amusing study of the notorious Mrs. Star is the most striking This was example. Pellegrini's only drawing of a woman for Vanity Fair.

"Are amateurs anxious to contribute drawings?" I asked.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Fry. "Here, for example, is one of 'Roddy' Owen, on horseback, sent me from India, and another of Umra Khan,

forwarded from Chitral. It was kind of the senders, seeing we had no artist on the spot. The drawings are not wholly bad."

"No," said someone who had just entered.
"But how neatly the draughtsman has dodged the necessity of drawing 'Roddy's' face by turning his head aside."

The critic had a right to speak, if ever critic had, for he was none other than the great "Spy," Mr. Leslie Ward himself.

A chat with Mr. Ward followed, but as his time was limited he asked me to call on

him at his studio at an early day, so that we might discuss his work more at our leisure.

With Mr. Fry I lingered a few moments longer while he commended the lithographic work of Messrs. Vincent Brooks, Day and Sons, who have always reproduced the Vanity Fair cartoons. Though other systems, including French methods, have been tried, there are objections to all. Time is of course a great object, and the lithographers have, on emergency, been able to do a

picture in a few days by their process. Mr. "Ruffler" also boasted to me of his staff. "All our people stick to us," he said; "a fact that I am very proud of. There is Mr. Barton, my head printer—we print ourselves, vou know. There are two floors above full of cases. Barton helped to compose the first number of Vanitu Fair when it was printed outside. For a time he was on the Pall Mall Gazette: then when Mr. Bowles parted with Vanity Fair he was asked to take charge of it upstairs. And I could gratefully praise all the members of our other departments. only your space would not permit."

"By the way, will you satisfy my curiosity as to who were the owners of the initials lately appended

to cartoons of Edouard Strauss, the Viennese conductor, Dean Hole, and Lord London-derry?"

"Well I don't think Mr. F. T. Dalton will mind my telling you that he drew Dean Hole and the Marquis of Londonderry. Mr. Eardley Norton did the cartoon of Strauss."

As to the literary contents of his paper, Mr. Fry thought it would not be wise to betray the identity of any of the mysterious writers. "Jehu Junior," he declared, was



(October 6, 1883.)

CHARTRAN'S PICTURE OF GLADYS, COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.



MR. LESLIE WARD-"SPY." (Drawn by himse'f from a reflection in a mirror.)

not a composite character. Once upon a time of course the furious driver was related to Mr. Bowles, but beyond this admission

Mr. Fry would not go.

He was delighted however to unbosom himself about America. "I have seldom," he confessed, "met an American I liked, or an American woman that I did not like. are a different race, these American women. They are charming. I attribute this in great measure to the fact that they are brought up on English literature, while the man in America reads nothing but American newspapers."

"A final word as to Vanity Fair, Mr. Fry. What is your candid opinion of it?"

"I need hardly say that I think there is no other paper like it, and I am vain enough to suppose that some other people agree with me in that opinion."

" Spy."

It was written in the book of Fate that Mr. Leslie Ward should become an artist, or, to speak more correctly, that he should follow the profession of art, for he was an artist from the beginning. His father, Mr. Edward Matthew Ward, R.A., so much disliked his son's predilection for drawing

that on sending him to Eton he charged the masters to take the pencil out of the young man's hands whenever they caught him indulging the ruling passion. They had to do so pretty often. Finally, seeing that his son must follow art in one form or another. Mr. Ward determined that it should be in a very practical way and accordingly placed him in an architect's office.

"The artistic portion of the architectural work," Mr. Ward confessed to me when I called on him at his studio in Pimlico. "I liked well enough; but oh, I loathed the bricks and mortar!" and "Spy" signified by a comical glance that he still retains a very lively dislike of his matter-of-fact bugbears.

"What led you, Mr. Ward, to aid the up-building of that less prosaic fabric,

Vanity Fair?"

"Close on twenty-three years ago Sir John Millais introduced me to Mr. Bowles as a likely man for Vanity Fair I submitted a picture which was accepted. Here it is.



(March 1, 1873.) "OLD BONES." The late Sir Richard Owen. ("Spy's" first cartoon in " Vanii; Fair.")

is entitled, as you see, 'Old Bones,' and represents the late Professor Owen. From that time onwards I have been constantly at work for *Vanity Fair*, with the exception of a year, when I drew for the *Graphic*. That study in black and white of Sir John Millais was done for the *Graphic*.

"You would like to know something of my methods? Well, from some people it is possible of course to get sittings; others, for obvious reasons, can't be got to sit and must My cartoon of Lord Ripon be shadowed. and Lord Spencer was suggested by seeing them cross the Park together. Of course they were not quite so dissimilar in height as I drew them, but the slight exaggeration helps out the idea. Some people again I can do best from memory, and have sometimes done a successful portrait though I had not seen my subject for two years. In such cases however I find there is a tendency to dwell too much on the man's peculiarities: one is apt to catch the peculiarity but to lose the man.

"Some people are very amusing; they come down to the studio and settle themselves as though they were at the photographer's. Then suddenly the sitter will exclaim, 'Oh, I forgot; the photographer tells me this is my worst side; I must turn you the other.' But I remark that, now he has given himself away, he must just let me continue. Once I drew a man in profile. When he saw it he could not believe he had such an appearance and paced my studio in great grief, trying to persuade me he did not resemble my work, turning himself about in every light to convince me. At last, in sheer pity, I had to draw his full face and keep back the profile from publication. A noted jockey, by the way, would not believe in his own nose, as I drew it, but his friends believed it. Friends generally do."

"How do you get at difficult persons, Mr. Ward?"

"In various ways. Once I wanted a young nobleman for Vanity Fair; so a little dinner was made up, and I was introduced to his lordship as 'Mr. Spy.' He did not suspect anything. After dinner my lord was taken in hand by a very charming lady, who aided me to the best of her ability, encouraging her charge to screw in his eye-glass and so forth. Once I made some remark beneath my breath to a man near me, and this offended the victim. "Mr. Spy," he said severely, don't you know it's very ill-bred to whisper? I acknowledged that it was, apologised, and continued to take mental

notes. When the picture appeared he marvelled greatly, but he never exactly discovered how he had been had—at any rate

he never suspected 'Mr. Spy.'

"There was another noble lord, an excellent old gentleman and friend of my family, who hinted to my mother that I should draw him for Vanity Fair. He had his wish and a little more, for when the picture appeared he was not at all pleased. He felt that he could not answer for what he would do if he met me, and declined an invitation to visit my mother because he heard that I was at home. My mother promised to lock me up at the top of the house if he would come, but his lordship would not consent. Wherever I might be stowed away he felt sure he would get at me.

"It is curious too how people try to impress my supposed mistakes on me. There was a man whose eyes were almost invisible owing to heavy eyelids. The lashes were heavily touched up too. Of course I drew him as he usually appeared, but he was at pains to convince me that I was in the wrong. He faced me and actually held his eyelids apart to prove to me what a fine wide-opened eye

he had!

"How did you catch such likenesses as, for instance, those of Professor Robinson Ellis,

'The Shirt,' and the Dean?"

"In the first case I watched the Professor going to lecture, and even went to the lecture myself in cap and gown. For the second, I found out that every morning about eight the old gentleman walked round Christ Church meadow, so my course was clear. As for the Dean, I used to watch him going into the cathedral."

"Do you find, Mr. Ward, that some men

appeal more to you than others?"

"" Certainly. Some can be caught and set down almost at once, others again require repeated trials. You ask if I can show you any sketches representing the successive stages of a cartoon. Here is a portfolio full of studies; but I've nothing exactly like what you ask for. The nearest approach to such a thing would be found in my sketch-books; but my rough jottings would not be very interesting I fear."

Then Mr. Ward took me round his studio, the walls of which are hung with innumerable examples of his work, some of the lighter order, others serious portraiture. On this head of serious portraiture, as contrasted with his caricatures and character sketches, Mr. Ward told me something curious. "Not only," he said, "do



MONSIEUR FELIX FAURE. President of the French Republic. (Drawn by M. Guth.)

people give me broad hints that they wish to appear in Vanity Fair, but some who favour me with a sitting actually try to bribe me to deal gently with them. During the sitting the visitor broaches a pretty little scheme. He wants a serious portrait, quite apart from Vanity Fair, and I am to have the honour of executing it. I am to please myself entirely with regard to it; am to choose my own style, my own treatment, even my own price, and so on he goes, painting the scheme in very glowing colours. Curiously enough that is all the painting it gets. I never hear any more of it, and of course," said "Spy," shaking his head in humorous despair, put no faith in any such promises."

In one corner of the studio is a most interesting volume of autographs containing the signatures of a great many celebrities who subscribed for his well-known caricature of Corney Grain and George Grossmith. The autographs of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha occupy a prominent place, and beside these are innumerable signatures of men famous in literature, art and the drama. Between the leaves are also many autograph letters, one of the most curious being a note from Mr. Whistler, signed with his curious hieroglyphic. In this connection one may mention a quaint little sketch in oils of Mr. Whistler's head crowned by the queer little round hat the artist at one time delighted to wear. This hat Mr. Ward was careful to point out to me, as the picture is perhaps the only record of this one of Mr. Whistler's many vagaries. Returning to the autographs: in a frame above the desk where Mr. Ward keeps his album hangs a characteristic note in black and red from Mr. Linley Sambourne, of whose recent cartoon in Punch Mr. Ward spoke in warm commendation; indeed hearty appreciation of the work of brother artists is one of Mr. Ward's most noticeable characteristics. When I met him at Vanity Fair office we looked over some French cartoons by M. Guth (those of General Duchesne, M. Pierre Loti, and others) which have recently appeared, and "Spy " specially called my attention to the admirable and peculiarly delicate finish of his Gallic contemporary's work.

Close to the entrance of Mr. Ward's studio hangs a series of his monochrome studies of famous athletes. These drawings Mr. Ward made for a private friend who has quite a remarkable collection of portraits of athletic



A RAPID SKETCH BY M. GUTH,

and sporting men. Right below these, close to the floor, is a funny little drawing by the late Mr. Alfred Thompson, representing Mr. Ward and Pellegrini. The two artists are standing back to back; each, by some miraculous twist, has his left arm round the other, the free hand in each case being at work on a drawing, for before each artist stands an easel supporting a halffinished sketch. These sketches, needless to say, are Mr. Ward by Pellegrini and Pellegrini by Mr. Ward. The picture itself is not

happy in its presentation of "Spy," for it makes him resemble a twisted lamppost. Now Mr. Ward is neither thin nor twisted. As for Pellegrini's portrait, Mr. Ward declares it is equally unfortunate. But apart from these defects. the composition is decidedly humorous. The most successful portrait of "Ape" is believed to be an unpublished one by "Spy" himself. This is in the possession of the Beefsteak Club.

Before I took leave of "Spy" he told me

many stories, but space forbids me to recount them all. Some of them, too, were given me in confidence, and although these will tell very well perhaps twenty years hence, at present it might be unwise to give them to the world. One of the Pellegrini stories however, which he gave me at parting, cannot be omitted. It tells how a member of Parliament, on being requested to sit for a cartoon in Vanity Fair, came down from the House to expostulate and protest. Pellegrini allowed him to submit his reasons and to file his protests for some little time, then suddenly he took

the member's breath away by exclaiming, "There, zat is all I want; you may go; I have gote you!" and the legislator had to depart with the uncomfortable assurance that he had given himself away, and that "Ape" had indeed "gote him" in more ways than one. In due time the cartoon appeared, for, as already mentioned. Pellegrini's memory was tremendous. This gift of memory is quite as strong in Mr. Ward. who never forgets a face.

"There is an impression abroad," said

Mr. Ward at parting, "that I was Pellegrini's pupil, and of course should be delighted to be known as such but for the simple fact that his pupil I never was."



AN EXAMPLE OF MONSIEUR GUTH'S PORTRAITURE.

MONSIEUR GUTH.

As my pilgrimage did not extend as far as Paris I was glad to receive from a friend the following account of his visit to M. Guth, who has drawn several cartoons of notable foreigners in Vanity Fair.

"The atmosphere of the Quartier Latin," writes my

correspondent, "is to the awakening artistic genius what the fresh, sweet air of springtime is to budding flowers and fruit. No artist, whatever his ability, can remain uninfluenced by the inspiring feeling which pervades this bohemian district. It affects him de la tête aux pieds. The evolution is first observed outwardly. The barber is forsaken, the fashionable clothes are replaced by more convenient and picturesque costumes, and occasionally in some cases I have heard that the bath is All this outward retrogression neglected. from conventionality does not in the least

interfere with the dignity or respectability of the art tyro.

"Éyalité rules in the Quartier Latin, at least, and the freedom is healthy. His inward growth is as marked as the outward change. His style becomes confident and free; his ideas, always sympathetic, are broadened and strengthened by contact with kindred searching thought, until at length he evolves into a full-fledged exhibitor at Academy or Salon, or becomes a black-and-white artist of celebrity. M. Guth, the clever French artist of Vanity Fair, is an excellent example of the latter class, a true product of the Quartier Latin.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I am Parisian tout à fait, and studied under Jerome at the Beaux



MONSIEUR GUTH.
(From a hasty drawing in a restaurant by James Greig.)

Arts, and at Colarossi's in the evenings. No, success did not find me easily. I worked long and hard making designs for glass windows. One day I made a plate for a journal illustré; it was a success, and since then I have done drawings for L'Illustration and Vanity Fair; and for the Revue Illustré and the Salon Illustré I have executed in all 120 portraits of the celebrities of the time.'

"'Quite a historical collection. And how do you set about the making of the admirable portraits which have won you fame?'

"'Well I try to get a perfect personal knowledge of my subject. Then from sittings I make rough sketches, from which I draw a careful plan of the features and map out correctly the light and shade. It is then that I begin the vital and engrossing part by imbuing the face with the character of the man as it has impressed itself on me during the previous study.'

"That M. Guth's portraits are excellent likenesses everyone acknowledges. As an eminent critic has said, 'The fact that many of M. Guth's models are dissatisfied with the resemblance is evident proof of the truth of the likeness, and eulogy most absolute.'

"'General Boulanger objected to the first portrait I did of him. I depicted him from the point of view which showed the real character of the man. It was in profile, and the defects of his cranium and his weak shifty eye were so marked that the vainglorious General would have none of it, and I had to draw him in son chapeau à plumes blanches, and with all his decorations on his breast.'

"It is perhaps to be regretted that M. Guth is quitting the Quartier Latin, where he has earnestly woed and won success. Just now workmen are busy fitting up a fine studio for him in the Boulevard des Capucines, and he expects to enter his new atelier shortly.

"'Yes,' said M. Guth in answer to a question, 'I shall miss the quiet of the Rue de l'Abbaye, but then look at the fine light and the space I shall have here! Besides, what an opportunity the crowds below will afford me of studying movements, gestures and manners! Here I can sit and take notes without interruption.'

"In the studio he occupies at present M. Guth pointed to 'Spy's' brilliant *Vanity Fair* portrait of W. E. Henley, and ejaculated, 'C'est très bien. "Spy" il a beaucoup de talent.'

"'By the way,' I interjected, 'have you ever been in London?'

"'Oh yes, several times; and I like it very much. The fogs make it so triste, and the variety of types to be found there are so interesting to the artist. Dit donc, what do you call those soldiers with the jupon court and the chapeau drôle?—Ah, highlanders! They were very amusing. The London editors were very kind to me; and I have a high opinion of your illustrated papers.'

"Excepting a large and extremely clever caricature of M. Guth by Kenyon Cox, the famous American artist-who was a fellowstudent under Jerome-and two or three unfinished oil portraits, some one of which M. Guth hopes to complete in time for the Salon, his studio was empty.

"His projected 'flitting' accounted in a way for the emptiness, but the fact that the originals of his published drawings find a ready sale is the real explanation. However M. Mayer, the well-known expert of Rue

Lafitte, very kindly showed me specimens of M. Guth's finest work, and allowed the WINDSOR MAGAZINE to reproduce the study of a girl's face.

"Careful modelling, characteristic pose. true insight and distinguished treatment marked them all. M. de Blowitz, the famous journalist, in his red robe, Baron A. de Courcel, Zola, Renan. Simon, etc., were portrayed to the life, with a knowledge of essentials in the artistic treatment, and a grasp of character altogether remarkable.

"M. Guth is still a young man, and success has not spoiled him. If he has given up the slouch hat and corduroys he still retains all the geniality and kindliness which animates the Quartier Latin."

(January 17, 1891.) MR. ALFRED COCK, Q.C. "He has leathern lungs and a voice of brass."

"STUFF."

"It is three years ago," writes one of my friends, "since I interviewed Mr. Harold Wright, who has contributed a good number of cartoons to Vanity Fair, signing them 'Stuff.' He had just then been appointed stipendiary magistrate to the Potteries, and he had arrived at his Temple chambers fresh from his new duties.

"'No paper was safe from my pen or pencil even in my earliest recollections. At school, during continental wanderings while

at the University, no chum was safe from having his peculiarities depicted for the amusement of his friends. When I was called to the bar I used to amuse myself with sketching in court, and this led me to make a number of drawings of the Parnell Commission. These were, at the request of a brother barrister, reproduced in black and white and published in portfolio form. Though I have never been other than an

amateur this supplementary report of the Parnell Commission created some notoriety for 'Stuff.' Though my subjects been of such diverse characteristics in the majority of instances. a few lines often show the predominant points of the features. Sir Richard Webster is a very easy subject if you once get the wrinkles on his forehead right. Edward Clarke's evebrows are his chief characteristic. We have to look out for such features if we sketch people, and I find myself involuntarily searching faces. for their "points," even when I am on the bench.

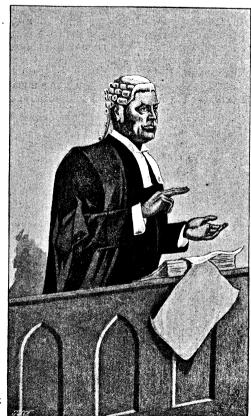
"'What was your first cartoon in Vanity Fair, Mr. Wright?'

"'A picture of Mr. Alfred Cock, Q.C. not an easy subject. by any means. followed my man all over the place, watching how he looked

walking and talking, and at last succeeded in pleasing myself with a sketch, and, better

still, pleased Mr. Cock as well.'
"'Well I suppose that led to other cartoons?

"'Yes, chiefly of legal luminaries. I had the audacity to do Mr. Justice Denman, who once solemnly reproved me for sketching in Then for a Christmas number, four or five years ago, I drew a big cartoon entitled "Bench and Bar." It was rather a



("Stuff's" first cartoon in " Vanity Fair.")

tiresome piece of work, and had to be done under exceptional difficulties, for many of the men in the picture were out of town, and I had to rely on old sketches in my notebooks. As a matter of fact I was shooting on the moors when the editor commissioned me to do it. No. I don't fancy anybody was really offended at the liberties I took with their features, though some were offended at Genial Mr. Murphy, Q.C., being left out. met me soon after the publication of the cartoon, and I expressed a hope that he was not hurt at my sketch of his portly form. "Bless my soul! I don't mind, especially as you have put me in such good company." He was surrounded by judges in the picture.

"But you have done other cartoons besides

those of lawyers?

"'Oh yes; a few cricketers, such as A. E.

Stoddart and S. M. J. Woods. About the latter's visit to my studio, I remember he came "turned out" in faultless style. Now Woods is usually très négligé, so I insisted on his being natural to the extent of taking his coat off and rolling up his sleeves, as you see in the picture, where he is sketched in the attitude of bowling. Then I have drawn Professor Bryce mountaineering, and a few other politicians.'

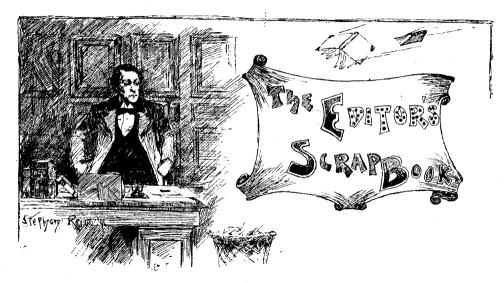
"'Since you have been in the Potteries I suppose your pencil has been less busy?'

"" Well, yes; except that I've promised my old friends of Vanity Fair to give them now and then some cartoon of a Stafford-shire worthy, I do little or nothing. I am flattered however in having various offers made me for my notebooks, which contain, I am told, more sketches than judgments."



MR. HAROLD WRIGHT—"STUFF.'

(Drawn by himself.)



June 1, 1896.



TRANGE indeed are the reasons which intending contributors give editors to induce them to accept MSS. One lady sent me a story long enough to fill an entire number of the Windson, and said that she would gladly pur-chase two copies of the Magazine if her tale

were used! A young man despatched a poem which he considered exactly suited to our requirements, adding, "I am nineteen, and write poems for my own amusement while out of employ." Sometimes I have thought we need a county court where one could sue for wasted time and patience exhausted in reading manuscripts. Not a tenth of the bulky packets which arrive every day would be sent if their writers would only condescend to read the WINDSOR before tempting the editor with dissertations on "Is Tobacco Injurious?" or elaborate articles on "John Milton: his works analytically examined." There are a few other possessions beyond patience and postage stamps requisite to success in literature. Some of the failures are due to putting the right MSS. in the wrong envelopes—that is, in not judging correctly the paper which would be likely to accept the contribution. Such knowledge of course comes either from wide reading or painful experience. It seems as if the sunshine melted the pent-up literary force of the country, judging by the white avalanche of stories, articles and poems which descend on every editorial office in the summer. The reception accorded to the majority of these manuscripts has unfortunately to be wintry.

Some short while ago my attention was attracted by the following little poem which appeared in the Spectator—a newspaper governed by a finer literary feeling than any other in London. venture to reprint the verses so that they may reach a wider circle :-

THE OUTDOOR CHURCH.

The carven pillars of the trees, The flowered mosaic of the grass, The green transparent traceries,
Of leaf on leaf that lightly lies,
And lightly move when breezes pass.

The anthem of the waterfall, My chorister the blackbird's lay, And mingling with, suffusing all,
Borne by the wind and still let fall,
The incense of the new-mown hay:—

This is my church, my altar there; Here Earth the kindly mother kneels, Her mighty hands outspread in prayer, While o'er her brow the sunny air, A south wind full of blessing, steals.

She wraps me in her mantle-fold, I kneel and pray beside her there, As children do whom mothers hold, And living air, and sunlight gold, And wood and meadow pray with me.

It is with additional pleasure that I am able to give another example of Mr. Evan Keane's poetry in "Mist," which, in my judgment, has evidence of his power to express thoughts which more often lie too deep for words :-

The white mist moves and breathes In shifting silvery wreaths
About the hills, about the winding stream,
Now lifting as to show
The far wood's amber glow,
Then wrapping all in vagueness, like a dream.

Close, closer now it draws, As from the nearing jaws
Of some ice-monster might the dank breath pour
Then, oh, what sudden deep
Of golden hills asleep,
Revealed in beauty all unknown before!

O Love! and did not thus
The world's breath circle us?
And we had walked 'mid unseen beauty still,
Nor dreamed that for us two,
Would but the sun shine through,
Lay golden deeps of Eden, vale and hill.

But we now, as we stand Together hand in hand, See the mists rise and slowly roll away;
A boundless paradise
Deepens before our eyes—
Our own, our Eden, calm in cloudless sky.

A BOY'S DOG. By Harold Avery.

IT was while a large party of us were staying one summer at a farmhouse near K--- that the boy picked him up-a little, sad-faced, lop-sided, mongrel puppy.

The old sheep-dog, who had long lost all recol-

lection of his own childhood. treated him with that arrogant contempt with which Age, that may be said to have learnt words of syllable. habitually regards poor Youth, still struggling with the alphabet, and in consequence of this lack of sympathy on the part of his own kind, the unfortunate juvenile was forced to seek amusement and consolation in the society of a litter of small pigs. Whenever you crossed the farmyard you were sure to catch sight of him trotting about with this miniature herd of baby swine. his dejected look, and ragged puppy coat, making him the very personificatio n of a poor little four-footed

Whether, under the circumstances. it would have

prodigal.

been fair to have blamed the pup for his choice of friends, or to have judged him by the company he kept, are questions which the reader can decide; but I know at the time he certainly seemed to me to be, from an intellectual standpoint, hardly at all superior to his companions.

When you called him he promptly ran away, and if you pursued he would lie down and grovel on his back in the mud, and as often as you set him on his feet he instantly fell down again. What little mind he had, appeared to be attracted towards medical research, and (having no one else to practise on) he freely administered to himself most strange garbage with all that disregard of personal risk which characterises a true martyr of science.

A penchant for prescribing for his own real or

fancied ailments seemed indeed to attend him all through life. and even now. though advanced years, it is hardly possible to take him for a run round the garden without being startled by his suddenly commencing to cough and choke in an alarmingly noisy manner. over some particularly long blade of grass which he has rashly undertaken to swallow.

The boy however, with the same youthful confidence which caused him to believe that the vile little imitation meerschaum that he smoked cland estinely behind the hay-rick would some day "colour." averred that the pup had a future before him. and, when full grown, would be in some way or other a remarkable

animal. So firmly did this unaccountable belief take root in his heart that he secretly purchased the object of it from the farmer's son, the price paid being eighteenpence and the two bottom joints of a fishing rod.

This happened the day before we left, and on the following morning, while returning to Kin an open waggonette, a sudden exclamation from one of the ladies caused us to glance in



the direction of the box seat, and we were surprised to observe a small, brown face peering down at us from under the boy's elbow, with a quaint, apologetic look which seemed to say, "I'm come. but don't blame me."

"You don't mean to say you've brought that

little beast with you!

"Of course I have," answered the boy, taking the mongrel up in his arms. "He's mine: and he's not a little beast. Are you, my beauty?"
"Ugh! you dirty thing!" exclaimed the pretty

cousin. "How can you let him lick you?"

"He's only kissing me."

"Well, don't let him do it."

"Go on!" answered the boy, with charming

impudence. "You're jealous."

"O-oh!" cried the girl, a dimple coming in her soft cheek and adorning it like a jewel, "very well, I'll never kiss you again."

"Won't you? Just wait till we get into the

Ah, boy, that was long ago now, and times

change.

It must have been nearly eighteen months before I saw the pup again. On this occasion, having called at the boy's home and strolled out into the garden, I saw, sitting in the sunshine, out in the very centre of the lawn, an unshapely, disreputable looking dog, apparently lost in a deep reverie, and wearing on his head an absurd model of a top-hat. On hearing my footsteps he rose and shambled across the grass to meet me, his chimneypot (which was secured with an elastic band) cocked knowingly over one eye.

"Why, you remember him!" cried the boy. "This is the dog I bought at the farm. We call him Marcus Aurelius because he's always medi-He's awfully clever; I've taught him tating.

heaps of tricks."

The animal sauntered up and wiped his paws on

my trousers by way of a greeting.

"Sit up!" "Hello Marc!" said his master

The dog promptly flopped down full length on the grass.

"I didn't tell you to die," cried the boy. "Sit

up, you little blackguard!" Marc, with his top-hat hanging under his chin like a nose-bag, rolled over and entertained us by

"dying" on his back.

"That's just like him," said the boy; "it's the easiest trick he's got; and whenever I tell him to do anything else he always will 'die'; he won't take the fag to sit up or run round after his tail."

Marc having "died" for what he considered a reasonable length of time, now rose to his feet and sauntered back to his meditations, this time wearing his top-hat on the back of his neck, as though it was a soldier's knapsack.

"What's he got that on for?"

"Why, I want him to get accustomed to it, because I'm going to teach him to wear it when he goes out into the street."

"What can he do besides die?"

"Well," answered the boy, "I think he'd make a good sporting dog because he's always digging holes in the garden, and I think he'd kill rats if he had the chance. I tried him once with a mouse that I caught in the stable; I let it loose on the kitchen floor and somehow Marc lost it, and it ran away somewhere, and we couldn't find it, and the mater made an awful fuss. She doesn't like Marc, I'm sure she doesn't, and he isn't allowed even to lie in front of the dining-room fire, but always has to go into a beastly basket. Women never value a good dog; they don't know one when they see him. Do they, Marc?"

The dog-who appeared now to have finally determined to carry his top-hat as a chest pro-tector—on hearing his name called, awoke with a start from his reverie, and after a moment's hesitation, as though he forgot exactly how the trick began, turned slowly over and "died."

Many years have slipped away since I first saw Marcus Aurelius meditating on the sun-lit lawn, and though I knew him as a baby, I find him to be quite a gray-haired old man. No top-hat appears rakishly perched upon his shapeless head, and he stretches himself with perfect confidence upon the sacred hearthrug and suffers no rebuke.

"Marc," says the mater, with a slight tremble in her voice, "where's your master?"

The dog wags his stumpy tail, but it is a heartless proceeding, and he does not even raise his head. Perhaps he knows as well as we do that wide seas roll between himself and South Australia. and long before the boy will ever think of crossing them again, Marcus Aurelius will have performed his old trick in sober earnest, and shambled off down that dusty pathway, trodden years ago by the family of juvenile porkers, the old sheep-dog, and all the other friends of his youth.



A DAILY newspaper recently contained this advertisement: "Young man, aged twenty, wants situation in a gentleman's garden, where he can improve himself inside and out."



Mr. LIVELY: You know Miss Rosebud has a telephone in her house. I rang her up last night to find out if her father was at home and the old man answered it himself.

FRIEND: What did you say?

Mr. LIVELY: I told him his factory, twenty miles away, was burning down.



"I PRESUME, Mr. Calthrop," said young Smithson, who had lately married into the family, "Ethel will take her piano with her when we go to keeping house?"

"Indeed she will not," answered his father-in-

"That piano belongs to her mother."

"Thank you, Mr. Calthrop, thank you!" exclaimed the young man, grasping him fervently by the hand; and the light of a great joy shone in his eyes.

MISTRESS: This passes all bounds, Sarah. Last night you had three soldiers in the kitchen.

Cook: Yes, ma'am, but the hussar had had his supper before he came.

HE (earnestly): Yes, Miss Clara, a man's success in this world depends upon his estimate of himself. SHE: What a great future you have before you

A SHORT STORY

CHAPTER I.

Lonely maiden on the beach

CHAPTER II.

Carried far beyond her reach.

CHAPTER III.

Shark attracted by the sound

FINIS.

Saves the maid from being drowned.



ARTEMUS WARD, when in London, gave a children's party. One of John Bright's sons was invited and returned home radiant.

"O papa!" he explained, on being asked whether he had enjoyed himself, "indeed I did. And Mr. Browne gave me such a nice name for you, papa."

"What was that?"

"Why, he asked me how that gay and festive cuss, the governor, was!"

JOHNNIE (to his teacher): If cleanliness is next to godliness, why is it wrong to go swimming on Sundays?

"Edith," called out mamma from the sitting-room, "are you stirring the flour into that pudding as I showed you how to do it?"

"Yes, mamma," said the little girl, "but my arm is getting awfully tired. Would it unmix if I stirred it the other way a little while?"

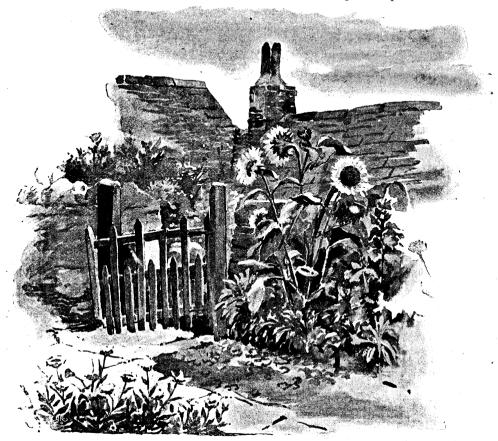
Zine.

A CONVERSATIONALIST is one who does not have to stop talking when he has finished what he had to say.

A dragoman filled his chibouque
With a mixture quite fit for a douque,
And after the smoke,
He, satisfied, spoke—
"'Gainst this weed I can lay no rebouque.''

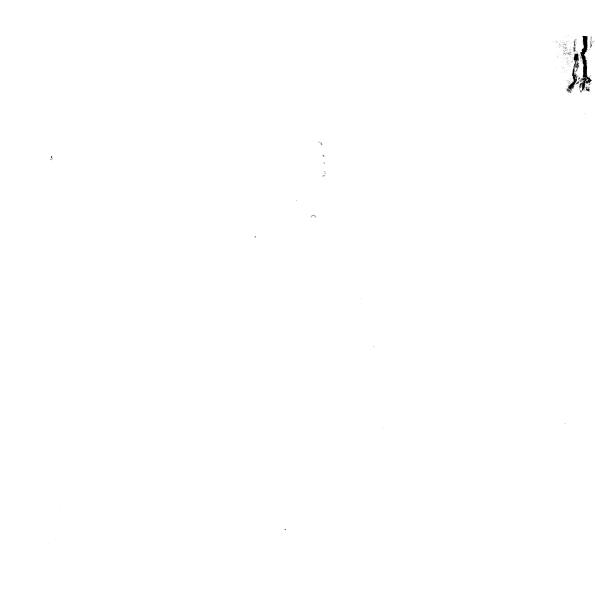
"Do you think it will rain to-night?" asked a citizen of the policeman.

"I really don't know, sir; I've only been in the force a week," replied the policeman.



[Drawn by N. Tenison.

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